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THE BLACKSMITH SHOP. Engraving by G. P. P. P.



DAVID P. HALL





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L. A. N. D. I. E. R.
AND HIS CONNOISSEURS

THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES, COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. X.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1869.

W H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK:
E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 108 FULTON STREET.

1869.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,
81, 83, and 85 Centre Street,
NEW YORK.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. X., No. 1.

JULY, 1869.

{ Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

British Quarterly, April.

RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES OF THE EAST.*

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON has now completed his great literary task. It will take its place as a standard work in English literature,—indeed, in the historical literature of Europe, as well as of that new Europe which is springing into gigantic life on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the most thorough work in ancient history that has ever been given to the world. Owing to the remote antiquity of the empires of which it treats, the number of works bearing on the subject are few in number, considering the long period in the world's history (nearly 2,000 years), which it embraces; but never yet have the materials of history been so patiently studied and so carefully used. Every page of Professor Rawlinson's four volumes bristles with authorities; every statement

—even those relating to matters of minor detail—is supported by a reference to the work or works upon which it is founded. In a single sentence we sometimes find three or four separate references to the authorities upon which its various parts are based. The labor involved in such a mode of treatment is enormous. The mere filling-in of the foot-notes to such a work is a labor from which most men would shrink. It is rare, indeed, to find an author of Rawlinson's high historic power willing to undertake the drudgery of making such a laborious and complete index to his authorities. But it is this very completeness and precision which give to his History its most important value. It is a work in every respect thorough; we have not to take a single statement upon trust. The author never asks his readers to rely upon his carefulness and judgment; he gives his authorities, and shows us the very words or sentence from which his statements are derived. As an authority, he virtually disappears; he presents himself merely as a medium, a reflecting mirror, by means of which we see all the

* The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World. By George Rawlinson, M.A. London: Murray. 1862-8

facts of the case concentrated,—while, if we choose, we can examine each of these facts for ourselves. Professor Rawlinson has thoroughly mastered his subject, and has given to the world a work which may possibly be supplemented by the help of future discoveries, but which can never be supplanted. This, of course, is partly due to the subject, but not less so to the extraordinary pains and ability with which it has been composed,—as well, it is only just to add, as to the costly and admirable illustrative plates and wood-cuts with which the enterprise of the publisher has crowned the labors of the author.

All the five ancient monarchies whose history is embraced in this work, although some of them spread their circle of dominion far and wide over the earth's surface, had their seats close to one another, and within a comparatively small area. The three earliest—namely, the Chaldean, the Assyrian, and the Babylonian (the latter being simply a revival of the first on a grander scale), arose in Mesopotamia, in the narrow valley watered by the Tigris and Euphrates. The two later, the Median and Persian, had their seats on the western edge of the Iranian plateau, which immediately adjoined the Mesopotamian valley,—the Median nation lying almost due east of the Assyrian, and the Persians holding a similar position relatively to the Babylonians. All the royal cities—indeed, the native seats of those ancient monarchies—are included within a parallelogram little more than 700 miles long and 300 broad. The northern corners of the parallelogram are occupied by Nineveh, the Assyrian capital, and Agbatana, the earliest city founded by the Medes; 200 miles south of which latter place lay the new Agbatana, the capital of the Median kings, and to some extent also of Cyrus and Cambyses. Four hundred miles south of Nineveh was Babylon; and almost due east of Babylon was Susa. The southern corners of the parallelogram consisted of the mouth of the Euphrates, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and Pasargadæ and Persepolis, lying 300 miles due east among the Iranian mountains.

Separating these chief cities of the Semitic and Aryan monarchies, ran the mountain-chain of Zagros, bounding the

Mesopotamian valley on the east, and forming a steep ascent from the valley-land up to the great Plateau of Iran, the average level of which is nearly 4,000 feet above that of the adjoining plains of Babylonia and Assyria. The parallel ridges of this mountain-chain are the gigantic staircase by which the Iranian plateau sinks down to the level of the plains which adjoin the coast; and, although the chain rises much above the level of the Iranian plateau, its height, on its western side, is nearly twice as great as on its eastern. It was on the eastern slopes of this chain, on the narrow strip fertilized by its inconstant streams, that the Medes dwelt; and it was the broad but lower ridges into which the train separates as it turns eastwards along the shores of the Persian Gulf, that formed the home of the Persians. In the great desert which extends north-westwards from the foot of this mountain-chain, and in which the streams from the mountains are quickly lost in the sands, no settled population dwelt; but the western portion of it seems to have been occupied by nomadic tribes of the Medes and Persians, who shifted their tents and flocks from place to place according to the seasons and the necessity of finding new pastures.

The clear history of the Persian nation commences with Cyrus the Great; but the *origines* of the people extend far back into a period almost lost to view in the mists of antiquity. The curt sentences of the opening chapter of the *Vendidad* show that the Aryan race—at least the Western Aryans, of whom the Medes and Persians became the leading sections—wandered about for many generations from place to place over the wide and now almost desert region which extends westwards from the Imaus mountain-chain to the shores of the Aral and Caspian Seas. Starting from the highlands adjoining the source of the Jaxartes, this people travelled southward and westward till they reached the Caspian, and then eastward again by Herat into Afghanistan; at which point, apparently, the great schism took place, by which one portion of the race moved off and migrated into India, thereafter becoming the Eastern Aryans. The remaining portion, or Western Aryans, appear first to have gathered themselves

in a permanent settlement at Bactra, on the banks of the Upper Oxus; and that city is mentioned in the *Vendidad* as a place of note, as a royal city (so to speak), and is styled "Bactra with the lofty Banner." It was apparently at this very early period that Zoroaster arose, and supplanted by a new and higher faith the old nature worship, or worship of the elements, which the Eastern Aryans carried with them into their new home in India, and which is represented in all the earlier songs and hymns of the Vedas. But their migrations were not yet closed. While a portion of the Western Aryans unquestionably remained at Bactra, the main body gradually migrated from the banks of the Upper Oxus westwards, into modern Persia,—a migration of which no historical mention has been preserved; and during this period they became separated into two distinct branches, the Medes and the Persians. The earliest mention of the "Persians" occurs in the inscriptions of the Assyrian kings, which begin to notice them about the middle of the ninth century before Christ; at which time they were living in south-western Armenia (due north of Nineveh, on the headwaters of the Tigris), in close contact with the Medes, but of whom they were apparently wholly independent. These sister-nations or peoples were not in subjection to a single head, but were each separated into several tribes or clans, governed by petty chieftains. The two peoples next moved southwards along the eastern base of the Zagros chain,—the Medes finally halting and concentrating their power at Agbatana. The Persians appear to have been in the van of this southward migration; and when they reappear in the Assyrian inscriptions, they occupy the hilly district north-east of Susa, almost due east of Babylon; and in a few generations more, they finally closed their migrations by settling in Persia Proper,—a country which nearly coincided with the modern province of Fars, but extended further east (to Kerman), Carmania having been an almost integral portion of ancient Persia.

The country of the ancient Persians, the home of the martial people which ultimately spread its rule over the whole of south-western Asia, was a mountain-

ous district, rather more than 200 miles broad and 400 miles in length,—occupying only about one-fifth of modern Persia, and in area nearly equal to the British Isles. The greater part of the region was uninhabitable, consisting of bare rocks, rising into impassable mountains. So steep and impassable are some of the parallel ridges, that the only ways of traversing the country in those parts are the terrific gorges which rend asunder the chain; these gorges being vast clefts extending for miles, and presenting so many obstacles to the traveller that nothing but absolute necessity would lead men to attempt to pass them. Some of these narrow gorges are two thousand feet in depth, and the roads or pathways are cut zigzag in the face of the perpendicular rocks, crossing and recrossing the torrents below in bridges of a single arch, while the mountains around shoot up into the sky in lofty needles of bare rock. In its forms the region is most picturesque, but for the most part it is wholly wanting in variety of color. Water is scanty: speaking generally, "the plains and mountains are equally destitute of wood,"—the country doubtless being now much less wooded than in ancient times; and "the livery of the land is constantly brown or gray." "When the traveller," says Frazer, "after toiling over the rocky mountains that separate the plains, looks down from the Pass he has won with toil and difficulty, upon the country below, his eye wanders unchecked and unrested over a uniform brown expanse, losing itself in the distance."

Such is the general aspect and character of the country. But even in those arid tracts, there is, for a few weeks after the spring rains, a time of verdure and beauty; and among the narrow valleys or glens which intersect the mass of mountains, there are not a few wooded dells and green hill-sides, which are highly fertile. As usual in the East, wherever there is water, vegetation flourishes. The road from Behbahan to Shiraz, says Kinnear, runs for sixty miles through a district "covered with wood and verdure;" though we should think, not all the year round. And Pottinger says, that on the route from Shiraz to Kerman, the country consists of "low, luxuriant valleys or plains, separated by

ranges of low mountains, green to their very summits with beautiful turf." The region as a whole is but imperfectly known to travellers; and even of the parts actually seen by them, the aspect and character must be very different at different seasons of the year. Unquestionably, one-half the country consists of arid, uninhabitable mountains; and of the intersecting glens, those which are fertile are too small to support a population of any account. The plains among the mountains formed the centres of the old Persian population. Of these there are several which, like those of Merdasht and Shiraz, are exceedingly productive, even under a very inefficient system of cultivation.

It was in one of these plains that the Persians built their earliest capital, Pāsargadæ, the ruins of which still exist near Murghab. This city stood amid mountains on a little plain, which was watered by small streams which fell into the river Pulwar, a few miles distant from the city. Close by is the tomb of Cyrus, still in good preservation. Thirty miles lower down the course of this river, where it emerges from a mountain valley, and enters the large plain of Merdasht, arose the second and grandest capital of the region, Persepolis. The plain of Merdasht is one of the most fertile in Persia, being watered alike by the Pulwar and by the larger stream of the Araxes (now called the Bendamir), into which the Pulwar flows about ten miles from the ruins of the ancient city. At the foot of the mountains adjoining the city, was the celebrated platform upon which were erected the palaces of the Persian kings, with the Chel-Minar and the Hall of a Hundred Pillars, the remains of which excite the admiration of modern travellers. Adjoining the city on the other side of the valley, and likewise at the foot of the mountains, was the Naksh Roustān, or Rock Tombs of the Kings, where Darius Hystaspis and some other monarchs were buried. The city itself stood on both banks of the Pulwar, and nearly filled the narrow valley from which the river debouches into the plain. Two canals for irrigation, one on each side, here leave the banks of the river, and carry its waters to fertilize the outlying parts of the plain. Persepolis was sur-

rounded by a wall, and the remains of a palace of no great pretensions are found among the ruins. The highway appears to have run between the western walls of the town and the adjoining mountains; and across the narrow space there stood one of the defensible gateways (Pylæ) which the Persians were in the habit of erecting across their highways in important defiles.

There were five kings of Persia before Cyrus; so that monarchical government must have commenced among the Persians almost simultaneously with its establishment among their neighbors the Medes. Achæmenes was the first who concentrated the Persian tribes under one head, thus supplanting the weak tribal system of government by the monarchical; and nearly all the subsequent kings of Persia rejoiced in claiming descent from him. The Persians under their early kings, although in their domestic administration they seem to have maintained entire independence, rendered allegiance to the Medes, who were then the stronger of the sister peoples. But there appears to have been little enmity and no antipathy between the two nations; and when Cyrus defeated the Median king, and became the ruler of both countries, the Medes and Persians willingly coalesced, and thereafter they shared almost equally in the honors and emoluments of the State.

Cyrus was in the prime of life when he began to reign, being in his fortieth year; and he possessed in a high degree the personal qualities which befit the founder of an empire. Handsome and robust, energetic and brave, genial and generous, he was also sagacious in council and possessed of great military skill. Although when he unfurled the flag of rebellion, he aimed only at establishing the independence of his country, he no sooner found himself at the head of a great monarchy than his aims widened with his position. Two great rival powers existed on the western frontiers of the Medo-Persian kingdom. One of these was Babylon, which had risen into greater power than ever after the downfall of Nineveh; the other was the new kingdom of Lydia, which under the able statesmanship of Cræsus, was rapidly spreading itself over Asia Minor, and which already reached

the north-western frontier of the Medo-Persian kingdom, the river Halys being the boundary. Both these powers had been on friendly terms with the last Median king Astyages, who had contracted matrimonial alliances with them; and doubtless both were disquieted when they witnessed the fall of Astyages and the union of the Median and Persian nations under a leader so able and daring as Cyrus. Cyrus, on his part, must have been at least equally apprehensive of hostility from these great neighboring powers. Military enterprise, however, was as congenial to his nature as it was necessary to consolidate his new power.

Babylon should naturally have been the first object of his attack. It was close at hand—within a week's march from the foot of the Persian mountains. Cyrus could strike at it suddenly, and before there was time for its Lydian allies to come to its help; but he shrank from the enterprise. However successful he might be in the field, its impregnable walls would set him at defiance; and the inaction of a long siege would have been disheartening to troops which had not yet acquired faith in his leadership, and would also have afforded scope for attacks and insurrections against him in other quarters. Trusting, therefore, to the unwarlike spirit of the Babylonian king, who was devoting his whole energies to strengthening the defences of his capital, Cyrus carried his army away north-west, into Asia Minor, to encounter Cræsus, who had already crossed the boundary stream of the Halys, and had taken some towns in Cappadocia which owed allegiance to the Medo-Persian monarchy. A drawn battle ensued; after which, regarding the progress of the Persians as arrested, and the campaign closed, Cræsus retired to Sardis, dispersing his army into winter-quarters. No sooner was this done, than Cyrus assumed the offensive, rapidly advanced against the Lydian capital, and after a fierce battle, in which Cræsus was worsted, the Lydian kingdom was annexed as a dependency of Persia. Still leaving Babylon unassailed and confident in its powers of defence, Cyrus undertook a long war, probably in a succession of campaigns, against the hitherto independent nations which adjoined the new

Persian kingdom on the east and north. Marching round the head of the desert, by the route subsequently marked by the "Persian Gates," he conquered Herat and the whole of Afghanistan. He also carried his arms into the vast region to the north, conquering the whole country north of the Elburz mountains and the Hindoo-Koosh, as far as the Jaxartes river, which pours its waters into the Aral Sea. He even crossed the mountain-range which forms the watershed between eastern and western Asia, and subjugated some of the provinces now comprised in Chinese Turkistan.

Having thus greatly increased his empire and consolidated his power—having removed all danger of being attacked either in rear (*i. e.* on the north-east) or from Asia Minor, and having doubtless augmented his military forces from the population of the conquered provinces, Cyrus at length assumed the offensive against the Babylonian empire. He successfully crossed the wide and rapid stream of the Tigris, and after defeating the Babylonians in two pitched battles, he laid siege to the capital. So strong were the defences of the city, that the defenders laughed to scorn the attacks of the Persians; and the city was so well provisioned, that even the slow process of blockade promised but little success, especially as the circuit of the walls was so great that it must have been impossible for the Persians to blockade every gate without dangerously weakening their line, inasmuch as the enemy could sally out at any point to assail them.

A daring stratagem, most astutely conducted, and carried out with marvellous precision, yet which after all owed its success to good fortune, at length gave success to the Persians. Cyrus caused a vast canal to be dug to receive the waters of the Euphrates; he must also have prepared means for rapidly throwing a dam across the broad river in order to turn it into the new channel; and on the evening of a high Babylonian festival, he suddenly diverted the course of the river, and stealthily advanced his troops into the city along the river-bed as soon as the ebbing waters afforded a passage. But lofty quays rose above the river throughout its whole course within the city walls, and the only means of ascent into the city were the water-gates—

flights of steps which led down to the river, and which at night used to be closed by strong iron gates. Had a single sentry been at his post, or if the passing crowds had not been too absorbed in the festival, or even if the water-gates had been shut as usual, Cyrus's stratagem must have failed, and his troops would have experienced a bloody repulse. But everything favored the Persians. They had seized the water-gates ere their advance was noticed, and the troops, pouring into the streets, met with little opposition,—the garrison and the inhabitants alike being engaged in carousing, while all the chiefs were banqueting with the king in that memorable feast which was to be his last. Hardly had the strange handwriting on the wall startled the monarch and his nobles when the Persian war-cry burst upon their ear, and the swords of the enemy were flashing in their midst.

Thus fell at last and forever the royalty of Babylon. The city itself continued to exist with waning prosperity for several centuries. Unlike Nineveh—that great city, or cluster of cities, whose surrounding walls were sixty miles in circumference, yet which was totally destroyed by its conquerors, with a completeness of devastation which almost passes comprehension—Babylon was spared by Cyrus, who was always clement and generous to the conquered. But again and again its population rose in revolt against the Persian rule, only to be re-subjugated, and each time with more or less destruction of the walls and public buildings of the city, and with a further humbling of the spirit and depressing of the energies of its population.

In the time of Alexander the Great, Babylon was still a great city, though in a state of decay; and as the plans of the Macedonian conqueror for restoring the city, and especially for reopening the canals requisite for fertilizing the surrounding district, and for checking the injurious effects of the river-floods, came to an end with his sudden death, we need not wonder that decay advanced rapidly. After the death of Alexander, Babylon disappears from history; and ere the commencement of the Christian era it had become a solitude, a heap of ruins, a dismal expanse of crumbling mounds interspersed with marshes formed by

the unchecked overflowings of the Euphrates.

The conquest of Babylon by the Persians was an event which must have resounded all over south-western Asia. Thenceforth Cyrus was the "Great King," the undisputed master of that region of the world. No Asiatic power could longer think of contesting the Persian supremacy; and distant Egypt, which had already been assailed by the Babylonians, must have been disquieted by the rise of a power greater than any of its predecessors, in which Babylonia was included as a mere province. In a single lifetime, and by the prowess and ability of a single man, the Persians had risen from a state of vassalage in their own narrow mountain-home to be the masters of a dominion, which stretched from the shores of the *Ægean* to the banks of the Indus, and from the Persian Gulf, northwards, to the Aral Sea and the line of the Jaxartes river.

The downfall of Nineveh and Babylon—the Semitic States of the Mesopotamian valley—before the onset of the Medes and Persians, was by no means an event of unmixed advantage for the world. It not only checked for a time the progress of intellectual civilization, but actually threw backward the material condition of a large portion of mankind. The Iranian nations were mere infants in knowledge and in the arts of life, yet they destroyed the most advanced civilization that mankind had yet produced. The Semitic nations of the Mesopotamian valley had been steadily growing in civilization for fifteen centuries. They had accumulated stores of knowledge, the result of long observation and patient thought, which they had embodied alike in their arts and in literary treatises. By the Persian conquest the records of their science perished, and were wholly lost to subsequent times; their practical arts also were in great part forgotten when the population which employed them became conquered, humbled, and ere long extinct. The attainments of the Babylonians (at least of their learned class) in pure science, of which it is difficult now to speak, were unquestionably great, especially in astronomy, and doubtless also in some other branches of intellectual development; and in addition to these they must have carried social

organization and the comforts of life to a higher point than any contemporaneous people, the Egyptians not excepted. Living in cities, two of which were of enormous size, they must have perfected the complex system of urban life to a degree hardly equalled until recent times. And in regard to the practical arts, judging even from the meagre ruins of their greatness which have come down to us, Professor Rawlinson says:—

“The rise of the Persian power, noble in nature as the new race were, obliterated a large portion of the world's knowledge and civilization. Strange, on the surface, as the fact may appear, the divine drama of history is full of such events. The stores of knowledge accumulated in ancient Egypt shared a similar fate to that of Babylonian civilization. Although the Romans were a greatly superior race to the Persians, their conquests, so beneficial in barbarous countries, were destructive in many quarters where civilization had established its seat. Egypt, first stricken by the rude but martial Persians, decayed rapidly under the Romans; while Carthage in the west, and wonderful Palmyra in the east, sank into ruins. The rise of the Gothic races of northern Europe in like manner destroyed in great part the Roman civilization, and imposed upon the world the necessity of slowly acquiring a new knowledge which had been familiar to the old lords of the world. And what the hordes of northern Europe did for Italy, the rise of the Turkish power did for south-western Asia. In all these cases, a nation or nations highly advanced in civilization fell before a ruder race, possessed of greater military power; and in each case the world experienced a loss of hard-won knowledge, and of practical arts which added greatly to the comforts of life.”

But in every case, also, there has been a compensating advantage. Material civilization, even intellectual cultivation, is not the sole element of human progress. Spiritual culture, the improvement of the moral nature of man, is a still more important feature of progress; and the overthrow of Semitic power by the Persians, although it obliterated much knowledge and extinguished some useful arts, had this advantage, that it substituted a wonderfully pure form of religion for the demoralizing, sensuous worship which had established itself among the Semitic nations; and which the vast renown of Nineveh and Babylon, as the centres of power and civilization, tended to spread over all the adjoining countries. “The

conquest of Babylon by Persia was practically, if not a death-blow, at least a severe wound to that sensuous idol-worship, which had for more than twenty centuries been the almost universal religion in the countries between the Mediterranean and the Zagros mountain-range.” “Bel bowed down; Nebo stooped; Merodach was broken in pieces.” The graven images of Babylonia were destroyed, and the religious system of which they had been a part gradually decayed. Monotheism arose upon its ruins. One of the first acts of Cyrus after his conquest was to strike the fetters off the Jews, then in captivity by the waters of Babylon, and the only non-idolatrous branch of the Semitic race. Political motives, the desire to have an ally in Syria as a support to his meditated invasion of Egypt, doubtless influenced Cyrus in restoring the Jews to the hills of Judea; but a strong sympathy prevailed from the first between pure Zoroastrianism and the worship of Jehovah. When Darius confirmed the decree of Cyrus favoring the rebuilding of the Temple, the undertaking was declared to be “for the advantage of the king and his house”—since, when the Temple was finished, sacrifices would be offered in it to “the God of Heaven,” and prayer would be made “for the life of the king and his sons.”

After a long and most successful reign of twenty-nine years, Cyrus died in battle, in the course of an expedition into the far north-eastern quarter of his dominions. His body certainly did not fall into the hands of the enemy, for it was carried home and buried in the tomb which he had built for himself at Pasargadæ. According to the most reliable account (that of Ctesias), his life and reign ended in victory. Defeated in one battle (mainly, it is said, by the aid of Indian allies of his Scythic foes, who brought with them a number of elephants, strange animals to the Persians at that time), and mortally wounded in the fray, Cyrus, re-enforced by a body of Sacae, renewed the fight, and gained a complete victory, which was followed by the submission of the hostile nation; he himself, however, dying of his wound the third day after the first battle. Thus the indomitable spirit of the royal hero survived to the last, and “he bade death wait

until victory crowned him." Professor Rawlinson justly observes that these expeditions into the deserts of the North were not mere excesses of military ambition,—their chief object being not to conquer, but to overawe the prolific hordes of the North, who were forever hovering on the outskirts of Persian civilization. Only a century before Cyrus, these northern hordes, descending through the eastern passes of the Caucasus, had overwhelmed alike the Median and Assyrian kingdoms, and for a brief period they ruled as rude and ruthless masters from the Persian desert on the east to the shores of the Levant. Cyrus, vigorous even when approaching his seventieth year, contemplated the invasion of Egypt; and probably this expedition into the North, in which he met his death, was meant to clear his rear of enemies, and to secure the peace of Persia, while he engaged in an invasion of distant Egypt.

Cambyes, his son, reigned in his stead; and at once began to follow out the warlike, energetic policy of the founder of the empire. His great exploit was the conquest of Egypt,—an event as memorable, and which doubtless excited as much trepidation and astonishment among other nations, as the conquest of Babylon by his father. In warlike ambition and energy Cambyes seems to have been a worthy successor to Cyrus, although he was sadly inferior to him both in political sagacity and in military skill. He aimed at the conquest of the whole of Northern Africa, from the banks of the Nile to Carthage; but his Phœnician allies, or tributaries, who had aided his invasion of Egypt with their fleet, declined to co-operate against Carthage, a colony of their own country: and without the aid of a fleet it was impossible for an army to advance successfully from Egypt to Cyrene and Carthage. It was perhaps fortunate for Cambyes himself that this great enterprise was nipped in the bud, for he had not the capacity to carry it out with success, and the result would probably have been not less disastrous than the subsequent failure of Xerxes in Greece. An expedition which Cambyes sent into Nubia against the Ethiopians failed, chiefly from defects in the commissariat (a rare defect in Persian generalship); and another and smaller

expedition of 50,000 men, which he dispatched across the Lybyan desert, to subdue the Oasis of Ammon—an enterprise doubtless undertaken from religious motives—was entirely lost amid the sands. But Egypt he held with a firm hand; a revolt which broke out was instantly suppressed, and measures of relentless severity were adopted against the religion and priesthood of the nation. At length, leaving Egypt crushed and powerless, he commenced his return to Persia with the main body of his forces; but when marching through Syria, a herald suddenly appeared in his camp proclaiming that Cambyes had ceased to reign, and claiming the allegiance of all Persians for Smerdis, the new king. Smerdis was a younger brother, whom Cambyes had caused to be slain privately; but a Magian, whom Cambyes had left in charge of Persia during his absence, had a brother who greatly resembled Smerdis; and, availing himself of the absence and waning popularity of Cambyes, and also of the fact that the murder of Smerdis was not publicly known, the Magian minister put his brother on the throne, claiming allegiance for him as a son of Cyrus. The long absence of Cambyes had weakened his authority at home,—his unsuccessful expeditions had also shaken his prestige with his own army; and, perhaps rightly calculating that he was not strong enough to overcome the usurper, he put an end to his life.

The chief feature of the short reign of the pseudo Smerdis was the establishment of the Magian form of religion in lieu of Zoroastrianism. Magianism was a sort of nature-worship, which appears to have prevailed among the rude people who inhabited the western parts of the Iranian plateau previous to the immigration of the Medes and Persians; it was also analogous with the Babylonian religion, which was established with a sumptuous ritual in the adjoining valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and which the Assyrians endeavored to introduce into all the countries which they subjugated. In this way the Medes had become largely influenced by Magianism; and the fact that a Magus (a member of the priestly class of that religion) had been intrusted with high office by Cambyes, shows that the foreign creed had

made way in Persia itself, the stronghold of the pure faith of Zoroaster. A minor feature of this short reign was the rigid seclusion in which the wives of the king were kept. They were secluded not merely from the public and from Court officials, but also from one another, in order to prevent them comparing notes and communicating their suspicions as to the imposture; for one of them at least (*Atossa*) was the sister of the murdered *Smerdis*. The royal impostor also secluded himself even from the nobles; and severe measures were adopted to crush every one who gave expression to suspicions of the fraud which had been practised upon the country by the Magian brothers. At length the chief nobles took counsel together, and under the leadership of *Darius*, a prince of the blood-royal, they attacked and slew the usurper, and *Darius* mounted the throne.

Darius was in his twenty-eighth year when he ascended the throne, and his long reign of thirty-six years was the most illustrious in the short-lived dynasty of Persia—that of the founder of the empire excepted. His personal qualities were alike popular and worthy of esteem. His military talents were second only to those of *Cyrus* himself, and his administrative capacities were of the very highest order. He was earnestly religious; and his first act was to put down and extirpate the Magian heresy, and to restore (with the hearty support of his own Persian people) the pure faith of Zoroaster. He was also great in the arts of peace,—in which respect he stands almost alone among the Persian kings; and the most important portion of the palatial platform at *Persepolis* appears to have been his work. As *Cyrus* was the founder of the empire, so *Darius* was the imperial organizer and consolidator, the restorer of the Persian religion, and the promoter of the arts of peace.

But during the first years of his reign his military prowess alone was called into play. The young empire appeared to be on the brink of dissolution, for revolts of the most formidable kind broke out in all quarters. The empire was new, a thing of yesterday, and none of the provinces had yet learnt loyalty to it. The imposture of the preceding reign, and the sudden religious revolution which had accompanied it, had also shaken the

bases of authority; and from these various causes revolt became epidemic throughout the empire. Fortunately the revolts did not occur simultaneously, and the energy and military capacity of *Darius* sufficed to crush them in succession. After half a dozen years of unrelenting warfare, the new king at last found himself supreme; and his true reign commenced. According to the traditional policy of his race, he signalized the opening of his career by a great military expedition,—marching to the north-east through *Affghanistan*, conquering the *Punjab*, building a fleet of boats which explored the course of the *Indus* from *Attock* to the sea, and annexing to the Persian dominions all the portion of *India* west of the *Sutlej* and of the lower course of the *Indus*.

The next eight or ten years of his reign were mainly a period of peace, but not of royal inactivity. *Darius* found his empire a mere congeries of separate countries and nationalities, with no systematic or efficient form of government. He set himself to consolidate the empire. He introduced a centralized form of government, which, without interfering with the social or religious usages of the various peoples, placed the administration of each province in the hands of officers appointed by himself. This was the *Satrapial* system,—a form of administration similar in kind to our own government of *India*. The civil and military services were kept distinct: each province had a military commandant and a civil chief at the head of its affairs, who were in some degree a check upon one another. Moreover, as many of the provinces were very distant from the central authority, and as it was necessary to take all possible precautions against insubordination or treason on the part of the provincial rulers, a third officer was appointed,—a royal secretary, the king's eye and ear,—whose special duty it was to make reports of his own to the king, alike as to the state of the province, roads, &c., and as to the conduct of the civil and military chiefs.

To *Darius*, also, is due the credit of organizing the financial system of the empire. In lieu of arbitrary and fluctuating demands upon the various provinces, *Darius* apportioned to each province its fair share of the imperial burdens,—

establishing a fixed quota of revenue for each of them, payable partly in money, and partly in produce and in military service. Each province or country of the widespread empire thereafter knew exactly the amount of contributions to which it was liable,—a state of matters much more agreeable, or rather much less disagreeable, to tax-paying communities than when the amount of revenue greatly fluctuates from year to year by reason of external causes,—*i.e.*, irrespective of the relative tax-paying power of the various provinces. The portion of the revenue payable in money appears on the average to have varied, according to the wealth of the different provinces, from about £40,000 up to a quarter of a million; but in the case of the Indian Satrapy, comprising the whole of the Punjab and at least all the western portion of the valley of the lower Indus, the payment in money amounted to a sum equivalent to a million sterling,—a large sum in those times, when the purchasing power of the precious metals was far greater than at present. As examples of the contributions which the provinces had to pay, not in money, but in commodities, we may mention that by far the greatest portion of this impost (one-third of the whole) was borne by Babylonia and Assyria, which were the granary of the empire. "Egypt had to supply grain sufficient for the nutriment of 120,000 Persian troops quartered in the country. Media had to contribute 100,000 sheep, 4,000 mules, and 3,000 horses; Cappadocia half the above number of each kind of animals; Armenia furnished 20,000 colts; and Cilicia gave 360 white horses." All these assessments, probably, were levied by the local native authorities, who distributed the burden upon each district, town, or village, according to its circumstances; the Satrap having nothing to do but to see that the fixed quota of money or produce was forthcoming. In this way there was very little imperial interference with the internal affairs of the various provinces. "The population of the empire," says Rawlinson, "cannot be estimated at less than forty millions of souls; and the highest estimate of the value of the entire tribute, both in money and kind, will scarcely place it at more than ten millions sterling." Persia Proper (which

furnished the larger portion of the army) paid no tribute, nor was it placed under a Satrap: it was a home province, presided over by the monarch himself.

In order to bind together the provinces of his wide-spread empire, Darius gave special attention to the construction of roads and the establishment of posts. In the western provinces he must have found a considerable portion of this work done for him by his predecessors, the Assyrian kings. But Darius established bridges or ferries on all the rivers crossed by his highways or routes; post-houses, with relays of horses, were placed at distances of fourteen or fifteen miles—the distance which a horse can traverse at full speed; and the couriers rode both day and night, so that Xenophon likens the transit of the royal messages to the flight of birds. At each stage, too, large inns (*caravanserais*) were erected, commodious for private travellers: so that the commerce of the empire was largely promoted by these royal routes, especially as merchandise could be conveyed along them with perfect impunity from the attacks of robbers—a thing which unfortunately cannot be said of the same countries at the present day.

Peerless among all Persian kings in political administration and in the arts of peace, Darius was second only to the great Cyrus in military energy and capacity. Besides quelling the formidable series of revolts which followed his accession to the throne, he had made a great expedition to the east, permanently extending his empire to the Sutlej. He now undertook a similar expedition into Europe—the only other quarter in which an extension of the empire was possible. Crossing the Bosphorus by a bridge of boats, he conquered Thrace, surmounted the mountain-chain of the Balkan, and descended into the valley of the lower Danube, subjugating the peoples as he advanced. Next, crossing the Danube, just above the point where its stream divides to form the Delta—by a bridge formed of a portion of the boats of his fleet, which sailed up the river to meet him—he marched boldly into Southern Russia, as far as the banks of the Don, and returned successfully, and with little loss, after a two-months' campaign against the wild Scythian tribes. This attack upon the Scythian hordes, like the

similar expeditions of Cyrus in Asia, was designed to overawe and restrain those restless and formidable barbarians. It was needed to secure the tranquillity of the new provinces south of the Danube, which Darius now added to the Persian empire,—still more to secure himself from attack in rear, while engaged in the subsequent attack upon peninsular Greece which probably he already contemplated.

Greece, indeed, was naturally the next country exposed to the attack of the growing Persian empire. The frontier of that empire had been carried northwards to the Jaxartes and Aral Sea—a region itself nearly desert, and with nothing but the desert Siberian steppes lying beyond it. To the east, the empire had been extended across the Bolar mountain-chain (the watershed between Eastern and Western Asia) into Chinese Tartary, beyond which lay the great desert of Cobi; and south of the Himalayas it had been extended over the Punjaub to the desert of Sirhind and to the line of the lower Indus. On the south, from the mouth of the Indus to the head of the Persian gulf, the empire was bounded by the sea; and in the south-west the conquest of Egypt had spread the Persian dominion up to the cataracts of the Nile and the pathless wastes of the desert of Libya. The whole of Asia Minor, also, was subject to the great king. Accordingly, if the traditional policy of conquest was still to be followed, the most tempting field was the European region which adjoined the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and which extended southwards in the peninsula of Greece.

The conduct of the Greeks, at least of the Athenians, helped to bring upon them the attack of the Persian power. Hardly had Darius returned to Susa, after his European campaign, than a great revolt of the Greek States in Asia Minor broke out; and Athens and Eretria sent a military and naval contingent to aid their brethren against the Persians. Probably the European invasion of Darius had sufficed to show the Athenians that they themselves were now open to attack; and by helping their brethren in Asia, they sought to raise a barrier of defence for themselves. But the Persian power was too strong to be thus checked; the Ionian revolt was easily and promptly

suppressed; and the European Greeks thereafter ranked among the enemies of the great king, whom he felt specially bound to chastise for the affront which they had offered to his power by their vain and unprovoked co-operation with his rebel subjects. Thenceforth, it is said, Darius commissioned one of his officers every day to repeat to his royal ear, "Remember Athens!"

Then commenced the memorable series of expeditions against Greece. After displacing the oligarchies in the Greek States of Asia Minor, and establishing democracies in accordance with the desires of the people, Darius sent his field-marshal Mardonius with a large fleet and army across the northern part of the *Ægean*; but in coasting southwards, the fleet, when rounding Mount Athos, was dreadfully shattered by a storm, and the expedition had to be relinquished. Two years afterwards a second expedition was dispatched under Datis, which, sailing straight across the *Ægean* by the line of the Cyclades, made a descent upon Eretria and Attica. The Athenians gave battle at Marathon, where the skill of Miltiades and the superior discipline and equipment of the Greeks inflicted a total defeat upon the invaders, who were at least five times as numerous. The long spear of the Greeks, in truth, gave them as great an advantage over the Persians as the needle-gun recently gave to the Prussians. Their large shields, also, and defensive armor, joined to their compact fighting order, constituted as it were a movable bulwark, as available in attack as in defence. Datis had to withdraw into Asia, bearing with him the tidings that his army of 100,000 or 200,000 had been worsted in battle by 20,000 Greeks.

Marathon was a great triumph for Greece, a great glory for Athens, but it was only a temporary check to the vast military power of Persia. Darius ordered a further levy of men, ships, and material; but ere the preparations were completed, Egypt revolted. Nothing daunted, Darius resolved to proceed against Egypt and Greece simultaneously, and purposed to lead one of the armies himself, when his schemes were cut short by his death, in the sixty-third year of his age. Xerxes is said to have been at first opposed to any further invasions of Greece, and wished to confine his efforts

to the reconquest of Egypt; but the Persian nobles were full of the military spirit, and the king at length gave way. Leading his army into Egypt, Xerxes rapidly reconquered that province. A subsequent, if not contemporaneous, revolt of Babylon was easily quelled by his general Megabyzus; and the great king was now free to concentrate his power against Greece.

Xerxes was fully alive to the great difficulties of the enterprise; and he prepared for them in a most royal spirit, and with a completeness which left nothing undone to secure success. He saw that a much larger army was required than had been sent into Greece on the two previous occasions; and as no fleet was capable of transporting so large a force, he ordered a highway to be constructed over the Dardanelles, upon a double line of strong vessels (triremes). He likewise ordered a ship-canal to be cut through the isthmus of Athos, in order that the fleet, which was to accompany the army, might escape the perils of rounding that stormy promontory. He then set out from Susa, at the head of his main army,—marching along the royal road which led from Susa by Nineveh, up through the mountains at the head of the Euphrates, and then westwards through the middle of Asia Minor to Sardis. Here he wintered: and all his forces being at length collected, and his other preparations complete, he advanced to Abydos. There seated on a throne, beside the great bridge, he saw his vast host, the flower of twenty-five nations, march in broad columns for seven days and nights, in ceaseless succession. The pass of Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his Spartans stood at bay, was gained by a flank movement over the mountains; and all Greece north of the Isthmus (where the Peloponnesian army was busily engaged in building a wall of defence) lay at the mercy of the invader. Athens was burnt. Dismay spread even in the Greek fleet, which lay at Salamis; and in a few days more it would probably have dispersed, each of the contingents sailing back to his own country. But, confident in his numbers, Xerxes ordered his fleet to attack immediately, surrounding the Greek fleet that it might not escape. The result was the battle of Salamis; in which the greater part of the

Persian fleet was destroyed; and thereby Greece was saved. Xerxes still had his enormous army, which could hardly fail to bear down all the opposition that the Greeks could make. But without his fleet he could not provision so vast a force. Accordingly, as soon as he saw that his fleet could not contend with that of Greece, he ordered the remains of it to sail at once for the Dardanelles to guard his bridge, and he himself with all his army marched for the same point. Mardonius, however, was left in Thessaly, with a picked force of 300,000 men; and next spring that general reoccupied Attica, and advanced towards the Isthmus, where the Greeks had assembled an army of upwards of 100,000 men. Plataea was as disastrous to the Persian land forces as Salamis had been to the fleet. Mardonius was killed in the battle, and the leaderless army took to flight, leaving 100,000 dead on the field. Persia thereby lost all her possessions in Europe (Thrace, Macedonia, and Pæonia); and the Greeks, assuming the offensive at sea, liberated from Persian rule all the islands of the *Ægean*.

After the failure of his great expedition, Xerxes appears to have abandoned himself to indolence and self-indulgence; and at length, after a reign of twenty years, he was put to death by two conspirators belonging to the royal household. His son Artaxerxes I. (Longimanus) then ascended the throne, and reigned for the long period of forty-one years. His first act was to march into Bactria, where he successfully suppressed a revolt which had been raised by one of his brothers, who was satrap of that province. Soon afterwards Egypt rose in revolt, and Athens dispatched to its aid an expedition consisting of 200 ships; but a Persian army, marching across the Arabian desert, defeated the Egyptians and their allies, retook Memphis, where the Persian garrison still held out in the citadel, and finally destroyed the Athenian land forces, as well as their fleet. This was the only noteworthy exploit in the long reign of Artaxerxes. Although defeated in Egypt, the Greeks made serious attacks upon Persian power in Asia Minor; and at length the Peace of Callias was concluded, by which the Greek cities of Asia Minor were liberated from the

Persian yoke, and the sea was divided between the two powers—an ignominious close for Persia of the fifty years hostility with Greece, which had commenced with the revolt of the Ionian Greeks in the reign of Darius. Artaxerxes survived the Peace of Callias twenty-four years; and ere he died he had the satisfaction to see the Greeks quarrelling fiercely among themselves,—his great enemy Athens being forced into a contest for existence with the Peloponnesian confederacy under Sparta. He was succeeded by his sole legitimate son, Xerxes II., who reigned only for forty-five days,—being murdered at a festival, in which he had indulged too freely, by one of his half-brothers, Sogdianus; who in turn, after reigning for little more than six months, was put to death by another brother, Ochus, who took the name of Darius, and became known to the Greeks as Darius Nothus.

The chief event in the reign of this monarch, who was alike weak and wicked, was the terrible disaster of the Athenians in Sicily, which at once sufficed to annul the Peace of Callias, and to replace the Persian yoke upon the Greek cities in Asia Minor. Persia at the same time made an alliance with Sparta,—keeping in check the power of Greece on the principle, *Divide et impera*. At a later time, Athens, Thebes—in fact, all the Greek cities in turn—courted the alliance of the Great King, and benefited by his subsidies. Greek generals and Greek troops thenceforth were found fighting for Persia, and it was mainly owing to their aid that the Persian empire continued to maintain itself.

The next reign—that of Artaxerxes Mnemon—was memorable for the revolt of the king's brother Cyrus, the great success of his body of Greeks in the battle of Cunaxa, and their marvellous retreat through the mountains of Asia Minor to the Black Sea. Sparta had been won to his aid by Cyrus, and, aided by the Ten Thousand on their return, Agesilaus for several years made war successfully against the Persian satraps in Asia Minor. But the Spartan general had to return home to defend his own country against the league of Athens, Thebes, Corinth, and Argos; and aided by the Athenian fleet, the

Persians quickly regained all their possessions in Asia Minor, and even subjected the island of Samos to their rule. The Great King was now dictator in the affairs of Greece; the Peace of Antalcidas was accepted by the Greeks as an ultimatum from the court of Susa. Diplomacy was now achieving more for Persia than her arms had done in the time of Xerxes.

Under the next monarch, Ochus, the empire suddenly resumed its military power. Ochus was ambitious, energetic, bold, and pitiless. In order to secure his throne, and prevent those Court intrigues and assassinations which had become frequent during the late reigns, he remorselessly put to death all his brothers, half-brothers, and near relatives; and then he set himself to restore vigor to the empire. Egypt had successfully revolted in the last year of Darius Nothus, and had repulsed an attempt of Artaxerxes to resubjugate it. But Ochus, aided by two Greek generals—viz., Bagoas, and the famous partisan chief Memnon the Rhodian—entirely crushed the power of Egypt: and the Persian power suddenly stood forth in the sight of the world almost as great and terrible as ever. The able and firm administration of Ochus, moreover, extinguished the spirit of revolt throughout the empire; and during the last six years of his reign Persia enjoyed a rare season of peace and stability. But he was assassinated at last by Bagoas, whom he had taken to Susa as his prime-minister, and who himself aspired to the virtual sovereignty by placing on the throne the young son of Ochus; but as in two years' time the young king desired to emancipate himself from his control, Bagoas murdered him also; and as no near descendant of the royal line of Achæmenians was now left, Bagoas raised to the throne a friend of his, who thereupon took the name of Darius Codomannus.

This third Darius, the last king of Persia, was perhaps not even of noble birth, but personally he was well fitted to grace a throne. Tall and eminently handsome alike in face and figure, accomplished in military exercises, and not devoid of military skill, he was at the same time amiable and popular in his manners. But the empire was destined

not to outlive the royal race which had founded it. The battle of Coronæ had at last put an end to the internal strife which had so long paralyzed the power of Greece; and Alexander mounted the throne of Macedon simultaneously with the assassination of the last of the Achæmenidæ. What followed is too well known to be here recounted. In two years after crossing the Hellespont, Alexander had conquered all Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, defeating the Persian army at the Granicus and Issus; and finally, with the crushing defeat of Arbela, and the subsequent death of Darius, the grand Persian empire came to an end,—with a destruction as complete and almost as sudden as that to which the torches of the inebriate conqueror and his Greeks consigned the royal palaces of Persepolis.

The Persian empire fell with a suddenness even more marvellous than its rise. A single reign established it as the greatest power in the world; a single hostile expedition destroyed it utterly—causing it wholly to disappear. The very rapidity of its rise was one great cause of its sudden fall. It conquered so fast, that it could not assimilate. It was attacked before it had time to establish any community of interests between the central power and the conquered countries. The empire was still young, when it was assailed by the Macedonian conqueror. The spirit of loyalty, whether as a sentiment or as a matter of self-interest, had not time to develop itself; the provinces were ever ready to revolt spontaneously, still more when favored by external aid. The empire started into full life in a single reign—that of Cyrus; and the united reigns of Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius (the inactive reign of the pseudo Smerdis included), during which the empire attained its full magnitude, constituted a period of not more than eighty years. The Roman empire, which most nearly resembled that of Persia in character, and which alone equalled and surpassed it in magnitude, was as remarkable for the slowness of its growth as that of Persia for its rapidity. The Romans were thrice as long in conquering their own peninsula of Italy as the Persians in conquering the ancient world, from the Sulej in the east to the Nile and

Danube in the west, and from Indian Ocean to the Aral Sea and steppes of Pameer. Yet in Italy Romans were not opposed by a great State, not even by a kingdom any kind save that of little Et; whereas in eighty years the Persians overthrew the two greatest empires of the old world, Babylon and Egypt, besides spreading their power in regions where Nature herself has opposed great difficulties to the operations of armies and the permanence of conquests. Montesquieu has well shown how the slowness of development imposed upon the growth of Rome to consolidate her own strength facilitated the assimilation of the conquered provinces. The germ of Persian power, it is true, was but a single or rather a small town surrounded only a few miles of territory; while the Persians were a population, though scattered over hills and dales, numbered probably nearly two millions. On the other hand, in the Semitic lands of the Mesopotamian valley, the Persians, as compared with them, had opponents far more formidable alike in population and in organization, power, than any which the Romans encountered at any period of their career. Carthage, the most powerful adversary of Rome, was only what might be called a fair match for her; while the Assyro-Babylonian empire was superior to Medes and Persians alike in population, in wealth, and in defensive power of their great capital.

Another cause of the sudden collapse of the Persian power was the fact that it never had a solid nucleus. Doubtless this was partly owing to the brief existence of the empire. There was no permanent political organization to act as support to the throne. In Rome the Senate formed a ruling class, which gave steadiness to the imperial power, and which remained powerful and able to rule men, even if the Head of the State (whether king, consul, or emperor) killed or proved incompetent. Not so the political organization of Rome, which was confined to the aristocracy,—the patricians themselves, through their tribunes, practised in the art of ruling, and able to comprehend and to carry out traditional policy. In fact, although

germ of Roman power was numerically small, it was full of life in every part; a political unit acting with the discipline of an army. Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt likewise had strong internal organizations, the slow growth of centuries, and which gave to those Powers a consistency and vitality, a power of endurance, a means of surviving defeats and perpetuating the national autonomy, which was never possessed by the Persians. All these States were highly organized powers, where the Throne was but the crowning point of the social organization; whereas in Persia there was no solid power surrounding and supporting the throne. Even the nobles were never organized as a ruling class. There was a mere succession of sovereigns, with a fine fighting power on the part of the people; a politically unorganized nation of soldiers, led by an autocrat as their general. Whenever the royal leader was weak or incompetent, all went wrong, and the people were as helpless as a militia without a commander.

Another cause of the fundamental weakness of the Persian power was the ceaseless and enormous drain upon the manhood of the Persian nation. Not only did the Persians and the sister people of the Medes constitute the nucleus of the army in time of war—marched off from home on frequent expeditions through the mountains of Afghanistan into distant India, or across the wide deserts to the sources of the Jaxartes and the steppes of Chinese Tartary, or to the banks of the Nile and the Danube; but at all times they were drafted away to supply the garrisons which were maintained in the subject provinces. Egypt alone absorbed 120,000 Persians; and all the garrisons or armies of native soldiers stationed abroad must have exceeded 200,000 men. Reckoning the Medo-Persian population at five millions, and taking the able-bodied males at one-sixth of the whole, it thus appears that about one-fourth of the effective population was constantly kept abroad in garrison; and if we add the drain upon the manhood of the country in military expeditions, at least one-third of the able-bodied males must have been withdrawn not only from productive industry, but even from sensibly affecting the increase of the population. In modern history the decline of

the Spanish power, at one time the greatest in Europe, has been ascribed, and apparently with justice, to the great drain upon the manhood of the country, consequent upon the Spanish conquests and settlements in America,—the Transatlantic enterprises carrying off the flower of the nation, drafting away alike the high hearts and the bone and sinew of the country. But this drain of Spanish manhood was insignificant compared with the similar drain upon the Medo-Persian population. Population is the back-bone of a nation's strength and power, but the population of the home provinces of the Persian empire was permanently checked in its increase by the absorption of men in the military service of the State. The immense wealth which poured into Persia from the plunder and the revenues of the conquered countries, if applied to developing the productive powers of the country by means of irrigation, would have enabled Persia to support a great increase of population. Moreover, if the Iranian plateau had been found inadequate to support a much larger population, there was the rich valley-region around Nineveh, which had become a solitude, and where Medo-Persian settlements might have been formed. And in proportion as the numbers of this brave and military people increased, a firmer and durable basis would have been established for the Persian empire. But such measures were unthought of—nay, they were impossible in the circumstances of the empire. It was indispensable that the conquered but unassimilated provinces should be garrisoned by the soldiers of the ruling nation; and hence the growth of the nation was artificially checked. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the population of Persia Proper was any larger in the time of the last Achæmenian king than when Cyrus first founded the empire. England, with her population of thirty millions, may easily keep 120,000 soldiers abroad in her various dependencies, for, despite this absorption of men, a vast emigration annually takes place from her shores; so that, if the pay offered be sufficient to tempt men to engage in the military service, there need not be any difficulty in maintaining our garrisons abroad, while the population at home remains as great as the present productive power of the coun-

try can support. But what must have been the condition of ancient Persia (including Media) which, with barely one-sixth of our population, kept as large a body of troops in Egypt alone as we keep in India and all our colonies put together!

(To be concluded)

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Cornhill Magazine.

THE ETRUSCANS, THE ENGLISH OF ANTIQUITY.

Of all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air, and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere, and cramped scenery of the lowlands.

Their inhabitants were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging, and nature-taming generally. They were religious too, commercial, manufacturing, keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty, but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, warlike neighbor. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless, their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources. What we dig up of their primi-

tive work has a decided look of the Nile—that prolific mother of antique arts and ideas. Many of their paintings and sculptures bear also a strong likeness to those of Nineveh.

Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take, for instance, Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed one more dramatic,—for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands. Having already engulfed the Church of St. Giusti, it has reached on the north the ancient walls of the Badia, from which the monks have fled in dismay, leaving their remarkable cloisters trembling on the brink of a precipice of sand five hundred to a thousand feet deep, which leans over a treacherous abyss of hidden waters, sapping the unsolid earth above them with relentless energy. Each year the distance between the precipice and the city is growing less, yet it seems fascinated by the peril. The massive walls which have stood firmly on their foundations three thousand years may help induce a feeling of security in their ability to outlive this enemy as they have all others. But the contrast in sensations is most startling when, after following their circuit for miles in wonder at their hugeness, one comes at a single step upon this tremendous undermining of a mountain which, at an unexpected moment, is destined not merely to leave no one stone of them on another, but to bury them forever from human sight, and with them the people who trusted to their strength for safety. It is an impressive spectacle, not only of the transitoriness of all human work, but of those agencies which are preparing the earth for new forms and species of existence. I comprehend sleeping quietly on the edge of a volcano or during a battle, for there the elements of death

have in them that of the sublime, which puts the spirit on a level with the occasion; but the thought of the prolonged, helpless strangulation of a whole city irresistibly sucked into the bowels of the earth, is awful. No heroisms can avail in burial alive, and no human sacrifice can avert the destruction after Nature has sounded the signal of doom. Yet with a degree of stupidity which seems past belief, the Volterrans once refused to permit an enterprising citizen of Leghorn to save their city by draining off the encroaching waters while there was time, on condition of having for himself the land he reclaimed from devastation. Possibly they shared the loss of one of their "sights," which are food and raiment to the poor of Italian cities in general, each inhabitant consoling himself with the reflection, "after me the flood." The "sight" certainly is one not to be met in other parts. Go to see it, but do not tarry long.

Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Following the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Perseus are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world. But what else can be in a nest of excavators whose most productive industry lies in rifling ancestral tombs and fleecing the visitor; not to speak of the dubious reputation of the place as an entrepôt for the sale of false antiquities. My landlord could not give a morsel of meat to eat that the teeth could penetrate, but he had to offer his museum of Etruscan antiquities for the modest sum of fifty thousand francs. The ascent to the bedrooms was guarded by a long lugubrious line of cinerary urns, remarkable only for their archaic coarseness. Chiusi is neither

clean, cheerful, nor comfortable, but it has its special attractions and much genuine art remaining, although its best museum, the Casacini, has been sold to the city of Palermo.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choices of sites of towns obtain here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Città-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chestnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified, but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But I fear they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still in "locating" as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art, it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of nature than of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect.

After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects, but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, picnics, races, theatrical exhibitions, and whatever they enjoyed in their everyday world; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corresponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked down on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy, that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family itself; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

On entering a tomb at Volterra, I was surprised to see wine and food on one of

the urns in the centre. I asked the peasant-woman,—whose flickering torch cast a mysterious shadowy light over the pale figures that looked up to us out of great staring eyes with their libation-cups or *pateras* held invitingly out, as if to be filled,—if the spirits of her ancestors still thirsted for the warm drink of their native hills. "Oh, no," she said, "we put it here to cool for ourselves." It seems one must come to Italy to learn best how to utilize the grave-chill otherwise than as a moral refrigerator or theological bugbear.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewelry or armor on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favorite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys—the pet dolls and engraved primers—are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain. The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns or sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position, and if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their usual ornaments and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely painted and modelled in terra-cotta; but the finer are done in marble or alabaster, under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been

important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewelry, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigor and strength and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic, and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both; but the difference

between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious.

I find an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art. Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect it was vague and shadowy, very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology. But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians and Jews. Descending from them it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom—firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical. In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbor evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more Northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the special and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At

the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, which were supposed to be ever present with the living. The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death, is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Charon, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as in a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to man. Everywhere she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honor and influence, subordinated to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favorite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an unobscured expression of resignation and the survivors with a quiet grief that speaks a conviction of future reunion. They weep around, or are held to

the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirit horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred, their torches are reversed. The Greeks love to look on death in a sensuously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was best regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightful ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations to people the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct, supernatural race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and arch-angels of Giotto, Orgagna, and Luca Signorelli. In truth, mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of

their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volumnii are found deposited here in elegant urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honored purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artists in rendering individual likeness—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life, without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscans recognized this vital principle of creation more

decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honors hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volumni is, to my apprehension, as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a sublimity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of Death's door, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian mind has yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged female figure, in whom the nobility of both sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though in reality they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude, with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps

him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult, on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size, and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen, issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly faces than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of the lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted house-keepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts than are their English sisters, whom they so much resembled in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state—a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and

beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonarrotti's "Duke Julian," misnamed Lorenzo. The plates of these monuments in the expensive work, *Il Sepolcro dei Volunni*, edited by Count Conestabile, Perugia, 1855, though fairly correct in design, fail to do them justice in spirit.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom—not love, not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves.

The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Uffizi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom. If it admits of explanation, I should say the lion represented the strength and riches of the Etruscan civilization, the goat is corrupting luxury, and the reptile the fatal sting of sin that finally cast it into the mire never to rise again among the nations.

Popular Science Review.

THE NATURE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

BY DAVID FORBES, F.R.S., ETC.

WHAT the central mass of the globe upon which we live consists of, is a question which most educated men have doubtless at some time or other asked themselves, without, it is surmised, eliciting a response which could in any degree satisfy their natural curiosity; most probably the idea which would first suggest itself, is, that its internal mass must be composed of solid rock similar to what is seen forming its mountain chains, the foundations of its continents, and the basins which contain its seas. The belief in this hypothesis would, however, be rudely shaken upon the first experience of the effects of an earthquake, or the sight of a volcano in activity, for such phenomena could not but at once suggest grave doubts as to whether the earth could be in reality either so solid or so stable as at first thought one felt inclined to believe.

Such phenomena, however rare they may be in Great Britain, are not exceptional, as the intelligence from all quarters of the globe testifies. During the past year, scarcely a mail has arrived without bringing tidings from some part or other of volcanic outbursts or earthquakes, several of them fearfully disastrous; now taking place near the North Pole, as in Iceland or Alaska, then in the Antarctic regions of Polynesia or New Zealand, whilst still nearer home Vesuvius and Etna have alternated in fiery activity. Extensive eruptions and earthquakes have also occurred within the last twelve months in the West Indies, Sandwich Islands, California, Mexico, Nicaragua, and in various parts of the Andes of South America; yet even this enumeration is far from being a complete one.

Nor have the continents, or, as the Spaniards say, "*Tierra firma*," been alone so affected, for numerous accounts also bear witness that the depths of the sea have been equally disturbed. In the Mediterranean, for example, the sea bottom at Santorin has been so elevated by volcanic action as to have become dry land, where only lately was deep water in which the largest ships afloat could ride at anchor; and submarine eruptions

of great intensity have been reported in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Mexico, as well as in the Atlantic, between Africa and South America.

Notwithstanding that the records of such phenomena in more ancient times are extremely defective, a retrospect of such as have been observed indicates that they have not diminished in frequency in later periods, and the tabular statements of known European eruptions and earthquakes made by Professor Phillips and Mr. Mallet respectively, show that their number has gradually increased per century, from the fourth up to the nineteenth; and since that early period by far the greatest number in any one century has occurred in the last and present century.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the question, What does the central mass of our sphere consist of? should be one possessing more than ordinary popular as well as scientific interest; and for this reason it is here proposed to submit a concise sketch of the opinions which from time to time have been brought forward by different writers on the subject, along with a notice of the arguments used in their support or advanced in opposition, thereby to enable some independent if not impartial judgment to be formed by our readers.

The greatest depth hitherto attained by direct explorations into the substance of the earth's surface has not yet reached 5,000 feet, and it is scarcely to be expected that any much greater depth can be arrived at, for which reason, notwithstanding the many and valuable data resulting from such explorations, it appears self-evident, in order to pursue this inquiry further, that we must mainly rely upon the less direct evidence furnished by calling in the assistance of the natural sciences.

According to the different hypotheses advanced at various times with respect to the physical condition of the earth's mass, our sphere has been respectively represented as a globe—

1. Composed of a relatively thin external crust or shell, filled with matter in a state of molten liquidity;
2. Nearly, if not quite, solid to the core;
3. Composed of a solid external shell separated from an equally solid nucleus

by a zone of intermediate molten matter;

4. Consisting of an external solid shell, filled with enormously compressed gaseous matter.

The first of these four hypotheses, or that which regards the earth as being a sphere of molten matter, surrounded by a comparatively thin solid external shell or crust, is the one more generally accepted by geologists and such men of science as prefer basing their deductions entirely upon facts elicited from the direct examination of so much of the earth's exterior as is accessible to man. Amongst the facts advanced in support of this theory, the following are probably the most important.

1. The results of a large number of experiments, made in mines and bore-holes in various parts of the world, affording conclusive evidence that the temperature of the earth, as deep down as has yet been explored from the surface, increases in direct ratio as we descend towards its centre.

It has been found a matter of much difficulty, owing, as might be expected, to the interference of local causes, to determine with exactitude the true general rate of such increase in temperature downwards, but all observers agree in regarding it as somewhere between 1° and 2° Fahrenheit for every hundred feet in depth from the surface.

2. Numerous observations of the temperature of hot and deep-seated springs and Artesian wells, which prove that the temperature of the water increases with the depth of its source, and confirm the results of the experiments made in mines.

3. The great currents of molten lava emitted from the volcanic orifices in all quarters of the globe, which, as in the space enclosed between America, Asia, and Australasia, may present one vast scene of volcanic activity, covering a large area of the face of the globe, and bearing testimony to the vast accumulation of molten matter which must necessarily exist in its interior.

4. The numerous analyses of the lavas and other products of volcanoes, which prove them to be quite analogous in mineralogical and chemical constitution, without reference to what parts of the world, however distant from one another, in which they may have been

ejected, and lead to the inference that they must all have proceeded from some one great hypogene source, and not be products of any mere local action.

5. The evidence afforded by geological observation that eruptions of rock masses, resembling those of our modern volcanoes, have, since the earliest periods, played a similar part in the geological history of the earth.

6. The occurrence of great faults (more or less vertical), formed by the elevation and depression of large areas of the rock formations which constitute the external crust of the earth.

These latter phenomena lead to the inference that the external crust itself cannot, in depth, rest upon an unyielding mass of matter in the solid state, but that it must be superposed upon some more or less fluid substance, which, by its mobility, can, when some one portion of the crust above has subsided or been let down, become displaced and make room for itself by elevating, or, as it were, floating up, some other part of the same.

As far as explorations have as yet been carried down into the earth, the direct increase of temperature with the depth has been fully established; and, as no facts are known at present which can invalidate the supposition that the same, or a somewhat similar, ratio holds good in still greater depth, it is perfectly correct and justifiable reasoning to assume that such is actually the case; and it follows, therefore, as a natural consequence, that a temperature above 3,000 degrees—representing a heat sufficient to melt rocks like granite, &c.—will be found at a depth of some forty miles from the surface (more less or less, according to the rate of increase used in the calculation), or, in other words, that at that comparatively small depth an internal mass of molten matter exists in the interior of the earth.

Coming now to the consideration of the second hypothesis, which represents the earth as being nearly, if not quite, solid to the core, we find that it is founded upon such purely astronomical evidence as to altogether ignore any data which the geologist can eliminate from the direct study of the earth itself.

The late Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, who first advanced this hypothesis, appears to have arrived at this conclusion,

from observing, when two clock pendulums are set agoing equal in all other respects, except that whilst the bob of the one is solid that of the other is hollow and filled with mercury, that the latter will swing somewhat faster than the former.

Applying this observation to the consideration of the movements of the earth in space, Mr. Hopkins, by an extremely elaborate course of mathematical reasoning and calculation, demonstrated that the earth must be nearly, if not quite, solid; since, if it was merely a comparatively thin shell, filled with liquid matter, the ratio of certain of its movements (precession and nutation) would differ very considerably from what they are actually known to be—conclusions which subsequently were understood to be further confirmed and verified by the arguments and calculations of Sir William Thomson and Archdeacon Pratt.

Although it might have been surmised that the conditions of a pendulum-bob of polished glass, filled with equally slippery non-adhesive mercury and swinging at the end of a rod, must be very different from those of, on nearly spherical globe, filled with molten, but viscid or sticky lava, and revolving upon its own axis, geologists at once felt themselves put to utter confusion by this "dictum" of the astronomers and mathematicians; and, being none of them sufficiently versed in either astronomy or mathematics as to be able to submit the reasoning or calculations to any exact scrutiny, felt themselves—reluctantly, no doubt—compelled to bow to the decision of such eminent authorities.

So stood the matter until last summer, when fortunately, M. Delaunay, an authority equally eminent as mathematician and astronomer, was induced to undertake the reconsideration of the problem; a labor which has not only resulted in altogether reversing the above decision and demonstrating the complete fallacy of the premises upon which the reason was founded; but which further proved, experimentally, that a sphere filled with liquid matter would, under the circumstances, behave in precisely similar manner as an entirely solid one; and, consequently, that the fact of the earth being either solid or liquid in its interior could not only

have no influence whatever on the rates of precession and nutation, but could not be used as a means of deciding anything as to the real thickness of the earth's crust.

The astronomical arguments in favor of a solid, or nearly solid, globe being thus altogether invalidated, it remains to inquire as to whether any other facts can be advanced in support of this hypothesis.

In 1849 Professor J. Thomson announced, from theoretical considerations, that the fusing points of bodies must become elevated when subjected to pressure, or, in other words, that under the influence of pressure bodies would require more heat to melt them or keep them in the molten condition; a view which was, in 1850, confirmed by Bunsen's experiments on spermaceti and paraffine, and still further corroborated, in 1854, by the more complete experiments of Hopkins on these bodies, as well as on wax and sulphur.

Reasoning upon these facts as a basis, Bunsen argued that the earth could not be other than solid to the core, since the enormous pressure accumulated at its centre would cause its internal substance to become so infusible that it could not remain in the molten state; and this opinion was adopted by Hopkins, as confirming the conclusions which, as before mentioned, he imagined had been proved by astronomical deductions.

If we now inquire into the value of these data, we will also find that they are not entitled to much confidence.

In the first place, it is assuming that our earth is made up of substances like the wax, spermaceti, paraffine, or sulphur experimented upon by Bunsen and Hopkins, and which are in nature about as diametrically opposite to what we know the earth must be composed of, as could well be selected for comparison.

Secondly, on examining into the details of the experimental results, it appears, that although the melting points of these bodies undoubtedly became higher under the influence of pressure, the ratio of their so doing did not continue the same in proportion as the pressure was augmented, but on the contrary diminished after a certain point was reached, thus leading to the inference drawn some time back by the au-

thor of this communication, that bodies after attaining their point of maximum density may not become more infusible by increased pressure, but, on the contrary, may possibly become even more fusible as the pressure is still further augmented.

Thirdly, the experiments made by Hopkins upon metallic substances gave totally different results, and proved that the melting point of such bodies is not elevated by pressure: may it not be asked, therefore, how these results have been so completely ignored, and upon what principle do the supporters of this hypothesis adopt conclusions drawn from experiments made upon a most unlikely class of bodies, to the exclusion of those upon substances which, as will be seen in the course of this inquiry, are most probably present in the earth's interior in very large quantity?

Fourthly and lastly, it may be mentioned that, long after the views of Bunsen and Hopkins, as regards the application of these arguments to explaining the nature of the interior of the earth, were brought forward, we have the testimony of Mr. Fairbairn in 1861 that the later experiments on the effects of (much greater) pressures made by Mr. Hopkins and himself had caused that gentleman to greatly modify his opinions, and led him "to the belief that it is only in the more compressible substances that the law holds true."

The above remarks will show how little reliance can be placed in arguments as to the entire solidity of the globe, based upon the effects of pressure in producing consolidation. Assuming, however, for argument's sake, that the materials composing the earth's mass do become more and more infusible according as they are situated nearer to its centre, it must still be remembered, on the other hand, that incontrovertible evidence has been produced by geologists to prove that the temperature or heat downwards from the surface also increases in direct ratio, and there is no sufficient proof in the results of Bunsen's and Hopkins's experiments to demonstrate that this augmentation in temperature would not more than counteract any tendency to solidity or increase of infusibility in the substances themselves arising from the effect of pressure.

The hypothesis that the earth essentially solid necessitated the phenomena of volcanoes should be plained upon the supposition that had their sources in numerous small basins scattered over the globe—a which seems altogether incomp with the results of chemical and mineralogical investigation, which proves the ejected products are identical in constitution even if taken from the which are most distant from one another.

The late researches of Professor Mieri of Naples point out that di tidal phenomena can be recognized the eruptions of Vesuvius: should observations be confirmed, they be considered as very strong evidence against any theory of volcanic supposed to have its origin in mere sources.

The third hypothesis, which liken earth to a gigantic egg, having a shell and yolk separated from one another by a molten fluid which represent white of the egg, is a species of hypothesis between the first and second theories of the earth's constitution. Evidently tended as a sort of half-way compromise between them, it, like most half-sures, will not probably meet with approval of the supporters of either the preceding theories.

If the astronomers have difficulty reconciling the motions of the earth with the heavens, when the earth was imagined to possess an entirely fluid interior, it seems probable that still greater difficulty will be found in doing so this view is rendered even more complicated by assuming that a sphere of solid matter floats, as it were suspended, in the aforesaid liquid interior.

The geologists and others who maintain their faith to what they can deduce from direct observation may possibly make any great opposition to such a hypothesis, since the main facts of geology are accounted for, if it be granted that the earth at a certain depth below its exterior is in a molten condition; but they will certainly regard the idea of the earth's interior as being necessarily complicated, and not prepared to give it any active support. Good reasons are brought forward to explain why such an internal nucleus is believed to exist.

The idea of the existence of such a central nucleus is based upon the views and before-mentioned experiments of Bunsen, who maintained that, owing to the enormous pressure which, according to him, would accumulate at the centre of the earth, solidification must take place, commencing first at the centre and proceeding outwards towards the exterior.

How far the actual pressure and assumed consolidation at the centre would be counteracted by the expansion of the materials forming the interior of the earth, by the effects of the laws of gravitation, and by the acknowledged increase in temperature in depth, are questions which must be answered before such an hypothesis can be accepted; for at present absolutely nothing is known of the effects of such enormous pressures as have here to be taken into consideration as could warrant the expectation of obtaining a correct solution of this problem by arguments built upon so uncertain a foundation; and, as before mentioned, M. Delaunay has already given proof of how some of our most able mathematicians and astronomers have already been induced to advance and support an untenable hypothesis as to the constitution of the earth, owing to their having based their reasoning and calculations upon altogether fallacious premises.

The fourth and last hypothesis which we have to consider is, that the earth consists of an external shell filled with enormously compressed gases.

This hypothesis is purely theoretical, and in no way supported by direct observation. It originated in the assumption that the central parts of the globe cannot consist of such substances as we find in its crust, as otherwise the condensation of such bodies under the accumulating pressure acting towards the centre would cause the globe to possess a far greater mean density than $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that of water, which in actuality we know is the case.

This assumption is based entirely upon the supposition that bodies become more dense in *direct* ratio to the pressure to which they are subjected; according to which idea, air at a depth of about 80 miles below the surface should be as dense as water, which in its turn at some

360 miles' depth should be as heavy as mercury; and a solid like clay, which at the surface weighs about 125 pounds per cubic foot, ought to become so much condensed that a cubic foot would there weigh above 6 tons. It is for this reason contended that the central mass must consist of matter of extreme lightness (at the surface), such as gases which, upon being subject to such enormous pressure in the centre of the earth, could not assume a greater density than would fulfil the required conditions, as above explained.

The experimental investigations which have been made into the compressibility of substances do not, however, prove any such unlimited rate of condensation, and demonstrate that very soon a point of what may be termed approximate maximum density is attained, beyond which the effects of pressure become so much smaller and smaller in relation to the force applied, as at last to become almost inappreciable. As a proof of how little the effects of great pressure have been understood, it need only be remembered that until lately it was a commonly received opinion that, owing to the pressure exerted by the column of supernatant water, no animals, even of the lowest type, could possibly exist in the great depths of the ocean; and it was even advanced that any soft muddy deposits would, from the same cause, be consolidated into beds of compact shales, or even rocks. It required, however, only a few deep-sea soundings and casts of the dredge in the depths of the North Atlantic to dispel such illusions, by bringing up abundance of soft and slimy deposits replete with animal life.

The study of geological phenomena does not in any way countenance the idea of such a great body of compressed gases being imprisoned in the interior of our sphere, and, whilst the evidence of great internal heat is totally at variance with such a conclusion, experimental researches upon the compressibility of gases, as far as they have gone, are in direct opposition, since they tend to support the view that the gaseous form of matter is not compatible with such enormously high pressures; for even by the comparatively low pressures at the experimenter's command, many of the gaseous bodies have already been

condensed into the liquid or even solid form.

Having now entered pretty fully into the consideration of the physical character of the interior of the earth, it may be inquired as to whether any light can be thrown upon the chemical nature of the materials which it consists of. It is to be feared, however, that this problem is even more difficult of solution, for excepting the proof afforded by the matter emitted from volcanic orifices—which is in greatest part composed of silicates of the oxides along with some compounds of sulphur, boron, selenium, &c.—we have no means of direct examination whatsoever.

The consideration of the specific gravity of the earth affords some opportunity, however, for speculative inquiry into this subject. As is known, the mean density of the earth's mass is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that of water, whilst the average of such parts of its exterior as we are acquainted with is reckoned at only about $2\frac{1}{2}$; it follows, therefore, that the central parts must be infinitely more heavy, in order to account for its mean total density of $5\frac{1}{2}$.

It has been calculated that if the earth was composed of 3 concentric portions of equal thickness and of densities respectively increasing towards the centre in arithmetical progression, we should have—an outer crust, as before stated, of specific gravity $2\frac{1}{2}$; an intermediate zone of about 12; and a central nucleus of about 20 times the density of water; whilst, if we were to imagine more than 3 zones, it would follow that the central nucleus would be found still denser in proportion as more zones are conceived.

As before remarked, the old idea that such great increase in density can be due merely to the effects of superincumbent pressure is not borne out by the results of experiment, and further appears manifestly inadequate, when we also take into account the counteracting effects of the expansion produced by the earth's internal heat; it would follow, therefore, that the substances forming the interior of the earth must in themselves be of a much denser nature than the generality of the bodies, which we meet with at its surface.

Of all the elementary bodies recognized by the chemists, it is only some

few of the heavy metals which at all approach in density that of either the nucleus or intermediate zone, as already calculated, and consequently it has been inferred that it requires not only the assumption that bodies do become very considerably denser when subjected to pressure, but that there must also be a great accumulation of the heavy metals and their compounds in the interior of the earth, in order to account for the high mean specific gravity ($5\frac{1}{2}$) of the total mass of the globe.

In reviewing the evidence which has thus been brought forward “pro et contra” the various hypotheses advanced in reply to the question, “What does the interior of our globe consist of?” with which we started, the balance of argument appears to be in favor of the older theory, that the earth is a central molten mass surrounded or enclosed by a comparatively thin solid crust or shell; and, further, seems to indicate the probability that its interior, besides consisting mainly of molten silicates, also contains a great accumulation of the heavy metals and their compounds.

Having now summed up the evidence, the verdict is left to be delivered by the jury of our readers.

Macmillan's Magazine.

CAN A CATHOLIC PRIEST CONTRACT MATRIMONY?

BY HENRY WILFORD.

In England we should say “Roman Catholic,” but it is under the above title that a pamphlet has just appeared in Naples. The cause of its publication was a trial which took place on 17th February, this year, in the Court of Appeal in that city; and as the subject is of vast importance, I will commence with a narrative of some necessary details. Already about forty persons who were formerly in priests' orders have contracted matrimony in Southern Italy, but many if not most of them had previously abjured the ancient faith, or had certainly ceased to exercise sacerdotal functions. The peculiarity of the case now under consideration is that a gentleman attached to, and in official connection with, the Church of Rome, has been declared by the Court of Appeal at liberty to marry.

In the early part of last year, Luigi Triglia, of the province of Salerno, went through the usual preliminary forms previous to a marriage which he announced he desired to contract with Marianna Montefusco. The application was made in the character of "Proprietario," but his father opposed it on the ground that his son was in priests' orders, had misunderstood the new law, and by marrying would be likely to offend the moral susceptibilities of the province. The case was argued before the Judges of the tribunal of Salerno on 26th June, 1868, who decided "that the opposition made by Andrea Triglia to the marriage of his son, the priest Luigi, with Marianna Montefusco, was valid; forbade the civil officers of Vietri and Cava (near Salerno) to proceed with the said marriage, and ordered that the promise already given should be struck out of the registers."

From this sentence the priest and the lady appealed; and the case, which has excited intense interest, was heard last month. The advocate for the opposition had adduced the following arguments in support of his views:—The new Code, he urged, prescribed (1) "that all the other documents which in a variety of cases may be necessary to justify the liberty of the parties desiring to be married, and their family condition, should be declared." Now the priest must have known that he was irrevocably bound to observe celibacy: liberty to marry was therefore denied to him. (2) The Code, in making no mention of the person of priests, left them in the same position in which they stood—free subjects of the civil power, and slaves of the canonical law. Where positive laws pre-exist, the revocation of them cannot be assumed from silence. (3) Nor can it be maintained that this silence does exist; for as the statute directs that the Catholic religion should be alone the religion of the State, the canons which govern it are included in this idea of exclusion. (4) Nor will it ever be permitted to invoke the name of liberty when it is a mask for libertinage—for the priest, the veto on matrimony derives from the law. (5) Notwithstanding a struggle of many years between Church and State, the line of division between the two has not yet been traced.

How can this Court constitute itself the arbiter in the grand strife? It is for those priests who urge their civil right to marry to do what they can to procure their liberation from the authority of Councils and of the Vatican. (6) All the great facts established by the Council of Trent constitute a withdrawal of the rights of the Church from the action of the common law by the various Italian governments for a period of upwards of three centuries. And who will dare to assert that a Judicial College of this or any other province has power over them? (7) The civil government might have laid its hand on the canon law, but it did not venture to do so. How shall five judges exercise that power which the national parliament has not exercised? (8) The elastic word Liberty gives no right to dissolve every social and moral tie; and it is impossible for a judge to elevate himself to the rank of a legislator, and under pretext of the silence of the law break down the barriers of his attributes, limited to execute and not to create laws. (9) The priest is subject to two laws—the common and the canon law. All Catholic Europe is opposed to those who place the canon law amongst the historical reminiscences of the Middle Ages. So long as we live not under the patriarchal sky of Constantinople, nor under the traditional regulations of Fox or Confucius, our magistrates will never recognize the violation of canonical discipline, nor shall it ever be proclaimed to Europe that the priest in Naples celebrates the mass in the oratory of his wife and children. (10) The magistrate must abstain from changing the present state of things, because he stands between two vincula of absolute insolubility. The sacerdotal character is indelible, as the bond of matrimony is indissoluble. It is not for us to determine if, or when, or how, that grave dualism will be resolved. (11) The advocate towards the end of his speech argued the question historically, attempting to prove that from the time of Callixtus II. to the Council of Trent the marriage of priests had been null and void. (12) To those who under cover of the word Liberty think themselves authorized to demolish Churches and their rites, I repeat, said the advocate, the words of Cicero, a warm democrat,

"Omnes idcirco legum servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus."

Such, in brief, was the course of argument pursued before the Court of Salerno, in order to prove that priests are unable to contract matrimony. As has been already stated, the judges admitted the force of the reasoning, and an appeal to Naples was the consequence. The interest which the case excited was, as might have been expected, extraordinary; for though appeals do not favor the display of that eloquence which influences the jury of an ordinary tribunal, and are argued according to strict technicalities of law, the court and its passages were nevertheless crowded to excess by intelligent, respectably dressed young men, who listened with the utmost attention to the advocates. To penetrate that compact mass which I found assembled would have been impossible, but being an old *habitué* of the Neapolitan courts for the last twenty years, the usual courtesy was shown to me, and I obtained a seat by the judges.

The Court was composed of the president and five judges, all learned in the law. The proceedings were opened by the president, who made a lucid *exposé* of the case, and he was followed by the advocate of the appellant. Of his speech I give an *abregé*, so that with this, and the digest of the arguments urged before the Court of Salerno, the reader may form an intelligent opinion of the case.

Undoubtedly, it was urged, this case is of the highest importance; but the Italian magistrate must confine himself to the consideration of the great principles which the new legislature has finally established.

In form the question of religion is indifferent; as by the Civil Code, which writes articles, and does not recognize canons, the Church and State are separate. On this basis it is that the present case must be examined and resolved. The text of the law admits of no dispute. Now in the Italian Code are enumerated all the impediments to marriage, but holy orders are not recognized as an impediment.

Still more, the law lays down the causes for which the annulment of a marriage already contracted may be de-

manded; but, amongst these, holy orders are not named. Again, it is prescribed that the civil officer cannot refuse the celebration of matrimony, except for a reason admitted by the law. Holy orders are not, therefore, in any part of the law adduced as an impediment to matrimony. The propositions now deduced from the text of the law are but the direct consequences of the great principle of the separation of the State from the Church, which principle, from a logical necessity, must exercise an influence on all situations. The Code of the kingdom of Italy does not require for matrimony that the parties should belong to the Roman Communion, but only that they should be in certain civil conditions, leaving every one free to regulate his own conscience.

Now if it be true that the civil condition of the priest is unchanged by religious orders, he is on the same level with other citizens before the law. Were the contrary the case, liberty of conscience would be a vain name; the social power cannot enter the sphere of religious action. If holy orders could be adduced as an impediment to matrimony, it would be established that a principle of religion is an obstacle to the exercise of a civil right; and would not this be an absolute negation of the principle of liberty of faith? Against the theory now asserted, the following objections are urged, which I will now (said the advocate) state and answer:

The first is derived from the opening article of the statute, which declares the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State. But this does not imply that the State should use force for the promotion of the precepts of Catholicism; for if it did, religious and political despotism would again be elevated to a principle. Whether the Catholic religion enjoys few or more special prerogatives in the State, these do not diminish the liberty of other forms of worship, nor can they weaken the great principle of liberty of conscience; which liberty, grafted on the civil liberty guaranteed by the laws, implies by a logical necessity the full enjoyment of civic rights, amongst which is especially comprised the rights of the family, independent of the conditions of this or that religious communion. Our antagonists again object to us the nature

of the sacred vows, as engagements freely contracted towards a Church recognized by the State; but such vows impose no civil obligation, for it is now a principle of universal law, that it does not consent to the perpetual limitation of personal liberty, except as regards matrimony. It is true that the civil power occupies itself with certain conditions of religious institutions, but only to keep them within their proper sphere; true too, that it recognizes the priest, but only to protect him in the exercise of his functions; it does not recognize him in regard to the obligations which he has contracted with the Church. Thirdly, it is objected, that the silence of the law on the subject sanctions the impediment to the marriage of those in holy orders. The fallacy of such reasoning is clear; the argument is absurd: for the new Civil Code of Italy has not only modified the ecclesiastical system, but, as regards matrimony, has introduced a complete innovation, in proclaiming the mutual independence of the two powers—temporal and spiritual: so that the root being cut away, the branches which sprang from it fall. Again, to attach a judicious efficacy to religious precepts independently of the sanction of the law, would be to deny the strongest political principles of modern times. As to the pretension that positive regulation was necessary to authorize the priest to marry, its very folly excludes it from the honor of an answer. A law forbidding it might have been necessary, not one permitting it; for the permission is included in the general law of marriage.

Lastly, it is objected that such marriages would be opposed to our customs; would furnish matter for scandal; would expose the unhappy offspring of such connections to hatred and contempt. It is true that ignorant popular sentiment will be shocked: but what will happen afterwards? Wait, and you will see that a moral life with the formation of a family is something better than a base and irregular life, the certain consequence of a prohibition maintained by external force. The history of our legislation in elaborating the laws on civil matrimony confirms, too, the views I have supported.

“And now, gentlemen, let me add finally, when the Church of God had no

other ornament than humility, no other power than the persuasion of reason, nor other laws than those written in Scripture, the law of celibacy was utterly unknown; and, notwithstanding this, the first priests attained the highest grade of perfection—the true glory of Christ. And true it is that those first holy legislators saw well that such a precept was in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, and to the Divine word revealed in the Sacred Scriptures; where, without any exception whatever, it is commanded, ‘Increase and multiply; and in another place, ‘A man shall leave his father and mother, and shall leave to his wife; and the two shall become one flesh.’

“Lastly, it is in contradiction to the example of Christ Himself, who chose for His apostles and disciples persons already married. According to the testimony of St. Ambrose, writing to St. Hilary, ‘all the apostles, excepting John and Paul, had wives.’ But when the pontiffs began to be rich and powerful; when they began to cherish an ambition for the dominion of the earth, instead of that which leads to heaven, and in their hands were seen the ring, the Papal banner, the sceptre, and the pastoral; when, in brief, arose the Stephens, the Gregories, and the Innocents: then—with a view of creating a powerful militia, which to the injury of society might blindly serve their unbridled ambition—there was conceived the idea of celibacy. Destroying the soul, the heart, and the moral sentiment, it has well responded to the expectations entertained from it; so great have been the perfidy and the tyranny under which, through these anointed of the Lord, humanity has groaned, and still suffers. From the statements which have been made, it is clear that the law of the Celibacy of the Priesthood is not a divine dogma: on that our adversaries themselves are agreed; and the Fathers of the Church and all the canonists teach the same—it is a disciplinary law, purely ecclesiastical. At first it did not even assume the form of a canon, and in early times it was held that neither a priest nor a monk could contract marriage; still when contracted it was considered valid, the parties submitting to a public penance. This was the state of things

up to the year 1139, when, under Innocent II., sacerdotal celibacy was elevated to be a canon. Hence the determined and constant separation of the Greek Church from the Latin, hence the enormous scandals, the protests, the daily and ever increasing immorality of the priests, until, the necessity of ecclesiastical reform being asserted, the Council of Trent was summoned, when the Canon of celibacy was sanctioned for the whole Roman Catholic Church. Established then, as it is, as an incontestable principle, that the law of the celibacy of the priests is not divine, but human; not dogmatic, but disciplinary: who will dare to maintain that it is immutable, and that it must not, on the contrary, be subjected to the reformatory progress of society, and follow the course of universal legislation?

"The law of celibacy is an abuse of Papal tyranny, and as such must disappear from the world. The priest is a man and a citizen, and as such is entitled to all those rights which God, Nature, and Society accord to all men."

During the delivery of this speech, which displayed a profound legal and historical knowledge of the subject, and was relieved by that eloquence so frequent at the Neapolitan bar, the attention was immense; often the public could not control their feelings, and "Bene!" "Benissimo!" and audible cheers, resounded from all parts of the Court. These demonstrations were with difficulty suppressed, and the advocate for the defendant rose. It is useless to repeat arguments which have been already cited in the report of the proceedings at Salerno. Out of harmony with the principles of modern legislation and modern civilization they fell upon listless ears, whilst the gentleman who urged them, conscious of all the disadvantages of his position, displayed none of that energy and eloquence which had so eminently distinguished his antagonist. He spoke without any attempt at interruption, but was received with respectful indifference. But how different was the case when the Attorney-General rose, and in a recapitulation of the arguments used on either side, contended that the marriage of priests was not only strictly legal, but that it was sanctioned by the law of Nature and of God! The audience

broke out continually into such enthusiastic cheering as to drown even the President's bell, until every effort was abandoned to suppress so lively an expression of feeling.

Arguing the question on legal, historical, and moral grounds, he swept away all the objections which mediæval legislation had raised to the matrimony of priests. For himself he would acknowledge no other sovereignty than that of the law, which regarded all Italians as citizens, entitled to the same privileges, barred by the same prohibitions; none of which existed to a priest's entering into a matrimonial contract.

Historically the case was clear; the advocate for the opposite party refused to pay attention to the practice nearly two thousand years ago, when Christ and the Apostles were on earth, but commenced his investigations lower down the stream, when it had been puddled by the ambition of the pontiffs. But by no effort could it be shown that celibacy was elevated to a dogma; it had never attained a higher rank than that of a canon, and of what evil had it been productive!

Let Catholic ecclesiastics make what regulations for themselves they please—let them decorate their churches according to the caprices of taste—they shall be protected, as shall be those of all religions; but let them not dare to interfere with the civil laws of the country. The law is sovereign, and before that all are equal. It is probable that many will be offended at first by the marriage of a priest, but that feeling will pass away; and for himself, he would greatly prefer to take a priest by the hand who led not a concubine but a wife to his house!

Here the Attorney-General ceased; and it would be impossible to describe the scene which the Court presented. The audience burst forth into one long-continued cheer; hats were raised in the air, for so crowded was the place that most had been compelled to wear them, and many persons thronged around the speaker to thank him, and to express their admiration of his eloquence. Yet it was not the eloquence of the orator, nor was it a respect for law, nor was it a regard for public morality which awakened this enthusiasm, but rather it was delight in anticipating the prostration of

a power which had acted like an incubus for centuries. Whether a priest named Triglia might form a matrimonial contract or not, was a small matter; but whether an ecclesiastical corporation was or was not any longer to be regarded as independent of the action of the civil law was a question of social and religious liberty. Apart from its many intrinsic excellences, the speech of the Attorney-General was interesting from another cause—that high legal authority is the representative of the King before the tribunals, and speaking as he did must have been supposed to express the deliberate opinion of the Government. Still, as the decision of the case lay not with him but with the judges, public expectation was held a little longer in suspense, although slight doubt was entertained as to the result. A few days therefore after the conclusion of this important trial, the written decision of the Judges was made public to the following effect:—The sentence of the civil tribunal of Salerno cancelled; the opposition to the celebration of marriage between Luigi Triglia and Marianna Montefusco, on the ground that the former was in holy orders, declared to be inadmissible; and directions given that the marriage should be or might be proceeded with according to the ordinances of the civil law.

Thus terminated the most important trial that has taken place in Naples for many years, since it establishes in principle the separation of Church and State, or, at all events, the independent action of each. All the arguments used *pro* and *con* during the discussion of the question have been succinctly stated, for it appeared desirable to furnish a complete view of the case as it has been regarded here. That married priests will perform mass, or any other religious functions, cannot be expected for some time; nor indeed until the ecclesiastical authority which they acknowledge gives its permission. Here, on the principle which it has laid down, the civil power has no right to interfere. The priest may marry, may claim all the privileges which any other citizen enjoys; but in that separate contract which has been made with the Church, the Church alone is arbiter. It cannot deprive him of his sacerdotal character, for “once a priest

always a priest;” but it can, and no doubt will, prohibit him from exercising priestly functions as a “*prete spogliato*,” an epithet of great reproach in Italy. He will have to combat strong public prejudice; but a better day is coming; the mists of mediæval ignorance and superstition are being rapidly dissipated, and a respectable married clergy may in a generation or two stand on the altar—for in its own interests Rome must yield on this point. The case which I have stated has an interest *per se*; for whereas the Tribunals of Genoa, Palermo, and Trani have already decided the legality of the marriage of priests, the decision was in favor of men who had already passed the Rubicon, and renounced allegiance to the Church. In this province alone there are upwards of forty persons who are in this position; but Luigi Triglia, who has just received the privileges of citizenship, was, and is still, in communion with the Church whose authority he originally acknowledged. His case, therefore, furnishes a strong precedent for a practice which is daily becoming more general. The wedge has been introduced, and the celibacy of the priesthood, though maintained by Rome, will be gradually and practically rejected by its ministers.

I cannot conclude this article without enforcing a conviction formed after a long acquaintance with Italy and the Italians, and on which I have always acted, that it is unnecessary and undesirable for foreigners to assume the character of teachers and reformers. That which is necessary the Italians are doing and will do of themselves. Priests began to marry on their own responsibility, and the law has now sanctioned the act. The abolition or reduction of religious, or rather ecclesiastical fetters, is now being agitated from the North to the South. Religious liberty, too, is not a phrase but a broad fact. Five or six Protestant churches are opened for public service every Sunday in Naples, and several in the Provinces. Whilst therefore reforming the discipline of their own Church, the Neapolitans concede full liberty to other faiths. In short, religious reform in Italy is a political question, and requires no impulse from without. Far better, indeed, is it without such impulse; for that at which they

would shudder if presented as a suggestion from foreigners, the Italians will readily accomplish if it emanate from their inner consciousness of what is convenient and right.

Few persons tolerate interference in domestic matters, and in no way is it possible to wound their susceptibilities more than by interference in their religious affairs. In the present state of Italy, too, as I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing, it only creates political and social embarrassments, and leads to the defeat of the very objects we profess to have in view. Let well alone! The Italians are awakening from the lethargy of the Middle Ages; they are beginning to remove the excrescences formed on the grand and mighty structure which has overshadowed many people, and when these have been cleared away, they will enter into the interior of the Temple, and re-dedicate it to the worship of Him who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. But if, ignorant of the genius, mental wants, and habits of the Italians, we obtrude our assistance upon them with the assumed superiority of the teacher, and the presumption of the fanatic, we shall arrest their good work, and unite them in hostility to us.

NAPLES, *March*, 1869.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ON SLEEP.

BY F. R. S.

LIVING beings, whether vegetable or animal, are distinguishable, amongst other attributes, from inorganic matter by a certain periodicity in the changes which they undergo. Mere mineral matter, and other inorganic substances, it is true, undergo changes of an unmistakable kind; they may assume new conditions by passing into a crystalline state, and two or more separate elements may combine together, whilst compounds already in existence may become decomposed or resolved into their elementary constituents; but in these changes there is no periodicity or cycle observable. Very different phenomena, however, are presented when living beings belonging to either of the great kingdoms of nature are closely studied. The ordinary plant or tree, of course, has its definitely-re-

curring cycles of existence which are obvious to all—it puts forth buds, develops leaves, flowers, and produces seed. As we descend in the scale of vegetable life, and come to the more simple organisms, the amount of periodicity presented becomes less and less obvious, but is still manifested in some degree by all. And similarly, if we look to the animal world, we see the same recurrence of definite changes in every member of the series—obscurely enough still in the lowest representatives, though, as we ascend in the scale, these changes soon become much more obvious and more numerous than they are found to be in plants.

Now, as compared with animals, plants may be said to lead a mere passive existence—not absolutely, but only by way of comparison, because really the life of every organic being is one of continuous change. The environment, as we may call it, or combination of physical conditions acting upon the plant, continually tends to produce changes in its plastic and modifiable tissues; and these, by virtue of their very plasticity, or tendency to undergo change, react in turn upon their environment. Thus, according to Herbert Spencer, the most generalized statement it is possible to make concerning the phenomena of life as manifested in living beings, is to say, that Life is the continuous adaptation of internal to external conditions. Still, this life of a plant, as compared with that of an animal, we may speak of as a seemingly passive existence; it exhibits none of the active and apparently spontaneous movements which are so characteristic of the majority of animals. And when we consider the latter collectively, and compare the phenomena which they present with those that are to be observed in plants, we are most struck with the outward manifestations of life in the form of movements of various kinds which animals exhibit. These differences between the members of the two great kingdoms of organic nature may be accounted for in this way.

In animals there is not only the mere organic or vegetative life, such as we meet with in the plant, but another kind of manifestation is superadded, which is termed by way of distinction animal life, or the life of relation. Now, this animal life manifests itself most obvious-

ly by the movements of which we have been speaking, and their occurrence depends upon the possession by animals of certain anatomical structures which do not exist in plants. These added structures which the animal does possess but the plant does not, are a nervous system and certain parts, such as muscles and bones, which are subservient to the purposes of locomotion; the whole together forming what are called the organs of relation, or animal life, in contradistinction to the digestive, pulmonary, vascular, and other apparatuses which are organs of vegetative or organic life. Even in the highest animals, however, at certain times—as during the period of sleep, the nature of which we are about to consider more fully—there presents itself only a mode of life which scarcely differs, except in the number and complexity of the phenomena taking place, from that which we meet with in plants; it is an almost purely vegetative existence. The essentials of such an existence are, that the organism should assimilate matter which is foreign to itself and should convert this into its own substance, by causing what is so assimilated to assume new molecular relations. Thus the organism either grows, or at least compensates for the waste and disintegration of tissue which is ever going on within itself, and within the substance of all living beings. For it is by death alone that life is rendered possible—that is to say, every single manifestation of power or action on the part of the organism, such as we call vital, is possible only, and is immediately dependent upon, some coincident tissue-death, or molecular change. Thus the new matter assimilated by a living being may, if not excessive in quantity, be devoted only to mere nutritive restoration; whilst if there is an excess, the surplus material goes to the production of actual new tissue, and to increase of size—that is to say, growth takes place. The sleeping animal therefore presents in the main only the phenomena of vegetative life: its organs of relation are in abeyance. Now, we may ask, what is the meaning and essential nature of these organs of relation? what functions or uses do they subserve? Or, in other words, what is the import and significance of those extra functions of animal life, of which the organs of rela-

tion are the instruments? In the simplest animals, no such thing as a nervous system exists, and these also agree in this, as well as in other important respects with plants. They do not possess many different organs; the substance of which their bodies is composed is more or less uniform in structure; and separated portions of these lowest animals are, like buds or slips from plants, capable of maintaining an independent existence, and growing into organisms resembling those from which they have been derived. As differences of structure arise in different parts of the body of higher organisms, a division and allotment likewise occurs of the various functions which have to be performed. Definite portions of the body are appropriated for the reception and digestion of alimentary substances; rudimentary circulatory organs for distributing the nutritive juices are formed; certain limited parts or organs are devoted to the purposes of respiration; whilst other parts of the body are more especially concerned in the production of cells destined for the reproduction of the species. When such specialization in the structure of different parts of the organism has taken place, we may be sure that a corresponding limitation of function or office also exists—so that one part of the body is no longer similar to any other part of the body—and, as we might expect, a separated segment of such an animal is no longer capable of giving rise to a new and perfect being. Another result of this differentiation of structure and corresponding localization of function is, that some anatomical system seems required which shall tend to bind together the differently working parts of the animal, so as to ensure their harmonious action and adaptation to one another as parts of a single organism. Such an anatomical system does become developed, having functions of this kind. It is called the nervous system; and, throughout the animal series, it is found that just as the number of organs and parts possessed by the animal increases, so does the complexity of development of this nervous system, increase. And, more and more obviously, as we rise in the animal scale, it is found that the inter-dependence of the different parts of the animal becomes greater, so that an

injury to a very limited part of one of the higher organisms will frequently result in the death of the entire animal. So notably is this the case, that Coleridge actually made it the essence of his definition of life. "Life," according to him, "is the tendency to individuation." And certainly this individuation, or mutual dependence of all parts of the organism upon one another, is in great part due to the development of the nervous system. So far, however, we have been alluding to those functions of the nervous system which may be said to have reference more especially to the vegetative or organic life of animals; and it may be well to state here that the nervous organs which perform these functions are to a certain extent distinct and independent—they constitute the ganglionic or great sympathetic nervous system. But the brain and spinal cord constitute another great division of the nervous system, which gradually increases in importance in the higher animals as their functions of animal life become more and more complex. These parts form the medium by means of which surrounding objects and physical agents reveal themselves to the organism, and enable it to react with the aid of its muscular and osseous structures in the way most appropriate for its own good. These functions of the nervous system, as an organ of relation, are brought into play through the development of sense organs, in connection with an aggregation of cerebral nervous ganglia composing the brain; and their action involves the gradual building up of consciousness or sensibility.

By such acquisitions, combined with the simultaneous development of organs of locomotion, the animal is enabled not only to take cognizance of the various phenomena of the external world, but it also acquires the power of reacting in a suitable manner, so as to pursue and court those influences or things which are agreeable, whilst it shuns others of a noxious or disagreeable nature.

For the developed consciousness of a highly organized animal there is no rest in the waking state. Impressions are continually pouring in through one or other sense-avenue, which stimulate and keep up trains of thought. So that if

occasional periods of rest are desirable for all organs, it would only seem possible to bring this about in the case of the brain by some mechanism which should practically deaden the sensibility of the sensorium, or nerve centres, upon which stimuli, acting through the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch, impinge. In this way, consciousness would be for a time blotted out, and the function of thought held in abeyance. This, as I shall now attempt more particularly to show, is the object and nature of the state of sleep. It is a condition due to the temporary and periodical inactivity of the most specialized portion of the nervous system, the brain; and the slumbering insensibility of this highest organ of animal life involves, as a consequence, a similar state of inactivity for the other organs of relation, whilst the functions of mere vegetative life are carried on in the usual way; the heart beats, the lungs perform their accustomed functions, and most of the glandular organs elaborate their secretions, as in the waking state. Thus, although it is usual to speak of the individual as sleeping, it is really only his or her brain and its immediate dependencies, the sense organs, which sleep. It is for the brain alone that this special provision requires to be brought about—on account of the delicacy of its organization, and the subtle and peculiar nature of the functions which it performs. Consciousness itself must be deadened, if the organ of consciousness and thought is to obtain that rest which is necessary for the continuance of its functional activity. We do not mean to say that other parts of the body do not also share in the advantages which are to be derived from periodical sleep. The voluntary muscles, for instance, must benefit by this period of rest, when nutritive repair may take place more effectually in those which have been especially called into action during the previous day. But the various muscles, even during our waking state, have also their periods of rest; we are not always engaged in muscular exertions, and when so employed alternate demands are made upon different sets of muscles. So that periods of sleep are not so necessary for the restoration of vigor to our voluntary

muscular system. And even those purely organic functions, the continuance of which, depending upon the action of involuntary muscles, is necessary for the well-being of the individual, are intermitting rather than strictly continuous. Thus, the pulsations of the heart and the movements of respiration seem continuous, but still there is even with them a periodicity which is able to include, between the successive actions of these organs, distinct periods of rest. It can be easily computed that the diurnal aggregate of these periods of rest for the heart would amount to no less than six hours, and for the muscles concerned in respiration even a still longer period. Glands also have their periods of rest and activity in the waking state; whilst for the brain, as we have before shown, the only possibility of repose, and anything like complete rest, is to be found during sleep, when consciousness and thought are in abeyance.

How, then, is this state of unconsciousness induced? To enable the reader to understand the reply which is to be given, a few other fundamental facts in physiology must be briefly alluded to.

The action, or what is called the functional activity of an organ depends upon its being maintained in a due state of nutrition; for if the structure of an organ is defective, or spoiled, by virtue of a faulty nutrition, we can no more expect it to act in a proper manner than we can expect a watch to keep accurate time when its mechanical adjustments are either broken or out of gear. Or, to take an illustration which elucidates our present meaning better: just as no one would expect a steam-engine to continue in activity after the supply of coal had been stopped, the combustion of which furnishes its motive power, so it could not be expected that any organ of the body would continue to perform its accustomed actions or functions after that which supplies its motive power had been cut off. Now, in the case of animal organs, the blood supplies the pabulum, which serves as fuel in enabling them to continue their functions, under the special guidance and control of one of them—the central nervous system. For, as we have before said, every action taking place in a living being is possible only by the death and molecular resolution of

those portions of tissue-elements which occasion the vital manifestation; and this great law of life involves the further necessity of constant and molecular nutritive repair, if the functional and structural integrity of the organs is to be maintained. The material for this repair is supplied by the blood, which is impelled by the contractions of the heart through a system of closed tubes lying amongst the elements of almost every tissue of the body. These blood-vessels have muscular and contractile walls, and gradually diminish in size till they terminate in a dense network of capillary canals, having thin membranous walls, through which the nutritive juices are enabled to exude, so that they may be taken up by the tissue-elements amongst which the capillaries lie. It is now well known, also, that one of the most obvious duties of the great sympathetic system of nerves and ganglia (the nervous system of organic life) is to regulate the calibre of these contractile tubes, through which blood is conveyed to the various organs of the body. By the stimulation of certain parts of this nervous system of vegetative or organic life, the vessels which receive their nerves from the parts stimulated may be seen to contract and notably diminish in size; whilst if the ganglionic nervous influence is cut off from these vessels, by section of the nervous trunks going to them, then, on the contrary, the same vessels are seen to dilate to a diameter even beyond that which is natural to them. By a mechanism such as this, therefore, great differences may be brought about in the amount of blood sent to an organ, according to its varying degrees of functional activity at different times, and its corresponding need of a greater or less supply of nutritive fluid to compensate for the molecular waste which it is undergoing. And it may be laid down, indeed, as a general rule that the more active the organ, the greater is the supply of blood which is sent to it—the quantity actually sent being regulated to a nicety by a most complex but marvellously adapted nervous mechanism.

Now the state of Sleep, as we have before specified, is one which is essentially characterized and produced by a more or less complete arrest of the func-

tions of the brain, the organ presiding over the functions of animal life. How, then, is this arrest of function brought about? The answer most likely to suggest itself to any reader of this paper would probably be,—by a diminution in the amount of blood sent to the organ. But, curiously enough, it is only within the last ten years or so, that physiologists have begun to entertain this view. It was formerly thought that the state of sleep depended upon a congested condition of the vessels of the brain; that is, upon their being more or less distended with blood, moving, however, with less rapidity than natural. This distention, with slow movement of the blood, would, it is true, be unfavorable to the functional activity of the organ; and then, in addition, it was maintained that the pressure on the delicate brain-tissue produced by the distended vessels was in itself an even more powerful cause of sleep. On this theory it was difficult and almost impossible to account for the production of the congestion, and there is reason to believe that the efficaciousness of pressure upon the brain pulp, in bringing about sleep, was maintained principally under the influences of a false but supposed analogy existing between this normal physiological condition, and certain states of disease which are especially characterized by the most profound unconsciousness. These states are known by the names of Stupor and Coma, and it is perfectly true that they may be induced by undue pressure upon the brain, occasioned (for instance) by portions of depressed and fractured skull; whilst it is also true that in other cases such states are accompanied by a very full and distended condition of the vessels of the brain, with dark-colored and more or less impure blood. But the fact that sleep is produced in quite a different way, rests principally upon the results of observation and experiment. Even Blumenbach, in the end of the last century, advocated the view that the proximate cause of sleep was a diminished flow of blood to the head, a view which he was led to entertain from observations made upon a young man who had fractured his skull. Dendy, also, states that in 1821 there was a woman at Montpellier, who had lost part of her skull, so that the brain

and its membranes were partly laid bare. "When she was in deep sleep," it is said, "the brain remained motionless beneath the crest of the cranial bones; when she was dreaming, it became somewhat elevated; and when she was awake, it was protruded through the fissure in the skull." But, in 1860, Mr. Durham proved experimentally, that in certain animals during the state of sleep the vessels on the surface of the brain were notably smaller, and contained less blood, than when the same animals were awake. Dr. Hammond of New York, also, shortly afterwards, by somewhat similar experimental researches, was enabled to corroborate the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Durham. And now these observations, together with others of a somewhat similar nature, having gone so far to show that the brain contains notably less blood in its vessels during sleep, the doctrine may be said to be fairly established that a comparatively anæmic or bloodless state of the brain is the principal determining cause of sleep. We are thus left free to inquire—What is the actual cause of that diminution in the blood-supply which induces this state?

An interesting little book has recently been published by Mr. C. H. Moore ("On Going to Sleep"), in which he endeavors more especially to answer this last question. He insists, as we think very properly, upon the fact that the transition from a condition of wakefulness to one of sleep is really at the last an *abrupt change of state*, and therefore one which cannot be adequately accounted for by relying upon such general causes as weariness or fatigue of body and mind. All these, it is true, are powerful predisposing causes, but the immediate effective cause must be something more specific; and there are many reasons for believing that this is the discharge of a stimulating influence from certain ganglia of the sympathetic system in the neck along those nerves which are distributed upon and regulate the calibre of the arteries that supply the brain. The effect of this outgoing stimulus is to cause a diminution in the calibre of those arteries, so that they carry to the brain a smaller quantity of blood—a quantity inadequate to maintain the functional activity of the organ, and therefore leading to a state of uncon-

sciousness, though perhaps sufficient to enable the nerve-elements to undergo that amount of nutritive molecular repair which shall fit them for the activity they may be called upon to display on the morrow. It seems probable that there is a kind of inverse relationship existing between the activities of those parts of the sympathetic nervous system which supply the cerebral arteries, and the cerebrum or brain itself—a kind of antagonism between the nervous system of organic and that of animal life. And it is perfectly consistent with other known physiological phenomena for us to imagine that in general, so long as we are awake, and the brain is in a condition of functional activity, an influence emanates from it along those nerve filaments by which it is in connection with the cervical sympathetic ganglia, of a repressive, or, as physiologists would say, of an *inhibitory* nature. Although such a communication cannot be actually demonstrated, yet various reasons lead us to believe that it almost certainly exists through the intermediation of fibres passing through the upper part of that elongated continuation of the brain known as the spinal cord. So long as this inhibitory stimulus streams down from the active brain above, the action of the cervical sympathetic ganglia is restrained; but when after the fatigues of a day spent in more or less bodily and mental exertion, the vigor of the brain is diminished (as the relaxed or wandering attention testifies), then there comes a moment of abstraction, when the action of the brain is so slight that the inhibitory influence proceeding from it is no longer capable of holding in check the sympathetic ganglia. These, set free from the cerebral influence, begin to discharge their accumulated force, so as to lead to a contraction of the cerebral arteries and a diminished supply of blood to the brain. This lowered supply of blood necessarily leads to a still further diminution of brain energy, and thus the freedom of the cardiac ganglia from cerebral control is rendered more perfect, and the condition of sleep the more sound. After hours of repose, however, during which we must suppose nutritive repair has been taking place, the irritability of the nerve-cells in the brain has been restored to its maximum condition, so

that they are now rendered capable of responding to such slight impressions through one or other of the sensory organs, as would have passed utterly unnoticed soon after sleep had been induced. Now, some slight impression, whether of sight, sound, or touch, is capable of arousing the consciousness, and completely putting an end to that state of sleep which had for some time previously been gradually growing less and less sound. The brain is again in activity, the sympathetic ganglia are once more subordinated, so that the cerebral arteries have redilated, and thus the supervention of the state of wakefulness is at the last more or less sudden and abrupt, just as we have seen that the final transition from the waking to the sleeping state was an abrupt one. The slight impression upon the reinvigorated sensorium must have exercised a paralyzing influence upon the cervical sympathetic ganglia sufficient to cause the redilation of the cerebral vessels, and its consequence a state of wakefulness.

Space will not permit of our going into details concerning the state of sleep itself and the phenomena of dreaming. We will only say that, from a consideration of many facts, it seems more than probable that certain parts of the brain may sleep whilst others are awake, and that great variations in this respect take place during the total period of sleep; all these tending to show that the branches of the cerebral arteries have separate and smaller nerve-centres (all in connection, however, with the great cervical ganglia), so that certain of the arterial branches may remain dilated, whilst others are in a state of contraction.

We can only allude, also, to the different requirements of different individuals as regards their amount of sleep—differences dependent upon age, mental activity, and other circumstances; and to the remarkable instances on record in which sleep has supervened in the most exceptional circumstances—even as in the case of Damiens, in the midst of the most diabolical tortures on the rack. These anomalies are much more capable of explanation from a consideration of the theory of sleep which we have just been unfolding, than if we attempt to account for them by a reference to any of the views concerning this mysteri-

ous state which have hitherto been in vogue.

Belgravia.

THE CYCLES OF THE WORLDS.

In the strange wild cosmogony of the Brahmins, the learned priesthood of ancient India, there are vast cycles of time, which mark great changes in the condition of the earth, and stupendous cataclysms in the whole created Universe. The longest and most stupendous of these is called "the sleep of Brahm," the Supreme Being,—at the close of which, by his awaking from his creative dream (all creation being held to be an embodiment, as it were, of the thoughts of the Supreme when thus dreaming), the Universe, the whole system of the Worlds, comes to an end: after which, as Brahm sleeps and dreams again, a new order of things, and a new system of worlds, springs into existence. Besides these vast cataclysms in creation, there are lesser cycles which inaugurate great changes in the condition of the earth,—the last of which is the Kali-yuga, or Black Age, which commenced some four thousand years ago. We have no doubt that the vast cycles thus imagined by the Brahmins were suggested to their dreamy philosophers by the grand cycles of the ever-moving orbs of the universe, which at vast but recurrent periods must culminate in critical positions for some of the worlds, if not for the whole Universe.

In Europe, during the Middle Ages, it was believed that our world was created at a time when all the planets were in that part of the heavens which is represented by the sign Aries,—or rather, that when our solar system was created, Earth and all the planets commenced their revolutions round the sun from this part of the zodiac as their starting-point; and that when the planets at length return to the same position—when all of them are again simultaneously aligned in Aries,—the destined cycle will be completed, and the present system of things will come to an end. This idea, too, shows how the imagination of man, although dealing with periods then incalculable, has recognized the potent influence which such cycles are likely to have upon creation, or at

least upon the orbs specially affected by them. And unquestionably there is sufficient ground in the actual facts of astronomy and geology to furnish a basis for such conjectures, whether the conjectures themselves be right or not.

Of the grand changes which take place in the Universe—in the glorious and resplendent fabric of the Worlds, changing from æon to æon with the movements of the Divine Mind, which created and upholds them all,—Man's knowledge is almost *nil*. "We are of yesterday, and know nothing." The life of the human species, the goodliest of earth's inhabitants—still more that of civilized man, who records his knowledge and observations—is but a moment compared with the existence of our planet, or of the bright but tiny circle of our Solar system; not to speak of the shining mass of Worlds innumerable, compared with which our whole Solar system is as a dust-grain. Nevertheless, even from the brief history of civilized man, we know that changes are taking place in the Universe around us. Some stars—bright worlds—have disappeared wholly; others have appeared only to vanish as suddenly from our sight; and others still, while visibly maintaining their existence, vary from time to time alike in brightness and in color. How far these sidereal changes are actual, and how far they are apparent only, it is impossible to say. But beneath our feet, and in the hills above us, we have proof positive of the grand changes which have taken place in Earth itself. Successive worlds of life, alike vegetable and animal, have bloomed and died on the surface of our planet,—leaving their fossilized remains, in a series of layers in earth's hard crust, for the instruction of Man, and to temper the pride of his own heyday by whispering that he, too, like them, may pass away, while Earth blooms on in undiminished or still increasing beauty.

Consider, too, the changes which have taken place in the structure of Earth's surface. The ancient priesthood of the Nile told Herodotus, greatly to the surprise of the learned and lively Greeks, that all that was then Land had once been Water (*i. e.* covered by the sea), and that all that was then Water would in process of time reappear as Land.

Modern Science, so far as it goes, justifies that bold statement. Apart from the light which Geology throws upon the long-past convulsions in the surface of Earth, vast changes appear to have been going on, in the distribution of land and sea, even in comparatively recent times. The traditions of Ceylon say that that small but marvellously beautiful island is the last fragment of a great continent, extending southward into the Pacific, which disappeared by successive submergences. And this tradition seems to be corroborated by the essential difference between the fauna and flora of Ceylon and that of India, although only a mile or two of sea now separate those countries. In truth the appearance of some large groups of islands in the Pacific seems to indicate that they are the mere hill-tops of a submerged, and in some parts still sinking, continent; while in the Sandwich Islands the opposite phenomenon is observable. At one time probably Land predominated in the Southern hemisphere, as it now does in the Northern. And may not the old tradition of the Atlantis, an island that once lay westward of the Straits of Gibraltar, be correct, and not a dim and quickly-lost knowledge of the New World subsequently discovered by Columbus?

The Destroying principle is a necessary element in the work of Development—in the progress of Earth, as well as of the Worlds at large. The work of Creation, so to call it—or rather of the Divine Creator—manifestly, even to the limited vision of Man, proceeds by the various processes of Destruction, Re-modelment, and Re-creation. Hence, although—as shown in our new theories in regard to the condition of the Solar system—we hold that an Economy of Force, a Conservation of Existence, is the predominant principle in Creation (the Universe), we do not the less believe in the occasional destruction or disruption of orbs, and cataclysms of worlds whereby they are remodelled as regards the organisms developed on their surface, and the forms of Life by which they are tenanted.

We remember, in student-days, how our Professor of Natural Philosophy, when lecturing on Comets, used to demonstrate that these fiery menacing va-

grants of the sky, even if they came into complete contact with a planet or other orb, could harm it no more than a passing mist of extremest tenuity. By his account, it could not hurt a fly. It has been calculated, he said—and so it has—that the substance of a comet is so marvellously sparse or tenuous, that if its whole mass were condensed into solid matter, like Earth's, it would not form one cubic inch. Even in those days of ready scholastic belief, a vague underlying distrust accompanied our assent to his doctrine. Yet we did not doubt that the tenuity of Comets was as great as he stated it; and many years afterwards, on a memorable occasion, we verified the fact to the satisfaction of our own senses. We remember as vividly as if it were but yesterday, that night in October, 1858, when the magnificent comet of that year—what a sight of splendor it was, spreading its trail of light over one-half of the sky!—passed over the star Arcturus. We saw the comet's approach, and watched with eager and curious gaze to see what effect the transit would have upon the brightness of the distant star. That transit would throw light on the nature of the Comet's substance. As we gazed, the transit took place. It cannot be said that the actual nucleus or head of the comet passed between us and the star; but certainly its neck did, close to the nucleus or head. Was the star eclipsed? Not so; not even dimmed. In fact—although it might be a trick of the fancy—the light of the star seemed to gleam brighter during the minutes when it shone through the Comet. A puff of steam will obscure the sun; and it appeared then as if a body so perfectly translucent as the Comet could not consist of any known form of Matter, but was a wandering orb'd mass of electric fluid (so to call it) existing in a condition of very low tension—akin to, but less tense than, the Aurora-borealis. And thus, while verifying for myself the extreme tenuity of Comets, my early doubt assumed a more definite shape: and I said, Are there not highly tenuous forms of Matter which nevertheless are potent in their influence? Is not the terrible lightning-flash as tenuous as comets; yet who can imagine that if our orb were enveloped in an electric mass even of low tension,

the effects of such a contact would not be far more potent than any which the current theory admits as possible to the action of comets?

But it is not to the erratic visits of those bright and tenuous Spectres of the Sky that we now desire to call attention, but to the grand cyclical movements of the solid heavenly bodies around us. The study of Astrology in its old form is now past and gone, as a wholly false and useless science: indeed it is hard to conceive how the human mind could ever have imagined that the fact of a man having been born when a certain planet was in the ascendant should render his fortunes dependent upon the position of that planet in the heavens at the various crises of his life. But Astrology in a far wider form—*i. e.*, the movements of the surrounding orbs as affecting the condition of each other, and, most of all, our own planet—is a science worthy of more study than it at present receives. The Cycles of the Worlds, even although they had no effect upon Earth, constitute an elevating study: if it humbles the pride of mortal man, who is but an ephemeron of the Worlds, here to-day and vanished to-morrow, it not the less rejoices man's undying soul by revealing to it the sublime grandeur of the scheme of Creation, the work of the Divine Maker with whom ten thousand years are but as one day. Strange to say, it is to ancient and long-dead nations that we must still look, if we desire to see an adequate, or partially adequate, attention paid to the vast astronomical or chronological periods deducible from the cycles of the heavenly orbs.

The complete lunar cycle, embracing 18 years and 219 days—at the end of which the Sun, Moon, and the Moon's node (*i. e.*, the point at which the Moon crosses the ecliptic) get back to their original position—was known to the ancient Chaldeans, long before the first dawn of European civilization began in the little peninsula of Greece. But, so far as we know, astronomical science attained a still higher perfection in the land of the Nile than on the banks of the Euphrates. The ancient Egyptians, with whom Civilization began earlier and continued in a state of unbroken progress longer than in any other nation—knowledge being steadily accumulated

and safely perpetuated in the learned caste of the priesthood for several thousand years—counted by cycles of immense duration; doing so, however, in quite a different spirit from the dreamy, imaginative, and comparatively ignorant priesthood of India, and chiefly, if not entirely, for the very sensible and practical purpose of obtaining a perfect system of computing time. The fable of the Phoenix—that bird of beautiful plumage which appeared in Egypt once in five centuries, only to die, and to reappear in new life and youth—was but an ignorant understanding of the Phoenix period, which embraced nearly five hundred years. Yet this was but the subdivision of a still grander period. The unit of time, of correct chronology, in ancient Egypt, was the great Sothic period, comprising 1461 years: and it is curious and instructive, even in this advanced age of the world, to note the basis of this truly scientific mode of reckoning time. It was not confined to our planetary system, but reached into the region of the fixed stars, and also was connected with a well-marked point in the common year, and with the most noticeable and important local event in Egypt. The first swell of the annual inundation of the Nile is noticeable at the cataracts of Syene (where the Nile enters Egypt) on the longest day,—in other words, at the Summer solstice; and the commencement of each Sothic period occurred when, viewed from Syene, the star Sirius (called by the Egyptians Sothis, and by us the Dog-star) rose above the horizon exactly at the same moment as the Sun on the morning of the longest day!—which was the first day of their month Thoth, and coincident, as already said, with the first visible rise in the waters of the Nile. A grand cycle truly, completing itself only once in 1461 years. But even this did not suffice for these far-reaching calculators; for, noticing the annual precession of the solstices, they included this element also in their chronological system, by framing a grand Cosmic year of 36,525 solar years, at the end of which period the solstices had come back to its old place, while the Sun and the Dog-star rose together on the morning of that day. Such immense periods—36,000 years!—take away one's breath; but

they serve to show with what earnest and laborious zeal the ancient priesthood of Egypt studied the whole movements of the heavens in order to obtain a perfectly true and scientific means of reckoning time. They cared nothing for the short life of man; they looked only at the movements of the enduring worlds. It seems as if they aimed at devising a science for measuring the life of the Earth itself, rather than that of its mortal inhabitants.

Modern astronomy, so successful and diligent in other branches of the science, has hitherto given but little heed to the vast cycles definitely marked by the movements of the heavenly orbs. So far as we know, no calculation has ever been made as to the last time when the planets were all in a row, in a straight line out from the Sun, and likewise in perihelion,—i.e., in that part of their orbit where they are nearest to the Sun; nor as to when this critical allignment of the planets in perihelion will recur. Very interesting, too, would it be to obtain data for estimating the flight of the Sun through space—the form of his orbit, the period of his revolution, and the path through the clusters of the fixed stars in which our Solar System is progressing: for unquestionably the condition of our System of worlds will be vastly affected by this onward march through the abysses of Space, according as the sun carries us into dense masses of the starry orbs, or leads us off into waster regions of the sky than those through which we are now travelling. Moreover, as the Sun's orbit is doubtless elliptical, he must approach and be affected by the Central Sun more at one period than at another. At present we are only beginning to know for certain that the Sun is actually flying through the star-bespangled Space; but in the ever-improving future, we doubt not that Science will be able to determine the actual orbit of the Sun, and the grand Orb around which he revolves. Then we shall be able to foresee by calculation the different surroundings into which our Solar system will be brought in this grand progress through space; and thereby in some degree to forecast the destinies of our planet, and the grand cataclysms which will mark its future career, as they have unquestionably marked its history in the remote

past of which Geology alone can tell us the tale.

But, putting aside these far-reaching calculations—these grand cosmical cycles—let us consider the influences to which our Solar system is subject within periods easily calculable, which recur within the term of a single human life, and some of them almost from year to year.

THE SOLAR SPOTS.

And, first, let us ask, What is the meaning of the Solar Spots—of those visible changes in the vast gaseous envelope of the Sun's orb? Some of those dark "spots" in the bright envelope of the Sun are as large as our own planet; and they evidently indicate a great disturbance. Now, such disturbance, or change in the condition of the Sun, can only be produced by cosmical interaction,—they must be the effects of changes in the ever-varying position and condition of the surrounding orbs. These solar spots are found only in the equatorial region of the Sun,—in other words, in that half of his surface which is most directly exposed to the influence of his satellites the Planets. But not on this ground must it be hastily inferred that these solar disturbances are produced wholly, or even mainly, by planetary action. This same (equatorial) belt or zone of the Sun is exposed to other and infinitely vaster influence. All revolving bodies turn their Equators to the plane of the orb around which they rotate: their Equator, in fact, is nothing else than the portion of their spheres which they do turn to the direct action of the primary orb. What is true of the planets in this respect is equally true of the Sun. He, like them, is a revolving orb,—great as he is, the Sun is but a satellite: and his equatorial region is turned (not only to the Planets, but) to the vast and still unknown Central Orb round which he himself revolves. Now, this Central Orb (vast though its distance be) must unquestionably affect the Sun far more than all the planets put together can do. Hence the chief cause of the Solar spots, of the visible changes in the condition of the Sun, may safely and surely be attributed to influences existing beyond our little system of worlds—and coming from the far-off region of the Fixed Stars.

Nevertheless it is equally true, according to our theory of cosmical interaction, that to some extent the solar spots are dependent also upon the changing position of the Planets. Consider the facts. In the ordinary condition of the Solar system, the Planets may be regarded as spread equally all round the Sun's equatorial belt,—each differing in magnitude and also in distance, but each (at least as regards the larger planets) in a different part of the Ecliptic, and hence acting upon a different part of the Sun's equator. In such a case the influence of the planets will (so to speak) fall equally all round his surface. Accordingly, as regards the simple force of Attraction, their respective influences will counteract and tend to neutralize one another,—thereby reducing the Sun's libration, from a perfectly straight course through the heavens, to a minimum. On the other hand, at those distant but recurrent times when all the Planets are aligned on the same side of the Sun, and in perihelion, then their attractive forces will be combined,—they will pull all together against the Sun; and his eccentric movement will then be greater than usual. In fact, in such a position of our Solar system, the amount of interaction between all the component members of it would then be at a maximum.

For the sake of being more easily understood, we have illustrated the case by reference to the principle of Gravitation or Attraction. But Attraction (as shown in previous articles) is, in our view, merely the simplest, the rudimentary, and therefore the most common or universal form of the cosmical power—of cosmical interaction: heat, light, and electric or magnetic excitement, being other forms of the same grand Force. Accordingly, each of the above-mentioned cyclical variations in the positions of the orbs which constitute our Solar system, would doubtless be accompanied by changes in the general condition of our little system of worlds, and must have some influence in producing those disturbances in the gaseous atmosphere of the Sun, of which the Solar Spots are an indication.

THE WEATHER.

Let us now come nearer home. Coming down from the abysses of Space—descending from the contemplation of cosmical

interaction in the starry firmament, we apply the same principle in elucidation of the varying conditions of our Planet. We shall not here attempt to speculate upon the grander changes conceivable on Earth by the variations of the surrounding orbs—which, at long intervals, in the case of the worlds, doubtless alter alike the surface and the life-power of our Planet, producing those territorial *displacements*, and also those successive *extinctions* and developments of animals, which Geology reveals to us as actually occurred. Let us consider that commonplace, everyday, jangling matter—which may be briefed as the Weather.

The Seasons, the variations of which each part of Earth experiences throughout the year, as everyone knows, are produced by the varying position of our planet in the course of each revolution round the Sun. But the Seasons are by no means uniform in character from year to year. In successive years, indeed, are they not only alike; and in some years they differ in character immensely. They vary in regards heat and cold, dryness and moisture; some are remarkable for atmospheric calm, others for high winds and hurricanes; in some, thunderstorms are frequent, in others they are rare; in some years the harvest is unusually good, in others the crops are lamentably deficient. What is more, there are cycles of good and bad years; a series of good harvests frequently followed by a series of bad ones,—as, for instance, in the case of the seven good years followed by seven of scarcity, which were foreshadowed in Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine swallowing up the fat ones. It is conceivable that Joseph's acquaintance with the elaborate astronomical knowledge and observations of the Egyptian priests may have helped him in understanding the true meaning of his royal dream. Quite recently, it has been discovered, or at least maintained,—the subject is still involved in great controversy,—that there is a decennial cycle in which the character of the Sea and the Weather of the whole year vary through certain variations, as in the case of good and bad harvests; but these are renewed and repeating similar va-

in each decennial period. And it has been sought to connect this cycle of the Weather with a contemporaneous cycle observed in the varying aspect and condition of the solar orb. Indeed, we may say that the starting-point of this theory was the fact that (roughly speaking) there is a cycle of ten years in the observed variations of the "spots" or disturbances on the surface of the sun; and thereafter (by a conjecture founded in reason) an endeavor was made to find corresponding variations in the weather and general atmospheric condition of the Earth. As yet we cannot say that any reliable conclusions have been arrived at; but the idea is a good one, and we trust that it will not be lost sight of.

Although Science has hitherto given little heed to this subject, it may be regarded as certain that all the great deviations of the Seasons from their normal character, such as we have already mentioned,—as well as the abnormal occurrence of earthquakes and volcanic action, and also (we do not hesitate to say) those periods of dreadful Epidemics, spreading over whole continents, sometimes over complete zones of the earth, from China and India to western Europe and America,—are due to extra-terrestrial influences. Of merely local variations of the weather and atmosphere it is needless to speak. They are far too numerous, and due to causes far too local, to be satisfactorily dealt with. A severe winter in Norway causes the snow to lie so deep upon the mountains of that country that it remains unmelted for a much longer period than usual; so that the easterly winds, which prevail throughout the spring and summer in this country, bring to us at such times an unusual amount of cold,—transporting to our Islands the chilling breath of the Norwegian snows. What is more remarkable, a warm summer in Greenland frequently has a cooling effect upon the adjoining lower latitudes: because a warm season in Greenland tends to loosen from the icy shores of that country a number of icebergs and ice-floes, which, carried southward by the ocean-currents, diffuse as they melt a chilling influence on the surrounding atmosphere of the Atlantic. There is an endless variety of such purely local influences affecting the Weather, of which we need not speak: although, if we

go to their primary causes, and ask why there is a severe winter in Scandinavia, or an unusually warm summer in Greenland, we begin to pass from purely terrestrial questions to others which can only be answered by reference to causes extra-terrestrial. They insensibly merge into the questions pertaining to the grand and widespread variations in the condition of the atmosphere and surface of the Earth,—the cycles of good and bad harvests, periods of earthquakes, volcanic action, epidemics, and the like. What causes those striking vicissitudes? They are not, they cannot be, born solely of the Earth itself. If we could conceive the existence of any body wholly unaffected by any other bodies, that body would continue forever unchanged and unchangeable. Even so, apart from changes in the surrounding orbs, our planet would remain forever the same; each season, each month, each day, being exactly like its predecessor in previous years. But Change is the presiding law of the Universe. All the surrounding orbs in Space are ceaselessly changing in position, and also, more or less, in condition: and it is to such changes that all the grander variations on Earth's surface must be attributed. They are the result of cosmical interaction: they are the effects of changes in the nature and extent of the interaction which ceaselessly goes on between our planet and the other members of the Solar system.

All the planets not only alternately approach and recede from the Sun, in widely varying periods, but each of them periodically approaches and recedes from each of its sister orbs,—all the planets at times being together on the same side of the Sun, when they are nearest to one another, and at other times they are spread equally all round the Sun, as widely apart as it is possible for them to be. At first sight, this fact seems to offer an explanation of the changes experienced in the condition of Earth's atmosphere and surface: but in reality it does not, save to an extent as yet almost inappreciable. Mercury is so small a planet, and it completes its revolution round the Sun so rapidly compared to Earth (its distance from Earth changing from maximum to minimum every six weeks), that the changes in its position relative to our planet are totally devoid of

importance. Venus, an orb almost as large as ours, passes from perigee to apogee in little more than three months: so that, whatever may be the variations of its action upon Earth, they follow so quickly that it is difficult to discriminate them. It is only when we come to the grand planets lying far exterior to Earth's orbit, and whose perigee and apogees occur at long intervals, that any reliable estimate can be made of the effect produced by their alternate nearness and distance from our planet. But as yet no appreciable results have been obtained from these variations. We have drawn up a series of diagrams, showing the varying positions of all the planets during the last twelve years (a period equal to one complete revolution of Jupiter round the Sun), giving those positions at intervals of three months—namely, at midwinter, midsummer, and at the intervening equinoxes—yet we have been unable, with certainty, to connect these variations in the position of the planets with any corresponding changes in the Weather, or atmospheric condition of the Earth. Nor indeed are the data for such an investigation available. We know with precision the astronomical data, but who as yet can give the terrestrial data—in other words, a correct statement of the variations of the weather, &c., over the surface of our planet? It is only truth to say, that there is hardly a country in the world where, by reference to recorded observations, we can ascertain what was the real character of the Weather (using the term in its widest sense) at any given time. And as to the Weather all over the Earth at any one time, the attempt to ascertain it, in the present state of meteorological statistics, is absolutely hopeless. Hence it by no means follows that the variations in the positions of the other planets relatively to Earth have no influence upon the Weather, &c., of our planet merely because as yet we have not been able to ascertain it. Not until we get the terrestrial data requisite for the solution of the question, can the answer be given in a satisfactory and scientific manner.

But whatever be the influence exercised on the Earth by the varying positions of the planets, it is unquestionable that a very important effect is produced upon our orb by the changes in the po-

sition of our satellite the Moon. That tiny orb, a mere speck compared with the larger planets, nevertheless by its nearness exerts an influence upon Earth far greater than that produced by all the planets collectively. In old times it was never doubted that the Moon greatly affected the superficial condition of our planet,—not only as regards the weather, but also by more subtle forms of action. The words “lunatic” and “moonstruck” still exist to show this old belief,—indicating the real or supposed effect of the Moon's action upon the cerebral or nervous organs of man. And in many of the old, indeed still prevalent, weather-proverbs, the belief in the influence of the Moon upon the atmospheric condition of our planet is abundantly shown. In recent times, science has strongly combated this old belief; and some years ago it was authoritatively declared, as the verdict of science, that the Moon had no effect upon the weather at all. Now, even judging *a priori*, yet upon purely scientific grounds, this verdict of the *savants* might have safely been pronounced a mistake. Since the Moon powerfully affects the ocean, the vast expanse of water which covers the larger part of Earth's surface, producing the striking phenomenon of the Tides,—can it be doubted that lunar action does not equally, nay to a much greater extent, affect the still more mobile ocean of air (the Atmosphere) which covers the whole surface of our planet? And if the Moon produces tides and currents in the atmosphere, must it not to an important degree affect the Weather, which is so largely dependent upon the currents, movements, and disturbances in the atmosphere?

In truth, although the recent dictum of science ignoring the old belief, and denying that the Moon has any influence upon the Weather, has not yet been formally revoked, it is easy to see that *savants* begin to filter in their doctrine. And well they may. A whole host of facts are arrayed against them. Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the varying phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the Moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one, too, who has lived in the South, or even

sailed on the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open air guard their head and face against the rays of the Moon; he may even have seen instances of the injurious consequences (in the form of ophthalmia and other ills) which attend the neglect of such precautions. In India it is well known that meat exposed to the moon-rays immediately putrefies. Some of these facts indicate a lunar action more subtle than science can as yet account for. But the Moon's influence on the Weather is perfectly intelligible,—on this ground, if no other, that it produces tides and currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the less mobile ocean.

But, after all this is said, we must still look to the varying condition of the Sun as the grand cause of the changing character of the seasons, and of other still more striking variations in the superficial condition of our planet. Although the Moon exerts an influence upon Earth several thousand times greater than that of all the planets put together, its action upon our planet is only $\frac{1}{17}$ part of that of the Sun. And the variations in the condition of the Sun, as already stated, are almost entirely due to causes far removed from our scrutiny,—to variations in the influence which he receives from the distant region of the Fixed Stars, and doubtless mainly from the grand Central Sun around which he himself revolves. To us denizens of Earth, such variations are shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. Hence the problem of the Weather using the term in its widest sense, embracing not only abnormal seasons, but also epidemics, earthquakes, volcanic action, &c.) is really insoluble. All those great changes in the condition of our planet must be due to extra-terrestrial influence: and, speaking roundly, we may confidently affirm that they are due to the varying positions, and therefore conditions, of the orbs which surround us. In so far as the Moon and Planets affect our Weather, the results of such action (if once ascertained) could be certainly foreseen and predicted; because the movements of those orbs are known to us. But no one can tell, much less foretell, the causes of change in the condition of the Sun produced by that far grander Sun around which he moves as a tiny satellite.

Nevertheless, it is not only possible, but probable, that the aspect of his surface, the "solar spots," &c., may indicate with approximate correctness the amount of change or disturbance in his normal condition produced by those far-off and inscrutable influences. And hence it is well worthy of Science to supplement the laborious work of Mr. Carrington by not only carefully noting the ever-varying aspect of the solar orb, but also by investigating how far these solar phenomena can be connected with the grander variations in the superficial condition of our planet, as regards the character of the seasons, wind-storms, earthquakes, and volcanic action,—by an observation of the phenomena not merely in our own country or in Europe, but generally throughout the world.

R. H. PATTERSON.

ABOUT ST. PAUL'S.

HOMEWARD I go through the City,
Oft as the twilight falls,
Where broods, in a dream of stillness,
The grandeur of St. Paul's.

And there in its stony patience
It rises the whirl above,
A symbol of God's large pity
And everlasting love.

A sameness where all is changing,
A silence amid the din,
A holy height to look up to,
And sigh heavenward from out the sin.

Weird as a giant shadow,
Yet firm as an Alp, thou pfl
Dost abide, and the generations
Fret round thee, and fade the while.

Scarce a pause in the vast pulsation,
And lasting quiet none;
Like a brimmed and stormy river
The roaring life foams on.

You might drop and pass unnoticed
In the ever-moving crowd;
And the ripple of your death-sob
Would melt, lost in the murmur loud.

Through the daylight, and through the twilight,
When the endless lamp lines glow,
In its fulness of power imperious
Pours the mighty ebb-and-flow.

And we ask, as the myriads meet us—
Runs to what goal each race?
What is the inner history
Half-writ in each fated face?

What quick seeds of destiny tingle—
 What tenderness, sorrow, and wrong,
 What passion, redemption, and triumph
 Smoulder and throb in that throng!

God help them, and save them, who made them;
 He seeth the way they wend;
 Christ, who didst die for the sinful,
 Lead to some blessed end!

—♦♦♦—
 Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSSIA AND THE EAST.

BY KARL BLIND.

WE all know the person who lays down his opinion about nations and things in general by means of some stock quotation. "*The Last Will of Peter the Great*" is one of these favorite allusions. Very rarely is the Eastern Question treated on without that "arm'd head" making its weird apparition from the caldron of political witchcraft. Yet, so far as authenticity goes, that much-talked-of Russian document has no more foundation than the "*Finis Poloniae*" attributed to Kosciuszko, which, in a previous number of this Magazine, I have proved to be a forgery.*

History is full of such fabrications; and the student finds his feet entangled almost at every step in some intrusive weeds of this kind, which cover the ground to an amazing length, and hold it in tight grip with their gnarled and knotty roots. The "*Last Will*" of Peter I. is one of the queerest specimens. It appears for the first time in an apocryphal memoir, falsely published under the name of the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, who was one of the mysterious characters of last century. Being employed as a confidential agent of France at the Courts of Russia and England, the Chevalier d'Eon soon grew into such a puzzling personage that, during his sojourn in London, and afterwards at Versailles, his very sex became doubtful, owing to his use of women's dress, which he had to put on at the order of the French king, from a cause never yet explained. It is in a concocted paper, issued with the forged signature of a secret envoy, whose very individuality was a riddle, that we find a counterfeit political bequest, fabricated so cleverly as to have deceived many a cautious politician. Surely, if ever there was a

Rattenkönig of frauds—an inextricable confusion of wrong literary tails grown together in a maze—this is a magnificent example.

And yet, strange to say, the alleged "*Will of Peter the Great*" may in a great measure be considered a text-book of Russian policy! Whoever was the author of that fictitious document, he did his work efficiently. He must have been a keen observer of contemporary events. He must have understood them to be the result of deep-rooted tendencies to aggression, such as they appear among Russian rulers from the earliest times—that is to say, from the formation of the Empire in the ninth century, when a race of Norse or Warangian invaders subjected the tribes of the great plain to their sway, and already attempted the conquest of Constantinople. Who shall say whether the writer of this document intended it in furtherance of Muscovite designs, or as a warning to Europe? The latter supposition is, perhaps, the most natural one. Nevertheless, such has been the cunning of Russian statecraft, that no sooner was the "*Last Will*" fully accredited in public opinion, than it was used as a means of paralyzing resistance, and paving the way for the ready acceptance of what was proclaimed as an inevitable destiny.

There is much to be unlearned, and not a few things of importance to be learnt, with regard to Russia. It has been said by a pan-Slavic propagandist, with more apparent than real originality, that "Russia was discovered at the same time as America, and formed itself politically in the same century with the United States." An old fallacy freshly dished up! Instead of beginning at the beginning, as the French say, the Russian author, in quest of a striking simile, took up the history of his country at the period convenient for his purpose, and then grouped the facts with corresponding boldness. His aim was to make out a case of "youthful barbarian strength" against European corruption and degeneracy. The "senile blood of the Germano-Romanic world" was to be rejuvenated by a "sinewy Northern people" that had just pushed itself into historical prominence. A great tragedy was to be enacted: the United Slaves were to step upon the scene as the destroyers of

* Macmillan's Magazine for December, 1868.

an effete civilization, and the founders of a new pan-Russian world. The Mujik and the Cossack, fresh from the "workshop of nations," were to regenerate the worn-out inhabitants of Western Europe; or, rather, to "improve us off the face of the earth."

Now, in point of fact, nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that Russia was discovered in the fifteenth century, or that under Peter, son of Alexis, she first emerged from a chaotic state into the proportions of a realm, or that since his reign she has been continually developing her "juvenile vigor." Rediscovered, then, Russia no doubt was. Before that time, her Warangian rulers—a foreign race, ruling with the aid of a foreign military clan—had often stretched out their hands towards the sceptre of Eastern-Rome. They did so when the Russians were still worshipping the heathen idols of Porun and Yurra, and while Constantinople was governed by an orthodox Emperor. As soon as they were baptized, they changed their argument by asserting a "religious mission." But it was merely a change of argument, not of purpose. They asserted that mission against the Christian rulers of Byzantium, just as they subsequently did against the infidel Ottoman. It is as if the abject spirit of slavery in so many millions of their subjects had continually tended to produce a vertigo of ambition in the minds of the Russian monarchs.

But after vast exertions, their Empire, by a sort of historical retribution, collapsed under internal convulsions and outward attacks. Its political unity was destroyed by quarrels among the different branches of the reigning family; and when at last the nomadic hordes of Genghis-Khan and Batu appeared on the confines, there was no centre of resistance, no strength or patriotism to oppose them. Within a few years Russia became the slave of the Golden Horde, and from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century the Mongols governed the kingdom of the proud Ruriks. The very name of Russia became now confused in the memory of Europe. She sank back into utter oblivion. When, through the downfall of the Mongol Kaptchak, her independence was restored, she was indeed, in some

manner, rediscovered for Europe, through ambassadors and scientific commissions from Germany; but the state of things which they found in Russia is described in their reports as the very reverse of "youthfulness." Hence the parallel with the discovery of America is nothing but a shallow witticism; or an audacious presumption on the ignorance of the many.

The truth is, that Russia is an old Empire. Its first establishment is about coeval with Alfred of England. But, unlike other European countries, Russia has for a thousand years oscillated between existence as a military empire of menacing aspirations, and total political eclipse. Steady internal development she has hardly had until now. From her, nothing has yet accrued to civilization. She has only destroyed the independence of more advanced communities, and pushed the boundaries of barbarism farther into Europe. Finding at home scarcely any impediment to their most extravagant wishes, the Grand Princes and Czers indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest. Their exaggerated aspirations were, however, followed by terrible catastrophes. Still, after a period of prostration, the insatiate spirit of ambition regularly reappeared. And this ugly see-saw game will, I apprehend, continue, until Europe has succeeded in pushing the frontiers of civilization farther into Muscovy, by means of the resurrection of the Polish, Finnish, and other nationalities, in whom the spirit of self-government is yet unsubdued.

The issue of the Crimean war, though, territorially speaking, it did not restrict Russia, has had one important civilizing effect. It has led to the emancipation of the bulk of the people, which until then had been serfs, either under the Crown or the landed aristocracy. The Crown and the aristocracy had been slaveholders to an equal extent, each having about 24,000,000 of serfs. When the prestige of the Crown was deeply shaken through the defeat at Sebastopol, an attempt was made by the more advanced section of the aristocracy, together with agitators in a few of the towns, to obtain a share in the government by the introduction of a kind of parliamentary régime. At the same time the landed gentry of some of the former Polish provinces stepped forward with plans for the manumission.

of their peasant bondsmen—partly from motives of humanity, partly from political calculation. It was then that Government, hemmed in on many sides, endeavored to break through the narrowing circle by raising the standard of the "Emancipation of the Serfs" throughout the Empire; thus assuming suddenly the part of a liberator of the masses. The plan succeeded, and has probably saved the Czars for a time. Despotism, in a political sense, was maintained by the resolute and timely abolition of an iniquitous social privilege of the Upper Hundred Thousand. This, in round figures, was the number of possessors of serfs, reckoning both those who had less than twenty-one and those who had over a hundred and fifty thousand bondsmen.

Can it be reasonably hoped that the system of territorial aggression and absorption, which the Czars have carried out on the principles of the apocryphal "Will of Peter I.," has received a final check through external defeat or internal social changes? The subjugation of Caucasian tribes, and the sudden bound made by Russia into the khanates of Independent Tartary—all effected *since* the end of the Crimean war—are a significant answer to the question. More than this: in dealing with the cognate races on her south-western border, Russia has, within the last ten years, developed a propagandism from which diplomatists of the old school would have shrunk. It is the propagandism which lately culminated in the great "Slavonian Exhibition" at Moscow, where delegates from all Slave races—the Polish alone excepted—made their obeisance to the Russian power, and where the startling doctrine was proclaimed that the Russian language ought to be the "language of the future,"—if I may express myself so without disrespect to music.

It is as if Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, and English were suddenly to be fused in nation and language, the idiom of one of them being taken as ruling for all! In like manner, the project of the pan-Slavists is, to weld together the Great and Little Russians, Poles, Russines, Slovaks, Croats, Czechs, Servians, Bosniaks, and even that semi-slavonized Tartar people, the Bulgarians. An impossible plan, on the face of it. But the thoughts of men must be bent to "the Great

Idea!" So these scattered fragments of Slavonian tribes are to be taught to look up to Russia as their leader in the struggle against those inconvenient nations which lie athwart South-eastern Europe as stumbling-blocks to Muscovite aggrandizement. Hence, theories of language are called in to aid a movement which tends to the expansion of the Russian Empire over Turkey, Hungary, and even parts of the territory of the German nation.

Is it too much to say that a certain internal weakness and gnawing disease is the cause of this unnatural appetite?

After having gradually absorbed a considerable portion of the Ugrian race by which it was formerly surrounded in the north-east, the Muscovite stock has still, on its southern confines, a large fringe of Malo-Russian, Cossack, Tartar, and other races, which in habits, speech, and creed, form a discordant element in the level uniformity of the remainder of the Empire. It took some centuries to establish the spiritual supremacy of the Czar over the Church of Russia proper. But among the races that do not belong to the Muscovite stock properly speaking, a sullen resistance to this Papal claim of the helmeted chieftain of the Empire has never died out. Schismatic tendencies of this kind, fanned into open revolt by persecution, have often proved the cover or ally of insurrectionary movements—not the less important because Europe paid little heed to them.

It was from the Steppe countries in the south-east that Pugatscheff, the Cossack rebel—with the aid of "heretics," "roskolniks," who would not hear of the Petersburg Papacy, and supported by men unwilling to bear the yoke of serfdom—shook the throne of the Czarina Catharine during two years; the insurrection approaching in its irregular course almost to the gates of Moscow. That mighty upheaval was cruelly quelled. In our days it is scarcely to be expected that a second Pugatscheff will arise. Still, the assimilation of those tribes with the bulk of the Muscovite nation is far from perfect. Nay, in a religious sense it is so little advanced that the Imperial Government, with the suspicion natural to all holders of, or aspirants to, unlimited power, has now and then allowed itself to be

excited to acts of persecution, which only served further to alienate populations already inclined to disaffection, and to make even Turkey appear as a tolerant country. Schismatic refugees from Russia, of Cossack and Malo-Russian descent, have indeed sometimes sought an asylum on the Sultan's territory. The fact may seem the more strange when we remember that the Russian Government has been tolerant enough to its own Mohammedan and heathen subjects, of whom there are not a few on the European soil of its empire. An extraordinary complication indeed, that a Power, some of whose provinces are studded with mosques and pagan temples, should launch out against the "infidel Turk," and that its emissaries should tell tales of an "oppressed faith" abroad, whilst at home there is religious feud and occasional persecution of those who deny the Czar's quality as the "vice-gerent of God upon earth"!

A fact of paramount importance is here to be noted. The schismatic Russian Churches have a nearer affinity to the Greco-Catholic Church of the Christian rayah of Turkey, than to that of which the Emperor asserts himself to be the head! If, therefore, the spiritual supremacy of the Czar could be transplanted from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, an immense step would be made towards extinguishing Malo-Russian and Cossack "heresy." This is one of the reasons which incessantly urge forward Czarism to new attempts of conquest or convulsion in the Eastern quarter. The establishment of Muscovite rule at Constantinople would not merely displace a Mohammedan power, but would take the Non-conformists of Russia in the rear. Thus we find that spirit of "universal dominion," which is one of the political traditions of the unwieldy Northern Power, fed by a side-current of Greco-Catholic Pope-dom.

It may create surprise that the Greco-Catholics of the Ottoman Empire, with such prospects before them, should yield to Russian influence. The explanation is to be found, partly in the greediness of some of their poorer priesthood, partly in the desire of the national secessionists of Turkey to obtain effi-

cient aid from the mighty ruler across the border. On her part, Russia calculates that, if by her agency the Turkish State-edifice be once overthrown, the collapse of the Hungarian realm, which is replete with discordant races, will speedily follow. In the absence of a new state-forming power among that medley of nationalities which is grouped, on the one hand in the Ottoman Empire, on the other in the Magyar Kingdom, Russia herself hopes to be able to take them all in hand by girding them with a Slavonian belt. It is with this view she carries on her propaganda among the Ruthenes of Galicia; the Czechs and Slovenes that are interspersed with the Germans of the former Federal provinces of Austria; the Slovaks, Croats, and Serbs of Hungary; and the Bosniaks, the Montenegrines, the Servians, and even the Bulgarians of Turkey. The Bulgarians, however, are rather loth to catch at the allurements held out to them. They consider themselves a distinct nation—equally removed from the Turks and from their Servian and Rouman neighbors.

Let the reader take a glance at an ethnographical map. He will see by its aid how the pan-Slavist movement—of which the Russian Government now acknowledges itself with great openness as the protector, and which has for years been carried on in Bohemia by men decorated with the order of St. Andrew—is destined to gather a great many races of different origin, speech, and creed, in a gigantic frame, the various component parts of which are to be of Slavonian make. There is a break, here and there, in the links. At other places, the material used is of a doubtful kind. In case of need, Russian policy would not be at a loss for an iron substitute. It has shown in Poland within the last year what it means to do with a restive nationality, even if it be of Slavonian extraction. The doctrine that Russian ought to be the language of all Slaves has been applied there by a famous military order, with a severity of which there is perhaps not a similar instance on record in the history of the world. With great truth Kosuth once said (at a time when he himself had not changed in his public conduct) that

"no word has been more misrepresented than the word Nationality, which has become in the hands of absolutism a dangerous weapon against Liberty." He added that—"the idea of pan-Slavism, that is, the idea that the mighty stock of Slavonic races is called to rule the world, as once the Romans did, was a Russian plot, a dark design to make out of national feelings a tool of Russian preponderance over the world."

The "Eastern Question" cannot be understood without a reference to the more than secular—because millenary—policy of Russian rulers, as well as a clear knowledge of the distribution of races between the Carpathian range and Cape Matapan. It is the characteristic both of Hungary and of Turkey to present, not so much the features of a strong national unity, as of a jumble of fragments of nationalities and tribes. The case of Turkey is the worst as regards political rule. That of Hungary is not less complicated in confusion of tribes. At his coronation, the Magyar king, by way of public ceremony, has to ride up a mound, called the Coronation Hill, and there, turning successively to the four quarters, has to brandish a sword against phantom enemies. They are located, these phantom enemies, in the country itself. They may be conciliated for a time: they may be only latent adversaries. But the danger is still there; it only depends on the wiles of some foreign Power, or on an injudicious political act at home, to call them out into the field.

The fact is, the great migrations and invasions of bygone ages have turned the whole Eastern quarter of Europe topsyturvy. Every claim of one race is countered by a score of others. The Magyar nation, occupying the centre of Hungary, is matched off, in the four quarters, by a heterogeneous mangle-mangle of populations strangely huddled together, and in descent and idiom differing as much as Turks do from Russians, or Italians from Dutch.

Fortunately, the central Magyar race, originally sprung from a stock of nomadic chivalry, has in course of time developed remarkable qualities of self-government, albeit up to 1848 in a narrow aristocratic sense. On the banks of the

Danube they established a sort of "British Constitution," even before the time at which England had properly arrived at parliamentary government; thus practically contradicting a superficial race-theory which is at present too much in vogue. It is this strong state-forming quality of the Magyars which has enabled them to preserve their community through dangers which would have split in pieces many a commonwealth of stronger national cohesion. What the German sword did for them against the common foe, need not be forgotten. It remains nevertheless a wonder that the country has survived so many shocks from without and separatist movements from within—movements which have at times brought it to the verge of destruction. Within contemporary remembrance, I need only allude to the last War of Independence. Then, Hapsburg and Romanoff statecraft joined hands for a while to set up local counter-insurrections, so as to convulse Hungary from within, and render her an easy prey to attack from without. The scheme proved only too successful for a while. The Hungarian Revolution was undermined by a war of races, kindled by despotic guile, before it fell under the weight of the combined armies of the Kaiser and the Czar.

I have purposely dwelt on these matters, for it is idle to approach the Eastern Question to-day without thinking of its bearing on reconstituted Hungary. The very elections which have so recently taken place in that country prove the existence of an intimate connexion. In the Slovak, Croat, and German districts of the Magyar realm, the party favorable to Hungarian union have triumphed. It is different in the districts inhabited by a majority of Rouman and Servian-speaking peoples. In that quarter, the Eastern Question turns up; the Rouman and Servian population being located or loosely scattered on both sides of the border between Hungary and Turkey. The Rouman leaders at Bucharest, of the Bratiano stamp, and the Servian enemies of the Magyar realm, wish to cut up Hungary; the former demanding the whole country as far as the river Theiss! It would be the "*Finis Hungariae*" for good, though nobody might have uttered the word. Russia, which looks at the

independence and aggrandizement of Moldo-Wallachia as a mere incident, would at all events be satisfied by the disruption of Hungary. For, if the Magyar people, which forms the matrix of nationality in that Danubian quarter, be once dispossessed, the whole political building will collapse, and, with it, the shelter against the icy storm from the great Northern plain. Instead of the "principle of Nationality" being triumphant, Liberty would have but to grieve at such an issue. With the barriers of the ancient Danubian commonwealth once destroyed, Russia would suddenly have circumvented the Bosphorus, and, through affiliated Slave tribes, would claim sway on the shores of the Adriatic, where she has already endeavored to secure a port.

In Hungary, in spite of undeniable difficulties, a strong political mainstay exists, in the powerful development of a free spirit of self-government in that race, round which the others are territorially grouped. When we come to the Ottoman Empire, we find difficulties vastly on the increase; a strong centre of freedom being entirely wanting, and clashing national aspirations being simply checked by the stationary rule of a conquering people. It is true, there are some who solve the "Eastern Question" off-hand by bequeathing the European part of Turkey to the "ten million Greeks," the descendants of the old Hellenic stock, and the natural inheritors of the Byzantine Empire. I once heard an eminent writer, who has made deep researches on matters connected with his own country, start, or rather credulously repeat, this wonderful proposition. The "ten million Greeks" he had evolved from the depths of his own consciousness, though not belonging to the nation somewhat hastily described as liable to the performance of such clever feats. His mistake was, of course, that he substituted "Greeks" for adherents of the Greco-Catholic belief. Of Greeks in a national or ethnological sense there are in European Turkey not more than a million, one-half of which live scattered through the various provinces! A little more than another million lives in the kingdom of Greece. Another million, at most, is scattered through Asia Minor. Of all the races in European Turkey, the

Greek or Romanic is the weakest, numerically speaking. Besides, neither the Latin-speaking Roumans of the Danubian Principalities, nor the semi-Slavonian, semi-Tartar Bulgarians, nor the Servians and the cognate Solave populations in the north-west of Turkey, nor the Albanese or Shkipetars, the majority of whom are of the Mohammedan creed, will hear of any Byzantine claim of the Greeks.

It would be possible, no doubt, under favorable circumstances, to form independent groups of Rouman, Bulgarian, and Servian nationality. Unfortunately, under the guidance of a foreign aggressive power, the first and last mentioned national elements are used as agencies for disturbing the Hungarian commonwealth, whose reconstitution is an eyesore to autocratic policy. On their part, the Bulgarians seem to aim at nothing more than local autonomy. As to the different national groups south of the Balkan range—Osmanlees, Hellenes, Wlachs, Greco-Slavonians, and Shkipetars—they are inextricably confused. But the Greek race cannot be said to have the upper hand even there in point of numbers.

Thessaly alone forms an exception. In Epirus, however, there is the most puzzling variegation, the non-Greek population predominating. In Greece itself, to this very day, though the process of Hellenization has much advanced since the War of Independence, nationality is not yet fully reconstituted. There, a considerable Albanese-speaking population forms, as it were, a series of strange erratic blocks lying across that little country—not only north of the Gulf of Lepanto, but at the very gates of Athens and in parts of the Morea. It is vain to overlook this state of things, which has arisen from historical misfortunes that can never be fully retrieved. When the whole face of Europe was changed by the inrush of successive streams of wandering tribes, Greece was turned inside out, only a small remnant being left of the original stem. This renders the restoration of Greek nationality a rather laborious task. None can more deplore the difficulties than those who would fain see the classic soil of Hellas restored to something of its pristine glory.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that locks on thee.
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."....

Yet even Byron, whose enthusiasm drove him to lay down his life on Hellenic ground, wrote well-known words of warning against a rash, inconsiderate step which would threaten the cause of universal progress by bringing an ambitious barbarian power to Constantinople. The enactment of such a dark tragedy is by all means to be prevented. It is difficult steering, no doubt, through the Scylla and Charybdis of a benumbing Oriental sway, and a crushing, relentless despotism that lies continually in wait for new victims. But, much as the unsatisfactory state of the East may be deplored, a proper solution will not be arrived at so long as Central Europe lacks a strong constitution on the principle of freedom, and Poland, instead of being a shield for the security of the Continent, is turned into a weapon of aggression against it.

THE NORTHMEN, HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN.

(Concluded.)

WE will now pass over the space of a century from the time when Olaf imposed the Faith upon the reluctant Northmen by the terrors of fire, sword, and famine, and will examine the changes which took place in the interval. It is no part of our plan to describe doctrines or devotional feelings, except in so far as they affect the habits of daily life. In this comparison the Christian is placed at a great disadvantage; for it is impossible by any effort of the imagination to bring before the mind's eye a portrait of the Northmen of the twelfth century which shall not seem faint, sketchy, and colorless when contrasted with the picturesque old heathen who speaks and lives in the sagaman's tale. We no longer draw our information from a host of family records full of details of strange customs and traits of individual character; for most of the biographies which give such value and interest to Northern literature refer to an earlier time, and our chief authorities now are the more ambitious writers who chronicle the in-

trigues of kings and nobles, the struggles for national independence, and the great fight between Church and State. We see larger bodies of men in motion, but can no longer so clearly distinguish the features of the actors. We see that a violent struggle is going on between the two religions, and that Christianity is gradually gaining the upper hand; but the precepts of the Gospel are strangely intermingled with the maxims of the old superstition; and when we read of some great success achieved by the Faith, we are sure that a number of smaller gains and losses have escaped our notice.

When, however, we have reckoned up all the changes we can see, and have made allowance for others which we dimly suspect, we shall find that the most striking features of the Northern character apparently remain unaltered. The missionaries, who were themselves for the most part Northmen, alive to the beauties of their old literature, and full of sympathy for the prejudices of their countrymen, shrank from tampering unnecessarily with any of the old principles and institutions of their race. They were, indeed, compelled to brand as impious some old usages which were once deemed venial or laudable; but more frequently they strove with very fair success to give a Christian meaning to sentiments and customs which it would have been useless to dream of eradicating. But although the early convert bore outwardly a close resemblance to his heathen forefathers, his character was now enriched with the seeds of virtues which were wholly unknown to them; and even at the early period which we are describing, we can trace the appearance of kindly and liberal feelings which never could have arisen under the sterner superstition which had passed away. In the eyes of the Northman the earth was still a battle-field where the soldierly virtues were superior to all others; and to turn his back on the enemy was still a disgrace which no gentleman ought to survive. When pious King Ingi was begged to retreat before overwhelming odds, he replied in the very words of Volsung, the old heathen who has given his name to the grandest saga of the North: "Many a battle have I fought; sometimes my people were many and sometimes they were few, but such has

been my good fortune that I have never been put to flight." Then he adds the Christian sentiment, "God ordains whether my life is to be long or short, but never will I take to flight." The warrior still encouraged his son to fight bravely, by setting before him the same doctrine of fatalism which had given boldness to his heathen ancestors.

"What would you do, my son," said an old Christian warrior, "did you know you must die in this battle?"

"Lay about me with both hands, to be sure," replied the son.

"And suppose a man could tell you you would survive?"

"I would rush into the thick of the fight, for I should know I could take no harm."

"Go forward, then, and fear nothing, my boy, for it is already ordained which of these two things shall happen."

But they were sufficiently imbued with the spirit of Christianity to be aware that these manly qualities were not the only virtues which won the favor of heaven. They had now a glimmering of the new virtues of peace-making and forgiveness; and to grant quarter to a prisoner or pardon to an enemy was an action of which no gentleman had any need to be ashamed; for the feeling on the subject of revenge was so greatly modified that a magnanimous forgiveness brought a man nearly as much credit as successful vengeance.

"I will tell you what happened to me some time ago," said Ketil to his friend Hafid, who was refusing to compromise a lawsuit. "I married Gro, the daughter of Bishop Gissur, an excellent match; but there was a man who used to come to the house much too often, so I set upon him one day; and although I am much the better man, he got me down and cut my eye out. I indicted him, but he found a flaw in the proceedings; then his relations offered to pay damages. I thought it over, and was sure I should never be able to get so influential a clan to pay any damages worth considering; so for the love of God I forgave the man, and have been highly thought of by men since, and believe I have won the favor of God too. Now, if you think there is anything in my story, pray make use of it."

A conviction had now grown up that

revenge was inconsistent with high Christian excellence; but this was grotesquely mixed up with the feeling, that successful vengeance was the choicest gift of heaven. "God punish you," said a pious bishop, "for I cannot." And of the same holy man we are told, that God of His goodness avenged him of his adversary without it being necessary for him to take any steps in the matter.

These duties, however, were not considered binding on every man, but counsels of perfection meant for a saint, and fitter for those who had done with the things of this life than for men engaged in the work of the world. Here is a story which shows more particularly a Northman's ideas on revenge and forgiveness. An Iclander named Gils, whose father many years before had been murdered by a Norwegian of rank, met this man at the Court of Magnus the Barefooted, and instantly dealt him his deathblow. He was at once seized and sentenced to be hanged. His dying enemy then sent for the king, and begged for the life of Gils on the ground that he, the dying man, could not otherwise hope for pardon in the next world. The king, however, had too much regard for the murdered man's family to consent; but when the bishop heard that Gils had done the deed to avenge his father, he remonstrated so earnestly that the king set him at liberty, acknowledging at the same time that he had done no more than his duty. A monkish legend adds that he actually was hanged, and remained three days on the gallows, but that the bishop saved his life by a miracle; and that an official who had been zealous in urging the execution was punished by a dangerous sickness.

Notwithstanding frequent shortcomings on the part of individual priests, some of whom are conspicuous actors in the bloody feuds of the time, the whole influence of the Church was on the side of peace and order. Bishops constantly interposed to check brawls, sometimes on general grounds, but more often to maintain the respect due to sacred times and places, for this latter feeling had much weight with some who were restrained by no other scruples. Once it happened on St. Peter's day, when the church was filled with armed worshippers, Thorgils whispered to Bodwar,

"There's Haffid; I can reach him with my axe from here—and I will too, let it cost what it may."

"You must be out of your mind," answered Bodwar. "We are in a holy place, and are come here to beg the mercy of God: it would be an abominable crime."

His remonstrances prevailed. As soon as they came out of church, Thorgils said, "I have always heard you were a peacemaker and a religious man, and now I know it."

We regret to add that Bodwar replied, "I am a religious man to be sure, but it was not my religion made me stop you. I saw they were two to one, and if we had begun it, we should have been cut down to a man. I should not have minded the sanctity of the church otherwise."

Works of charity and public usefulness were now admitted to be meritorious; and when King Sigurd boasted of his eight victories over the heathen, his brother retorted by enumerating the hospitals, roads, and harbors he had built. Their wars were still carried on with great ferocity, and there are ghastly instances of cruel tortures inflicted upon prisoners; but they are now spoken of as something disgraceful, which the officers cannot see without disgust. They were, however, sufficiently frequent to make the power of passive endurance a valuable quality, and all great warriors went to their doom as calmly as their heathen fathers. Whatever dangers and difficulties were before him, the Christian soldier was forbidden to resort to the once honorable refuge of suicide: the self-murderer was deprived of Christian burial; and the practice is often referred to as a vile heathen usage unworthy of a man of courage.

The tie of blood had lost none of its force; and however saintly an act it might be to forgive one's own enemies, it was highly disgraceful to leave undressed the wrongs of a kinsman. The vilest criminal could still reckon on the support of his clan; and even a man who committed an atrocity very rare even in heathen times—a foul outrage upon a woman, followed by the murder of her husband—was sheltered in the house of his cousin. It was not now thought either necessary or desirable that blood should

be exacted for blood, and the family avenger was encouraged to be satisfied with a money payment: but the man who took no steps to obtain redress in some shape for an injury to a relation, was exactly in the position of the modern gentleman who shirked a duel; and the omission was constantly being cast up to him in the plainest language; while a readiness to compromise a feud for a low price was little less shameful than absolute inactivity, and did not terminate the quarrel, for relations often refused to stand to a bad bargain made by the head of the family. But the fury of their blood-feuds, as well as their general tendency to ignore the rights of strangers, was much qualified by the Christian feeling that all men are akin, and owe duties to one another which have not been created by any compact of their own. The notion that men have duties imposed upon them by a higher power, was something hitherto quite unfamiliar to the Northman; and we will now see how some of the customs above referred to were modified by this altered way of looking at things.

We began at the Northman's cradle and said it was an open question with his family whether he should live or die. There a great change had taken place; a hard battle had been fought over this point, and the first Christian authorities had been obliged to wink at the practice of infanticide; but by this time it was a legal offence of the worst description, greatly surpassing in atrocity the deliberate slaughter of an offending man, and punished by a heavier penalty: it was one of the few offences which were technically called "murder." The law did not stop here, but went on to impose the penalty of exile on the father if the child died unbaptized, and severe fines upon all others who had not used their utmost diligence to procure the celebration of the rite.

The chief motive to infanticide was the difficulty of maintaining the child; and this difficulty the Icelandic converts met by a poor-law, totally unlike the unhappy system to which we give that name. As we of the present day are being eaten up by a pauperism for which no contemporary adviser seems able to prescribe, it may be worth our while to look back for hints to another age. Nowadays each

individual citizen stands by himself, and family ties are receding more and more into the background; but in those old times every man was felt to be inseparably united to those whose blood ran in his veins, and all legislation was based on this feeling, and aimed at giving it strength. Consequently, when the Christian reformers found society encumbered with a mass of paupers whom their religion forbade them to destroy, they left this heavy burden where nature seems to have placed it—i.e., upon the shoulders of those who had helped to bring it into being, and who might be expected to bear it with cheerfulness. The kinsmen in the midst of whom a man had grown up, whose example had formed his character and determined his profession, and who hoped to divide his inheritance after his death, were bound to provide for him in his distress, unless themselves disabled by poverty. The son of the pauper was not even allowed to plead poverty, but was obliged to support his parents whether he had the means or no. If he had no money he must borrow, and if he could not borrow; must, in the last resort, mortgage himself as a slave; and the bondage to which he then was reduced was, though not actual thralldom, yet little better. Thus it was expressly enacted that his master might cut bits off him if he would not work.

Towards the support of more distant relations a man was not bound to contribute anything unless he had property enough to maintain himself and children for two years. If a man assisted one whom he was not bound to support, he could recover his advance from the person legally liable. If the family was wholly unable to support the burden, the district contributed a small sum, and the destitute person was quartered on each solvent household in turn. No begging was allowed, under the severest penalties against giver and taker, the only exception being the case of children whose father had lost his property by outlawry. The aid given by the family was supplemented on occasion from other sources; but we abstain from further details, which would be more interesting to the next Commission on the Poor Law than to the general reader. This law was backed up by severe regulations against improvident marriages, which were pun-

ished with exile; and this system is, we believe, substantially in force in Iceland at the present day.

The same feeling which led the early converts to compel wealthy families to support their destitute members, made them very ready to extend liberal assistance to all distressed persons, even although they had no claims of kindred or friendship to put forward. The wide benevolence which the Christian bishops in particular displayed, stands in striking contrast to the sentiments of the old heathen nobles, who, in times of famine, more than once seriously proposed to relieve the public distress by putting to death the old and feeble.

We now come to the relations between the sexes. The woman was still absolutely at the disposal of her male relations, who gave her to any one they pleased. "Why are you so sad?" said King Eystane to his friend Ivar. "Are you in love with some Icelandic girl? I will send you home with a letter to the man who has the disposal of her, be she who she may; and there is no man in the island will care to thwart me." Divorces no longer were allowed because of an angry word or blow, but were permissible only for certain definite reasons. These indeed were wide enough, and came under three heads, which may be called poverty, cruelty, and desertion. As soon as a man fell into the class of paupers, or incapables as they called them, he was separated from his wife as a matter of course. If the married pair quarrelled so seriously as to inflict actual wounds upon each other, this also was a ground of divorce; and if either party deserted the other for six months, or committed any crime which was punishable by banishment for that period, the other party was entitled to a divorce.

This last reason made the bond very elastic, for the penalty was incurred by an enormous variety of transgressions, from deliberate murder to the putting on of an unseemly dress. But this state of things did not last long: the bishops, before whom these causes came, were continually tightening the chain, and before very long had succeeded in making marriage indissoluble. Breaches of the marriage-vow were thought of small consequence. Most of the zealous supporters of religion, among whom were saints,

pilgrims, and founders of endowments, committed frequent irregularities, of which they made no secret, and with which the Church does not seem to have interfered so long as the ceremony of marriage was not tampered with. Some passages in the life of King Sigurd, the crusader, show the curious value attached to forms when morality itself was disregarded. The king had returned from Jerusalem with the reputation of a saint, but as he got on in life his conduct became so scandalous that the historian charitably hopes his head was affected. After recording without comment some gross instances of immorality, the sagaman tells with horror how on the great fast of Christmas Eve the king, whose malady was evidently sore upon him, suddenly cried out "Bring me meat." One that stood by said, "Sir, it is not the custom of Christians to eat at this season." "Is it not a custom?" said the king; "it shall be my custom henceforth;" and he was actually helping himself when a courtier reminded him of his old days by the Jordan, and besought him to abstain. The remonstrance was effectual, and for a time he behaved like a Christian; but

"after a while King Sigurd made up his mind to put away his queen and to take to himself a woman named Cecilia, a great man's daughter. He proposed to hold the wedding at Bergen, and made great preparations. But when Bishop Magni heard it he became very sad, and went one day to the king's hall and bade him come out; so he came out with a drawn sword in his hand, and asked the bishop to come in and drink with him; but he answered, 'That is not what I am come for. Is it true you are thinking of putting away your queen and marrying another wife?' 'It is true, bishop,' answered the king; and with that he turned black in the face with rage. Then answered the bishop, 'Why are you thinking of doing such a deed in my diocese, to the contempt of the law of God and Holy Church, and in defiance of my authority?' The king moved into another diocese, where he found a more pliable bishop, and married Cecilia. Soon afterwards he fell sick, but could not be induced to dismiss his second wife, although she herself begged him to send her away for the good of them both. Then he said he never thought she too would abandon him, and turned his face to the wall and died."

Oaths still commanded all their former reverence, and were now employed

to give sanction to every transaction of life. The old institution of the duel, which had been the usual method of settling disputed points, had been abolished immediately after the introduction of Christianity, and the gentleman who was suspected of some crime had no longer the option of challenging his accuser, but purged himself by oath. We say gentleman advisedly, for the thrall or the vagabond pauper who fell into suspicion had to defend himself by impeaching the evidence against him, unless his master or protector would take an oath in his behalf.

Men still took vows to perform all sorts of mad and impossible exploits, but we can now detect some traces of a feeling that a wicked oath is more honored in the breach than in the observance; and the old doctrine that a sinful vow, if unperformed, will return upon the head of the swearer, is spoken of as a decaying superstition. But the obligation was still trifled with in the childish fashion so common among the heathen: if the words of an oath were observed, no perjury was committed by a violation of the meaning; and the story in *Sir Tristrem*, where Swete Ysonde swears herself clear by using words in a double sense, is reproduced in the Christian saga of Grettir the outlaw, and is told by the pious narrator with much complacency. In their case the guilty parties repent and go to Rome for pardon; but we are not told that perjury was one of the sins for which they did penance.*

The Northman still greatly delighted in travel and adventure; but most of the avenues through which he had sought for wealth and honor were now closed to him. The profession of freebooter was dying out, for the north of Europe was no longer split up into a number of little states, whose weakness invited attack, and the life of a rover had long been regarded as one of doubtful respectability. Olaf the Holy used to beg his friends to forsake it, "for," said he, "rovers are very apt to break God's laws;" and it was now fully admitted to be a heathen practice.

* We understand that an English version of this the most readable of sagas is about to appear, and that the translation will have unusual value as being the work of a learned Icelandic.

But there was still an opening for the man who felt the blood of the Vikings in his veins. He might turn crusader and make prize of the followers of Mahound; and then, like Queen Elizabeth's sailors, he had the fun of fighting and the pleasure of making a purse while he was striking a blow for his religion and country. The following incident in a cruise of the Earl of Orkney in the twelfth century, reads like a tale of the Spanish Main: "They harried heathen Spain and took much spoil; and when they were off Sardinia they sighted a strange sail. Then said the earl to the bishop, 'Every man of us must make him ready to fight, and then we will attack them. If they be Christian traders we will make peace with them; but if they be heathen folk, as I take them to be, then, without doubt, God Almighty will give us grace to overcome them, and of the booty we make we will give every fiftieth penny to the poor.'"

They made a rich capture and put the crew to the sword, for no quarter was ever given to the infidel: he was still outside the pale of Northern morality.

"The sword be red forever
With the blood of false Mahound."

The Christianity of the twelfth century was incrustated with quaint and picturesque superstitions, of which some had accompanied the early missionaries from Germany, and others had been retained by the Northmen from their old belief. The dethroned revellers in Asgard had not vanished from the scene, but had come down as wrathful fiends to the earth, and were the mightiest and most dangerous of the many spirits who filled earth, air, and sea. But although the Northman was now beset by mightier supernatural foes than any with whom his fathers had struggled, still the change in his religious system robbed them of most of their terrors. He felt he had incurred the wrath of Odin and Thor, but also that he had earned the protection of a mightier power, and that, while his heathen fathers had been left alone in their conflict with goblins and wizards, his prayers would now be answered; and hosts of anecdotes show that the ministers of religion were ever ready to give him effectual help. When the frantic Baresarks—half-men, half-devils,

whose skin neither fire nor steel could harm, and who kept the whole country in terror—came to disturb the Christmas festival presided over by the bishop, and rushed into the fire as usual to show their power, the flames obeyed the holy man and scorched the madmen, and then all the people were emboldened to fall on and destroy them. When the ghost of the wicked dead haunted the farmer's home and drove his thralls mad with horror, he sent for the priest, whose prayers and holy water laid the troubled spirit to rest. The sagamen who describe the war between the Christian priests and the fiends and wizards that fought for the old superstition, are careful to express their contempt for Odin and his crew; but their style frequently makes us suspect that they were not without a lingering fondness for the dethroned demons. They tell us in quite a pathetic strain how Bishop Frederick, hearing that the lord of the manor was on friendly terms with a fiend who had lived for generations in a cave, insisted on exorcising him with prayers and holy water. Then the demon appeared to his old friend in a dream and warmly remonstrated. "These many years," quoth the fiend, "have I done thee good service, and thy father before thee, and now thou hast let loose upon me this foul wizard, who has poured boiling water over me, and scalded my little ones. Who will tell thee the weather, and guard thy flocks, when thou hast turned me out into the wilds?" Again, there was a rocky island, the resort of sea-fowl, where men were always losing their lives, because a fiend inhabited it who lived on the eggs, and cut the rope by which men let themselves down the rock. The bishop was sent for, and was carried all round the island in a basket which was hung from the top of the cliff. Ever as he went he sang psalms, and when he reached the most dangerous place, there came out of a hole in the rock a brown hairy hand grasping a knife, which attempted to cut the rope; two strands were severed, but fortunately the third had been steeped in holy water and resisted the blade; at the same time a voice said, "Begone, sir bishop, we wicked ones must live somewhere." The bishop admitted the plea, perhaps not wishing to compel the desperate fiend

to try a second stroke, and the spot is dreaded by cragmen to this day.

We have still to consider the condition of the mass of the people, that is to say, the thralls. They were still the mere chattels of their master, who might employ them as he pleased—let them out by the month, sell them, or put them to death. They were still a degraded class, whose oaths had no value in a court of law, whose filthy habits were corrected by floggings so severe that a savage beating was called “thralls’-thrashing,” and whose bodies were still thought unworthy to lie beside those of their masters. But they were no longer brutes without souls, consciences, or rights, but were acknowledged to be members of the community, and bound to obey the laws of Church and State. They had some little property of their own, with which their master never interfered: when they were sold this went with them, and after their death it followed the ordinary laws of inheritance. The Church fasts and festivals were meant for them as well as for the freeman; and their master was bound to give them an opportunity of observing them. On holy days and during Lent their lives were sacred even from him, and although they might be put to death by him at any other time with impunity, still the law expressly warned him that he was responsible to God. He was even expected to take some charge of their spiritual weal, to see that their children were baptised; and if they worked on holy days, or were detected in the filthy sin of horse-eating, he was required to “thrash their hide off.” So long as they conducted themselves decently, he was forbidden to sell them beyond sea. Towards strangers their rights were considerable: they might defend the honor of their wives; if struck they were entitled to a small compensation; and no one might molest them at a feast or on their way to church.

But a large proportion of this degraded class had now risen to the higher rank of freedmen. These men were not yet independent; they could not leave the neighborhood without their lord’s consent; they owed him certain dues, and were obliged to show him general deference; they became, in fact, part of the lord’s following, and were entitled to his

protection and assistance in distress. One particular form of help which the lord was legally bound to give, curiously illustrates the ferocious manners still prevailing.

“If the freedmen die and leave their children, then are the children grave-goers, and shall be taken to the churchyard and set in a grave which shall there be dug, and so be left to die. But the master shall take out the child which lives longest and rear it up.” This class was continually being increased by slaves who had earned their freedom or had been redeemed by public charity—a form of alms-giving which was enjoined upon public bodies by law, and was largely practised by wealthy individuals.

We have now sketched the principal alterations in Northern habits and institutions which are visible at this distance of time: we do not suppose the catalogue is exhaustive, but we think few striking features have escaped us. Should any think the improvement effected by a century of Christianity disappointing, it must be remembered that religion never had fair play. It was not permitted to win its way into the North by weight of argument and moral superiority; the Norwegians who did not see the force of Olaf Tryggvason’s reasoning were treated as any old heathen would have used the murderers of his father. Olaf could hardly be expected to change his nature all at once; but it is startling to see the complacency with which his biographer, who wrote when Christianity had been in force for two centuries, relates how blasphemers had serpents thrust down their throats, and pans of charcoal placed on their stomachs. A shorter method was used towards Iceland; the whole country was simply blockaded, and as most of the necessities of life came from abroad, the device was instantly effectual. It may be said in excuse that many of the usages of heathenism were as objectionable as the rites of Juggernaut; but when we consider the arms by which they were opposed, we cannot wonder if, as an old saga says, “many sparks of heathenism long continued to smoulder.”

There is another moral to be drawn from the slow progress of religion in Scandinavia. Our own missionaries are

still painfully fighting against superstitions which are far more degrading than the worship of Odin, and their enthusiasm is frequently damped by indifferent bystanders, who urge them to desist from the unavailing and costly struggle. A careless looker-on who had watched the evangelization of the North during one generation might possibly have given similar counsel; but the Faith has now no more hearty or more intelligent disciples than the descendants of those Icelanders whose incorrigible savagery made soft-hearted Bishop Frederick abandon his task in despair.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXV.

HUGH STANBURY SMOKES HIS PIPE.

NORA ROWLEY, when she went to bed, after her walk to Niddon Park in company with Hugh Stanbury, was full of wrath against him. But she could not own her anger to herself, nor could she even confess to herself—though she was breaking her heart—that there really existed for her the slightest cause of grief. But why had he been so stern to her? Why had he gone out of his way to be uncivil to her? He had called her “dainty,” meaning to imply by the epithet that she was one of the butterflies of the day, caring for nothing but sunshine and an opportunity of fluttering her silly wings. She had understood well what he meant. Of course he was right to be cold to her if his heart was cold, but he need not have insulted her by his ill-concealed rebukes. Had he been kind to her, he might have rebuked her as much as he liked. She quite appreciated the delightful intimacy of a loving word of counsel from the man she loved; how nice it is, as it were, to play at marriage, and to hear beforehand something of the pleasant weight of gentle marital authority! But there had been nothing of that in his manner to her. He had told her that she was dainty, and had so told it her, as she thought, that she might learn thereby that under no circumstances would he have any other tale to tell her. If he had no other tale, why had he not been silent? Did he think that she was sub-

ject to his rebuke merely because she lived under his mother’s roof? She would soon show him that her residence at the Clock House gave him no such authority over her. Then, amid her wrath and despair, she cried herself asleep.

While she was sobbing in bed, he was sitting, with a short, black pipe stuck into his mouth, on the corner of the church-yard wall opposite. Before he had left the house he and Priscilla had spoken together for some minutes about Mrs. Trevelyan. “Of course she was wrong to see him,” said Priscilla. “I hesitate to wound her by so saying, because she has been ill-used—though I did tell her so, when she asked me. She could have lost nothing by declining his visit.”

“The worst of it is that Trevelyan swears that he will never receive her again if she received him.”

“He must unswear it,” said Priscilla, “that is all. It is out of the question that a man should take a girl from her home, and make her his wife, and then throw her off for so little of an offence as this. She might compel him by law to take her back.”

“What would she get by that?”

“Little enough,” said Priscilla; “and it was little enough she got by marrying him. She would have had bread, and meat, and raiment without being married, I suppose.”

“But it was a love-match.”

“Yes; and now she is at Nuncombe Putney, and he is roaming about in London. He has to pay ever so much a year for his love-match, and she is crushed into nothing by it. How long will she have to remain here, Hugh?”

“How can I say? I suppose there is no reason against her remaining, as far as you are concerned?”

“For me personally, none. Were she much worse than I think she is, I should not care in the least for myself, if I thought that we were doing her good—helping to bring her back. She can’t hurt me. I am so fixed, and dry, and established, that nothing anybody says will affect me. But mamma doesn’t like it.”

“What is it she dislikes?”

“The idea that she is harboring a married woman, of whom people say, at least, that she has a lover.”

"Is she to be turned out because people are slanderers?"

"Why should mamma suffer because this woman, who is a stranger to her, has been imprudent? If she were your wife, Hugh—"

"God forbid!"

"If we were in any way bound to her, of course we would do our duty. But if it makes mamma unhappy I am sure you will not press it. I think Mrs. Merton has spoken to her. And then Aunt Stanbury has written such letters!"

"Who cares for Aunt Jemima?"

"Every body cares for her—except you and I. And now this man who has been here asking the servant questions has upset her greatly. Even your coming has done so, knowing, as she does, that you have come, not to see us, but to make inquiries about Mrs. Trevelyan. She is so annoyed by it that she does not sleep."

"Do you wish her to be taken away at once?" asked Hugh, almost in an angry tone.

"Certainly not. That would be impossible. We have agreed to take her, and must bear with it. And I would not have her moved from this, if I thought that if she staid a while it might be arranged that she might return from us direct to her husband."

"I shall try that, of course—now."

"But if he will not have her; if he be so obstinate, so foolish, and so wicked, do not leave her here longer than you can help." Then Hugh explained that Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were to be in England in the spring, and that it would be very desirable that the poor woman should not be sent abroad to look for a home before that. "If it must be so, it must," said Priscilla. "But eight months is a long time."

Hugh went out to smoke his pipe on the church-wall in a moody, unhappy state of mind. He had hoped to have done so well in regard to Mrs. Trevelyan! Till he had met Colonel Osborne, he felt sure, almost sure, that she would have refused to see that pernicious troubler of the peace of families. In this he found that he had been disappointed; but he had not expected that Priscilla would have been so much opposed to the arrangement which he had made about the house, and then he had been buoyed

up by the anticipation of some delight in meeting Nora Rowley. There was, at any rate, the excitement of seeing her to keep his spirits from flagging. He had seen her, and had had the opportunity of which he had so long been thinking. He had seen her, and had had every possible advantage on his side. What could any man desire better than the privilege of walking home with the girl he loved through country lanes of a summer evening? They had been an hour together—or might have been, had he chosen to prolong the interview. But the words which had been spoken between them had had not the slightest interest, unless it were that they had tended to make the interval between him and her wider than ever. He had asked her—he thought that he had asked—whether it would grieve her to abandon that delicate, dainty mode of life to which she had been accustomed; and she had replied that she would never abandon it of her own accord. Of course she had intended him to take her at her word.

He blew forth quick clouds of heavy smoke as he attempted to make himself believe that this was all for the best. What would such a one as he was do with a wife? Or, seeing as he did see, that marriage itself was quite out of the question, how could it be good either for him or her that they should be tied together by a long engagement? Such a future would not at all suit the purpose of his life. In his life absolute freedom would be needed; freedom from unnecessary ties, freedom from unnecessary burdens. His income was most precarious, and he certainly would not make it less so by submission to any closer literary thralldom. And he believed himself to be a Bohemian—too much of a Bohemian to enjoy a domestic fireside with children and slippers. To be free to go where he liked, and when he liked; to think as he pleased; to be driven nowhere by conventional rules; to use his days, Sundays as well as Mondays, as he pleased to use them; to turn Republican, if his mind should take him that way, or Quaker, or Mormon, or Red Indian, if he wished it, and, in so turning, to do no damage to any one but himself; that was the life which he had planned for himself. His Aunt Stanbury

had not read his character altogether wrongly, as he thought, when she had once declared that decency and godliness were both distasteful to him. Would it not be destruction to such a one as he was, to fall into an interminable engagement with any girl, let her be ever so sweet?

But yet he felt, as he sat there filling pipe after pipe, smoking away till past midnight, that though he could not bear the idea of trammels, though he was totally unfit for matrimony, either present or in prospect, he felt that he had within his breast a double identity, and that that other division of himself would be utterly crushed if it were driven to divest itself of the idea of love. Whence was to come his poetry, the romance of his life, the springs of clear water in which his ignoble thoughts were to be dipped till they should become pure, if love was to be banished altogether from the list of delights that were possible to him? And then he began to speculate on love—that love of which poets wrote, and of which he found that some sparkle was necessary to give light to his life. Was it not the one particle of divine breath given to man, of which he had heard since he was a boy? And how was this love to be come at, and was it to be a thing of reality, or merely an idea? Was it a pleasure to be attained, or a mystery that charmed by the difficulties of the distance—a distance that never could be so passed that the thing should really be reached? Was love to be ever a delight, vague as is that feeling of unattainable beauty which far-off mountains give, when you know that you can never place yourself amid their unseen valleys? And if love could be reached—the love of which the poet sings, and of which his own heart was ever singing—what were to be its pleasures? To press a hand, to kiss a lip, to clasp a waist, to hear even the low voice of the vanquished, confessing loved one as she hides her blushing cheek upon your shoulder, what is it all but to have reached the once mysterious valley of your far-off mountain, and to have found that it is as other valleys—rocks and stones, with a little grass, and a thin stream of running water? But beyond that pressing of the hand, and that kissing of the lips—beyond that short-lived

pressure of the plumage which is common to birds and men—what could love do beyond that? There were children with dirty faces, and household bills, and a wife who must, perhaps, always darn the stockings—and be sometimes cross. Was love to lead only to this—a dull life, with a woman who had lost the beauty from her cheeks, and the gloss from her hair, and the music from her voice, and the fire from her eye, and the grace from her step, and whose waist an arm should no longer be able to span? Did the love of the poets lead to that, and that only? Then, through the cloud of smoke, there came upon him some dim idea of self-abnegation, that the mysterious valley among the mountains, the far-off prospect of which was so charming to him, which made the poetry of his life, was, in fact, the capacity of caring more for other human beings than for himself. The beauty of it all was not so much in the thing loved as in the loving. “Were she a cripple, hunch-backed, eyeless,” he said to himself, “it might be the same. Only, she must be a woman.” Then he blew off a great cloud of smoke, and went into bed lost amid poetry, philosophy, love, and tobacco.

It had been arranged over-night that he was to start the next morning at half-past seven, and Priscilla had promised to give him his breakfast before he went. Priscilla, of course, kept her word. She was one of those women who would take a grim pleasure in coming down to make the tea at any possible hour—at five, at four, if it were needed—and who would never want to go to bed again when the ceremony was performed. But when Nora made her appearance—Nora, who had been called dainty—both Priscilla and Hugh were surprised. They could not say why she was there, nor could Nora tell herself. She had not forgiven him. She had no thought of being gentle and loving to him. She declared to herself that she had no wish of saying good-by to him once again. But yet she was in the room, waiting for him, when he came down to his breakfast. She had been unable to sleep, and had reasoned with herself as to the absurdity of lying in bed awake, when she preferred to be up and out of the house. It was true that she had not been out of her bed at

seven any morning since she had been at Nuncombe Putney, but that was no reason why she should not be more active on this special morning. There was a noise in the house, and she never could sleep when there was a noise. She was quite sure that she was not going down because she wished to see Hugh Stanbury, but she was equally sure that it would be a disgrace to her to be deterred from going down simply because the man was there. So she descended to the parlor, and was standing near the open window when Stanbury bustled into the room some quarter of an hour after the proper time. Priscilla was there also, guessing something of the truth, and speculating whether these two young people, should they love each other, would be the better or the worse for such love. There must be marriages, if only that the world might go on in accordance with the Creator's purpose. But, as far as Priscilla could see, blessed were they who were not called upon to assist in the scheme. To her eyes all days seemed to be days of wrath, and all times times of tribulation. And it was all mere vanity and vexation of spirit. To go on and bear it till one was dead, helping others to bear it, if such help might be of avail, that was her theory of life. To make it pleasant by eating, and drinking, and dancing, or even by falling in love, was, to her mind, a vain crunching of ashes between the teeth. Not to have ill things said of her and of hers, not to be disgraced, not to be rendered incapable of some human effort, not to have actually to starve, such was the extent of her ambition in this world. And for the next, she felt so assured of the goodness of God that she could not bring herself to doubt of happiness in a world that was to be eternal. Her doubt was this, whether it was really the next world which would be eternal. Of eternity she did not doubt; but might there not be many worlds? These things, however, she kept almost entirely to herself. "You down!" Priscilla had said.

"Well, yes; I could not sleep when I heard you all moving. And the morning is so fine, and I thought that perhaps you would go out and walk after your brother has gone." Priscilla promised that she would walk, and then the tea was made.

"Your sister and I are going out for an early walk," said Nora, when she was greeted by Stanbury. Priscilla said nothing, but thought she understood it all.

"I wish I were going with you," said Hugh. Nora, remembering how very little he had made of his opportunity on the evening before, did not believe him.

The eggs and fried bacon were eaten in a hurry, and very little was said. Then there came the moment for parting. The brother and sister kissed each other, and Hugh took Nora by the hand. "I hope you make yourself happy here," he said.

"Oh, yes; if it were only for myself I should want nothing."

"I will do the best I can with Trevelyan."

"The best will be to make him, and every one, understand that the fault is altogether his, and not Emily's."

"The best will be to make each think that there has been no real fault," said Hugh.

"There should be no talking of faults," said Priscilla. "Let the husband take his wife back—as he is bound to do."

These words occupied hardly a minute in the saying, but during that minute Hugh Stanbury held Nora by the hand. He held it fast. She would not attempt to withdraw it, but neither would she return his pressure by the muscle of a single finger. What right had he to press her hand, or to make any sign of love, any pretence of loving, when he had gone out of his way to tell her that she was not good enough for him? Then he started, and Nora and Priscilla put on their hats and left the house.

"Let us go to Niddon Park," said Nora.

"To Niddon Park again?"

"Yes; it is so beautiful! And I should like to see it by the morning light. There is plenty of time."

So they walked to Niddon Park in the morning, as they had done on the preceding evening. Their conversation at first regarded Trevelyan and his wife, and the old trouble; but Nora could not keep herself from speaking of Hugh Stanbury.

"He would not have come," she said, "unless Louis had sent him."

"He would not have come now, I think."

"Of course not; why should he—before Parliament was hardly over, too? But he won't remain in town now, will he?"

"He says somebody must remain, and I think he will be in London till near Christmas."

"How disagreeable! But I suppose he doesn't care. It's all the same to a man like him. They don't shut the clubs up, I daresay. Will he come here at Christmas?"

"Either then or for the New Year—just for a day or two."

"We shall be gone then, I suppose?" said Nora.

"That must depend on Mr. Trevelyan," said Priscilla.

"What a life for two women to lead—to depend on the caprice of a man who must be mad! Do you think that Mr. Trevelyan will care for what your brother says to him?"

"I do not know Mr. Trevelyan."

"He is very fond of your brother, and I suppose men friends do listen to each other. They never seem to listen to women. Don't you think that, after all, they despise women? They look on them as dainty, foolish things."

"Sometimes women despise men," said Priscilla.

"Not very often—do they? And then women are so dependent on men. A woman can get nothing without a man."

"I manage to get on somehow," said Priscilla.

"No, you don't, Miss Stanbury, if you think of it. You want mutton. And who kills the sheep?"

"But who cooks it?"

"But the men-cooks are the best," said Nora; "and the men tailors, and the men to wait at table, and the men-poets, and the men-painters, and the men-nurses. All the things that women do, men do better."

"There are two things they can't do," said Priscilla.

"What are they?"

"They can't suckle babies, and they can't forget themselves."

"About the babies, of course not. As for forgetting themselves, I am not quite so sure that I can forget myself.—That is just where your brother went down last night."

They had at this moment reached the top of the steep slope below which the river ran brawling among the rocks, and Nora seated herself exactly where she had sat on the previous evening.

"I have been down scores of times," said Priscilla.

"Let us go now."

"You wouldn't go when Hugh asked you yesterday."

"I didn't care then. But do come now, if you don't mind the climb." Then they went down the slope and reached the spot from whence Hugh Stanbury had jumped from rock to rock across the stream. "You have never been out there, have you?" said Nora.

"On the rocks? Oh dear, no! I should be sure to fall."

"But he went—just like a goat."

"That's one of the things that men can do, I suppose," said Priscilla. "But I don't see any great glory in being like a goat."

"I do. I should like to be able to go, and I think I'll try. It is so mean to be dainty and weak."

"I don't think it at all dainty to keep dry feet."

"But he didn't get his feet wet," said Nora. "Or if he did, he didn't mind. I can see at once that I should be giddy and tumble down if I tried it."

"Of course you would."

"But he didn't tumble down."

"He has been doing it all his life," said Priscilla.

"He can't do it up in London. When I think of myself, Miss Stanbury, I am so ashamed. There is nothing that I can do. I couldn't write an article for a newspaper."

"I think I could. But I fear no one would read it."

"They read his," said Nora, "or else he wouldn't be paid for writing them." Then they climbed back again up the hill, and during the climbing there were no words spoken. The slope was not much of a hill—was no more than the fall from the low ground of the valley to the course which the river had cut for itself—but it was steep while it lasted, and both the young women were forced to pause for a minute before they could proceed upon their journey. As they walked home Priscilla spoke of the scenery, and of the country, and of the

nature of the life which she and her mother and sister had passed at Nuncombe Putney. Nora said but little till they were just entering the village, and then she went back to the subject of her thoughts. "I would sooner," said she, "write for a newspaper than do anything else in the world."

"Why so?"

"Because it is so noble to teach people every thing! And then a man who writes for a newspaper must know so many things himself! I believe there are women who do it, but very few. One or two have done it, I know."

"Go and tell that to Aunt Stanbury, and hear what she will say about such women."

"I suppose she is very—prejudiced."

"Yea, she is; but she is a clever woman. I am inclined to think women had better not write for newspapers."

"And why not?" Nora asked.

"My reasons would take me a week to explain, and I doubt whether I have them very clear in my own head. In the first place, there is that difficulty about the babies. Most of them must get married, you know."

"But not all," said Nora.

"No, thank God, not all."

"And if you are not married you might write for a newspaper. At any rate, if I were you, I should be very proud of my brother."

"Aunt Stanbury is not at all proud of her nephew," said Priscilla as they entered the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A THIRD PARTY IS SO OBJECTIONABLE.

HUGH STANBURY went in search of Trevelyan immediately on his return to London, and found his friend at his rooms in Lincoln's Inn.

"I have executed my commission," said Hugh, endeavoring to speak of what he had done in a cheery voice.

"I am much obliged to you, Stanbury—very much; but I do not know that I need trouble you to tell me anything about it."

"And why not?"

"I have learned it all from that—man."

"What man?"

"From Bozzle. He has come back,

and has been with me, and has learned everything."

"Look here, Trevelyan; when you asked me to go down to Devonshire, you promised me that there should be nothing more about Bozzle. I expect you to put that rascal, and all that he has told you, out of your head altogether. You are bound to do so for my sake, and you will be very wise to do so for your own."

"I was obliged to see him when he came."

"Yes, and to pay him, I do not doubt. But that is all done, and should be forgotten."

"I can't forget it. Is it true or untrue that he found that man down there? Is it true or untrue that my wife received Colonel Osborne at your mother's house? Is it true or untrue that Colonel Osborne went down there with the express object of seeing her? Is it true or untrue that they had corresponded? It is nonsense to bid me to forget all this. You might as well ask me to forget that I had desired her neither to write to him nor to see him."

"If I understand the matter," said Trevelyan, "you are incorrect in one of your assertions."

"In which?"

"You must excuse me if I am wrong, Trevelyan, but I don't think you ever did tell your wife not to see this man, or not to write to him."

"I never told her! I don't understand what you mean."

"Not in so many words. It is my belief that she has endeavored to obey implicitly every clear instruction that you have given her."

"You are wrong—absolutely and altogether wrong. Heaven and earth! Do you mean to tell me now, after all that has taken place, that she did not know my wishes?"

"I have not said that. But you have chosen to place her in such a position that, though your word would go for much with her, she cannot bring herself to respect your wishes."

"And you call that being dutiful and affectionate!"

"I call it human and reasonable, and I think that it is compatible with duty and affection. Have you consulted her wishes?"

"Always!"

"Consult them now then, and bid her come back to you."

"No—never! As far as I can see, I will never do so. The moment she is away from me this man goes to her, and she receives him. She must have known that she was wrong—and you must know it."

"I do not think that she is half so wrong as you yourself," said Stanbury.

To this Trevelyan made no answer, and they both remained silent some minutes. Stanbury had a communication to make before he went, but it was one which he wished to delay as long as there was a chance that his friend's heart might be softened—one which he need not make if Trevelyan would consent to receive his wife back to his house. There was the day's paper lying on the table, and Stanbury had taken it up and was reading it—or pretending to read it.

"I will tell you what I propose to do," said Trevelyan.

"Well."

"It is best both for her and for me that we should be apart."

"I cannot understand how you can be so mad as to say so."

"You don't understand what I feel. Heaven and earth! To have a man coming and going—But, never mind. You do not see it, and nothing will make you see it. And there is no reason why you should."

"I certainly do not see it. I do not believe that your wife cares more for Colonel Osborne, except as an old friend of her father's, than she does for the fellow that sweeps the crossing. It is a matter in which I am bound to tell you what I think."

"Very well. Now, if you have freed your mind, I will tell you my purpose. I am bound to do so, because your people are concerned in it. I shall go abroad."

"And leave her in England?"

"Certainly. She will be safer here than she can be abroad—unless she should choose to go back with her father to the islands."

"And take the boy?"

"No—I could not permit that. What I intend is this. I will give her £800 a year as long as I have reason to believe that she has no communication whatever,

either by word of mouth, or by letter, with that man. If she does, I will put the case immediately into the hands of my lawyer, with instructions to him to ascertain from counsel what severest steps I can take."

"How I hate that word severe, when applied to a woman."

"I dare say you do—when applied to another man's wife. But there will be no severity in my first proposition. As for the child—if I approve of the place in which she lives, as I do at present—he shall remain with her for nine months in the year till he is six years old. Then he must come to me. And he shall come to me altogether if she sees or hears from that man. I believe that £800 a year will enable her to live with all comfort under your mother's roof."

"As to that," said Stanbury slowly, "I suppose I had better tell you at once that the Nuncombe Putney arrangement cannot be considered as permanent."

"Why not?"

"Because my mother is timid, and nervous, and altogether unused to the world."

"That unfortunate woman is to be sent away, even from Nuncombe Putney!"

"Understand me, Trevelyan."

"I understand you. I understand you most thoroughly. Nor do I wonder at it in the least. Do not suppose that I am angry with your mother, or with you, or with your sister. I have no right to expect that they should keep her after that man has made his way into their house. I can well conceive that no honest, high-minded lady would do so."

"It is not that at all."

"But it is that. How can you tell me that it isn't? And yet you would have me believe that I am not disgraced?" As he said this Trevelyan got up, and walked about the room, tearing his hair with his hands. He was in truth a wretched man, from whose mind all expectation of happiness was banished, who regarded his own position as one of incurable ignominy, looking upon himself as one who had been made unfit for society by no fault of his own. What was he to do with the wretched woman could be kept from the evil of her pernicious vanity by no gentle custody, whom no most distant retirement would make

safe from the effects of her own ignorance, folly, and obstinacy? "When is she to go?" he asked in a low, sepulchral tone, as though these new tidings that had come upon him had been fatal—laden with doom, and finally subversive of all chance even of tranquillity.

"When you and she may please."

"That is all very well, but let me know the truth. I would not have your mother's house—contaminated; but may she remain there for a week?"

Stanbury jumped from his seat with an oath. "I tell you what it is, Trevelyan, if you speak of your wife in that way I will not listen to you. It is unmanly and untrue to say that her presence can—contaminate any house."

"That is very fine. It may be chivalrous in you to tell me on her behalf that I am a liar—and that I am not a man."

"You drive me to it."

"But what am I to think when you are forced to declare that this unfortunate woman cannot be allowed to remain at your mother's house—a house which has been especially taken with reference to a shelter for her? She has been received, with the idea that she would be discreet. She has been indiscreet past belief, and she is to be turned out—most deservedly. Heaven and earth! Where shall I find a roof for her head?" Trevelyan as he said this was walking about the room with his hands stretched up toward the ceiling; and as his friend was attempting to make him comprehend that there was no intention on the part of any one to banish Mrs. Trevelyan from the Clock House, at least for some months to come—not even till after Christmas unless some satisfactory arrangement could be sooner made—the door of the room was opened by the boy who called himself a clerk, and who acted as Trevelyan's servant in the chambers, and a third person was shown into the room. That third person was Mr. Bozzle. As no name was given, Stanbury did not at first know Mr. Bozzle, but he had not had his eye on Mr. Bozzle for half a minute before he recognized the ex-policeman by the outward attributes and signs of his profession.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Bozzle?" said Trevelyan, as soon as the great man had made his bow of salutation. "Well, what is it?"

"Mr. Hugh Stanbury, I think," said Bozzle, making another bow to the young barrister.

"That's my name," said Stanbury.

"Exactly so, Mr. S. The identity is one as I could prove on oath in any court in England. You was on the railway platform at Exeter on Saturday, when we was waiting for the 12 express 'buss; wasn't you now, Mr. S.?"

"What's that to you?"

"Well, as it do happen, it is something to me. And, Mr. S., if you was asked that question in hany court in England, or before even one of the metropolitan bekes, you wouldn't deny it."

"Why the devil should I deny it? What's all this about, Trevelyan?"

"Of course you can't deny it, Mr. S. When I'm down on a fact, I am down on it. Nothing else won't do in my profession."

"Have you anything to say to me, Mr. Bozzle?" asked Trevelyan,

"Well, I have; just a word."

"About your journey to Devonshire?"

"Well, in a way it is about my journey to Devonshire. It's all along of the same job, Mr. Trewillian."

"You can speak before my friend, here," said Trevelyan. Bozzle had taken a great dislike to Hugh Stanbury, regarding the barrister with a correct instinct as one who was engaged for the time in the same service with himself, and who was his rival in that service. When thus instigated to make, as it were, a party of three in this delicate and most confidential matter, and to take his rival into his confidence, he shook his head slowly, and looked Trevelyan hard in the face—"Mr. Stanbury is my particular friend," said Trevelyan, "and knows well the circumstances of this unfortunate affair. You can say anything before him."

Bozzle shook his head again. "I'd rather not, Mr. Trewillian," said he. "Indeed I'd rather not. It's something very particular."

"If you take my advice," said Stanbury, "you will not hear him yourself."

"That's your advice, Mr. S.?" asked Mr. Bozzle.

"Yes, that's my advice. I'd never have anything to do with such a fellow as you as long as I could help it."

"I dare say not, Mr. S.; I dare say not."

We're he xpensive and we're haocrate: neither of which is much in your line, Mr. S., if I understand about it rightly."

"Mr. Bozzle, if you've got anything to tell, tell it," said Trevelyan, angrily.

"A third party is so objectionable," pleaded Bozzle.

"Never mind. That is my affair."

"It is your affair, Mr. Trewillian. There's not a doubt of that. The lady is your wife."

"Damnation!" shouted Trevelyan.

"But the credit, sir," said Bozzle.

"The credit is mine. And here is Mr. S. has been down a interfering with me, and doing no 'varsal good, as I'll undertake to prove by evidence before the affair is over."

"The affair is over," said Stanbury.

"That's as you think, Mr. S. That's where your information goes to, Mr. S. Mine goes a little beyond that, Mr. S. I've means as you can know nothing about, Mr. S. I've irons in the fire, what you're as ignorant on as the babe as isn't born."

"No doubt you have, Mr. Bozzle," said Stanbury.

"I has. And now if it be that I must speak before a third party, Mr. Trewillian, I'm ready. It ain't that I'm no-ways ashamed. I've done my duty, and knows how to do it. And let a counsel be ever so sharp, I never yet was so 'posed but what I could stand up and hold my own. The Colonel, Mr. Trewillian, got—a letter—from your lady—this morning."

"I don't believe it," said Stanbury, sharply.

"Very likely not, Mr. S. It ain't in my power to say anything whatever about you believing or not believing. But Mr. T.'s lady has wrote the letter, and the Colonel, he has received it. You don't look after these things, Mr. S. You don't know the ways of 'em. But it's my business. The lady has wrote the letter, and the Colonel—why, he has received it." Trevelyan had become white with rage when Bozzle first mentioned this continued correspondence between his wife and Colonel Osborne. It never occurred to him to doubt the correctness of the policeman's information, and he regarded Stanbury's assertion of incredulity as being simply of a piece with his general obaginary in the matter. At this

moment he began to regret that he had called in the assistance of his friend, and that he had not left the affair altogether in the hands of that much more satisfactory, but still more painful, agent, Mr. Bozzle. He had again seated himself, and for a moment or two remained silent on his chair. "It ain't my fault, Mr. Trewillian," continued Bozzle, "if this little matter oughtn't never to have been mentioned before a third party."

"It is of no moment," said Trevelyan, in a low voice. "What does it signify who knows it now?"

"Do not believe it, Trevelyan," said Stanbury.

"Very well, Mr. S. Very well. Just as you like. Don't believe it. Only it's true, and it's my business to find them things out. It's my business, and I finds 'em out. Mr. Trewillian can do as he likes about it. If it's right, why, then it is right. It ain't for me to say nothing about that. But there's the fact. The lady, she has wrote another letter, and the Colonel—why, he has received it. There ain't nothing wrong about the post office. If I was to say what was inside of that billydon—why, then I should be proving what I didn't know; and when it came to standing up in court, I shouldn't be able to hold my own. But as for the letter, the lady wrote it, and the Colonel—he received it."

"That will do, Mr. Bozzle," said Trevelyan.

"Shall I call again, Mr. Trewillian?"

"No—yes. I'll send to you when I want you. You shall hear from me."

"I suppose I'd better be keeping my eyes open about the Colonel's place, Mr. Trewillian?"

"For God's sake, Trevelyan, do not have anything more to do with this man!"

"That's all very well for you, Mr. S.," said Bozzle. "The lady ain't your wife."

"Can you imagine anything more disgraceful than all this?" said Stanbury.

"Nothing; nothing; nothing!" answered Trevelyan.

"And I'm to keep stirring, and be on the move?" again suggested Bozzle, who prudently required to be fortified by instructions before he devoted his time and talents even to so agreeable a pursuit as that in which he had been engaged.

"You shall hear from me," said Trevelyan.

"Very well, very well. I wish you a good-day, Mr. Trewillian. Mr. S., yours most obedient. There was one other point, Mr. Trewillian."

"What point?" asked Trevelyan, angrily.

"If the lady was to join the Colonel—"

"That will do, Mr. Bozzle," said Trevelyan, again jumping up from his chair. "That will do." So saying, he opened the door, and Bozzle, with a bow, took his departure. "What on earth am I to do? How am I to save her?" said the wretched husband, appealing to his friend.

Stanbury endeavored with all his eloquence to prove that this latter piece of information from the spy must be incorrect. If such a letter had been written by Mrs. Trevelyan to Colonel Osborne, it must have been done while he, Stanbury, was staying at the Clock House. This seemed to him to be impossible, but he could hardly explain why it should be impossible. She had written to the man before, and had received him when he came to Nuncombe Putney. Why was it even improbable that she should have written to him again? Nevertheless, Stanbury felt sure that she had sent no such letter. "I think I understand her feelings and her mind," said he; "and if so, any such correspondence would be incompatible with her previous conduct." Trevelyan only smiled at this—or pretended to smile. He would not discuss the question, but believed implicitly what Bozzle had told him in spite of all Stanbury's arguments. "I can say nothing further," said Stanbury.

"No, my dear fellow. There is nothing further to be said except this, that I will have my unfortunate wife removed from the decent protection of your mother's roof with the least possible delay. I feel that I owe Mrs. Stanbury the deepest apology for having sent such an inmate to trouble her repose."

"Nonsense!"

"That is what I feel."

"And I say that it is nonsense. If you had never sent that wretched black-guard down to fabricate lies at Nuncombe Putney, my mother's repose would have been all right. As it is, Mrs. Tre-

velyan can remain where she is till after Christmas. There is not the least necessity for removing her at once. I only meant to say that the arrangement should not be regarded as altogether permanent. I must go my work now. Good-by."

"Good-by, Stanbury."

Stanbury paused at the door, and then once more turned round.

"I suppose it is of no use my saying anything further; but I wish you to understand fully that I regard your wife as a woman much ill-used, and I think you are punishing her, and yourself, too, with a cruel severity for an indiscretion of the very slightest kind."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. TREVELYAN'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

TREVELYAN, when he was left alone, sat for above a couple of hours contemplating the misery of his position, and endeavoring to teach himself by thinking what ought to be his future conduct. It never occurred to him during these thoughts that it would be well that he should at once take back his wife, either as a matter of duty or of welfare, for himself or for her. He had taught himself to believe that she had disgraced him; and, though this feeling of disgrace made him so wretched that he wished that he were dead, he would allow himself to make no attempt at questioning the correctness of his conviction. Though he were to be shipwrecked forever, even that seemed to be preferable to supposing that he had been wrong. Nevertheless, he loved his wife dearly, and, in the white heat of his anger, endeavored to be merciful to her. When Stanbury accused him of severity, he would not condescend to defend himself, but he told himself then of his great mercy. Was he not as fond of his own boy as any other father, and had he not allowed her to take the child because he had felt that a mother's love was more imperious, more craving in its nature, than the love of a father? Had that been severe? And had he not resolved to allow her every comfort which her unfortunate position—the self-imposed misfortune of her position—would allow her to enjoy? She had come to him without a shilling; and yet, bad as her treatment of him

had been, he was willing to give enough not only to support her, but her sister also, with every comfort. Severe! No; that at least was an undeserved accusation. He had been anything but severe. Foolish he might have been in taking a wife from a home in which she had been unable to learn the discretion of a matron; too trusting he had been, and too generous, but certainly not severe. But, of course, as he said to himself, a young man like Stanbury would take the part of a woman with whose sister he was in love. Then he turned his thoughts upon Bozzle, and there came over him a crushing feeling of ignominy, shame, moral dirt, and utter degradation, as he reconsidered his dealings with that ingenious gentleman. He was paying a rogue to watch the steps of a man whom he hated, to pry into the home secrets, to read the letters, to bribe the servants, to record the movements of this rival, this successful rival, in his wife's affections! It was a filthy thing, and yet what could he do? Gentlemen of old, his own grandfather or his father, would have taken such a fellow as Colonel Osborne by the throat and have caned him, and afterward would have shot him, or have stood to be shot. All that was changed now, but it was not his fault that it was changed. He was willing enough to risk his life, could an opportunity of risking it in this cause be obtained for him. But were he to cudgel Colonel Osborne he would be simply arrested, and he would then be told that he had disgraced himself foully by striking a man old enough to be his father!

How was he to avoid the employment of some such man as Bozzle? He had also employed a gentleman, his friend, Mr. Stanbury, and what was the result? The facts were not altered. Even Stanbury did not attempt to deny that there had been a correspondence, and that there had been a visit. But Stanbury was so blind to all impropriety, or pretended such blindness, that he defended that which all the world agreed in condemning. Of what use had Stanbury been to him? He had wanted facts, not advice. Stanbury had found out no facts for him; but Bozzle, either by fair means or foul, did get at the truth. He did not doubt but that Boz-

zle was right about that letter written only yesterday, and received on that very morning. His wife, who had probably been complaining of her wrongs to Stanbury, must have retired from that conversation to her chamber, and immediately have written this letter to her lover! With such a woman as that what can be done in these days otherwise than by the aid of such a one as Bozzle? He could not confine his wife in a dungeon; he could not save himself from the disgrace of her misconduct, by any rigors of surveillance on his own part. As wives are managed nowadays, he could not forbid to her the use of the post-office, could not hinder her from seeing this hypocritical scoundrel, who carried on his wickedness under the false guise of family friendship. He had given her every chance to amend her conduct; but, if she were resolved on disobedience, he had no means of enforcing obedience. The facts, however, it was necessary that he should know.

And now, what should he do? How should he go to work to make her understand that she could not write even a letter without his knowing it; and that if she did either write to the man or see him he would immediately take the child from her, and provide for her only in such fashion as the law should demand from him? For himself, and for his own life, he thought that he had determined what he would do. It was impossible that he should continue to live in London. He was ashamed to enter a club. He had hardly a friend to whom it was not an agony to speak. They who knew him knew also of his disgrace, and no longer asked him to their houses. For days past he had eaten alone, and sat alone, and walked alone. All study was impossible to him. No pursuit was open to him. He spent his time in thinking of his wife, and of the disgrace which she had brought upon him. Such a life as this, he knew, was unmanly and shameful, and it was absolutely necessary for him that he should in some way change it. He would go out of England, and would travel, if only he could so dispose of his wife that she might be safe from any possible communication with Colonel Osborne. If that could be effected, nothing that money could do should be spared for her. If that could

not be effected he would remain at home—and crush her.

That night before he went to bed he wrote a letter to his wife, which was as follows:

"DEAR EMILY,—I have learned, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that you have corresponded with Colonel Osborne since you have been at Nuncombe Putney, and also that you have seen him there. This has been done in direct opposition to my expressed wishes, and I feel myself compelled to tell you that such conduct is disgraceful to you, and disgracing to me. I am quite at a loss to understand how you can reconcile to yourself so flagrant a disobedience of my instructions, and so perverse a disregard to the opinion of the world at large.

"But I do not write now for the sake of finding fault with you. It is too late for me to have any hope that I can do so with good effect, either as regards your credit or my happiness. Nevertheless, it is my duty to protect both you and myself from further shame, and I wish to tell you what are my intentions with that view. In the first place, I warn you that I keep a watch on you. The doing so is very painful to me, but it is absolutely necessary. You cannot see Colonel Osborne, or write to him, without my knowing it. I pledge you my word that in either case—that is, if you correspond with him or see him—I will at once take our boy away from you. I will not allow him to remain, even with a mother, who shall so misconduct herself. Should Colonel Osborne address a letter to you, I desire that you will put it under an envelope addressed to me.

"If you obey my commands on this head I will leave our boy with you nine months out of every year till he shall be six years old. Such, at least, is my present idea, though I will not positively bind myself to adhere to it. And I will allow you £800 per year for your own maintenance and that of your sister. I am greatly grieved to find from my friend Stanbury that your conduct in reference to Colonel Osborne has been such as to make it necessary that you should leave Mrs. Stanbury's house. I do not wonder that it should be so. I shall immediately seek for a future home

for you, and when I have found one is suitable, I will have you conveyed thither.

"I must now further explain my purposes, and I must beg you to remember that I am driven to do so by your disobedience to my expressed wishes. Should there be any further communication between you and Colonel Osborne, not only will I take your child away from you, but I will also limit the allowance to be made to you to a bare subsistence. In such case I shall put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and shall probably feel myself driven to take steps toward freeing myself from a communication which will be disgraceful to my name.

"For myself, I shall live abroad, regarding the greater part of the year. London has become to me uninhabitable, and all English pleasures are distasteful to me.

Yours affectionately,
"LOUIS TREVELY"

When he had finished this letter, he twice, and believed that he had written it, if not an affectionate, at any rate a moderate letter. He had no doubt of the pity which he felt for himself, and the reference to the injury which was done to him, and he thought that the offers which he was making, both as respects to his child and the money such as to entitle him to his wife's best gratitude. He hardly recollects the force of the language which he used when he told her that her conduct was disgraceful, and that she had disgraced his name. He was quite unable to see at the whole question between him and his wife from her point of view, and he conceived it possible that such a letter as his wife should be told that his conduct would be watched, and that she should be threatened with the loss of the Court with an effect that should be the whole, be salutary. There be no bad men either, and men, uneducated, or unintelligent, or irregular in ordinary matters, who seem to be absolutely unfitted by nature to have the custody or guardianship of other women in the hands of such a man, hardly save herself or him from trouble. It may be that between a man and his wife events shall fall so evenly that no ruling, no constraint is necessary—that even the giving of a vice is never called for by the circumstances.

stances of the day. If the man be happily forced to labor daily for his living till he be weary, and the wife be laden with many ordinary cares, the routine of life may run on without storms; but for such a one, if he be without work, the management of a wife will be a task full of peril. The lesson may be learned at last; he may after years come to perceive how much and how little of guidance the partner of his life requires at his hands, and he may be taught how that guidance should be given; but in the learning of the lesson there will be sorrow and gnashing of teeth. It was so now with this man. He loved his wife. To a certain extent he still trusted her. He did not believe that she would be faithless to him after the fashion of women who are faithless altogether. But he was jealous of authority, fearful of slights, self-conscious, afraid of the world, and utterly ignorant of the nature of a woman's mind.

He carried the letter with him in his pocket throughout the next morning, and in the course of the day he called upon Lady Milborough. Though he was obstinately bent on acting in accordance with his own views, yet he was morbidly desirous of discussing the grievousness of his position with his friends. He went to Lady Milborough, asking for her advice, but desirous simply of being encouraged by her to do that which he was resolved to do on his own judgment.

"Down—after her—to Nuncombe Putney!" said Lady Milborough, holding up both her hands.

"Yes, he has been there. And she has been weak enough to see him."

"My dear Louis, take her to Naples at once—at once."

"It is too late for that now, Lady Milborough."

"Too late! Oh no. She has been foolish, indiscreet, disobedient—what you will of that kind. But, Louis, don't send her away; don't you send your young wife away from you. Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"I cannot consent to live with a wife with whom neither my wishes nor my word have the slightest effect. I may believe of her what I please; but think what the world will believe! I cannot

disgrace myself by living with a woman who persists in holding intercourse with a man whom the world speaks of as her lover."

"Take her to Naples," said Lady Milborough, with all the energy of which she was capable.

"I can take her nowhere, nor will I see her, till she has given proof that her whole conduct toward me has been altered. I have written a letter to her, and I have brought it. Will you excuse me if I ask you to take the trouble to read it?"

Then he handed Lady Milborough the letter, which she read very slowly, and with much care.

"I don't think I would—would—would—"

"Would what?" demanded Trevelyan.

"Don't you think that what you say is a little—just a little prone to make—to make the breach perhaps wider?"

"No, Lady Milborough. In the first place, how can it be wider?"

"You might take her back, you know; and then if you could only get to Naples!"

"How can I take her back while she is corresponding with this man?"

"She wouldn't correspond with him at Naples."

Trevelyan shook his head and became cross. His old friend would not at all do as old friends are expected to do when called upon for advice.

"I think," said he, "that what I have proposed is both just and generous."

"But, Louis, why should there be any separation?"

"She has forced it upon me. She is headstrong, and will not be ruled."

"But this about disgracing you. Do you think that you must say that?"

"I think I must, because it is true. If I do not tell her the truth, who is there that will do so? It may be bitter now, but I think that it is for her welfare."

"Dear, dear, dear!"

"I want nothing for myself, Lady Milborough."

"I am sure of that, Louis."

"My whole happiness was in my home. No man cared less for going out than I did. My child and my wife were everything to me. I don't suppose that I was ever seen at a club in the

evening once throughout a season. And she might have had anything that she liked—anything! It is hard, Lady Milborough, is it not?"

Lady Milborough, who had seen the angry brow, did not dare to suggest Naples again. But yet, if any word might be spoken to prevent this utter wreck of a home, how good a thing it would be! He had got up to leave her, but she stopped him by holding his hand. "For better, for worse, Louis; remember that!"

"Why has she forgotten it?"

"She is flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone. And for the boy's sake! Think of your boy, Louis. Do not send that letter. Sleep on it, Louis, and think of it."

"I have slept on it."

"There is no promise in it of forgiveness after a while. It is written as though you intended that she should never come back to you."

"That shall be as she behaves herself."

"But tell her so. Let there be some one bright spot in what you say to her, on which her mind may fix itself. If she be not altogether hardened, that letter will drive her to despair."

But Trevelyan would not give up the letter, nor indicate by a word that he would reconsider the question of its propriety. He escaped as soon as he could from Lady Milborough's room, and almost declared as he did so that he would never enter her doors again. She had utterly failed to see the matter in the proper light. When she talked of Naples she must surely have been unable to comprehend the extent of the ill-usage to which he, the husband, had been subjected. How was it possible that he should live under the same roof with a wife who claimed to herself the right of receiving visitors of whom he disapproved—a visitor—a gentleman—one whom the world called her lover? He gnashed his teeth and clenched his fist as he thought of his old friend's ignorance of the very first law in a married man's code of laws.

But yet when he was out in the streets he did not post his letter at once, but thought of it throughout the whole day, trying to prove the weight of every phrase that he had used. Once

or twice his heart almost relented. Once he had the letter in his hand that he might tear it. But he did not tear it. He put it back in his pocket, and thought again of his grievance. Surely it was his first duty in such an emergency to be firm!

It was certainly a wretched life that he was leading. In the evening he went all alone to an eating-house for his dinner, and then, sitting with a miserable glass of sherry before him, he again read and re-read the epistle which he had written. Every harsh word that it contained was, in some sort, pleasant to his ear. She had hit him hard, and should he not hit her again? And then, was it not his bounden duty to let her know the truth? Yes; it was his duty to be firm.

So he went out and posted the letter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GREAT TRIBULATION.

TREVELYAN's letter to his wife fell like a thunderbolt among them at Nuncombe Putney. Mrs. Trevelyan was altogether unable to keep it to herself; indeed she made no attempt at doing so. Her husband had told her that she was to be banished from the Clock House because her present hostess was unable to endure her misconduct, and of course she demanded the reasons of the charge that was brought against her. When she first read the letter, which she did in the presence of her sister, she towered in her passion.

"Disgraced him! I have never disgraced him. It is he that has disgraced me. Correspondence! Yes; he shall see it all. Unjust, ignorant, foolish man! He does not remember that the last instructions he really gave me were to bid me to see Colonel Osborne. Take my boy away! Yes. Of course, I am a woman, and must suffer. I will write to Colonel Osborne, and will tell him the truth, and will send my letter to Louis. He shall know how he has ill-treated me! I will not take a penny of his money—not a penny. Maintain you! I believe he thinks that we are beggars. Leave this house because of my conduct! What can Mrs. Stanbury have said? What can any of them have said? I will demand to be told.

Free himself from the connection! Oh, Nora, Nora! that it should come to this! that I should be thus threatened, who have been as innocent as a baby! If it were not for my child, I think that I should destroy myself!"

Nora said what she could to comfort her sister, insisting chiefly on the promise that the child should not be taken away. There was no doubt as to the husband's power in the mind of either of them; and though, as regarded herself, Mrs. Trevelyan would have defied her husband, let his power be what it might, yet she acknowledged to herself that she was in some degree restrained by the fear that she would find herself deprived of her only comfort.

"We must just go where he bids us—till papa comes," said Nora.

"And when papa is here, what help will there be then? He will not let me go back to the islands with my boy. For myself I might die, or get out of his way anywhere. I can see that. Priscilla Stanbury is right when she says that no woman should trust herself to any man. Disgraced! That I should live to be told by husband that I had disgraced him—by a lover!"

There was some sort of agreement made between the two sisters as to the manner in which Priscilla should be interrogated respecting the sentence of banishment which had been passed. They both agreed that it would be useless to make inquiry of Mrs. Stanbury. If any thing had really been said to justify the statement made in Mr. Trevelyan's letter, it must have come from Priscilla, and have reached Trevelyan through Priscilla's brother. They, both of them, had sufficiently learned the ways of the house to be sure that Mrs. Stanbury had not been the person active in the matter. They went down, therefore, together, and found Priscilla seated at her desk in the parlor. Mrs. Stanbury was also in the room, and it had been presumed between the sisters that the interrogation should be made in that lady's absence; but Mrs. Trevelyan was too hot in the matter for restraint, and she at once opened out her budget of grievance.

"I have a letter from my husband," she said, and then paused. But Priscilla, seeing from the fire in her eyes that she was much moved, made no reply, but

turned to listen to what might further be said. "I do not know why I should trouble you with his suspicions," continued Mrs. Trevelyan, "or read to you what he says about—Colonel Osborne." As she spoke she was holding her husband's letter open in her hands. "There is nothing in it you do not know. He says I have corresponded with him. So I have; and he shall see the correspondence. He says that Colonel Osborne visited me. He did come to see me and Nora."

"As any other old man might have done," said Nora.

"It was not likely that I should openly confess myself to be afraid to see my father's old friend. But the truth is, my husband does not know what a woman is."

She had begun by declaring that she would not trouble her friend with any statement of her husband's complaints against her; but now she had made her way to the subject, and could hardly refrain herself. Priscilla understood this, and thought it would be wise to interrupt her by a word that might bring her back to her original purpose.

"Is there anything," said she, "which we can do to help you?"

"To help me? No; God only can help me. But Louis informs me that I am to be turned out of this house because you demand that we should go."

"Who says that?" exclaimed Mrs. Stanbury.

"My husband. Listen; this is what he says: 'I am greatly grieved to hear from my friend Mr. Stanbury that your conduct in reference to Colonel Osborne has been such as to make it necessary that you should leave Mrs. Stanbury's house.' Is that true? Is that true?" In her general mode of carrying herself, and of enduring the troubles of her life, Mrs. Trevelyan was a strong woman; but now her grief was too much for her, and she burst out into tears. "I am the most unfortunate woman that ever was born!" she sobbed out through her tears.

"I never said you were to go," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"But your son has told Mr. Trevelyan that we must go," said Nora, who felt that her sense of injury against Hugh Stanbury was greatly increased by what

had taken place. To her mind he was the person most important in the matter. Why had he desired that they should be sent away from the Clock House? She was very angry with him, and declared to herself that she hated him with all her heart. For this man she had sent away that other lover—a lover who had really loved her! And she had even confessed that it was so!

"There is a misunderstanding about this," said Priscilla.

"It must be with your brother, then," said Nora.

"I think not," said Priscilla. "I think that it has been with Mr. Trevelyan." Then she went on to explain, with much difficulty, but still with a slow distinctness that was peculiar to her, what had really taken place. "We have endeavored," she said, "to show you—my mother and I—that we have not misjudged you; but it is certainly true that I told my brother that I did not think the arrangement a good one, quite as a permanence." It was very difficult, and her cheeks were red as she spoke, and her lips faltered. It was an exquisite pain to her to have to give the pain which her words would convey; but there was no help for it, as she said to herself more than once at the time—there was nothing to be done but to tell the truth.

"I never said so," blurted out Mrs. Stanbury, with her usual weakness.

"No, mother. It was my saying. In discussing what was best for us all with Hugh, I told him what I have just now explained."

"Then of course we must go," said Mrs. Trevelyan who had gulped down her sobs and was resolved to be firm—to give way to no more tears, to bear all without sign of womanly weakness.

"You will stay with us till your father comes," said Priscilla.

"Of course you will," said Mrs. Stanbury, "you and Nora. We have got to be such friends now."

"No," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "As to friendship for me, it is out of the question. We must pack up, Nora, and go somewhere. Heaven knows where!"

Nora was now sobbing. "Why your brother should want to turn us out—after he has sent us here."

"My brother wants nothing of the

kind," said Priscilla. "Your sis no better friend than my brother.

"It will be better, Nora, to the matter no further," said Mr. Trevelyan. "We must go away—where; and the sooner the better. An unwelcome guest is always but to be unwelcome for such as this is terrible."

"There is no reason," said Mr. Trevelyan; "indeed there is none."

"Mrs. Trevelyan will understand better when she is less excited," said Priscilla. "I am not surprised that she should be indignant now. I can say again that we hope you will stay with us till Sir Marmaduke Rowley comes to be in England."

"That is not what your brother means," said Nora.

"Nor is it what I mean," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "Nora, we had better go to our own room. I suppose I will write to my husband; indeed, if I must, that I may send him—the spondence. I fear I cannot write into the street, Mrs. Stanbury, and you quit of me, till I hear from Hugh. And if I were to go to an inn, as people would speak ill of me; I have no money."

"My dear, how can you think a thing!" said Mrs. Stanbury.

"But you may be quite sure that I shall be gone within three days—at the furthest. Indeed I will myself not to remain longer than even though I should have to go to a poor-house. Neither I nor my mother will stay in any family—to content it. Come, Nora." And, so speaking, she sailed out of the room, and Mr. Trevelyan followed her.

"Why did you say any thing like that? Oh dear, oh dear! why did you speak to Hugh? See what you have done?"

"I am sorry that I did speak," said Priscilla, slowly.

"Sorry! Of course you are sorry, but what good is that?"

"But, mother, I do not think that I was wrong. I feel sure that I have no fault in all this with Mr. Trevelyan. It has been all through. He should have written to her as he has done."

"I suppose Hugh did tell him."

"No doubt—and I told Hugh

not after the fashion in which he has told her. I blame myself mostly for this—that we ever consented to come to this house. We had no business here. Who is to pay the rent?”

“Hugh insisted upon taking it.”

“Yes; and he will pay the rent; and we shall be a drag upon him, as though he had been fool enough to have a wife and a family of his own. And what good have we done? We had not strength enough to say that that wicked man should not see her when he came; for he is a wicked man.”

“If we had done that she would have been as bad then as she is now.”

“Mother, we had no business to meddle either with her badness or her goodness. What had we to do with the wife of such a one as Mr. Trevelyan, or with any woman who was separated from her husband?”

“It was Hugh who thought we should be of service to them.”

“Yes; and I do not blame him. He is in a position to be of service to people. He can do work and earn money, and has a right to think and to speak. We have a right to think only for ourselves, and we should not have yielded to him. How are we to get back again out of this house to our cottage?”

“They are pulling the cottage down, Priscilla.”

“To some other cottage, mother. Do you not feel while we are living here that we are pretending to be what we are not? After all, Aunt Stanbury was right, though it was not her business to meddle with us. We should never have come here. That poor woman now regards us as her bitter enemies.”

“I meant to do for the best,” said Mrs. Stanbury.

“The fault was mine, mother.”

“But you meant it for the best, my dear.”

“Meaning for the best is trash. I don’t know that I did mean it for the best. While we were at the cottage we paid our way and were honest. What is it people say of us now?”

“They can’t say any harm.”

“They say that we are paid by the husband to keep his wife, and paid again by the lover to betray the husband.”

“Priscilla!”

“Yes; it is shocking enough. But

that comes of people going out of their proper course. We were too humble and low to have a right to take any part in such a matter. How true it is that while one crouches to the ground one can never fall.”

The matter was discussed in the Clock House all day between Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla, and between Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora, in their rooms and in the garden, but nothing could come of such discussions. No change could be made till further instructions should have been received from the angry husband, nor could any kind of argument be even invented by Priscilla which might be efficacious in inducing the two ladies to remain at the Clock House, even should Mr. Trevelyan allow them to do so. They all felt the intolerable injustice, as it appeared to them, of their subjection to the caprice of an unreasonable and ill-conditioned man; but to all of them it seemed plain enough that in this matter the husband must exercise his own will—at any rate, till Sir Marmaduke should be in England. There were many difficulties throughout the day. Mrs. Trevelyan would not go down to dinner, sending word that she was ill, and that she would, if she were allowed, have some tea in her own room. And Nora said that she would remain with her sister. Priscilla went to them more than once; and late in the evening they all met in the parlor. But any conversation seemed to be impossible; and Mrs. Trevelyan, as she went up to her room at night, again declared that she would rid the house of her presence as soon as possible.

One thing, however, was done on that melancholy day. Mrs. Trevelyan wrote to her husband, and inclosed Colonel Osborne’s letter to herself, and a copy of her reply. The reader will hardly require to be told that no such further letter had been written by her as that of which Bozzle had given information to her husband. Men whose business it is to detect hidden and secret things are very apt to detect things which had never been done. What excuse can a detective make even to himself for his own existence if he can detect nothing? Mr. Bozzle was an active-minded man, who gloried in detecting, and who, in the special spirit of his trade, had taught

himself to believe that all around him were things secret and hidden, which would be within his power of unravelling if only the slightest clew were put in his hand. He lived by the crookedness of people, and therefore was convinced that straight doings in the world were quite exceptional. Things dark and dishonest, fights fought and races run that they might be lost, plants and crosses, women false to their husbands, sons false to their fathers, daughters to their mothers, servants to their masters, affairs always secret, dark, foul, and fraudulent, were to him the normal condition of life. It was to be presumed that Mrs. Trevelyan should continue to correspond with her lover—that old Mrs. Stanbury should betray her trust by conniving at the lover's visit—that everybody concerned should be steeped to the hips in lies and iniquity. When, therefore, he found at Colonel Osborne's rooms that the Colonel had received a letter with the Leasboro' post-mark, addressed in the handwriting of a woman, he did not scruple to declare that Colonel Osborne had received on that morning a letter from Mr. Trevelyan's "lady." But in sending to her husband what she called, with so much bitterness, "the correspondence," Mrs. Trevelyan had to inclose simply the copy of one sheet-note from herself.

But she now wrote again to Colonel Osborne, and inclosed to her husband, not a copy of what she had written, but the note itself. It was as follows:

"Nuncombe Putney, Wednesday, August 10.

"MY DEAR COLONEL OSBORNE,—My husband has desired me not to see you, or to write to you, or to hear from you again. I must therefore beg you to enable me to obey him—at any rate, till papa comes to England. Yours truly,
"EMILY TREVELYAN."

And then she wrote to her husband, and in the writing of this letter there was much doubt, much labor, and many changes. We will give it as it was written when completed:

"I have received your letter, and will obey your commands to the best of my power. In order that you may not be displeased by any further unavoidable correspondence between me and Colonel Osborne, I have written to him a note,

which I now send to you. I send it, that you may forward it. If you do not choose to do so, I cannot be answerable either for his seeing me, or for his writing to me again.

"I send also copies of all the correspondence I have had with Colonel Osborne since you turned me out of your house. When he came to call on me, Nora remained with me while he was here. I blush while I write this—not for myself, but that I should be so suspected as to make such a statement necessary.

"You say that I have disgraced you and myself. I have done neither. I am disgraced; but it is you that have disgraced me. I have never spoken a word or done a thing, as regards you, of which I have cause to be ashamed.

"I have told Mrs. Stanbury that I and Nora will leave her house as soon as we can be made to know where we are to go. I beg that this may be decided instantly, as else we must walk out into the street without a shelter. After what has been said, I cannot remain here.

"My sister bids me say that she will relieve you of all burden respecting herself as soon as possible. She will probably be able to find a home with my aunt, Mrs. Outhouse, till papa comes to England. As for myself, I can only say that till he comes, I shall do exactly what you order.

"EMILY TREVELYAN.

"Nuncombe Putney, August 10."

(To be continued.)

The Spectator.

THE NEW EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE day of adventure, then,—adventure in the old heroic sense, adventure fit for potential rulers of men,—is not entirely past. We were mourning recently over Rajah Brooke as the last of a mighty race, of the Adventurers who were also founders, of the men whose very impatience of civilization enabled them to carry forward its work, who could rule as well as lead, build as well as explore, discover a hidden path, or compel a savage race to contribute its share to the work and the prosperity of the world. We thought that groove for human energy had been stopped up, that the white-faced envoy in the black coat and

tall hat had become too completely the master of the world, that the explorer of the future must content himself with knowledge, and it is with keen delight that we admit that we were wrong. No Adventurer of the ancient type, no dreamer of the new, no poet, no child fired by tales of impossible heroisms, could imagine an adventure more romantic, greater, more rich in those wild possibilities which made old travel so full of thrilling excitement, than that which Sir Samuel Baker has been authorized to undertake. The Pasha of Egypt has been fired by his descriptions of the Lake country, and the despised traveller of yesterday is to return to the regions which he traversed a half-exhausted wanderer almost as a sovereign, with troops, and steamers, and rifles, and to reduce the whole valley of the Upper Nile, with its endless forests and teeming soil, its broad lakes and races almost as unknown as if they belonged to another planet, to the dominion of civilized man. He goes, unfettered by laws, to regions beyond the range of the enervating "opinion" of the West, in the old character of conquering adventurer, bound only by his own conscience, to create among anarchical tribes a government of some sort, to bring vast lands hitherto as unused as deserts within the range of possible benefit to mankind. He goes armed with absolute power over his people,—the first condition of success, even if the adventurer be a Cortez,—and armed also with the irresistible strength which civilization, amid all its failures, has at last secured. Distance is no protection against an adventurer who ascends the White Nile in a "steel steamer 150 feet long, and of 200-horse power," which can be put together almost as easily as a canoe; malaria is powerless against scientific medicine, and all the tribes of North Africa in combination could do nothing against a minute force of Arabs, armed with the Chassepot and the rocket, and led by an Englishman who means conquest and not destruction,—who knows that the smallest tax will yield more than the wildest license to plunder, and under whose standard subjugation is but a step towards security. In such an invasion there is nothing to resist, even if resistance were possible. Sir S. Baker's capacity for rule comes out

in every page of his narratives, and in Africa, as in Asia, rule,—stern, steady sovereignty exercised by the wise over the foolish,—secures to the foolish such compensations that resistance dies away. It is behind him, not before him, that obstacles to Sir S. Baker will arise. If he can keep back or outstrip the horde of villainous traders who will hang upon his march; if he can defy the intriguers of Cairo and Alexandria, who will declare that he is plotting against the Pashalic, or Islam, or polygamy, that he will annex the Nyanza basin to the Cape Colony, or steal the golden Equator; if he can restrain the jealousy with which the Pasha will hear of his success, and the glee with which the Frenchmen in Egypt would welcome his failure; if he can make a Turkish commissariat honest, and Egyptian authorities punctual; if he can prove to the slavers of Khartoum that the choice for them is between the abandonment of their trade or immediate execution; if, in short, he can put down the scoundrels behind him as well as the savages in front of him, he may in three years make the Victoria Nyanza as accessible as Lake Superior, and spread from Gondokoro to the Equator a government as effective as that of Bengal. He has no difficulty to surmount which in India we have not a hundred times surmounted. He may, it is said, die in his work, and then who is to succeed him? Men never do die while doing such work, but if he does, there are hundreds who will be only too eager to carry it on. We have but to pass the word in India or the Levant, and adventurers by the score, men eating their hearts out for want of such careers, will be at the Pasha's disposal. The reservoir of English enterprise is never empty, and the water flows the moment the tap is turned. When the Abyssinian war began, Lord Stanley was perfectly beset with offers from adventurers eager for work such as only dare-devils of their kind would ever have dreamed of attempting. Already we do not doubt Sir S. Baker is overwhelmed with would-be lieutenants, among whom are men as competent to found African sovereignties as himself. There will be no lack of agents, more especially if he should be able to devise any means of raising money within the countries to be added to the Pasha's

rule. It is said there is nothing to export which will bear the expense of carriage except ivory; but that is the statement always made about a new country within the tropics, and always falsified by the facts. The ivory will do for a time, and meanwhile the capacities of the country for cultivation will be explored, with the result probably of proving that it will grow everything that best bears carriage, from indigo to cotton, and that its people only need direction and security to become steady tillers of the soil.

One single regret we have connected with the expedition, and that is, that it has not been organized by a British Viceroy of Egypt. The Pasha asserts, indeed, that he wishes to suppress the slave trade on the Upper Nile, and there is no reason to question his perfect honesty in that matter. Kings are never cordial friends to slavery, for subjects bring them the profit which slaves bring only to their owners; but the Pasha is an Asiatic sovereign, capricious, impatient, wasteful, and tending always to substitute his will for a steady policy. This year he is all for conquest; the next, Sir S. Baker, and the expedition, and the Lakes may all alike be forgotten or neglected, and the work, to be thoroughly performed, will take time. No country has such a career before it as Egypt, if only it were in hands capable of steadily pursuing a great end. Africa lies before it, asking for her own sake to be conquered, and the means for her sure and steady conquest are almost illimitable. Of all mankind, the Arab, if directed by European knowledge, and restrained by European self-control, is the man best fitted to conquer and to colonize in such a region, which indeed, if ethnology is trustworthy, he has once already victoriously traversed on his way to the more temperate regions of the south. The Kafir is but a half-caste Arab. Born soldier, yet not ashamed to dig, with a brain as large as the European's, and a frame which survives the life of the desert, or that of the villager in the Delta,—perhaps the most painful life now lived by man,—the Arab, regularly paid and disciplined, would soon introduce civilization into the Lake region, not, it may be, of a very perfect or complicated kind, but as endurable as that of Bengal, where, if the human race

seems stereotyped, there is at least no violence, or slavery, or hunger. It is through a Sepoy army of Arabs led by Englishmen, if at all, that Central Africa, with its rich tropical fertility, must be restored to the world, which, since the days of Joseph, has been content to forget it; but such a project requires more time, more patient persistence, more abstinence from tyranny than we fear any sovereign not European will ever be found to display. The chain of positions which Sir S. Baker is to establish may be quickly founded, and if he, or any other Englishman, governs them, will speedily grow into towns; but the ultimate end can only be secured by processes which to succeed thoroughly require a government that takes no account of time, which a century hence will be pressing forward the policy of to-day, a government like that which in a century has spread silently as water over the whole continent of India. No Asiatic government will ever be like that, and in spite of loans and palaces, and councils, and fireworks, and entertainments to English Princes, the Government of Egypt is an Asiatic despotism of a bad, because vacillating, type. Nevertheless, the hunger for territory is strong in Cairo, and Sir S. Baker, with his army of explorers, his Arabs with breech-loading rifles and Nubians carried in a steel steamer, his elephant-hunters and telegraph clerks, may be supported long enough to bring the valley of the White Nile into a connection with Europe which no folly at Cairo can ever again totally interrupt, to spread round the Lakes if not civilized order, at least the idea that order is possible and is pleasant. That is much for one man to accomplish fifteen hundred miles below the Southern shore of the Mediterranean.

London Athenæum.

CROMWELL AND THE JEWS.*

On a dark December day, three hundred and four years ago, a body of men assembled in the long gallery of Whitehall to discuss the darkest topic on which the wit of Roundhead trooper

* To his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Humble Address of Manasseh ben Israel, in behalf of the Jewish Nation, 1655.

and Puritan divine had ever been employed. Cromwell sat in the chair of state. Below him were the Lord Chief Baron, the Lord Chief Justice Glynn, Lord Mayor Draper, Sheriff Thompson, and a host of preachers—Dr. Owen, Dr. Goodwin, Mr. Cradock, and others, then known to City madams and Whitehall beauties as the most popular preachers of their time. Well-worn Bibles lay before them on the board of green cloth; old monkish chronicles, old Acts of Parliament, old Court records, were also heaped about. The tomes had been searched for evidence; the best lawyers had been employed to state the case, and the Talmudists had been consulted as to facts. The purpose of the meeting was to deduce from the prophetic Scriptures, from the ancient Jewish writings, and from the actual statutes of this realm, the duty of English statesmen, living in a righteous commonwealth, towards the People of God.

The subject had been brought before Cromwell in a striking way. A learned Dutch Jew, called Manassch ben Israel, had come over from Amsterdam to lay the cause of his people before the Council; and the Lord Protector, even in the stress of his great schemes, took up the tale, and summoned his big men of the law and divinity to debate the matter in his own presence.

In those days no Jew could openly live and trade in England. Now and then a Jew came over into the land; came over as a courtly physician, a princely traveller, or a wealthy goldsmith; but in order to evade the law, and deceive the mob, he had to put on a foreign air, and pass as either an Arab, an Italian, or a Portuguese. Spain herself had not whipped the holy race with sharper thongs than the island which once had been their happiest home.

No one knows when the Jews first came into England. They were here before the Norman Conquest. They were here when Hengist landed. It is probable that they were here before Cæsar came. Some writers derive the name of Britain from a Hebrew word: from *Barat-anach*, tin island, which would be very ingenious if either *Barat* meant tin, or *anach* island. When the Romans land, we get on safer ground. One of the edicts of Augustus speaks of the

Jews in Britain. One of the Roman bricks dug up in Mark Lane has the story of Samson and the Foxes stamped upon it. Bede mentions the Jews in connection with the great controversy on the tonsure. Egbert forbade the Saxon Christians to attend Jewish feasts; a fact which implies not only that we had synagogues and ceremonials in England, but that a friendly intercourse then existed between the native Christians and the native Jews. In the Crowland Abbey records there is an entry which proves—if the record itself be genuine—that Jews could hold land, and that they were in the habit of endowing monks and nuns with some part of their wealth.

The first storm of persecution struck them when the Pagan Danes deflowered the island. Canute was not their friend. Some say he drove them from the country; and this is a legend which the Jews accept as true. It is hardly likely that all were sent away; but those who stayed behind were treated in a new and cruel spirit. The Jews were no longer free. They lost their right to hold land. They could no longer appeal to the courts of law. We hear no more of Christians going into the synagogues, and of Hebrews leaving money to the convents. All the springs of charity were sealed. Only under the name of "King's men," and very nearly in the position of slaves, were a few wealthy and useful families permitted to hold their ground. "The Jew, and all that he has, belong to the king," runs the law of Edward the Confessor,—a law which was certainly not a dead letter in the succeeding times.

The Jews made very slight progress in England until the Norman baron, with his strong arm and greedy maw, invited the rich traders and tiremen of that race from France. Crowds of Jews now settled in Stamford and in York; afterwards they came to Oxford and London; and during the first golden period of their return they occupied and enriched these cities by art and trade. In London they dwelt in two several places; both of which localities were determined by the fact of Jews being considered as "the King's men,"—not as ordinary citizens,—free of the ordinary law. One of their quarters lay in the City proper, the quarter off Cheapside, in which stood

the ancient London Palace. This quarter was called from them the Jewry. They clustered about the old palace, because they were "the King's men," and found their only protection under the palace walls. The second quarter, which lay beyond the City towards the east, was also a royal quarter, being close to the king's Tower, a part of London over which the Mayor and Aldermen had only a limited right of sway. When the prince was weak, the Jews fled into the Tower, which was sometimes crowded with Jews so closely that pestilence broke out, and scattered both the fugitives and their protectors to the four winds. When the prince was strong, his "men" multiplied in number—swarming backward from the Tower ditch into the district now known as the Minories, and the swamp called Hounds' Ditch. The great merchants of the sacred race dwelt in the City, the poor hucksters and chapmen near the Tower. Hence the first quarter is called Old Jewry, the second quarter Poor Jewry.

Policy led the earlier Norman kings to befriend this gifted and useful race against the monks and against the mob. Rufus, indeed, was so far attached to them that some writers fancy he had thoughts of becoming a Jew himself. But this is an inference from facts which bear a totally different construction. Rufus resisted any attempt to convert the Jews; and on a notable occasion he called before him certain converts in Rouen, and bade them return to the faith of their fathers; whence it has been inferred that he was in favor of that faith. The truth was, Rufus was in favor of "King's men." Jews were profitable clients, and Rufus had no wish to see their number reduced by conversion, in the reality of which he was not likely to believe. The story told of him shows that the question was one of money. Stephen, a Norman Jew, came to Rufus complaining that his son had quitted the synagogue, and offering the king a purse of sixty silver marks to persuade him back. Rufus took the silver, and sent for the lad. "Sirrah," he cried, "thy father here complaineth that without his license thou art become a Christian; if this be true, I command thee to return to the religion of thy nation without more ado."—"Your Grace," said the

young convert, "doth but jest." On which Rufus flushed up into sudden wrath: "What! thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee? Get thee hence quickly, and fulfil my commandment, or by St. Luke's face I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out." The young man would not turn from his new ways, even after such a threat: and when Stephen saw that the king had failed in his promise, he asked for his money back. But Rufus and silver marks were not to be parted. "Why, man," said the king, "I did what I could;" and on the old fellow saying that he must have either his son or his silver at the king's hands, Rufus gave him back thirty marks to stop his mouth.

Oxford was in that time almost a Jewish city. The best houses belonged to men of this race, who boarded the English students, and established schools for the study of Hebrew law. Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall were centres of learning. A great synagogue was built, and the Jews were popular with students and learned men. Great Rabbis lectured on their faith, and two quarters of Oxford were known as the Old Jewry and the New Jewry.

The Jews grew fat, and fat men are incautious. In the reign of Henry the First the monks began to show their teeth; and from this reign downward the Church led on the mob to attack the Jews. In the reign of Stephen they were fined and imprisoned; in the reign of Richard the First they were massacred; in the reign of John they were cheated and robbed; and so far forward until the reign of Edward the First, when they were finally expelled the kingdom, under pain of death. Then came a time of silence and exclusion. For three hundred years the law of England had no mercy on the Jew. He was an infidel, a vagabond, a leper, a thing that could not live upon the English soil.

The offences charged upon the Jews, and held to justify their expulsion from a country in which they had dwelt before the Norman baron and the Saxon yeoman came into the land, were such as to raise a smile in more considerate and more critical times. They debased the coin, they forestalled the markets, they giped at images, they poisoned the wells, they strove to convert the Christians,

they kidnapped young children, whom they sacrificed as burnt offerings.

One accusation roused the anger of the commons, a second justified suspicion in the nobles. But our sires were far more ignorant and superstitious than unjust. Nine out of every ten men in this kingdom believed that Robert, of St. Edmund's Bury, was killed by the Jews, and that his blood was sprinkled on their altar by the high priest. Our fathers were not singular in these beliefs. No page in the long story of popular delusions is more striking than that which tells of the widely spread conviction that Jews put men—especially boys and young men—to death to get their blood. This belief was found in Paris and in Seville, in Alexandria and in Damascus, just as it was found in Oxford and in London. Nay, it is still to be found in the South and in the East. Many persons in Rome, and yet more in Jerusalem, assure you that the Passover cannot be properly kept unless the cakes are mixed with Christian blood. No Easter ever passes by without quarrels in Zion provoked by this superstition. The Greek and the Armenian cling to their old traditions, and every little fray in the Holy City between Jew and Christian leads to charge and counter-charge, which the grave and impartial Turks have to decide according to their written law. A few years ago these accusations were raised so often in Palestine that the Sultan issued a commission of inquiry into the facts alleged and denied, when both sides were heard, the Jewish books were overhauled by mufti, and an imperial decree was issued, of which all pashas and kadis must take note, declaring that the Greek and Armenian allegations were untrue.

The higher English knights and nobles had other reasons for their hatred of the Jews. Some of these nobles may have really feared—as they certainly said they feared—that the richer Jews would bribe the courtiers over to their faith. Such things were freely said in Italy and Spain. Still more, the Jews were much more "liberal," as it is called; than their sturdy neighbors. Many of the Jews were learned men, and learned men are apt to laugh at things which vulgar folk hold sacred. An Oxford Hebrew mocked St. Frideswide, saying he could cure

as many sick persons as the saint herself. The legend runs that the mocking Jew went mad and hung himself in his own kitchen,—which is perhaps a politic way of telling the tumultuous story of popular ire and priestly vengeance. Some of these learned men were learned in the way to excite suspicion: they were alchemists, sorcerers, and astrologers, professors of magian art, dealers in charms and amulets, agents of the Seraglio and the Court. But their true offence was—they were rich.

They were rich, and the world could not forgive them. The fact is, the Jew, who is by nature a shepherd and a wine-grower,—a man who delights in the pasture and the garden, and whose national poetry breathes of the tent, the flock, and the watercourse,—had been driven by abominable laws from the courses he loved into the practice of acts which were originally foreign to his race. When a Hebrew could hold land of his own, he was neither a pedler nor a money-lender. He sheared his own sheep, he planted his own olives, he pressed his own grapes, he threshed his own corn. Under that Roman law, which the Church sent into Western Europe, a Jew was forbidden to own land; hence he was driven into trade, which his genius converted into a profitable calling. Most of all, he took to buying and selling money; to lending on interest and security—a vocation for which few men are naturally fit. The Jews were dealers in money, and nearly every man of influence in the Plantagenet Court was in their debt.

That was offence enough, and for that offence they were driven into foreign lands. They were driven away from this island with as much cruelty as their brethren afterwards underwent in Spain. The Church put them to the ban—cursed them, plundered them, and drove them forth. For four hundred years that stern decree was held. But a change was coming for the holy race. The Iron Age was almost past; and though the golden prime was yet far off, the wiser spirits were looking for a brighter day. Luther, Cranmer, Calvin,—all the great spirits of the Reformation had been the unconscious friends of Israel; and when the sentiment of respect for private judgment in affairs of faith had entered deeply

into men's minds, a habit of toleration followed in its wake, of which the Hebrew found his share.

The Puritans were warm admirers of the Jews. They talked Old Testament. They called their sons David and Abner; their daughters Miriam and Hephzebah. They regarded the Commonwealth as a new Israel, and Cromwell as a modern Joshua. Some of the foreign Jews partook of these fancies. They thought the Lord Protector might prove to be their Messiah, and they sent a deputation to England to make strict inquiry into Cromwell's pedigree, expecting to find in his ancestry some trace of Hebrew blood. Under his Protectorate they hoped to come back to their ancient English homes.

Cromwell sat in his chair of state, with the open Bible before him, and with a petition from a learned Jew in his hand. It was a very adroit petition, and the writer of it was a very ingenious man. The petition began, in its queer English, referring to the words of Daniel—"Thou that removest kings and settest up kings,"—facts which he hinted were allowed,—“to the end the living might know that the Highest hath dominion in man's kingdom and giveth the same to whom he pleases.” It went on to say that no man becomes a governor of men unless he be first called to that office by God. It then proceeded to show that no ruler of men had ever been stable in his seat of power who was inimical to the holy race; and cited in proof of this strong assertion the cases of Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Antiochus, Epiphanus, and Pompey. The paper went on to say that no country which favored that race had ever failed to flourish, though it refrained from citing the examples of this second proposition. Lastly, it prayed the Lord Protector to repeal the laws, passed under the kings, against the Jews, and to permit a synagogue to be built in London.

The author of this petition was Manasseh ben Israel, a Jew of Portuguese descent, then living in Amsterdam—a man of fine culture and unquestionable piety. English ambassadors had been received in the Dutch capital, not only by the Government, but by the churches. Not the least eager to hail the new Commonwealth were the Hebrew mer-

chants, and a grand reception was accorded to her ministers in the synagogue. Manasseh took advantage of this visit to urge upon Cromwell the recall of his people from their long exile.

Cromwell favored the petition. The Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chief Baron reported against maintaining the old statute of exclusion. The Lord Mayor and Sheriff declared that the City was willing to receive the Jews as brethren. But the old enemies of the Jews were still strong. The clergy, even the Puritan clergy, could not see their way to such liberal concessions as the lawyers and citizens were prepared to make. To the divines, a Jew was a man of a stiff-necked race, who had rejected the true Messiah and put the Son of God to a shameful death. Owen, Cradock, and their brethren turned over the leaves of prophecy. Manasseh had very skilfully fallen in with Puritan ways of thought; hinting that the judgment was at hand, and the day of final reconciliation nigh. Cromwell, struck by this suggestion, urged the divines to adopt a healing policy; but the preachers held to the doctrine that the Jews were a God-abandoned people unfit for association with Christian men. Cromwell's eloquence was highly praised; and the subject being one which he knew, he probably spoke beyond his usual style; but neither Glynn's law nor Cromwell's eloquence availed in presence of these hot divines. The clergy stood out; and even after Hugh Peters and two other advocates of Manasseh's scheme were added to the conference, the clergy were obstinate and powerful enough to defeat Cromwell's plan.

But the Lord Protector was a law unto himself. If a regular act could not be obtained empowering the Jews to settle in England once again, not as “King's men,” but as citizens and equals, men with legal rights, he could and would permit them to come in as “Protector's men.” In that quality a few of them came back from Amsterdam and Leyden. Under Cromwell, they had no persecution to fear and no exactions to resist. They came back on sufferance only; but they soon established a character in London which made them many friends. In a few years, opinion underwent a change; the clergy lost their power;

the old, abominable laws were all repealed; and the Jew, who had ventured to come home as a "Protector's man," became a peaceable and prosperous citizen of the realm.

Among the Jews themselves, Cromwell is regarded as the man to whom, under God, they are chiefly indebted for their happy return to a country which had cast them out for 400 years. But Cromwell might never have called that conference in the Long Gallery of Whitehall had he not been urged by Manasseh ben Israel, the pious and able Portuguese Jew; a copy of whose rather scarce Petition to His Highness the Lord Protector has been reprinted at Melbourne in Australia; a city which is more populous than Jerusalem, and which is built on a continent of which Manasseh never heard the name.

Leisure Hour.

THE DEEP SEA.

How deep is it? Why cannot we find a bottom? These must have been the questions of many a seaman as he sailed over what were called the unfathomable parts of the ocean. Yet the questions went unanswered for years, and men were driven, in the absence of ability to sound the very deep seas, to give up the attempt as hopeless. The earliest seamen used poles or rods with which to ascertain the depth of the water in which they sailed, and their successors improved on their apparatus by using lines, which, by means of weights, were cast to a certain depth, beyond which, it was said, the water was not fathomable. Later surveyors increased the length of their lead lines, and obtained what, to them, were really deep soundings; but even these failed to touch the bottom at those parts of "blue water" which were farthest from land, and it was reserved to ocean surveyors yet living to take casts in the deepest depths.

The Americans have been industrious, indefatigable, in this matter of deep-sea sounding, and under the direction of men like Maury, Lee, McKeever, and Berryman, they have been very successful. To them we owe a great deal of our knowledge on the subject. To the system inaugurated by Captain Maury, when he

presided at the National Observatory at Washington, nautical science is already greatly indebted, and will be more so yet, if the system be continued.

It is, however, to an Englishman that the honor is due of having taken the deepest deep-sea sounding on record. Captain Denham—now Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Denham—when in command of H.M.S. *Herald*, on her voyage of discovery and surveying in the South Seas, succeeded in getting a cast at the unprecedented depth of eight miles and three-quarters. The American officers had obtained soundings, and also specimens of the bottom, at a depth exceeding two miles; but they had given up as hopeless all attempts to go much deeper. It was with a line of their make that Captain Denham sounded, after they had given up all hope of turning it to account. Commodore McKeever, of the United States navy, was lying at Rio in his frigate, when the *Herald* was there. Some civilities were interchanged, and the commodore, being on board the *Herald*, saw that the captain had several large reels of sounding line secured in various parts of the ship. Very kindly, he offered to send him some line, which had been made on purpose, and which was better in every respect than the common spun yarn ordinarily used, and after he quitted the *Herald*, he sent a boat off to her with the truly splendid present of ten thousand fathoms of line.

Furnished thus with the very best material, Captain Denham went on his way, taking casts whenever he could get them, but not having occasion to use his American reserve. One day, however, the weather was so favorable that he was tempted to try his fortune. There was a fairly smooth surface to the water, no wind, or next to none, and the ship was in a position where it would be highly advantageous to get soundings. Her exact place was lat. 36° 49' S., lon. 37° 6' W., or midway between Tristan D'Acunha and Buenos Ayres. Captain Denham was well aware that many, if not all, of the previous soundings had been obtained by casts made from the ship's side, and he knew that results so obtained must be more or less fallacious. At the most favorable time, on the calmest day, there must always be certain causes in operation which will militate against a ship

remaining in one position. There will always be a certain amount of wind, and whatever wind there may be will assuredly act on the ship's bulk, as on a sail, and drive her a certain distance; then there is, perhaps, "a set" or surface current, which will drift the ship, in spite of sails thrown aback, and other means for keeping ships stationary; so that, on the whole, it is not possible to keep an unmoored vessel in such a position that the sounding line hove from its side shall be straight up and down, and without this condition no sounding can be true. To a smaller extent, these observations are true as regards unmoored boats, and Captain Denham had reason to think that some of the deep casts reported as having been made by their agency were incorrect in consequence. He determined to avoid the difficulty of sounding from the ship's side by using his boats, and to overcome the minor difficulty besetting the use of boats by resorting to an ingenious expedient of his own contriving.

In the bow of one boat he had the American commodore's reel rigged in such a way that the line would run clear of the boat when once set going; a man was also stationed at the reel especially to prevent the occurrence of a kink in the line. The men in this boat were charged to keep their oars in the water, and as far as possible to prevent the boat moving in any direction. A painter from the bow of this boat was made fast to the stern of another boat ahead, and the officer in charge was directed to keep the painter "taut," but not to take any strain upon it. The arrangement was thus far pretty much the same as had been adopted on previous occasions. The ingenious contrivance of Captain Denham, which overcame the inconveniences incidental to the arrangement, was as simple as it was efficacious. From the boat in which the American line was fitted an ordinary deep-sea lead and line were cast to a depth of forty fathoms, and it was found that the lead at that depth held the boat as though she had been anchored, so firmly that she swung to it when from any cause she swayed at all. This was a very great improvement over the former plan of sounding from boats, for, assisted by the other appliances already mentioned, the *Herald's* boats were kept perfectly steady and stationary.

The American line was one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and weighed, when dry, one pound per hundred fathoms. One fathom of it sustained in the air a weight of seventy-two pounds, and this power to bear would of course be greatly increased by the support afforded by seawater during actual immersion. Of course under the same circumstances the weight of the line would be also much increased by saturation, but not in proportion to the support given. The plummet weighed nine pounds, and was eleven inches and a half long, by 1·7 inches in breadth.

At 8.30 A. M. the plummet was let go, and cleared out the first hundred fathoms in a minute and a half; the next hundred took two minutes and five seconds; and the time required per hundred fathoms went on gradually increasing, till instead of twenty-seven minutes fifteen seconds the time taken to get out the first thousand fathoms, one hour forty-nine minutes and fifteen seconds were wanted for the seventh thousand.

On and on went the wheel, dragged round by the line, which paid itself off at ever lessening speed, till after the lapse of nine hours twenty-four minutes and forty-five seconds, and when the lead had reeled off 7,700 fathoms of line, bottom was reported. Captain Denham satisfied himself as to the reality of the cast by testing it with his own hands. The line was also hauled in a few fathoms, and being let go again, stopped at the same place. Moreover, throughout the enormous length of the line that was out—eight miles and three quarters—the shock of the lead was as perceptible as if the cast had been made in ordinarily shallow water.

In the hope of procuring a specimen of the bottom the lead had been armed with grease in the usual way, but unfortunately the line broke when it had been all pulled in with the exception of a hundred and forty fathoms, so that lead, line, and specimens were all lost. The great fact had, however, been established that there is a bottom to the so-called bottomless sea, and that in a spot where the depth is double the height of the highest of the Andes.

Doubts were of course thrown by those who had been previously unsuccessful upon the accuracy of the result

obtained by Captain Denham. The American surveyors were especially hard of belief, and probably to this day do not credit the statements of the English. In a variety of ways they have tried to explain away the indications of "bottom" which were apparent to all in the *Herald's* boats, and they have theoretically, to their own satisfaction, established, so to speak, the probability of the impossibility of Captain Denham's soundings. Let us hope that future surveyors may be fortunate enough to obtain the specimens which were denied to Captain Denham. For specimens of the bottom at such depths would go far towards the solution of many vexed questions—whether life exists there, whether the *detritus* of the dead marine creatures finds a resting place there, with other mysteries of the deep. So far from the depths of ocean being devoid of life and color, as some supposed, recent discoveries lead to the belief that the deep-sea bottom teems with animal life; nor is it impossible that creatures may there be found, extinct on the surface, or appearing at rare intervals, like the great sea serpent, but linking the present with past geological periods.

Lieutenant Brookes, of the United States navy, invented a sounding apparatus, which was superior to all other things of the kind. To a common musket barrel was secured a thirty-two pounder cannon ball, in such a way that upon the barrel receiving a shock, such as it would get on touching bottom, the ball, which had done its duty as a sinker and was no longer wanted, would run off and release the line of its weight. At the same time, the "arming rod"—that is, the lower end of the musket barrel—being duly greased, picked up specimens of whatever bottom there might be. By means of this ingenious and simple contrivance specimens have been obtained from a depth of two and three miles. It is to be regretted that no specimen was obtained from Captain Denham's deep cast, and that Brookes' apparatus was not used on that occasion, though there is reason to think that the weight of thirty-two pounds would have proved too much for the great length of line that was out, and would have broken it. The nine-pound plummet was, moreover, found to be sinker

enough; the drawback to it was that it had no apparatus for disengaging itself when it touched bottom, and the strain of its entire weight had to be borne by the incoming line.

Captain Denham invented a specimen-finder, by the use of which he obviated the inconvenience in the employment of grease, which frequently so fouled the specimens brought up as to render them difficult to be analyzed. It consisted in a metal mouth of triangular shape, which opened on pressure from a spring, and received into its cavity, sand, shells, or whatever else there might be. On the pressure being withdrawn, the metal mouth closed upon its prey, and brought it up in a normal state to the surface. The mouth itself was fixed into the end of the sinker, and the spring through which it opened and shut was enclosed in the sinker, but connected with a rod that protruded beyond the apex of the triangular mouth. The end of this rod would be the first object connected with the sinker to touch bottom, and, touching it, would be pressed in upon the spring which caused the metal mouth to open. The mouth itself burying its lips in the sand, would embrace a certain quantity of it, and would close firmly upon it so soon as the sounding-line, beginning to be hauled in, caused the pressure to be taken off the rod and spring. Such an apparatus was very successfully used in water of which the depth did not exceed one to two miles. A modification of it, embodying Brookes' principle of discharging the weight of the sinker, would be an almost perfect apparatus for soundings, no matter how deep.

A WORD ON THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

WE stood once highest among those countries whose dramatic literature was the highest. We have entirely lost that position now. We stand in the matter of dramatic literature on a lower level than any other country in Europe.

It will not serve us as a justification to say that the taste for the drama itself has declined; for when our drama stood loftiest (in modern times) the drama was cultivated and respected in all other nations, and it is so at this moment in

every other European country save England. It is in England only that the glory of the drama has gone down, and it is a fact much to be deplored, for it coincides with an undeniable degeneracy of taste, and it suppresses the noblest form of expression affected by the national tongue.

We say advisedly "the noblest," because in a really great drama nothing should fail, and the higher the truths you utter (so they be truths) the more inevitably you impress the crowd, no matter of what various elements it may be formed. To compose a great drama is a lofty aim, and one to which any man may be proud to aspire.

To restore life to the glorious dead, and for a brief space put the present and the past face to face, was for ages the chief object of dramatic art. It implied a grand exercise of man's finest faculties, and through all time we devoutly honor such names as that of *Æschylus*. But as the years roll on, the deed grows to be less thought of, and the *man* who did it, more; we become as St. Augustine wished we should do, curious of ourselves. After Action had reigned supreme through the whole of the Middle Ages, and—extremes yielding forever the same results—we had witnessed the same sacrifice of the Individual to the Fact achieved, of which our most advanced brethren in America furnish a fresh example; after this period, men came to turn their eyes inwards, and ask why they did this or that deed. The deed itself lost its exclusive interest, and the doer of it became the problem to be solved.

Of this modern school of dramatic art the completest expression that can be conceived is *Shakspeare*. However we may try, we *can* conceive nothing beyond him.

Throughout antiquity and the darker times, men did more than they talked or thought. Now, and since the sixteenth century, we gradually talk and think more than we do; man's motives become as it were actors, and the *reason* of what he achieves interests us even more than the achievement. We repeat it, we are curious of ourselves, and one vast note of interrogation stamps itself upon nearly every expressed form of our thought.

It is just possible that in this fact of the altered *motive* of the drama may lie

somewhat of our national neglect of it, for we still appear singularly desirous of avoiding whatsoever comes under the head of self-analysis. Foreign nations have never shrunk from this, but on the contrary; and for two centuries the French drama has in reality rested its whole fabric upon the development of character,—upon the causes which have determined certain men to do certain deeds.

This school begins with *Racine's* "*Bérénice*," which is, from first to last, an inquisition into the depths of the human heart. No *roman d'analyse* of *Madame Sand* herself ever proved greater skill in the art of moral anatomy.

And this is now the lasting principle of all the modern dramatists of France. Take all recent successes: *M. de Girardin's* "*Supplée d'une Femme*," *Angier's* "*Paul Forestier*," and the overwhelming, incomparable triumph of the last few weeks, *Sardou's* "*Patrie*:" take all these, and you will find that the interest rests upon the solution of some psychological problem. Even in the case of *M. Sardou*, where the *act*, the deed, has its large share, the genuine interest nevertheless rests on the passion that is endured, on the suffering that is brought to bear from without, and moulds the internal man.

Shall love compel patriotism, or patriotism love? That is the whole question with *M. Sardou*. He decides in favor of patriotism; and the great public out of doors, the population of *all classes* of a vast city, decides with him, and, short of absolutely carrying him in triumph, gives every other mark of enthusiasm that can be imagined.

Here again, in countries where the drama is still actively cultivated, as in Germany and France, is its supreme dignity and use—that it is to the full as much as political discussion, the exponent as well as the thermometer of the public sentiment.

The drama can only attain to its utmost height among a free people, but there it is one of the best and strongest elements of political life.

Parliament and the stage are two parts of one whole; they complete each other; and wherever the form of government is representative the drama ought to flourish; for if it does not, the true inference is that civilization is tending downwards instead of upwards, and is material and

coarse. A great parliamentary speaker may become a minister, and help to fashion the institutions of a country, but a great dramatic creator (*i.e.* a man who utters grand thoughts through the mouths of beings who while they speak them live) helps to fashion human minds in all countries. Parliament makes measures, the drama makes men.

It is not true to say that a great poet has as much influence as a great dramatist: he has not, for the element of publicity is wanting; the electric action of soul upon soul, the immediate action of man upon man. It is for this that the drama in itself is the grandest form of expressed thought—it contains all others. To be a supreme dramatic poet (we will take Shakspeare, Calderon, Goethe, as the highest examples—Schiller comes long after) a man must be everything else. He must be a politician, an historian, a poet, a philosopher, and an *orator*. He must combine two radically opposite natures, and be at once a man of action and of thought; he must conceive and criticise, but, above all, he must *directly and publicly* impress a crowd of other men. He must, with Egmont, teach tyrants of all times how they foolishly forfeit dominion; and with Hamlet reflect the impress of other men's deeds, and live perpetually irresolute, "sicklied o'er" himself "with the pale cast of thought."

Absolute excellence—hard to attain everywhere—is of harder attainment in the drama than in any other form of literature, because, as we have said, it implies so much; but apart from absolute excellence achieved, the drama is, of its *kind*, noble, and its cultivation is a healthy thing in a great community.

Now at the present moment how does it stand with us? As compared with the two great centres of European civilization, with France and Germany, and above all with France, what have we? France has orators, so have we; novelists, poets, first-rate historians—so have we; but France has dramatists, we have none.

Take for instance a man like Robert Browning—a man evidently made for dramatic composition, gifted with the peculiar assemblage of gifts requisite for making the creatures of his brain live and act—what chance has he of attain-

ing to the complete manifestation of himself that is implied by dramatic art? He has none, and therefore remains incomplete, and we, the public, remain ignorant of the entire worth of our best poets and thinkers. We never possess them wholly.

The French do. A man like Victor Hugo, for instance, feels life surging up within him; he finds expression in verse, seizes the public ear while yet a boy, and is driven onwards by success. The creative power oppresses him; he bursts upon the stage, *creates*, imparts life to human beings, and begins a struggle with the entire public of France, which lasts for over a quarter of a century. There is, from a purely æsthetical point of view, far more to blame than to praise in Hugo's dramas, but they run over with life, and they are the extreme expression of the poet. France knows all about Hugo; we very incompletely know our thinkers and poets. That it was worth while knowing what was in Victor Hugo is proved by the recent revival of "Hernani."

Here is a play, written five-and-thirty years ago, at the outset of a career, which play suffices as the proclaimer of national protestation five-and-thirty years after. There was evidently something *there*, and that *something* could have been obtained in no other possible form. When the younger masses of the nation, in the year 1867, were chafing and sickening over the basenesses and corruptions of the actual *régime* in France, they did not exhume a speech of any political orator, or quote phrases from any great moralist's lucubrations; they found all they wanted in the *grandeur* (for in spite of all its enormous defects it never loses that) of "Hernani," and, catching fire at the flame, they exploded.

Here was a public fact—a fact telling upon the public life, and productible only by the *public poetry*, as I would fain style it, of the stage.

Another case in point is to be found in the "Supplice d'une Femme." M. de Girardin—to whose various manifestations of himself the *public* is indispensable, who could not breathe if he did not think the public was there,—M. de Girardin, who could address the nation from every tribune and through every organ, did not hesitate to turn at once

towards the stage. A great disorder seemed in his sight to be existing socially; he laid it bare. For years, writers of all degrees had been excusing adultery, poetizing illicit love; he was struck only by its terrors and its vileness. He painted coarsely a picture of what adultery really is, tore away its poetry, showed the degradation achieved by a woman who is loved illicitly, and sentenced to the perpetuity of her fault; and the effect was attained.

The piece was inferior in every point of view, save one. It was ill-written, ill constructed; but it contained a truth, and for that it stood, and yet stands. It also told upon the public mind and life as much as any political harangue, or any lawgiver's theories, or any Churchman's sermon.

There is no citizen in France who would not desire, if he had it in him, to produce a great drama. There lies the dignity of the stage in France. The drama, besides being a supreme expansion of human thought which it is unwise to suppress, is an aim towards which every man of genius tends naturally; for whatever his other literary successes, this distinguishes him most in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

When Byron lived, his great ambition also was the drama. If such a man came back amongst us now, would he find any encouragement to embody his thoughts in creatures who act and live? None. Rather the reverse. He would find the lower productions of the French stage, the most immoral and least talented, clumsily "done" into English, "adapted," as it is styled, to a language and to a state of civilization to which they are (thank Heaven!) utterly opposed.

What is most to be deplored is the absence of serious criticism in this country on whatsoever touches the drama. Without soaring into the cloudy transcendentalism of German æsthetics, it will suffice to cast a glance over the average run of literary criticism in the daily press of France to see how vastly superior in *conscientiousness* it is to ours. There are ups and downs in literature in France as everywhere else; periods when this or that form of thought asserts itself more or less, but there is always a Body-critical and always a

public. Now these two aliment each other. Where the public is intelligent and active the Body-critical cannot afford to be negligent; and where the Body-critical does its whole duty always, the public will never fall.

Our complaint is, that here in England, we have neither Body-critical nor public in the true sense. When criticism nods, a genuine public wakes it up very quickly; but where there is no longer such a public, criticism must take care of itself, for it has immense responsibilities. Three or four writers of moderate talent but thorough conviction would suffice; the small change of one Ruskin would do for literature and the drama what he has done for plastic art. But there are a few primordial rules that critics must lay down for themselves and observe. It is not enough to blame or praise *merely*. Criticism ignores wholesale praise and still more wholesale blame. Criticism takes every part of a whole into account, and that nicely; adds up scrupulously the sums on either side and tries conscientiously to strike at the end an even balance. Criticism is the assize court of authors, and you've done no more to improve a writer when you've condemned his writings, than you have to improve a man when you've hung him.

The duty of a critic is to *weigh all things justly*. Many persons latterly have been struck with a signal instance of the reverse of such justice as applied towards Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir." It is one out of many cases in point, and happens to be the most recent one.

It seems to many persons that, in the state of our stage in England, Lord Lytton's late drama was not one with which it was fitting to deal harshly. There might be objections to make: granted; there were many deficiencies to point out, and there was the fact (admitted by the author himself in his preface) of the play having been "re-written." *Re-written* is Lord Lytton's own expression, and the circumstance of its having been thus "re-written," and of its having in the origin been "suggested" by a novel of Alexandre Dumas, would seem to be the chief reasons for the disfavour with which it has been regarded by English critics.

We avow our incapacity to appreciate the gravity of these two objections. Most dramas have in all times been "suggest-

ed" by incidents recorded elsewhere, either in history or fiction; and if a play, even once acted, be found defective and be "re-written" in order to be improved, we would submit that that is a fact to be welcomed, and not harshly greeted by the public. Now as to the play itself, how does it stand?

The incidents are of a stirring nature, yet not verging on the impossible; taking into account the moment of our history in which the drama is placed, there is nothing extravagant in the plot; nor is there anything in the characters themselves which does not belong to them naturally.

At the outset we make acquaintance with the man who is in reality the main-spring of the whole, with Sir Grey de Malpas; and truly the play might have been entitled "The Poor Cousin" with even more fitness than lies in its present name. The *poor cousinship* of Grey de Malpas is the cause of all, and herein lies an originality which seems almost to have escaped the author himself. There is nothing more certain than that the creatures of the brain have wills and "ways" of their own, lying beyond the immediate authority of their creator. Their importance shapes itself, and their *result* is often not that which their maker foresaw. Evidently, in his recent drama, Lord Lytton's idea rested chiefly on the mother and son, and on the fact of justice being in the end done to the heir, whose birth preceded that of his brother. In the circumstance of Vyvian's troubles, of his hairbreadth escapes, of his struggling upwards to life through death, lies, we suspect, for the author, the interest of his own work. Vyvian is *his* hero. But here you have, as he himself avers, the "suggestion"—the impetus given from the outside; whereas, in Grey de Malpas, you have what springs from the inside and is original. With one single suppression, had the play been called "The Poor Cousin," we might perhaps have had one of the most original dramatic studies of our day.

Imagine the play to end with the committal of Lord Beaufort as the murderer of Vyvian. The judge, turning to Grey de Malpas, says:

"Sir Grey, to you—

Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,
Raised to this earldom—I commit these prisoners."

No Vyvian arises in the flesh to confront his brother's accusers, no *proof* is forthcoming, no revelation of any truth possible, and the falsehood is, and succeeds. What then? Why, then, you have, we repeat, a singularly *original* play, and this only requires the suppression of one scene, of one *fact* which is in nowise *necessary*. Suppose Vyvian really killed, he has *paid* with life for a *de facto* neglect of his country's call; had he been more sternly devoted to his duty than to his love or his anxiety to unravel the story of his birth, he would not have been on the top of the cliff when the signal came for sailing. Well, suppose him dead; there exists no possible salvation for Beaufort, and Grey de Malpas is triumphant; all Eveline's wailings go for nothing; she is insane, and her wanderings but criminate more the man who loved her. All the mother's declarations go for nothing too; for, on the contrary, while dragging her apparently into her son's guilt, they furnish an obvious reason *why* Beaufort should be bent on Vyvian's death. There is absolutely no help, and the "poor cousin" has achieved all his aims. There he stands, crowned with success! and the determining cause of all is that he was "cousin" and that he was "poor."

This conclusion, it will be said, would have been too unsympathetic to the public, and, some will add, "too *immoral*," to have been attempted. We grant the first objection, and so, we presume, did Lord Lytton, or he would not have revived his hero, and ended his piece after the fashion consecrated in fairy tales. But the second complaint—"too *immoral*." What is then to become of truth? Do such injustices of destiny never occur? and are we such children as to be unable to tolerate the image of what does really often happen in the perpetual shortcomings of real life?

It seems odd that Lord Lytton, with his invariable philosophic bent, his boldness of thought, and his immense mundane experience, should not have dared the conclusion imagined above. He would have been cavilled at, and preached against, no doubt, but he would have never heard himself accused of want of originality.

Failing this one last scene, the action of the poor cousin is complete through

all the rest of the drama, and logically causes everything. He it was who years ago got rid of Vyvian; in the past, then, your thought links itself to him, and he but continues his strategy in the present, attaining also to his end; destroying Vyvian by Beaufort, and Beaufort by his own deed.

The author slips in at last, and says, "The sentence is reversed; Vyvian was not killed:" but that merely removes Grey de Malpas; it does not prove his strategy to have been faulty, or prevent him from having succeeded. He remains the mainspring of the drama, and the title which is the natural one, and which stamps the play as original, is that of "The Poor Cousin."

We say that, this being the case, our English stage is not rich enough for it not to have been fitting that our English critics should have discussed the point, as it would have been discussed in Germany or France.

No one who either saw Lord Lytton's play acted, or who has read it since, can deny the rapidity of the action, the power of certain scenes, or the beauty of the language. These are great merits, rare in this day in England, and we think they ought to have secured for the work a more impartial hearing.

Following out our theory that the cousin, Sir Grey, is the real hero, let us see how he expresses his own sense of his situation:

"True! since his father, by his former nuptials,
Had other sons, if you, too, own an elder,
Clarence is poor—as poor as his poor cousin—
Ugh! but the air is keen, and Poverty
Is thinly clad—subject to rheums and agues—
Asthma and phthisis, pains in loins and limbs,
And leans upon a crutch like your poor cousin.
If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks—
If it is ill, the doctors mangle it—
If it is dying, the priests scold at it—
And when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry, 'Thank
Heaven!'
Ah! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,
Your younger son will know what's poverty."

We do not think that in the present condition of the stage in England, it is quite warrantable to overlook dramatic productions in which the greater part of all the scenes are clothed in language of this description; language, be it noted, always in keeping with the situation, always the fitting utterance of the character itself who utters.

"You spent in early life the sums that were given to you," urges Lady Montreville to the poor cousin; and she adds that these sums were spent in "waste and wild debauch."

Sir Grey's reply is, to our thinking, remarkably fine: "True!" he boldly exclaims, nothing ashamed, and in no way seeking excuse or denial:—

" In the pauper's grand inebriate wish
To know what wealth is!"

We maintain that therein lies the very root and germ of a whole situation and of a whole character: and more, the very root and germ of more than half the moral trouble and confusion of our time. Such words as those, *pointing* a scene and a character, are not common on our stage. When we meet with them it would be right to record their existence, and pay them proper attention.

Lord Lytton's play is full of passages of strength and beauty; not made to be *read* and pondered over, but to be *listened* to by the public as necessary to the action in which they are interested.

Let us grant that there may be a larger measure of deficiencies in "The Rightful Heir" than *we* individually recognize; still, for many reasons, we hold that the work was entitled to a very different measure of favor from that which it has received.

Firstly, the absence of a national drama being deeply to be deplored, any serious dramatic attempt ought to be hailed with gratitude and respect, and the poets and thinkers of a country be encouraged to aim at this completest form of expression. And, secondly, Lord Lytton's right to this respect at the hands of every English critic would seem an almost undeniable one; for not only has he for a quarter of a century had a lion's share in the task of drawing the world's attention to English literature, but specially he has done more than any writer since Knowles towards raising the condition of our stage.

When a man has in the space of a few years achieved *three* such successes as "Richelieu," "Money," and the "Lady of Lyons," he has purchased the right of being treated with more than even bare fairness. If Lord Lytton could number only the success of the "Lady of

Lyons," and if "The Rightful Heir" had been a perfect failure, he still had a title to the respectful attention of his reviewers. No dramatic work of a man who has done so much ought to be overlooked or hardly dealt by, and the doing so is a fault, which reflects upon the condition of the Body-critical in England, causing foreigners to congratulate themselves on the superiority of their ways, and on the livelier feeling of sympathy which they entertain for the men who have served their common country, and who

"Twine
*Their hope of being remember'd in their time,
 With their land's language."*

Corahill.

WALLENSTEIN AND HIS TIMES.

PART I.

No movement ever became really formidable until the pith of it had been thrown into half-a-dozen words, comprehensible by the popular mind, and, more essential still, agreeable to the popular ear. It was neither Pope Urban, nor Peter the Hermit, nor the cruelties of the Turks, nor yet the sufferings of the pilgrims, but the two words—"Deus vult"—that made the Crusades a great success. It was John Ball's jingle—"When Adam delved," and so forth, rather than feudal tyranny, that gathered rebellion 60,000 strong after Wat Tyler. A similar rhyme was as mischievous to France in the matter of the Jacquerie. And an old shoe on the end of a stick—"Bundschuh"—with a suitable refrain, never failed to rouse the German peasantry against their mediæval lords and masters. Luther was much benefited in his times by these popular catchwords; and the same may be said of all other revolutionists, not forgetting our own, who distinguished themselves in 1688 by shaping a spell of might out of such unpromising materials as "warming-pans and wooden shoes." Conspicuous among these fire-raising sentences was the one left as a legacy to the world in general, and to Germany in particular, by the Diet which sat at Augsburg in 1555: "Cujus regio, ejus religio"—or as it may be Englished "whence the lead, thence the creed"—said the sages who deliberated there. And the

Apophthegm was so much to the taste of the ruling classes that it became for many a long day their favorite maxim. Thenceforward, whenever the prince thought fit to discard recognized doctrines and adopt new ones, the people were compelled to follow the august example, with the very mild alternative of emigration to a land—if any such existed—wherein their opinions might chance for the time to be fashionable at court. We had several samples of the working of the Cujus Regio in these islands; but not nearly so many as some of our neighbors. In the Palatinate, for instance, the people were left pretty much to themselves, so far as religious matters went, up to 1560. But in that year, the Elector Frederick took it into his head to embrace strict Calvinism, and for the next sixteen years nothing else was tolerated. There was some putting to death, a good deal of imprisoning, and plenty of emigration during his time in the Palatinate. Nor did these things cease with his death. His successor, Louis, proved just as ardent and intolerant in the cause of Lutheranism, and spent the whole of his reign in turning things topsy-turvy again after the fashion set by Frederick. This was not pleasant for the people, and, unfortunately, it was not all. In 1585 came another stern Calvinistic ruler, and a third vigorous illustration of the Cujus Regio. And precisely similar things went on in all directions among the hundred and odd independencies of the "Fatherland."

This was terribly demoralizing to everybody. The people, habituated to change one set of principles at word of command, became indifferent to all; at the same time the scenes of suffering, which persecution accumulated daily before their eyes, could not but render them hard and ferocious. Nor were the clergy any better off. The Cujus Regio, in conjunction with the intense competition that then existed between rival creeds, compelled these gentlemen to make things as pleasant as possible between royal crime and royal conscience; and, therefore, when at all anxious for the worldly prosperity of their respective creeds, they had really no alternative but to ignore their leading principles. But it was the character

of the rulers that suffered most of all. Pampered as they were, they soon learned to consider anything and everything a fair excuse for pulling off old opinions and putting on new ones. Some did so out of mere whim; others, impelled by ambition; that one because he had suffered a disappointment, this one because he had been insulted; Gebbhard Truchses on account of a pretty face, and the Prince of Neuburg, stimulated by a box on the ear, received during a drinking-bout from his intended father-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg. And princely morality suffered at least as much from the *Cujus Regio* as princely consistence.

Thanks to it, one "religious and gracious" prince could indulge with impunity in polygamy; another in profane swearing and foul expressions generally; a third in debasing the coinage; and so on, until the lesser degrees of vice became absolutely meritorious in sovereigns by comparison. "Louis of Wurtemberg, whose virtues rendered him the darling of his people, was everlastingly drunk," writes Menzel; and though the eulogium may appear rather a queer one to us of the nineteenth century, who have lost the faculty of harmonizing brilliant merit with habitual intoxication, yet a eulogium, and a strong one, it really was, and still remains, when applied to a character 250 years ago.

These were the times that formed the character of the subject of our paper.

The biography of Albert Winceslaus Eusebius Wallenstein for the first eighteen years of his life may be summed up in three lines. He was born in 1583,—a Bohemian gentleman and a Protestant. Left an orphan at thirteen, he was bandied about among his relatives until a Catholic uncle sent him to the Jesuit seminary at Olmütz, where, of course, he was converted. He next became a page in a noble household; and, so far, that is all we know of him. Anecdote-mongers, indeed, have spared his youth just as little as that of other celebrities. But as they have localized their pretty legends in this instance at places which Wallenstein never visited at all, or only much later on in life, we are justified in disregarding them.

The moment he began to mix with men, Wallenstein stood out in bold re-

lief from the crowd. Not that his character was a brilliant one. He displayed none of that fatal dexterity of hand and brain which, giving youth a notion that it can do everything, wastes the best years of life in attempting a hundred things, and leaves maturity with a wretched incapacity for anything. From the very first Wallenstein rendered himself conspicuous by a massive will, and an all-absorbing purpose. Desultory achievements and mere showy exploits he detested. But he never shrank from *anything* that tended to help him to his object. Power was his passion, and he soon found that wealth was the principal element of power. But at nineteen or twenty he was not a very wealthy gentleman. Accordingly he looked about to find the readiest means of becoming a millionaire. Now every age has its own short and easy method of growing rich, and that of 260 years ago was Alchemy. To this study, then, Wallenstein at once, and most heartily, devoted himself. Nor was the twin science Astrology neglected; for it is your intense ambition, rather than overpowering love or withering hate, that burns to pry into the future. He commenced these studies at college, and he continued them during that indispensable promenade, the Grand Tour, carrying with him the renowned adept, Verdengus, and consulting all the more celebrated alchemists of Europe on the way. He even paused for months at Padua to take full advantage of the unrivalled occult attainments of Professor Argoli. And he returned to Vienna enough of an astrologer to pit his science on occasion against that of the masters of the craft. He had not, indeed, succeeded in his great object, and learnt to make gold; but he had acquired much skill in imitating the metal: and a day came when this accomplishment proved a very good substitute for the other. That, however, was not yet; and, alchemist and astrologer though he was, Wallenstein did not appear likely to be any the wealthier unless he turned charlatan outright,—a lucrative profession certainly, but rather less dignified than that of court fool, unless it happened to shelter under the skirts of the respectable 'ologies, and Wallenstein had mastered none of these. So he did what many another ambitious

youth has done under similar circumstances—looked up a wealthy widow and married her; not without some trouble, though, for he encountered a formidable rival in a certain dashing soldier—Cratz. We are sorry contemporaries have left us no details of this rivalry—nothing to throw light on the wooing of Wallenstein—which is a pity, for the story would certainly have been amusing. The dame, Lucretia von Laudich, though well stricken in years, was greatly given to patronizing the knaves who then, even more than now, dealt in medicaments for renovating beauty and exciting affection; and, therefore, must have been as ultra-sentimental in the matter as Wallenstein was business-like. Of the two, Cratz was assuredly the more likely to prevail in such a contest, and, therefore, curiosity must regret that gossips have omitted to record how Wallenstein managed to get the better of him. Be this as it may, the lady proved a very exacting, troublesome, and jealous wife, nearly killing her husband on one occasion by administering a love-potion! But in 1614 she died, and left him her whole fortune, consisting of a large sum in ready cash, and sundry estates in Bohemia and Moravia. Free to follow the impulses of ambition, Wallenstein made good use of his wealth, raising a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, and distinguishing himself in sundry campaigns, as well he might, considering that in those days there never was any lack of hard blows in the Holy Roman Empire. Rapidly acquiring court favor, he was created a baron, and appointed Governor of Moravia, somewhere in 1616. There, too, he distinguished himself; but it was by such extraordinary rapacity as to create quite a scandal—even at the corrupt court of Vienna. Summoned thither to vindicate himself, he made his first great proof of the wonder-working power of gold. By dint of hard bribing, spending ten thousand pounds in the process, he was acquitted and relegated to his government, where he remained, still money-grubbing, till the close of 1618.

Meanwhile the *Cujus Regio* as practised by the house of Habsburg was arranging the materials for a mighty conflagration. Family quarrels, and the interpolation of a couple of tolerant

princes, had rendered that line of sovereigns the very last to begin. But when they did set to work it was in downright earnest. And it must be confessed that they had quite sufficient to tax all their energies, for the Reformation had made extraordinary progress in their dominions. The southern provinces were soon dragooned back to the old faith; then Austria had its turn; and, finally, Hungary. There were many peasant revolts the while, and one or two formidable rebellions. But these were all put down, partly by open force and merciless cruelty, and partly by vile treachery and merciless cruelty; for, somehow or other, cruelty was the inseparable adjunct of whatever instrument their exigencies compelled the Habsburgs to adopt. Up to 1617 Bohemia, that stronghold of Reformation, had remained comparatively undisturbed. That kingdom, therefore, was thronged with refugees. But in the year just named Ferdinand of Cratz, the originator and chief supporter of Austrian persecution, was recognized as heir to the various crowns of the family; and the Emperor Mathias being old and broken in health and spirit, he at once assumed the direction of affairs. This roused the refugees, who hated him with the concentrated malice of bigots, exiles, and ruined men. Led by that magnificent demagogue, the subtle, daring, and eloquent Count Thurn—a man who loved to fish in troubled waters, but still more to rouse the storm that was to trouble them—they intrigued, plotted, and harangued with all the restless energy of vengeance, to excite the Bohemians against their prince. Nor was this a difficult task. The fiery wars raged by Hussites and Romanists were little more than a century old, and the animosities engendered thereby were still at a good red heat. Besides, the hurricane struggle of creed against creed, not yet over in France or the Netherlands, was ready to break out at any moment along the Rhine, where, banded under rival leagues, Reformer and Romanist stood front to front, with the trumpet at the lip and the sword half drawn. This was exciting; but this was not all. The doings of Jesuit and Habsburgher had, for many a day, alarmed the Bohemians, and warned them in unmistakable terms to prepare for a similar conflict. And though

as yet all was calm within that ancient kingdom, it was the ominous calm—the thrilling pause—the five minutes of unutterable anxiety that precedes the rush of battle. There can be no question that Ferdinand intended, sooner or later, to deal with Bohemians as he had already dealt with Styrians, Austrians, and Hungarians. And there can be just as little question that he was brought in collision with them far sooner than he wished, and long before he was ready. It was thus the matter befell:—Precisely at the perilous juncture no less than two Protestant communities took the liberty of building their churches on Roman Catholic abbey-lands without the consent of the trustees. The latter naturally demurred, and a quarrel began that soon interested a dozen nations, and ended by involving Europe in the terrible Thirty Years' War. It must be allowed that, in an artistic point of view, there have been few prettier squabbles than this. Contradictory as they were, both the parties to it were decidedly and legally in the right! By Article VI. of the "Majestäts Brief"—a sort of Magna Charta granted to the Bohemians in 1609—the Protestants were empowered to build churches "in towns, villages, or elsewhere, without hindrance or molestation." The Catholics, on the other hand, according to the well-known *Cujus Regio*, were perfectly justified in preserving their faith intact within the limits of their own domains. This was just the sort of dilemma between whose horns a school-man would have delighted to pin an adversary. But the Bohemians unfortunately were too impassioned to appreciate its beauties, otherwise undoubtedly they would have borrowed our Chancery Court, as a sort of shrine, wherein to preserve it for the admiration of future ages. The thing, of course, was referred to Vienna, while millions looked eagerly on. Not the least interested were the refugees; but they were something more than mere spectators. Under their direction numerous insolent petitions were concocted and despatched to court by still more insolent bearers: until Ferdinand and his advisers were goaded into arresting the deputies, and ordering the demolition of the buildings—precisely as Thurn and his confederates desired. Of course all good Bohemians

were furious at the conduct of the court, and equally, of course, the refugees took care to improve the occasion. Indignation meetings were gathered, speeches made, and pamphlets disseminated, all tending to increase the universal excitement. Among other measures a monster meeting was convened at Prague to consider the situation. It met on the 23d of May, 1618, and a memorable affair it proved.

And here we must pause to notice one of the amiable privileges which certain municipalities arrogated in the days of old. It was this,—whenever their magistrates happened to displease them, the burghers were given to flinging them headlong from the windows of the Rathhaus, or Town Hall. So that the cry, "Down with So-and-so," vague as it is just now, was tolerably intelligible in the middle ages. The custom, of course, had an origin; but that is a matter of dispute. It is sufficiently like a trait of the ancient Romans to justify ardent classics in attributing it to them. And it is not so unlike a practice of the still older Hebrews to deter those, who delight in tracing every good thing up to that people, from assigning it to their favorites. Indeed, those who exercised the privilege last appear to have been of this opinion, for they justified their conduct by a pertinent allusion to the fate of Jezebel. To our mind, however, the thing seems to have been neither more nor less than hanging in embryo. It certainly wanted nothing of that operation but—the rope. Be the origin, however, what it may, the thing itself was sufficiently common. In this way the weavers of Louvain disposed of no less than seventeen of their magistrates in 1382; thus, too, the citizens of Breslau dealt with the whole body of their town-councillors in 1420; and thus the good people of Vienna got rid of their obnoxious burgomaster and syndics in 1461. Traces of the same pleasant custom may be met with in the records and in the civic architecture of Nuremberg, Augsburg, Dantzic, and half a hundred other places. But it was at Prague that defenestration, as they called it, was practised in all its glory. And not without sufficient reason. No other mediæval city was half so well qualified to assert the privilege, or so admirably adapted

to exercise it. Prague was tenanted by various races—conquering and conquered. These, of course, hated one another devoutly, and took the utmost pains to preserve intact their several barbarous dialects and conflicting usages. And from the days of Huss and Zisca downwards bitter religious animosities were superadded to the other choice elements of discord. Besides, the city was always thronged by thousands of students—sturdy fellows all—who delighted in a riot. And, as if to give full scope to the defenestrating proclivities of this turbulent mass, the place was divided into three different municipalities, each with its separate Rathhaus. The course of time had taught the magistrates of most other old German towns to neutralize this custom very considerably, by providing secret outlets from the council chamber, specimens of which may be noticed at Ratisbon and other places to this very day. But the citizens of Prague were not to be defrauded of their rights in this scurvy fashion. They could not, indeed, prevent the excavation of such rat-holes; but they took good care to render them nearly useless, by placing the council-chamber at the very top of the Rathhaus. Nor were the municipal dignitaries of Prague the only officials liable to this process. It was frequently extended to Ministers of State. At first the latter were generally precipitated from the Wysehrad, a stronghold that crowns a precipice over the Moldau, to the south of the Neustadt; and where, by the way, during the mistiest times, a certain termagant, Queen Libussa, used to dispose of her innumerable lovers in the same way. In later days, however, these old battlements were exchanged for the windows of the council-chamber—the “Green Room”—of the Hradschin, on the other side of the river. And the said chamber—still with a view to the privilege—was placed just under the roof, twenty-five good yards from the ground.

Peasant and paladin, the Bohemians gathered from all quarters; and on the appointed day a mighty throng covered Zisca's Berg to the top. There was no lack of stern feeling there, and no lack of exciting topics, nor of the skill to handle them, though the last was hardly requisite, for every object round teemed

with recollections only too eloquent at such a crisis. An assembly like that could have but one result. What with stirring memories and fiery oratory, in an hour the multitude was ripe for any mischief—howling for an object whereon to vent its rage. And the tide of passion was taken as it rose. Down they poured—Thurn in front—to the Grosser Ring, in the centre of the Altstadt. There they defiled—clashing their iron flails or “tooth-picks,” as they playfully called them, and shaking the town with their shouts—between the old Rathhaus, memorable for examples of Hussite vengeance, and the old Thien-Kirche, still more memorable as the scene of Zisca's eloquence: for the blind old warrior had been a very Boanerges in the pulpit. Thus refreshed, they resumed their tremendous promenade, thronging down the Plattuer Gasse, and over the old bridge, without much heeding St. John Nepomuk, or the twenty-seven other statues that graced its length. Thence they hurried, roaring and rushing like a winter torrent, through the devious windings of the Kleinseite, to their goal, the Hradschin. The ministers were there already; but, though acquainted with the national excitement, and not unaware of the meeting and its dangerous character, there was not a single sentry posted to keep the door. It was only when the massive yell of universal revolt thundered up to their lofty chamber that they awoke to find themselves unguarded, unfriended, without a tongue to plead, or a sword to strike for them: a door and a flight of stairs, and nothing more, between them and the vengeance of a hundred thousand foes. A mass of men, every one of them noble, headed by Count Thurn, forced their way upstairs. They found but five persons in the chamber. Three of these, however, were the very men they wanted. One, the secretary, Fabritius, was a mean cringing knave, to whose gratuitous officiousness a good deal of the roughness of the Austrian rule was attributed. As for the ministers, Slawata and Martinitz, they were even more bitterly hated. They had ousted the natives from power, they had monopolized office upon office, they had fattened upon fine and confiscation; one of them at least was that always detested thing, a renegade, and

of both it was asserted that they were in the habit of hunting their serfs with hound and horn to mass. In comparison with these the other two were almost meritorious, and were passed without injury, but in much terror, nevertheless, out of the room, down the stairs, and thence to their dwellings, suffering nothing worse than much hustling and more vituperation, by the way. Rid of these, six gentlemen, bearing the noblest names of old Bohemia, laid hold of the victims, and flung them right through the windows with such hearty good-will that the last of the three was in the air before the first had reached the ground. Down the ministers tumbled from the dizzy height into the ditch beneath, amid the roar of the multitude; several flying shots, not badly aimed, followed; and, as it was intended that they should rot where they fell, no further notice was taken of them. But, unfortunately for this good intention, the Bohemians were sadly given to a trick very well known in Edinburgh forty years ago. Ever since the rebuilding of the Hradschin in 1541 the servants had been accustomed to cast waste paper and other rubbish out of these same windows, and the heap that resulted, never being meddled with, had accumulated to somewhat formidable dimensions in the course of 170 years. Besides, the three happened to be arrayed in full Spanish costume that morning, and their capacious cloaks expanding like parachutes as they went down, deposited them so gently on the heap that they escaped without even a broken bone. One of them, indeed, had his hand discolored, and another a lock of hair cut away by pistol-bullets; but that was all. Gathering themselves up, they sneaked quietly away to shelter, and in a little time managed to get clear off from Prague. But the punishment of two of them at least was not yet over. The secretary was ennobled shortly after under the title of Baron Hohenfall, or High Tumbler; and Martinitz under that of Count Schmeissanski, or Pitched Over—genuine specimens of Habsburg humor these.

This act brought matters to a crisis. There could be no parleying, no faltering, no receding henceforth. So a revolutionary government was established at once in Bohemia, with Thurn at its

head. And the first act of that skilful administrator was to raise an army. Moravia was regarded as a Bohemian dependency in those days, and its Governor, Wallenstein, had that exaggerated reputation which invariably clings to a rising but not thoroughly tried man. The command of the new army therefore was offered to him in the first instance. But knowing well the weakness incident to rebellions, and still better acquainted with the value of royal prestige,—a mighty thing in those days, and with the powerful organization and vast influence of the Jesuits, which were sure eventually to band the greater portion of Catholic Europe on the side of Ferdinand,—he refused decidedly to have anything to do with Thurn or his party. Nor was he content with mere refusal;—he employed the remainder of the year in organizing a royal army in Moravia. There were other Bohemians as loyal as Wallenstein, and these fled the country, or took refuge in the two or three strong towns that declared for Ferdinand, closely pursued by sentences of confiscation and exile. Adventurers from all quarters crowded into Bohemia—men of broken fortunes and desperate characters; and among the rest, with four thousand consummate cut-throats at his back, came that prince of partisans, Count Mansfeldt.

There was but a small force available in Austria at the time, and that was dispatched at once to the scene of action under General Bouquoi. Another imperial leader—Dampiere—was hurried up from Hungary in the same direction, although the Hungarians rose fiercely and closed upon his track like a flowing tide. The Habsburg fortunes were low enough just then. Besides Bohemia and Hungary, several provinces were in open revolt; and those that had not yet followed the example were widely disaffected—Austria itself as much as any. Not that the empire was completely denuded of loyalists; far from it. But large and powerful as the party eventually proved, for the time being it was helpless. Insurrection had swept over the country like an inundation, and those who were not utterly paralyzed by the event thought of nothing as yet but shunning its violence.

Meanwhile, leaving Mansfeldt to cope

with Bouquoi, Thurn marched straight upon Vienna. It was a daring stroke, but the wisest withal that could have been adopted. But Vienna was not fated to fall on that occasion. The moment Thurn crossed the borders Wallenstein, who even then had his spies everywhere, redoubled his exertions, and took care that the news should reach the Bohemian in sufficiently exaggerated form. Alarmed at the prospect of such a foe upon his flank, and still more alarmed at the focus thus presented to reaction, Thurn turned aside from the capital and made a rapid dash at Olmütz. He reached that city so suddenly that Wallenstein, whose half-hearted levies fell away as the Protestant leader approached, had barely time to escape with a troop of cuirassiers and—the *money-chest, which he clung to with characteristic tenacity*. He had effected his purpose, however, and for that time, at least, saved the empire. This happened early in 1619, and Thurn, having carried all before him, and established rebellion on a respectable footing in Moravia, was back before Vienna with recruited forces and splendid hopes before the middle of March. A few days after his re-appearance the old Emperor Mathias died—in accordance with the forecast called the seven M's of Kepler: Magnus, Monarcha, Mundi, Medeo, Meuse, Martio, Morietur, as that philosopher is reported to have written beforehand; and the event added greatly to his astrologic fame. But, unfortunately for its credit, the same story is told with a variation of another character of the period—Doctor Jessen. This learned Bohemian had been captured on his return from a treasonable visit to Bethlem Gabor in 1618. He was soon exchanged for a court favorite, who happened to be in durance among his countrymen. But during his captivity he had amused himself by writing up the capitals I. M. M. M. M. conspicuously on the walls of his dungeon. These letters—which he explained thus: Imperator, Mathias, Meuse, Martio, Morietur—were greatly talked of at the time. Crowds came to stare at them, of course, and among others the future Emperor Ferdinand. He, however, preferred to read them his own way: Iesseni, Mentiris, Malamorte, Morieris (“As to Iessen

the liar, he will die a bad death”)—a reading which proved just as true as the other one, for Jessen was hanged shortly after the battle of the White Mountain. And as it is with this, so it is with most detached anecdotes, especially the smarter ones. They are told of too many persons to be true of any; in other words, they are said to have happened too often ever to have happened at all.

Thurn and his Bohemians were without Vienna, and what was there within? 1,500 foot and 200 horse, abundant terror, and still more abundant disaffection. But Thurn, though a matchless demagogue, was a very poor general. Instead of storming the town at once, he dallied away three precious months in intrigue and negotiation. Not that these things were altogether ineffective. If they did nothing else, they kept the imperial family in the extremity of torture for a Yankee eternity—that is, ninety days. The Emperor, however, would make no concession. Helpless, and almost hopeless, as he was, he determined to the last to be a monarch or nothing. Everybody else gave away. His family entreated, and the Jesuits advised him to agree to anything and everything, *at least for the present*; or otherwise to fly and await the dawn of a better day among the faithful Tyrolese. But Ferdinand would do neither. And yet he knew there was no help at hand; that Thurn might enter the city at his pleasure; and that the numerous traitors within the walls debated almost publicly whether they should not seize him, give him the tonsure by force after the Merovingian fashion, and, immuring him forever in a convent, seize his children and bring them up in the Protestant faith. Very probably it was the knowledge of these debates that determined Thurn to wait and watch. Very probably the Bohemian chief calculated that the malcontents would do his work much better than he could dare to do it for himself, and that his surest course would be to maintain his threatening attitude unaltered, thus encouraging and strengthening his partisans by his presence, while his inaction left ample scope to their treasonable impulses. It was a wily plan, and would have been eminently successful but for one little trifle

—the game could not always be thus confined merely to the Habsburgs, the malcontents, and Thurn. Meanwhile, day by day the traitors grew more audacious, and day by day the imperialists lost heart and fell off, until Ferdinand stood almost alone in his palace. At length Thurn roused and prepared for an assault; but rather with a view to stimulate his partisans than to act decisively himself. His troops drew up to the gates, and his artillery battered the palace, throwing its shot insolently in at the very windows. *Ferdinand changed his apartments and prayed against his enemies.* This cannonade decided the conspirators. While Thurn demonstrated without, they armed within and hurried to the palace. At their head were the noblest of the ancient nobility; for, with small exception, the present Austrian aristocracy dates only from the Thirty Years' War. Sixteen of them, headed by Thonradtel of the once great house of Ebergassing, forced themselves into the presence of their sovereign. This was the 11th of June, 1619, and a terrible morning it was within the ramparts of Vienna. There all was hurry and alarm. Some secreted their females and their valuables; others looked up and whetted their long-concealed weapons. As to the palace, there the women and the priests wept together in helpless despair. Ferdinand was left to debate alone against a host. And what a debate was that! Extreme impotence was on the one side, and exulting insolence on the other. "Sign!" said Thonradtel, presenting a document overflowing with humiliating conditions. "Sign!" cried his comrades, laying their hands on their swords. "Sign! sign!" growled their followers in the corridors, on the stairs, and down in the court-yard below. But Ferdinand refused. They reasoned, he refused; they expostulated, he refused; they threatened, he still refused. Their faces flushed, their words grew fierce; the circle closed round the Prince, swords too flashed out, and Thonradtel, grasping his arm, *commanded* him to sign. If ever man looked death full in the face, Ferdinand did so then. The nobles had now gone too far to retract; with them, too, it was all or nothing. Let but one strike, and every sword would

follow the example. Ferdinand's life hung by a thread, and he knew it, but he never faltered. He was no warrior, had indeed disgraced himself on the only occasion wherein he had ventured to show himself in arms; but now he was every inch a hero, as impassive as if he had been cast in brass. Old Rodolph and Maximilian, valiant as they were, might have been proud of their descendant. "Sign!" thundered Thonradtel for the last time, and more than one keen blade was pointed at Ferdinand's unsheltered breast. A moment more and—"Hark! what's that?" cried Jorger of Hernhall's, dropping the point of his weapon in startled surprise. "Himmel!" growls Hagger of Alenstein, "but it's a cavalry trumpet. Can Thurn be in the town?" And up it came, clear and ear-piercing, that rousing *tira-la* which horsemen love to hear. They rushed to the windows, and as they did so the trumpet-blast died away, and the ring of bridle and sabre and the clatter of many hoofs took its place. Another minute, and a dense body of cuirassiers trotted into the square, and pulled up with a ringing shout, right under the windows. "Whose are these?" questioned the nobles in astonishment. That was soon settled. A mass of the new-comers threw themselves from their horses and dashed up the stairs without ceremony. There was a scuffle without, and then the chamber-door opened and admitted a tall thin figure, surmounted by a hard stern countenance, with piercing black eyes, heavy moustache, and short, bristling black beard and hair. "Wallenstein!" cried the Emperor, bursting from his impassibility. "Ter Teufel!" screamed Thonradtel, crushing up his document, and dashing out of the palace, followed by the rest of the deputation, and preceded by the valiant Hagger, who tripped over his sword and rolled from head to foot of the stairs. The house of Habsburg was saved. That night came the news of a Royalist victory in Bohemia, and ere morning dawned, Thurn's camp was deserted, and himself far away on the way to the frontiers.

And how came Wallenstein thither so opportunely? That is soon told. After his escape from Olmütz he had no very pleasant march, for rebellion

threw a hundred obstacles in his path. After much dodging and shifting, many marches and not a few countermarches, he fell in with Dampiere, then advancing to re-enforce Bouquoi. A few days after came intelligence of the imminent peril of Ferdinand. Of course a junction with Bouquoi was no longer to be thought of. Dampier doubled back in haste, and Wallenstein, breaking off with his horsemen and his money-chest, seized a number of boats near Krems, and, dropping rapidly and unsuspected down the Danube to Vienna, managed to pass between Thurn's careless posts, and gained the palace at the very nick of time.

It was, indeed, the nick of time. Had Thurn taken Vienna, or even maintained his post before it a little longer, the imperial crown would have been lost forever to the house of Habsburg, and with it the greater portion of the hereditary domains. Truly, Wallenstein was a mighty benefactor! Thanks to him, Ferdinand reached Fraukfort in time, and history tells the rest. But even as an emperor his position, for a time, was sufficiently disheartening. Rebellion, triumphant in Bohemia, was far from being quelled elsewhere. The capital itself was not safe: a fiercer foe than Thurn—Bethlem Gabor and his wild borderers—was rapidly approaching. Ferdinand returned in haste to organize resistance; he recalled some troops from Bohemia, and gathered up new levies. But before he could do half that was requisite, the Transylvanian Waiwode was upon him on the one side, while Thurn, whom the large detachments made by Bouquoi had set free, came down on the other. But not to play the same insolent part as before. Men and soldiers, and confidence too, were now within the walls, and the assailants had to win every inch of ground in the face of stern resistance. Every day developed additional skill and daring on the part of the besieged, and always among the most distinguished was Wallenstein. At length, hopeless of success, discontented with one another, and, above all, apprehensive of the storm that was gathering, the besiegers withdrew. The leaguer began in October, and it was over by the opening of the new year. By that time, too, Ferdinand's affairs had greatly improved on all sides. At home

judicious measures, combined with the imperial prestige, had won back many a malcontent, and not a few open rebels. And abroad diplomacy had been even more successful. France and England were neutralized; the Protestant League was dislocated, while that of the Catholics, drawn closer together, was even then mustering in arms under Maximilian of Bavaria. Spinola, too, was marching on the Palatinate; re-enforcements were crossing the Alps from Italy; and Spanish gold was gathering reckless spirits everywhere for this fresh crusade.

Meanwhile the new Bohemian King was speeding fast to ruin: wasting his money, misspending his time, losing his friends, encouraging his enemies, and insulting his subjects by such tricks as the following:—"Fridericum Pragæ prope molendinum magnum, magna omnium indignatione, cum fæce populi lavantem visum fuisse." He had not even the atoning quality of personal courage, but was just as useless in the field as he was in the council. By the time the campaign opened in 1620 the Bohemians were beyond comparison weaker than at the outbreak of the revolt. Then they were as one—then they overflowed with enthusiasm; but now they were disappointed and depressed, while every man distrusted his neighbor.

On the 10th of September, 1620, the invading army crossed the frontiers, and no more brilliant host ever marched to fight its first battle. The ranks included an unparalleled number of world-known celebrities. There, at the head, was that cuirassed Jesuit, the renowned old war dog Tilly; there, with his iron horsemen, was the fiery rider Papenheim—he who, like the Napiers, was always sure to be hit; there—strange scene for such a man, then a volunteer of eighteen—was the philosopher Descartes; there, yet little more than a raw peasant, was the terrible partisan, John de Wart; there was the infamous Count Merode; there was he who became the first soldier of his day, when Turenne was in his prime, the gallant Mercoi; there was Cratz, Illo, Teraki, Isoloni; and there, finally, was Wallenstein himself, in the capacity of quartermaster-general.

The battle of the White Mountain, like so many other decisive actions, was fought on a Sunday. Wallenstein was

not present, having been detached the day before on a foraging expedition: so we shall pass over the details. That single fight ruined Frederick. Mansfeldt, indeed, maintained the struggle desperately for long years after; but he was a mere adventurer, who made the cause of the "Winter King" an excuse for continuing an exciting career. Pledging themselves to a general amnesty, the imperial leaders took quiet possession, except just of the districts occupied by Mansfeldt. And, for a time, there was no appearance of treachery. There was no harrying of districts with fire and sword; there were no proscriptions, no confiscations, no executions. Even religion was left untouched. One month passed, and another, and yet another without a change. It really appeared that this time at least a Habsburg would not play false. Hundreds who had been in hiding resumed their avocations. Confidence returned everywhere, and by the ensuing February the greater part of Bohemia presented no trace of the recent struggle. But Habsburg vengeance, whether in Spain, or in Holland, or in Bohemia, never disappointed itself by premature action, never drew the net until the meshes were full; and this was now the case. At midnight, February 28, 1621, forty-eight great Bohemian barons were surprised in their beds, and hurried in fetters to the Hradschin. But not for immediate punishment. Indeed, at first they were looked upon, and by themselves as well as others, in the light of hostages for the good behavior of the nation, so long as Mansfeldt should make head. But in three months more that leader had been hurled into the Palatinate, and Bohemia secured. And then the work of death began. On the 21st of June the conquerors had a defenestration of their own. A scaffold was raised before the windows of the old Rathhaus, opposite that Thien-Kirche, which still bore aloft the stirring emblems of Zisca: the chalice and the sword, the privilege and its guarantee. But the one was broken, and the other about to pass away forever. On this scaffold was raised a lordly seat, and there, as the sun rose, the Imperial Commissioners arranged themselves, Prince Liechtenstein in the midst, with Slawata and Martinitz on his right hand and his

left. The Grosser Ring was thronged with mail-clad men, and an army kept the neighboring streets. Five o'clock struck; and, at the stroke, a baron stepped through the window to the block. Another and another followed, until twenty-four heads fell. One by one they died, like valiant gentlemen. Some young and full of life, others old and hoary, tottering on the very brink of the grave; the ages of ten among them amounting to full seven hundred years. But all died with the same unfaltering mien, the same touching courage. The very morning of that longest day seemed to weep, preserving a rainbow full in front until the last proud head had fallen. It was the Arad of the seventeenth century. Alas for the line, whose annals are stained by two such bloody pages! And during the whole of the terrible hours of butchery, the author was prostrate before the image of the *Black Virgin* at Marianzel, two hundred miles off in Styria, whither he had made a pilgrimage afoot, expressly to pray for the souls of his victims!

During the next few years, the Bohemians underwent a reign of terror. Confiscation, death, and exile went on by wholesale. Civil and religious liberty were stamped out together. The very literature of the country was proscribed and persecuted, and stamped out too; for it also had been guilty of heresy and rebellion. And the Bohemians, from probably the brightest race in Europe, degenerated within a single generation into positively the most stolid.

Many of the estates were given away, and many more put up for sale by the Imperial Commissioners; and this, in conjunction with the necessities created by fine and exile, threw so large a quantity of land into the market, that the price fell, in many cases, to less than a year's rent. Among those who profited most by this state of things was Wallenstein. Though holding by no means the foremost rank in the army, he had received by far the largest share of the plunder, and, possessing even then enormous funds, he made still larger purchases. But, not content with fair gains, if such gains may be called fair, he resorted to one of the tricks of the alchemists in order to swell them, and purchased several estates with coin so de-

based as to be not worth half its nominal value. There were complaints and loud ones; but these were soon silenced by probably the most extraordinary edict ever issued by monarch, an edict which legalized this kind of swindling in Walenstein's case only. But he did not purchase with a view to retain. The lands he had received by grant were sufficiently ample. The remainder he merely withdrew from the market until the prices ran up, and then he disposed of them at an enormous profit. This lucrative traffic he carried on until the last hour of his life, investing his gains in the banking-houses of Italy, until, what with lands and funded wealth, by 1624 he was in the receipt of not less than 800,000*l.* a year; and with his fortune grew his favor at court. In 1621 he married the daughter and heiress of Count Harrach, the Great Chamberlain, became a member of the Aulic Council, and was created a Count; and in two years more he was still further elevated to the rank of Duke and Prince of the Empire. Thenceforth he was popularly known as the "Friedländer;" and nobly did he support his dignity. Now, at last, it began to be suspected that his money-grubbing had a deeper source than that of mere avarice, for his profusion was only less boundless than his wealth. His magnificence, indeed, had not yet attained the maturity it was destined to reach; but even then it was more than princely. Nothing like it had been seen in Europe since the days of Wolsey. But, in the midst of all this splendor, he was the same gaunt figure as ever—stern, silent, and unsympathetic, a world within himself; his vocabulary limited to words of command; dealing with men as with cattle, buying their brains and their arms as he wanted them, but never descending to familiarity, friendship, or confidence with any one; a man to be dreaded for his severity, distrusted for his selfishness, detested for his scornful insolence and unscrupulous rapacity, and blindly followed for his liberality and never-failing success; a man who, admitting no companionship in his rise, could expect no devotion in his fall. A man, in short, to be all-powerful in prosperity, and utter in his ruin.

The Spectator.

CHARLES DICKENS'S MORAL SERVICES TO LITERATURE.

WE wish it were possible to do real justice to those of our men of genius who still remain among us with less of exaggeration, and we might almost say caricature, than seems to characterize those feasts which we give in their honor. Few of Mr. Dickens's heartiest, if discriminating, admirers could have felt much pleasure in reading the report of the Liverpool banquet, and of Lord Dufferin's very able and eloquent but unmodulated panegyric. No one can help feeling that in all respects but one, namely, that Mr. Dickens fortunately is still with us, speeches of that kind are much more "like a funeral sermon than truth." The maxim "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is only true of men of literature as men of literature while the grave is still green above them; "*De presentibus nil nisi bonum*" would be not only true, but much less than the truth;—"De presentibus nil nisi optimum" would be nearer the mark. The panegyrists of such really great writers as Mr. Dickens are apt to speak as if the lights could be sufficiently appreciated without the shadows, and by so doing seem to us to pay but a poor compliment to the literary insight of an author who can swallow so much glaring intellectual eulogy without being revolted by its singular uniformity of tone and deficiency in delicacy of appreciation. We do not blame Lord Dufferin or any other speaker at the Liverpool banquet for this; the fault lies with our false general tone of social morality on such matters, which always expects and demands oral compliment to be undiluted and broad, and therefore entirely deficient in artistic flavor. Still it is simply the fact that any man knowing Mr. Dickens's works would find no sort of reflection of their specific characteristics in such speeches as those of the Liverpool banquet. He would learn only the raw public opinion of Mr. Dickens's literary merits; and the public opinion of literary merits, though it is almost sure to have something of substantial foundation, is also pretty sure to be shapeless and vague and a little coarse.

We are not going now to attempt any general estimate of that genius, but on one point, on which Lord Dufferin dilated,

the great moral services Mr. Dickens's works have rendered to England and all the English-speaking races, we should like to define his true position; and we do not think it will lose,—indeed, we believe it will gain,—by a little discrimination and precision, in place of that very general and comprehensive panegyric that he has rendered us “brighter and more gladsome by the reproduction and distribution of that kindly spirit of domestic affection which has been the main purport of his teaching,” and that he has made us “wiser and better, more loving and more human, taught us the duty of gayety and the religion of mirth, while yet the lambent play of his wit, humor, and fancy has only revealed more distinctly the depths of passion in his nature, as the laughter of the sea along its thousand shining shores is but another expression of those immeasurable forces which lie latent in its bosom.” That is a fine image of Lord Dufferin's, but to our apprehension a singularly misleading one. No one can appreciate more highly the wonderful and inexhaustible humor of Mr. Dickens's creations than we do. We doubt if there ever were so great a humorist in the world before, Aristophanes and Shakespeare not excepted. But to speak of Mr. Dickens's humor as only revealing more distinctly the depths of passion in his nature, seems to us a singular misunderstanding of his genius. There is passion,—no doubt deep passion,—in the greatest of his efforts at imaginative portraiture, the picture of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*,—some passion in her profound pity for the child, a vast deal in the mixture of love and terror which she feels for Sykes. There is very real and true pathos in the death of little Paul Dombey and one or two other pictures of a like kind,—not, we think, in the picture of little Nell, which, with great deference to Lord Dufferin, we cannot help regarding as one of Mr. Dickens's many overstrained, and consciously indulged and petted bits of sentimentalism, constantly passing the verge of maudlin emotionalism. But take his great and wonderfully productive genius all in all, and we scarcely know any genius, approaching his in richness, so utterly devoid of passion,—so almost certain to be theatrical and falsetto in its tone whenever it attempts passion.

And as for saying that Mr. Dickens's humor is another aspect,—an expression,—of his passion, it is possible, in our minds, to conceive an erroneous analysis. That is often of other humorists,—as of Clive Thackeray's,—for both these great writers in their highest touches often seem to register the highest scorn or pity in their nature. But over Dickens's greatest feats of humor, Mrs. Gamp's richest idioms, Elihu Gamble's eloquence, Putnam Smith's alligator, the transcendental ladies' dissertations on the sublime, Mr. Venevick's letter on the Shepherd, Mr. Venevick's and Miss Snellicci's letter to Miss Squeers' spite, the Dodger's relations to Charley Bates, Noah Claypole's genius for “the kinchin' lay,” Mr. Bleby's designs on the matron of the house, Mr. Toots's waistcoats, Mr. F. B.A.'s, conversation with the doctor master on the political economy of materials, Captain Cuttle's note on Peggotty's buttons, Traddles's girl,” Mrs. R. Wilfer's four copper engravings, Silas Wegg's poetry, Mr. Buns's hopeless love,—and can you find one of them that the humor, rich and inimitable as it is, is the index of a deep passion lying beneath? The answer about Mr. Dickens seems to us to be looking to the greatness of his achievements as a humorist, it is singularly very little of passion there is in them. There is more passion in Charles Johnson, than in Dickens. It is true his melodramatic efforts are often effectively worked up,—that the note of Mr. Tigg in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance, and the craven panic of Chuzzlewit, show considerable passion; but it is anything but the power of passion; it is the power of melodrama consciously adding stroke after stroke to the desired effect.

That Dickens's moral influence has been, on the whole, healthy and we heartily believe. It has been mainly profoundly humane. The love of cruelty diffused through the wonderful picture of Dotheboys' Hall is sufficient to earn him the gratitude of English-speaking peoples. The feeling expressed towards a different kind

cruelty, that of Steerforth the seducer, in *David Copperfield*, is equally sincere, though less effective. And the hatred of cruelty is not more keen than the contempt for hypocrisy in the narrower sense,—such hypocrisy as Pecksniff's, or even mere pompous humbug like Podsnap's,—but here the humorist not unfrequently swallows up the moralist, and his delight in the grand incoherency of human nature often overpowers his scorn for falsehood. Still, the last moral service we should think of ascribing to Dickens's literary influence would be the diffusion of a genuine reverence for absolute sincerity and realism. The great writer himself falls into the most mawkish and unreal sentimentalism. Half the geniality which is supposed to be Mr. Dickens's great merit is the most vulgar good-humor of temperament,—a strong disposition to approve the distribution of punch and plum-pudding, slap men heartily on the back, and kiss pretty women behind doors. Mr. Wardle in *Pickwick*, and to a considerable extent Mr. Pickwick himself, represents the sort of generosity which is elevated into a gospel in the Christmas Tales, the *Christmas Carol*, and the others. The melodrama of Scrooge's conversion from miserliness to generosity contains a thoroughly vulgar and poor moral. But the gospel of geniality is better than the caressing sort of praise lavished on spoony young men and women simply because they are spoony, in those multitudinous passages tending to excite nausea, of which the type is the blessing pronounced over Ruth Pinch because she frequents the fountain in the Temple, is in love with John Westlake, and makes a rump-steak pie with some deftness. Mr. Dickens has brought people to think that there is a sort of piety in being gushing and maudlin,—and this is anything but a useful contribution to the morality of the age. His picture of the domestic affections, which Lord Dufferin calls the strong point of his teaching, seems to us very defective in simplicity and reserve. It is not really English, and tends to modify English family feeling in the direction of theatric tenderness and an impulsiveness wholly wanting in self-control.

In one word, it seems to us that Mr. Dickens's highest and lowest moral influences arise from the same cause, his won-

derful genius for caricature. All vices arising from *simple* motives he makes contemptible and hideous,—avarice, cruelty, selfishness, hypocrisy, especially religious hypocrisy. But then he has a great tendency to make the corresponding virtues ludicrous too, by his over-colored sentiment. The brothers Cheeryble always seem to be rubbing their hands from intense brotherly love; the self-abandonment of Tom Pinch is grotesque; the elaborate self-disguise of Mr. Boffin as a miser in order to warn Bella Wilfer of her danger, is an insult to both the reason and conscience of the reader; and Mr. Dickens's saints, like that Agnes in *David Copperfield* who insists on pointing upwards, are invariably detestable. His morality concentrates itself on the two strong points we have named, a profound horror of cruelty and a profound contempt for humbug; but Mr. Dickens has no fine perception for the inward shades of humbug,—relaxed and cosseted emotions.

His greatest service to English literature will, after all, be not his high morality, which is altogether wanting in delicacy of insight, but in the complete harmlessness and purity of the immeasurable humor into which he moulds his enormous stores of acute observation. Almost all creative humorists tend to the impure—like Swift and Smollett, even Fielding. On the other hand, there are plenty of pure humorists who are not creative, who take the humor out of themselves and only apply it to what passes, like Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith. But Dickens uses his unlimited powers of observation to create for himself original fields of humor, and crowds grotesque and elaborate detail around the most happy conceptions, without ever being attracted for a moment towards any prurient or unhealthy field of laughter. Thus, as by far the most popular and amusing of all English writers, he provides almost unlimited food for a great people without infusing any really dangerous poison into it. In this way, doubtless, he has done us a service which can scarcely be overestimated. Nor do we see that his fame is likely to gain by making for him any false claim on our gratitude. His true claim, if *correctly* stated, scarcely can be *over-stated*; but still it is very easily misstated, and is

usually grossly misstated, as it seems to us, in those solemn acts of public idolatry by which we are inarticularly endeavoring to express our pride in his fame and our ambition for its permanence.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT AND THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

THE Council of Trent, while it effected some moral reforms, introduced, or rather stereotyped, a new era of Ultramontane exclusiveness in the Church. For the previous two centuries the cry for a searching reformation had waxed louder and louder, and especially since the manœuvring of the Roman Court had frustrated the endeavors of the Council of Basle to satisfy it. Germany had all along been foremost in urging the demand for a free representative Council. And when, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, an age of yet deeper profligacy was startled by the trumpet-tongued challenge of a professed heretic and schismatic, who united the call to holiness with scathing denunciations of what was once the centre of corruption and the central See of Christendom, even Rome could no longer affect to ignore the crisis. But she still adhered to her traditional policy of evasion, and dallied till the remedy came too late. Between 1580 and 1540 a *bona fide* Synod, not dominated by Papal legates, and fairly representing all the national Churches of Europe, might have availed to stem the tide, and secure reformation without precipitating a schism. When at length, in 1545, Paul III. reluctantly assented to the assembling of a Council at Trent, it was transferred after a few months, on the idliest pretexts, to the Papal city of Bologna, and soon afterwards separated for sixteen years. When it re-assembled at Trent, in 1562, Protestantism had already made its position, and received the allegiance of half Europe. The Council met, not to satisfy or even seriously to consider the complaints of the reforming party, but to draw the reins yet tighter on the necks of those who could still be coerced into submission. "The Germans," to use the words of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "might have applied to their own treatment what, on a later occasion, the French diplomatists said to the Dutch, *Nous traiterons chez*

vous, sur vous et sans vous." It had been foreseen at Rome that the German bishops, as a body, would be unable to attend, and a Brief of Paul III. provided, in defiance of all former precedents, that their proctors should have no votes. At the earlier sessions of this Council, sitting in Germany and claiming to be Œcumenical, there was present not a single German bishop, and only one proctor, who had no vote; in the later sessions, only one voting bishop and five proctors without votes. There was a small sprinkling of French and Spanish bishops, and two hundred Italian bishops, who of course were practically supreme. Moreover, votes were taken, not by nations, as at Constance, but individually; and it was ruled, again in defiance of precedent, that the Papal legates should have the exclusive right of deciding what questions should be brought forward. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder at what ensued. The German ambassadors of Ferdinand had demanded reform in the *Curia*, the restoration of the chalice, the marriage of priests, the revision of the breviary—which is full of exploded fables—the use of the vernacular in public services, and the reform of convents. All these demands were seconded by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the French bishops, who also insisted on the superiority of Councils to Popes, and wanted the decrees of Constance and Basle in that sense to be confirmed. Every one of these demands was either evaded or refused. "For the first time," to quote the words of Ranke, "the Catholic Church owned the circumscription of its dominion. It (virtually) gave up all claim upon the East, and repudiated the Protestant half of Europe with countless anathemas."

Instinctive distrust of the Teutonic peoples had long, indeed, and increasingly shaped the policy of Rome, and had become matter of public observation. Spanish jurists, like Antonio Gomez, supposed it was *ne secreta Ecclesiæ Imperatori revelentur*. Hardly any Germans received the red hat, and none except Cusa and Schomberg were allowed any share in the Pontifical government. For the three centuries during which the Congregation of the Index has existed, though it has con-

damned German books by wholesale, only two Germans, and those monks in Roman convents, have ever sat upon it. Nay, more, it seems that the inequalities of earth are expected to be reproduced in Heaven. For six centuries, among multitudes of Italian, French, Spanish, and South American saints, only two Germans have been canonized—Bishop Benno, who was recommended by his extreme Ultramontanism, and Canisius, whose membership of the Jesuit Order condoned the stain of his birth. And who, asks the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will dare to raise a warning voice at the Council now proclaimed, at least two-thirds of which will consist of Romanizers, on behalf of the twenty-five million German Catholics? Who will tell the assembled Fathers plainly that the Germans are no longer the much-enduring people who bore the yoke so patiently till at last, in 1517, it broke the camel's back; that the Catholics of Germany, who are closely intermingled with Protestants, who are versed in Protestant literature and enjoy freedom of the press, cannot for very shame accept the tenet of Papal infallibility "which throws contempt on Scripture, the ancient Church, history, and human reason"? Who will caution them against the fond illusion that a handful of Jesuits and their pupils, whose foreign education has denationalized all their feelings, are trustworthy interpreters of the national mind? and who will remind them that if a system of sheer terrorism compels German theologians for the moment to bend their backs under the Claudine yoke of a newly coined article of faith, it will never command their belief? To the last they will continue German in all their feelings and thoughts, and will say "*E pur si muove!*" this Papal infallibility is an idle dream." When Leo X. had made his Synod of Italian prelates, pompously styled the Fifth of Lateran, decree the supremacy of the Pope over Councils, kings, and nations, thus reversing the decrees of Constance and Basle, he and his courtiers imagined that the Papacy had attained its zenith and that the world would be at its feet. A few months later a German professor posted his theses on the door of a church at Wittenberg; ten years later Rome was

sacked by a German army; forty years later half Europe had finally revolted from her spiritual sway. This time no such outward convulsions are likely to follow an Ultramontane triumph. "There will be a great calm," as Dr. Manning says, and the Jesuits and their allies will sing Hosannah. The world will leave them to their Pyrrhic victory—and its results. From the Council of Trent onwards their policy has been one of repression and terrorism. The Inquisition and the Index have done their work, as Dr. Dollinger pointed out some years ago, in destroying not only all intellectual, but all theological, energy in the countries where they have had free course. No man can write what is worth reading under a censorship; "beneath its iron heel no grass can grow." Theology shrank into the dry husks of scholasticism and casuistry, biblical studies disappeared, history became perilous ground, and the very name of criticism excited suspicion and hatred. The learned Antonio Paleario was burnt at Rome, in 1570, for his critical tastes simply. Belgium and its University of Louvain was under Spanish control; in Austria, Bavaria, and the Ecclesiastical Principalities of Germany, the Jesuits were all-powerful and monopolized education; the rest of Northern Europe was Protestant, except France, which remained for a while the one refuge of theological study, and of the ancient doctrine of the Church. In Spain or Italy any reference to the famous canon of Constance, or any denial of Papal infallibility, was visited with imprisonment and death. No one could safely meddle with theology who was not a member or a *protégé* of one of the great religious Orders; and these are governed by a General resident at Rome. No priest who breathed a whisper against the prevalent system could call his character or position worth a week's purchase, and no layman could impugn it who valued his head in lands where the Holy Office bore sway. And the dead silence produced by this reign of terror was named in solemn mockery "the consent of the Catholic Church," while all dissent was branded as Gallican heresy. They make a solitude and call it peace. Indeed, but for France and the Gallican Liberties, which modern

Ultramontanes term "the Gallican servitudes," all historical or theological literature would have expired.

We have examined elsewhere the religious condition of the French Church since the Revolution, which is very different from what it was before. In the rest of Catholic Europe, with the exception of parts of Germany, much the same system of spiritual tyranny still prevails, though shorn, for the most part, of its secular terrors. No Roman Catholic priest of ordinary discretion would venture to profess Gallican opinions in England, and the recent treatment of Mr. Ffoulkes and Mr. Renouf shows what any Roman Catholic writer has to expect who dares to run out of the prescribed groove, though within the strict limits of Tridentine orthodoxy. It is not, therefore, without some reason that the Ultramontane whips reckon on securing an easy majority at the approaching Council. The *Civiltà* already indulges in a strain of exulting prophecy. The *Univers* and *Monde* have done their work in France, and most of the bishops are well primed to take the right side; the minority, it is hoped, will be overborne. No open opposition is expected from other quarters. "The English bishops will follow Manning; the Irish, Cullen—both nominees of Rome, and thorough-going Romanizers; the Belgians will swim with the stream; the elder German bishops will stay at home, the younger ones who have been trained by the Jesuits will come to a man; of the two hundred Italian prelates may be said what the Archbishop of Rouen said of his clergy, 'We give the word of command, and they march like a troop of soldiers'; the same applies to the Spanish and South American bishops, who have been indoctrinated in this article of Papal infallibility from their childhood." And it must be remembered further that the Ultramontane party is everywhere far better organized than its opponents, just as the Tories with ourselves are always better organized than the Liberals. We can hardly wonder if the *Civiltà* already raises its shout of insolent triumph, in anticipation of seeing the coping stone speedily placed on the edifice of Papal absolutism. For three centuries, by fair means and foul, by the combined machinery of

the pulpit, the press, the lecture-room, and the confessional, by force where force was available, and by chicanery where it was not, the Jesuits have striven to enforce their darling doctrine, for the infallibility of the Pope practically means their own. There is always "the black Pope" standing at the elbow of the white. If they succeed, they will have accomplished, in that silence which they misconstrue into consent, the most momentous revolution in the whole history of the Church.

We may sum up the significance of the change in words condensed from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—"According to this theory Christ has made the reigning Pope the one vehicle of inspiration and exclusive organ of Divine truth. Without him the Church is a body without a soul; during a Papal interregnum she is deprived of sight and speech. Yet, strange to say, this fundamental verity was never even heard of in the Church for thirteen centuries. No creed, no catechism, no doctrinal instructions of the Fathers contains a word of the Pope, or a hint that on him depends all certainty of belief. Not a single doctrinal question for a thousand years was settled by Papal decree, but either by Synod or by the general rejection of a new doctrine by the whole Church. Three Councils have anathematized a dead Pope for heresy, and a long line of his successors has accepted and sworn to their anathemas. In the beginning of the sixth century, the principle that 'the first See is judged of no man,' was first introduced, on the strength of a tissue of forgeries, into the Western Church; and it was gradually inferred that, as he cannot be judged, he cannot fall into heresy. In the ninth century the Isidorian Decretals came in to aid the movement, and Gratian's *Decretum* embodied them. Thomas Aquinas, who was himself taken in, wrote in defence of the new system of Papal autocracy. The General Councils of Constance and Basle—the very names which the Jesuits are striving to blot out of the memory of men—emphatically condemned it, and all the German and French, and nearly all the Spanish, theologians were on their side. Only the so-called Fifth Lateran Council a mere assemblage of Italian prelate

collected by Leo X. in 1517, reversed their decision and affirmed the superiority of the Pope to Councils. Finally, with the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation came the assertion of Papal infallibility, and the Cardinals Cajetan and Jacobazzi, who labored to propagate the notion, were the most effective auxiliaries of Luther. From that day to this, the Order which arose in Spain, the chosen home of the Inquisition, has made the promotion of this dogma its grand mission. They failed in the attempt to get it defined at Trent, but they look to see their efforts crowned in the Council of the Vatican."

Chambers's Journal.

THE SEA-KINGS AT HOME.

THERE was a time in the history of our country when the very mention of Norway spread terror and dismay in the breast of every one, for it was associated with those old Northmen, the Vikings, whose piratical expeditions to this country, and indeed to the whole of Europe, brought so much suffering and misery in their train. Plundering, burning, and killing wherever they came, they used to visit our shores as regularly as the swallow does now. At this lapse of time, however, it is interesting to learn something of the domestic life and manners of these hardy seamen, to whom indeed we owe a debt of gratitude, for there is little question that it was mainly owing to them that England became a seafaring country. Mr. Barnard* has done good service in laying before the public a short sketch of the life these Norwegian rovers used to lead at home; and we purpose now to give our readers a brief account of their domestic habits—habits which were gradually changed and improved as the old pagan religion gave way to the civilizing revolutions produced by the introduction of Christianity.

Like the Spartans of old, the Northmen, in the days when they were pagans, used to expose their children, if they were born deformed, or were

more than usually weakly. The object, of course, was to prevent any deterioration in breed, a matter of the last import to a people who valued physical powers so highly. Still, the introduction of Christianity did not, as might be supposed, at once abolish this barbarous custom; indeed, it lingered for some time after in Iceland, where "the people considered it unjust to be deterred from exposing their children, and at the same time be prevented from eating horse-flesh, which had hitherto been their chief means of subsistence." The plan generally adopted was to place the infant in a covered grave, and there leave it to die; or else to expose it in some lonely spot where wild beasts would not be likely to find it, and to place some nourishment in its hand, usually a piece of salt pork, for it to suck, so that life might be sustained till, possibly, some compassionate person might find it, and take pity on it.

According to the ideas of the old Northmen, a man ought not to marry for love only, but ought especially to "secure an independent and honorable position for the future;" consequently, the young men of the period were generally glad to profit by the advice and counsel of their elders. This rule was observed more strictly in the case of the other sex. "If a girl married without the consent of her parents, her father or relations could disinherit her and her offspring;" consequently, elopements were of rare occurrence in those days. In their courtships, a great many curious customs were observed: the suitor was always accompanied by a spokesman, and in case he was a man of rank, by a suitable retinue, to woo the woman of his choice, a custom which is still observed in many of the country districts of Norway even at the present day. On the day after the wedding, the husband had to give his wife the "morrowing gift," a custom which the reader of history will readily recall, for on the morning after the marriage of James I. and Anne of Denmark, the royal bridegroom gave his queen the palace and dominions of Falkland and Dunfermline as her morrowing gift. Amongst other privileges, the right of the husband "to exchange, bequeath, or give away his wife," deserves notice. Still, the old Sagas men-

* *The Private Life of the Old Northmen*; translated from the Posthumous Works of R. Keyner, late Professor in History at the Royal University in Christiania, by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, author of *Sport in Norway, Life of Thorvaldson, &c.* Chapman and Hall, 1868.

the Mist;" "The Stag at Bay," and many others. Of a different class, but not less striking and original, are the "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," a noble portrait of a Newfoundland dog; "Highland Music;" "The Drover's Departure;" "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner;" and the "Illicit Whiskey Still." At the present exhibition at the Royal Academy there is one of his latest pictures, "The Swanery," which is sparingly praised by the critics. No English painter of the century has been more popular than Landseer, and few have ever received such prices for pictures. For many years past his works have been regularly engraved, and from the copyright on some of them he has received as much as £3,000, in addition to the original price.

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POETRY.

MUSIC.

A SPIRIT came out from the Lord
To play on the spirit of man;
That thrilled like a wind-shaken chord
When the hymn of the ages began.

And the spirit at first was a light,
Playing over their souls as a glass,
And the whiteness thereof in their sight
Was full of fair colors that pass.

The spirit again was a stream,
Wherein their own faces seem fair;
Till they looked and saw new faces gleam
More beautiful still in the air;

And they faded and left them alone;
But they fashioned, and were not forlorn,
The ghosts of that beauty in stone,
And the word and the deed were twin-born.

And triumph, and joy, and defeat,
And the far-away echo of wrong,
Were musical, holy, and sweet,
For the spirit was changed to a song.

And thereafter they sought to the truth,
And the seeking was more than the sought;
For the world was forsaking her youth,
And the spirit was changed to a thought

The spirit is changed to a sound,
Vague, shapeless, without any speech

was outlawed. One of the Eddas gives the following directions to be observed :

"A hillock should be thrown up
For the departed one;
Hands and head must be washed—
He must be combed and wiped dry
Before he is placed in his coffin,
And a peaceful sleep must be wished him."

Then the "death-shoes" were fastened on. The individual, usually a near relative or great friend, whose duty it was to wash and lay out the body, did not in these cases advance towards it in front, because it was considered that the glance from a dead man's eye would exercise a baneful effect. Neither was a body carried out of a house in the usual way, but a hole was broken through the wall, so that it could be carried out backwards.

The introduction of Christianity into Norway gradually did away with the old habits and customs of the people; but it was not till the close of the eleventh century, when Olaf Kyrre was king, that any marked changes in morals or manners could be observed. Little by little, however, the change took place; and with "that hankering after pomp and pageantry, from which the old Northmen even in the very earliest ages had not been entirely free, there was now united a desire to imitate the more comfortable manner of living adopted by southern nations; and thus the domestic habits of the people either underwent a sudden and radical change, or gradually adapted themselves to the pattern from which they were copied. Thus, it is related in the Sagas of Egil, an Icelander, that when he buried his son Bodvar, who had been drowned, he wore a red fustian tunic, narrow above, and with fastenings at the side, which said "tunic" split when Egil's frame swelled out, owing to the strong emotion grief at his loss had produced. Egil had resided a great deal in England, and as the style of dress he adopted was strange to the old Northmen, there is no doubt that he had imported the fashion with him. Again, Magnus Barefoot, after his expedition to Scotland and Ireland, about the beginning of the twelfth century, introduced into Norway

the style of dress used in those countries, and went about with bare legs and a kilt.

The usual time for rising was between four and five o'clock in the morning, and the general time for going to bed was between ten and eleven at night. In the evening, the whole household used to assemble in the *skáli*, or keeping-room, when the women would work, the lads loll on the floor, and the master draw his "high seat" near the fire. The men folk, especially the old ones, were very fond of basking themselves before the fire, with their clothes off, after which the children would "rub them down" with rough cloths, an arrangement doubtless very conducive to health. But people of rank frequently indulged in a greater luxury—that is, they would get some of the women to tickle their feet for them till they fell asleep.

The custom to be observed by any one on being presented at court is deserving of notice. First of all, he had to find some one to present him before majesty, and had to dress his head and his beard, and put on his state dress before repairing to the king's quarters. On entering into the king's presence, he had to bow low, and to address him in the following words: "God give you a good day, Sir King!" The position, too, the person presented had to assume was strictly defined; it was considered the correct thing for him to clasp the left wrist with the right hand, and then let his arms fall into a natural position. Of course, in addressing the king, care had to be taken to use the plural number; while, in speaking of himself, the presentee had to be equally careful to use the singular. Great caution, too, was necessary, in case the king spoke inaudibly, not to ask again with a "Hah!" or "Hoh!" or "What!" but only to say "Sire?" in an interrogative tone; or, if one preferred using more words: "Sire, be not angry that I ask again what you said to me, for I did not rightly comprehend."

Thus having introduced our Northman into such good company, we will say adieu to him, leaving those who desire to know more of him to consult this curious little book for themselves.

THE RISING OF THE NILE.

To the annual phenomenon of the rising of the Nile, Egypt is entirely indebted for its fertility, and even for its existence as an inhabited and populous country. Without it the land would always have been a desert, incapable of affording the means of subsistence to man. Except occasionally near the shores of the Mediterranean, no rain falls throughout the land, and therefore its parched and sandy soil would be entirely unfruitful, were it not that regularly, at a certain season of the year, the river overflows the whole adjacent country.

Why it should do so was a mystery in ancient times, and many absurd theories and conjectures were raised to account for it. The Egyptians themselves believed the river was a god, who in his beneficence spread himself annually over the land, to supply the wants of his people. If the rising did not begin to make its appearance at the expected time—and it has hardly varied a single day throughout the course of ages—they hastily prepared a sacrifice to this deity, usually a beautiful girl, who was richly adorned and then thrown into the stream.

Some of the ancient philosophers lighted on the true reason of the rising of the waters, when they imagined it to be due to heavy rains falling in the interior of Africa, and swelling the sources of the river. What those sources were, it had baffled the investigation of thousands of years to ascertain, until recently our travellers, Speke, Grant, and Baker, discovered them in immense lakes situated near the equator, more than 3,000 miles, as the stream winds, from the mouth of the Nile on the Mediterranean coast. To these lakes the names of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza have been given by the successful explorers.

In the regions adjacent to these lakes, rain falls throughout the greater part of the year, and most heavily in March, at the time of the spring equinox. The lakes form huge reservoirs for the water which descends from the elevations known as the Mountains of the Moon; and as they become swollen, the size of the streams which emerge from them is proportionately increased. Several of these streams

uniting in their course from the Upper or White Nile, and this river, flowing gradually on until it meets the Blue or Lower Nile, bears irrigation to the thirsty lands below. Not only this, but as these rivers come down they bring with them a quantity of alluvial soil of the richest kind; and when the Nile at last spreads itself over the flat and sandy plains of Egypt, it enriches them year by year with this muddy but fertile deposit. The consequence is a gradual rising of the land, to the extent, it is calculated, of from five to six inches in a century. Owing to this fact, many of the remains of the proudest cities of ancient Egypt are now half buried in the soil.

Although in these days we know more about natural phenomena than the philosophers of old, and can satisfactorily explain the reason of the rising of the waters, there remains one wonder connected with it which is as great to us as to them, and that is its uniformity. As we have said, throughout the course of ages its commencement has scarcely varied by one day, and its extent is also comprised, as a rule, within a narrow limit. So equal, in the main, must be the quantity of water which falls annually at the equator, and so regular the commencement and decline of the rainy season.

The rising commences in Lower Egypt about the 25th of June, and steadily increases during the three months following. In this time the valley of the Nile becomes covered by its waters, and its villages stand out from them like little islands, as for the time they are. When the water has attained its maximum height, it remains stationary for about ten days, and then declines as steadily as it arose. On its subsiding, the land has been thoroughly fertilized, and vegetation becomes luxuriant.

The height to which the river rises is a matter of vital importance. A few feet more or less make the difference between starvation and abundance. The average height varies according to the distance traversed by the river, from about forty feet where it enters Egypt, to four feet only near the Mediterranean. Taking as an intermediate height that observed at Cairo, if the rise is less than twenty feet, there is scarcity, or even famine; if it is three or four feet more, the crops will be short; three or four feet more

again, and they will be abundant; but if the water goes still higher, it becomes an unhealthy flood.

Contrivances for measuring the exact rise of the Nile were in use in ancient times, and in two instances the remains of these "Nilometers" still exist. One, and the most ancient, supposed to have been erected in the time of the Roman dominion, is found in the island of Elephantine, in Upper Egypt; and on the walls of the building in which it is contained are inscriptions recording the heights of the inundation in various years. The other is situated in the island of Rhoda, near Cairo, and is believed to have been built in the time of the Arabian caliphs. It consists of a square well, into which the water is admitted as it rises, while in the centre is a column of marble marked at frequent intervals with the distance from the lowest level. The Nilometers are supposed to have been of chief utility in adjusting the taxation of the country, as they would give indications as to whether the season would be plentiful or otherwise.

"LANDSEER" AND "GUTENBERG."

IN commencing a new volume, the tenth of the New Series, we take pleasure in presenting our readers with a double attraction in the shape of two rare engravings—one an illustration of the Useful, and the other of the Fine Arts.

The portrait of Landseer is considered the best extant, and the presence of the dogs—his "connoisseurs," companions, philosophers, and friends—is eminently characteristic, and tells the whole story of the great painter of animals.

As Sir Edwin Landseer for many years was so prominent and illustrious a representative of English art, in which he filled a peculiar and almost unique position, a brief biographical sketch will probably be not destitute of interest.

He was born in London, in the year 1803. His father, John Landseer, was an engraver of considerable reputation, and an author of no little energy and some erudition. He delivered an excellent course of lectures on the art of engraving at the Royal Institution, and made two failures in attempting to establish an

art journal. He also cultivated archæology, and published a volume on ancient engraved gems and hieroglyphics. It was fortunate for the future Sir Edwin that he had a father who had the taste to appreciate and the opportunity to encourage the talent for drawing which he manifested while yet a mere child. This father, proud of the precocious talent evinced by his son, personally superintended his education, and gave him the benefit of the best instruction which the times could afford. He took him into the fields and made him copy the various domestic animals, both at rest and in motion, and in the same way enabled him to acquire his first notions of color. By these means Landseer soon became a ready and skilful painter from nature, and at the age of fourteen attracted considerable attention by his spirited sketches of dogs, horses, cats, sheep, and other animals. At the age of sixteen he exhibited his "Dogs Fighting," which was immediately purchased by the great patron of the arts, Sir George Beaumont; and soon afterward his painting of the "Dogs of the St. Bernard," which is known throughout the world from the engraving executed by his father.

About this time he received the benefit of the instructions and advice of the gifted and unfortunate B. R. Haydon. This, with the opportunity which he had of studying in the schools of the Royal Academy and copying the Elgin marbles, developed a rapid improvement in his manner of treatment, and in the finish and details of his work.

In 1827 he became an associate member of the Academy, having just reached the requisite age, and about the same time made a trip into Scotland, which afforded him material for a series of his most remarkable and characteristic pictures.

Landseer was an indefatigable worker, and during a period of between thirty and forty years he produced an almost incalculable number of pictures.

Among his most celebrated works are "The Return from Deer-Stalking;" "Poachers—Deer-Stalking;" "None but the Brave deserve the Fair;" "Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs;" "The Otter Speared;" "The Random Shot;" "Night and Morning;" "Children of

the Mist;" "The Stag at Bay," and many others. Of a different class, but not less striking and original, are the "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," a noble portrait of a Newfoundland dog; "Highland Music;" "The Drover's Departure;" "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner;" and the "Illicit Whiskey Still." At the present exhibition at the Royal Academy there is one of his latest pictures, "The Swanery," which is sparingly praised by the critics. No English painter of the century has been more popular than Landseer, and few have ever received such prices for pictures. For many years past his works have been regularly engraved, and from the copyright on some of them he has received as much as £3,000, in addition to the original price.

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And the seeking was more than the sought;
For the world was forsaking her youth,
And the spirit was changed to a thought

The spirit is changed to a sound,
Vague, shapeless, without any speech

It is gone forth, being unbound,
Blind, aimless, of infinite reach.

That the age of our spirits might melt,
And the noise of our strife be at one,
In the raptures that never were felt,
At the deeds that have never been done,

Of a country, where uttermost bliss
And anguish are almost the same,
Of whose life we know nothing but this—
It is—and it has not a name;

Where the perfume goes up from the flowers,
Where the lustre goes up from the dew,
That life which we know not is ours,
And the spirit's last song is most true.

For we are what we do not know,
We shall have what we do not dream;
And our gladness, and labor, and woe
Are nothing, whatever they seem.

And the eyes of the soul shall see,
We shall find what we have not sought,
When the spirit is spirit, and free,
Not a sight, not a song, not a thought.

Are the wings of the spirit broken,
For the sound of his flying is still?
Is the promise ineffably spoken,
For the silence alone to fulfil?

It is darkness and silence again,
The shadowy wings are not spread,
And we echo their murmur in vain,
He is still, he is dumb, and not dead.

Yea, being a spirit, to die
Was never the law of his birth,
And he would not have needed to fly,
Except to come down to the earth.

But he rises himself, through the seas
Of the fathomless heaven, and sings,
Floating back to his Master at ease,
With our hearts folded up in his wings.

G. A. SIMCOX.

CONQUEST.

THE pride of beauty on her brow,
The presence of a conscious grace,
Prudent and self-possessed, I trow,
And yet a very sweet young face.
'Tis girlhood's task in this our time
So soon to learn each worldly art,
Youth's bloom is scarcely in its prime
Ere youth has almost left the heart.

"Love unalloyed"—an idle phrase,
The notion's long since out of date;
We live in more enlightened days—
Let children childlike fully prate.
Such skilled tacticians daughters fair
Maternal discipline will make;
Glance at our heroine: you'll ne'er
In her stratagems find mistake!

She knows her rôle—she plays it well,
Skilled in each most artistic wile,
She needs but scanty time to tell
On whom to frown, on whom to smile.
If victims *will* before her fall,
The offered tribute why neglect?
If she some fond fool's heart enthrall,
Need she *at once*, all cold, reject?

But still, fair Maud, if speak I may,
The time perchance may come e'en yet,
When you lament your bygone day
With bitter tears of deep regret.
If flirts and triflers love to sport,
Sport with them too—they know their parts:
But is it wise—think, youth is short—
To trifle thus with honest hearts?

T. H. S. E.

REMEMBERED.

HAVE you forgotten it? I never can!
One blessed night in June,
How bright the sky, how pale your face,
In the wan light of the moon.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!—
The scent of flowers there;
Was it the buds upon the trees,
Or the great rose in your hair?

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
Something I risked that night;
Something I scarcely dared to speak,
Though my heart said I was right.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!—
The first the sweetest kiss;
Lift up your face, look in my eyes,
It was such as this—and this!

U. L. A.

TWO LIVES.

Two names upon a yew-tree rudely cut,
Two lovers whispering by the church-yard wall,
Two children playing round the solemn graves,
Give call for call.

Two lives that ran so near in other years,
Two hands close locked in desolate leave-taking,
Two lovers giving passionate kiss for kiss
In wild heart-breaking.

One life full up with crowded years of toiling,
One patient heart slow breaking day by day,
A world of hopes in one brief moment shattered
By life's decay.

Those names upon the yew-tree slowly fading,
Those dates long stolen by the cruel years,
That grave beneath the church-wall shadow glim-
mering
With heaven's tears.

L. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Oldtown Folks, by MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

It is reasonable to suppose that Mrs. Stowe, in attempting a picture of New England life a century ago, has not so much expected to present something new—to lead us into unexplored fields—as to improve upon what she may consider to have been done imperfectly by her predecessors, to give greater fulness to details, and to render a twice-told tale more picturesque and intelligible. Of anything novel or original, the subject is probably at this day destitute. Every one is familiar with the grim bigotry of the old Puritans, begotten of stern religious convictions, and fostered by their isolated position, the rigid climate and unwilling soil; with the ministers, Calvinist, Arminian, and Episcopalian; with the kind of papacy which each of these ministers naturally established at a time when all temporal affairs were subordinated to religious belief; with the hard inflexible and uniform character which necessarily sprang from such a state of society; with "the village do-nothing," that "lubricating power," to quote Mrs. Stowe, without which the incessant steam power of New England life would burn itself out from intense friction; with the effect of an unrealized social state upon certain finer organizations, the wild revolt of such natures against a repressive and degrading creed, and the consequent reckless plunges into scepticism or immorality; and last of all, with the preternaturally brilliant "Tina," the "indispensable" to every story of a sombre basis—the joint-stock character on which the copyright has expired, and which has consequently become public property.

These have now passed into the domain of history, and the only thing which remained to be done was to condense the material already accumulated, to cast it into a powerful dramatic form, which should "give the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," and to inspire it with that vital force which can alone carry to posterity a truthful conception of a peculiar and exceptional phase of human history.

In this endeavor Longfellow utterly failed; Hawthorne never even attempted it; Holmes has only succeeded in giving us some surface sketches of character, and, after reading "*Oldtown Folks*," we cannot but feel that the task yet remains unaccomplished.

That this should be so—that Mrs. Stowe, notwithstanding her great ability and even genius, should have failed to add aught to what we already know of the Puritan Fathers, is not surprising when she has confessedly formed what we cannot but think a radically wrong conception of the necessities of the novelist's work. She states in her prefatory remarks that her "object has been to interpret to the world the New England life and character, in that particular time of its history which may be called the seminal period. . . . In doing this work I have tried to make my mind as still and passive as a looking-glass, or a mountain lake, and then to give you merely the images reflected there." She further states that "In portraying the various characters which I have introduced, I have tried to maintain the part simply of a sympathetic spectator." Now that a novel wrought out upon

such a basis as this should be a failure, we take to be a logical sequence. The image of man as seen in a mirror or mountain lake is after all but a poor and shallow reflection of that which is not man; and for an author to attempt to portray human character from the point of view of a merely "sympathetic spectator," is as utterly futile as to sketch a locomotive on paper and expect it to run. We see the *results* of those hidden activities which we call character, but it is no more character itself than a shadow is the sun.

Yet this is precisely what Mrs. Stowe has done, and it is the radical and invariable defect of each of her works, not excepting even "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Every one of the undoubtedly clever outlines of characters which Mrs. Stowe has drawn are but photographs of her own observations; a picture of traits, which, to quote a recent critic, "lie upon the surface, crying to be drawn." They are zoological specimens preserved in a first-class manner, but destitute even of stuffing, and no more awaken in us human interest (except in the abstract principle which they personify) than the plates in a work on Natural History.

That Mrs. Stowe in "*Oldtown Folks*" shows a perfect mastery of the subject, and a thorough understanding of the time of which she treats, is undeniable. Her studies have been careful and exhaustive, and her work lacks nothing save that element which would make it a novel. The story on which they are loosely hung together is decidedly commonplace and thin; but the essays themselves are complete, forcible, and show great intellectual insight. Theology she is so familiar with that she has enough and to spare for even the children (facetiously so called) of the story; and no one can fail to admire the acuteness with which she shows the effect of religious conviction upon the individual and, consequently, upon society. In fact we think the author made a serious mistake, at least as far as concerns the benefit to her reputation, in not publishing her work in the form of a treatise.

Of the novelist's art as exhibited by Mrs. Stowe in "*Oldtown Folks*," we can find but little to praise. In the first place, the putting of the story in the mouth of one of the actors becomes an evident mistake before twenty pages are read. Such a necessarily cumbrous method is justifiable only when the whole interest of the story centres around the person of the narrator, and when everything is reasonably subordinate to the position which he confessedly occupies; but when a child of ten years begins to make acute observations on men and customs and religion, and to portray in vigorous language the thoughts and emotions of other personages long before they have become known to himself, the incongruity is destructive to anything like literary art. Besides, Horace Holyoke is the very shadow of a shade, a mere voice, without parts or personality, and seems perpetually on the verge of dying from pure literary inanition. We find no difficulty in believing his ghostly visions; in fact, the most surprising thing concerning him is that he should be substantial enough to be poked with his grandmother's broom.

There is another mistake which we cannot but think the necessary result of the outside view which Mrs. Stowe always takes of her characters.

To give each of her personages an elaborate certificate of character on his or her first appearance on the boards, is rather uncomfortably suggestive of a puppet-show. Yet this is what is done in all her works. Take Miss Asphyxia Smith, for instance. Nothing can exceed the skill with which she, or rather the type, is sketched off. But then that is all there is of her. She is just about as amusing afterward as a joke of which the point is first told. She is no longer a person, but a puppet; and instead of gradually developing before the reader's sight, comes on like the statue in Don Giovanni, at the sound of the prompter's bell.

So also of Sam Lawson, the best conception in the book. His glorious and liberal humor is wanting in the zest always possessed by spontaneity. We know beforehand precisely what he is going to say, his wit is all *à la carte*, his "points" are put in our hands at the commencement, and we feel perfectly prepared to correct him if he makes a mistake, which he never does. We know no more about Sam Lawson on closing the book than we do on finishing the fourth chapter. This is not only destructive to individuality, but it positively deprives the reader of some of his rightful pleasure. It is almost saddening to see so much rich and racy humor comparatively dissipated.

Then, too, it is fearful to contemplate the consequences to society if every character were as intensely individual and typical, as inflexibly consistent and immobile, as the folks of Oldtown. The world would certainly be much nearer chaos, and humanity far less likely to accept the "golden rule," than they are at present.

The minor characters of the volume are uniformly better than the prominent ones, and there are few neater outlines in our literature than Grandmother Badger and the Deacon, Miss Mehitabel Rossiter, Aunt Lois, and others. They show the possibilities of Mrs. Stowe's genius.

We cannot let the foregoing apparently severe stricture upon Mrs. Stowe go without qualifying our opinion. We believe her to be, notwithstanding conspicuous faults and deficiencies, beyond comparison the foremost living American writer of fiction; and "Oldtown Folks" to be decidedly the most important American novel published of late years. It is the only work she has published first in book form since the appearance of *Nina Gordon*, and shows the ripeness and maturity of her intellect if not of her imagination. Much acute and laborious thought has been bestowed upon it—it is essentially a thoughtful work—and if we cannot cordially praise it as a work of art, we can heartily appreciate it as a picturesque intellectual study of a unique historical epoch.

Problematic Characters, by FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Translated from the German by M. SCHELE DE VERE. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt*.

The Germans have undoubtedly furnished us the best novels of modern times, at least if we judge them as philosophical studies of human nature. Their novelists are in general men of far higher attainments, of wider culture, and more elegant scholarship, than in other countries seem willing to devote their attention to this department of literature, and the result is seen in the rich stores of supremely excellent novels which English

speaking people are just beginning to discover in German literature. Auerbach was fairly a revelation to the large class of readers which his work, "On the Heights," first reached. But Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, having made copyright arrangement with Auerbach for the publication of his last novel, have been led to explore a little deeper into the treasures of his native tongue, and are not likely to permit us hereafter to remain in our former comparative ignorance. They have just commenced the publication of a complete series of Spielhagen's works, which will be not only a valuable addition to our own household literature, but will go far toward making us acquainted with German contemporary thought and its influence upon social life.

Spielhagen ranks among his country's foremost novelists. Indeed the cautious and deliberate Westminster Review says of him that "in Germany he is generally acknowledged to occupy the foremost rank amongst modern writers of fiction; an opinion, moreover, confirmed by the publication of his romances in a collected form." Also that "as a delineator of individual characters—many of them types of different classes of society—as a painter of various situations, scenic and social, he appears to us unequalled by any other modern German writer of fiction."

This is praise of a high order, and in this country at least he will probably find Auerbach to dispute the palm with him; but even to mention him in terms of equality with the author of "On the Heights," is to place him very high among novelists. We should say that of the two Auerbach is the more comprehensive in intellect, more subtle and philosophic; Spielhagen more dramatic in handling his subjects, more forcible in portraying the emotions, and more influenced by that generous enthusiasm which, whether we are capable of feeling it or not, always challenges our sympathy. Auerbach is the more contemplative and analytical; Spielhagen the more spontaneous and vigorous. Auerbach is always temperate, often cold; Spielhagen is invariably warm, frequently almost sensuous. Auerbach's is the more delicate and subtle humor; Spielhagen's the more unrestrained rollicking, and glorious. In this latter quality they occupy very much the same relation to each other as that of Thackeray and Dickens. In a word, Spielhagen will undoubtedly be the more popular of the two, but Auerbach will always hold the first position in the minds of the few.

Both are poets in the best sense of the word. They have that peculiar susceptibility to the beautiful in nature which is only possessed by poetic natures, and both are exceptionally happy in depicting it. In this, Spielhagen, being more spontaneous and less self-conscious, is decidedly superior, and it is with difficulty that we can refrain from quoting some scenic descriptions from "Problematic Characters." We believe them to be the finest and most graphic prose in modern literature, and the novel itself is of the very highest order of fiction.

Altogether, Spielhagen's works deserve to meet with a more cordial reception from the public than any other series of novels recently published. "Problematic Characters" will be followed by "Through Night to Light," "The Hohenstein Family," "Hammer and Anvil," "Rank and File," and "Rose, and the Village Coquette."

The translation is by the eminent linguist M. Schele de Vere, and is scholarly and idiomatic, scarcely lacking the force of the original. The volumes are brought out in handsome library style, upon good paper and clear type, and are worthy of the tasteful and fastidious house whose imprint they bear.

Realities of Irish Life. By W. STEWART TRENCH. Handy-Volume Series, No. 5. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

One of the most remarkable books recently published is doubtless Trench's "*Realities of Irish Life.*"

Lever, Lovel, Maxwell, and, above all, Carleton, have given us sketches of Irish character, some excellent so far as they go, some passable, and others wholly imaginary; but all of these have been impelled by natural sympathy or the exigencies of popular novel-writing, to hold up the romantic Celt—the same who inspired Moore's *Oriental Melodies* (called Irish)—as typical of the race. That the Irishman of fiction is as purely the child of imagination as the sailor of the stage who is perpetually invoking some mysterious agency to "blast his tarry top-lights," smokes an immortal pipe, and has a chronic affection of the lower limbs which manifests itself in the hornpipe, has long been known by all sensible observers; but the existence of a tradition, particularly if it be a pleasing one, is by no means compromised when its fallaciousness is proven, and we should probably have had romantic Pat for a companion through many a pleasing fiction, had not a new Iconoclast arisen in the person of Mr. Trench. No one but will feel at once and instinctively that brave, great-souled, though sadly ignorant and misguided Joe McKey, thrifless, good-natured Patsy McDermott, and the Ribbon-men, and *not* Charles O'Malley and the belligerent devil-may-care pedlar, are the true characteristic Irishmen. Mr. Trench's picture is too temperate, too decided, "too severely true," to leave room for doubt, and the lasting impression upon the mind of the reader is one of irrepressible wonder that so much of barbarism, or rather of savagism, can exist within sight of the most civilized country in Christendom. The Celts seem to be, after the lapse of centuries, as sternly individual, as unaffected by the exotic civilization planted in their midst, as the aborigines of our own continent.

Yet Mr. Trench's book is by no means an attack on the Irish, nor an attempt to make out a case. It is a cool, restrained, dispassionate narrative of personal observations and adventures, and he bears "testimony to the fact that Ireland—notwithstanding the many difficulties which may beset the path of those who earnestly desire to improve her condition—is nevertheless not altogether unmanageable. They will doubtless meet with many disappointments, many acts of apparent and some of real ingratitude; but justice fully and firmly administered is always appreciated in the end."

The narrative is autobiographic in form, and embraces a wide field of experience and a long period of years. It is eminently interesting, exciting, and, in the best sense, "sensational." Some of the tales are delightfully naïve and charming, and imbued with that deeper human interest which always attaches to actual "realities;" and the majority of them have already gone the round of the

newspaper press. But better than this, and what, if we mistake not, is the noble purpose of the work, is to convey such information to landlords and agents, of less genius and less resources, as shall assist them in overcoming the difficulties which beset the paths of social ameliorators everywhere; and whose errors, incompetence, and ignorance have been and are in a great degree responsible for the deplorable condition of affairs which we see in Ireland to-day.

Men, Women, and Ghosts, by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

Miss Phelps is one of our cleverest story-tellers, and not only one of the cleverest, but in some very important respects she will rank with the best.

She has ability, information, taste, and an easy, graceful, suggestive style peculiarly adapted to the branch of literature which she has chosen. She also possesses, in a considerable degree, the dramatic faculty—the faculty which realizes fiction, gives movement to the story, and vitality to characters. With a little more attention to the literary art, a resolute shunning of commonplace, and a healthier mental habit, we should be disposed to place her at the head of our female magazinetists.

Such being our high opinion of Miss Phelps, it has not been without regret and apprehension that we have seen the sensational success achieved by one of her books during the past season. We can only hope that the glare of a temporary notoriety may not seduce her into the belief that an author can rely for permanent fame on such works as "*The Gates Ajar.*" Diluted Swedenborgianism may do very well for the general public, which, unfortunately, is not accessible to that class of speculation in an unadulterated form, and it is not likely to do its readers any harm, unless, indeed, a shock to orthodox dogmatism may be considered harmful; but fantastic conjectures as to a future state, skillfully incorporated with morbid, sickly sentimentalism, is not exactly the kind of work which we should be pleased to see one of our most promising young writers expecting to constitute her title-deeds to a name in literature. The success of "*The Gates Ajar*" is not exactly an impeachment of the public taste—it is not without merit as a study of a self-torturing nature under the influence of an overpowering grief—but it is by no means certain to be conducive to the future usefulness of the author.

The present volume is rather more satisfactory. It is a collection of short stories which have already appeared in various magazines, with one or two additional new ones, and is much more readable than such a collection is likely to be.

There is some commonplace, which looks too suspiciously like carelessness to have gone into permanent form, but there are also excellent sketches of character, humor, and one or two of the stories are perfect specimens of the zig-zag method of "shying" into a subject which is rapidly assuming an epidemic form in periodical literature.

In the delineation of emotional natures, particularly in pathos, Miss Phelps is very skilful; but a morbid, persistent sadness underlies all her stories, which, it is painful to see, has become a permanent habit of mind. A "green and yellow melancholy" seems to shadow her studies of human life, and that too to an extent which threatens to compromise the flexibility of her intellect. Pathos is a

powerful and delicate instrument in the hand of a good writer, and Miss Phelps wields it with consummate skill, but it should be used sparingly and with caution. When it becomes a pervading and invariable characteristic, it is a decidedly unhealthy symptom. The world presents many things which are saddening enough to a reflective and sympathetic mind, but "the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

We fear that the many admirers of Miss Phelps expected something other than a collection of stories in "Men, Women, and Ghosts" and they are likely to be misled by the title, but the disappointment will not be permanent.

Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, by EDWARD A. POLLARD. Philadelphia: National Publishing Co.

Mr. Pollard's opinions of Mr. Davis personally, and the relations in which he stood to the fortunes of the late Confederate States, are well known. He has given them expression in all his previous writings upon the "lost cause," and as editor of one of the leading Southern papers during the war, he was almost the only one who dared persistently to oppose and ultimately to denounce the Administration. In the present volume he proposes to avail himself of the material with which his exceptional opportunities have supplied him, and, in the interests of history, to tell all he knows of the secret affairs of the late rebellion.

Mr. Pollard thinks that he "may say, without vanity or self-assertion, that he is peculiarly fitted to be the biographer of Jefferson Davis. He was near him during the whole war; he had occasion to study his character assiduously, and to pursue him in his administration with a curious and critical industry; and his opportunities as a journalist in Richmond enabled him to learn much of the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of the weak and anomalous government that wrecked the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. The writer thus obtained much of the secret and unwritten history of the Confederacy, involving Mr. Davis,—information which, for obvious causes, he could not give to the newspaper press, and which, since the war, he has not yet published in any of his memoirs, for *peculiar and impressive reasons*."

These reasons were the apprehension of friends lest the facts which he develops should have a prejudicial influence upon Mr. Davis's trial; but as this is no longer a probability, he thinks that a calculation so tender and remote should no longer weigh against a debt "severely due to history."

Aware of the suspicion which is likely to attach to the animus of a work of this kind, written as it is before the passions and prejudices generated by the strife have had time to subside, Mr. Pollard declares himself conscious of the importance and difficulties of the task before him.

"He has been accused of personal hostility to Mr. Davis; and is to-day, perhaps, in all his literary capacities, most widely known to the country as censor of the Confederate chief. He repels the accusation of any prejudice in the very front of his work; he is able and willing to do exact justice to Mr. Davis; and if he ever attacked him, it was through supreme devotion to a great cause, and from a just resentment towards the man who misguided and wrecked it." He is

aware that the work will probably awaken determined opposition, but he is willing to "risk himself upon the facts," and theatrically challenges Mr. Davis to the combat. "In such conspicuous, stern, and unrelenting contest the world will decide who falls, who retreats, or who covers himself with defeat."

The work will doubtless be interesting, and not destitute of a certain value; but we doubt if Mr. Pollard is capable of writing a History of our Civil War, which, as he fondly hopes, the world will not willingly permit to die.

We notice from advance sheets. The book will soon be issued by the National Publishing Co., and sold only by subscription.

Household Edition of Thackeray's Novels: Vanity Fair. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

At the very head of English novelists of the past generation stands the name of William Makepeace Thackeray. It may seem superfluous and anachronistic at this day to attempt either to praise him or to point out the place in literature which he occupies; but, like the majority of truly great writers, it has taken time to mellow the fruits of his genius, and it has really been only within a comparatively few years that the just measure of Thackeray's work has been taken. He truly said of himself that he had to create the taste to appreciate him, and the creation of a taste is a slow and toilsome process. His position in the opinion of the world is probably to-day higher and more firmly established than ever before. The different aspects of his many-aided mind are furnishing themes for the best contemporary essayists, and in the pages of one of the English Magazines has recently appeared a series of articles on "Thackeray as a Humorist," "Thackeray as a Poet," and "Thackeray as a Satirist," claiming for him the highest position as the first and third, and a respectable one as poet.

"Vanity Fair" is one of the great masterpieces of human genius in the field of prose fiction. It is a grand, comprehensive, and subtle study of human life, morals, and manners, and is in the truest and best sense one of the characteristic works of the century. It has already become and will remain one of the classics of the language, and the passage of time will develop its historical value, for every truly great novel is, in a sense, historical. Had one such picture of Greek life been drawn in the time of Pericles or Phocion and preserved to our own, we should have more real knowledge of the golden age of Greece than all the histories extant can afford us. The first work that made Thackeray famous, "Vanity Fair," was followed by others, which are only inferior to it, and would have given fame to any other writer, but remains the masterpiece of his genius.

All his works will be published uniformly with "Vanity Fair," and will be completed in six volumes.

This "Household Edition" of Thackeray is uniform with the "Household Edition of Charles Reade's Novels," recently published by the same house. It is a style neat, convenient, legible, and very cheap, and doubtless supplies a want which has long been felt. Another want which has been felt equally long, and not unexpressed, is that of a Library Edition, handsomely printed on

good paper, and properly bound; and we have learned to look principally to the house of Fields, Osgood & Co. for books of this description. Let us have it!

American Annual Cyclopædia. Vol. VIII., 1868. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In our day the prime essential of every library, educational institution, and man of letters, is a good Cyclopædia. Without it the work of those classes in the community to whose success easily accessible information on all subjects is absolutely necessary, would be incalculably greater than it is, if not practically impossible, and the cost of the work produced by those classes would be proportionately higher to the general public. The Cyclopædia is one of the most important and beneficial products of that division of labor which is the very corner-stone of modern progress; for the days of the French Encyclopædists, when a single mind could master the concrete facts of all human knowledge, are past, and the recession of the intellectual horizon has left the limitations of memory far behind.

The only exclusively American work of the kind, and in our opinion one of the best in the language, is Appleton's Cyclopædia, of which the present is the eighth annual volume. For simplicity and directness of plan, and briefness, lucidity, and reliability of treatment, it has but one English rival.

The annual volumes follow the general plan of the original work, chronicling salient events which have happened throughout the world during the year, and "embracing political, military, and social affairs; public documents, biography, statistics, commerce, finance, literature, science, agriculture, and mechanical industry."

The volume for 1868 is of exceptional value for the full elucidation which it gives of the political, social, and monetary crises through which we passed in that year. It is embellished with steel-engraved portraits of Vice-President Colfax, William E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, and General Prim, the leading spirit of the Spanish revolution.

Few of the subscribers to the *ELECTIC* can afford to be without this work.

How Lisa Loved the King. By GEORGE ELIOT. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

This is a short poem, based on a story from the *Decameron*, and written originally for Blackwood's Magazine. It is well executed (as all George Eliot's work is), graceful in sentiment, and, as magazine poetry, is of the first order; but it was certainly never designed to be published separately in book form. We doubt if her publishers were as careful of the reputation of George Eliot as mindful of the profit to be derived from her work, in putting it before the public in this shape, in which it is certain to challenge comparison with the "Spanish Gypsy."

For the rest, it is a neat little volume, and will do very well to incorporate with a collected edition of the author's poems, which we hope soon to see.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Villa Eden, the Country-House on the Rhine. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Boston: Roberts Bros. Part II. Pamphlet, pp. 178.

The Controversy between True and Pretended Christianity. By REV. L. T. TOWNSEND. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pamphlet, pp. 82.

Woman as God made Her. By REV. J. D. FULLTON. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pamphlet, pp. 363.

The History of Penderennis. By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. pp. 524.

Malbone: An Oldport Romance. By T. W. HIGGINSON. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 344.

SCIENCE.

Memorials of Roman London.—Memorials of the wonderful people to whom we trace our civilization are perpetually renewed. Scarcely a spade-ful of earth is turned up below the ordinary level without disclosing some new evidence of the Roman power. They are written "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." During the last half century the progress of modern improvement has penetrated much further below the surface than was common with our immediate forefathers, and the result has been that we find our houses built over buried cities; and the voices of the mighty dead call from the abyss to warn us that, as their glory and greatness have descended to the "world underground," so a time must come when the most renowned nations of modern Europe must sink to the same oblivion, and afford studies and marvels to occupy the attention of future archaeologists. The following revelations of ancient handiwork are taken from a recent number of the *Archæological Society's Transactions*. First, from a paper read by Mr. B. Clarke, January 13th, 1868:—

Early in September, 1867, a notice appeared in the public prints of a Roman sarcophagus of white marble, discovered at Lower Clapton. I verified the fact. The site is at the rear of the London Orphan Asylum. The coffin was found on the natural gravel, 2 feet 6 inches from the surface, lying due east and west—the foot to the east. It is of white coarse-grained marble from a solid block, 6 feet 3 inches long, the thickness 2½ inches; the inner surface smooth, with a rise of half-an-inch as a head-rest. It was without a lid, but clamp fastenings were indicated. The front is fluted, the channels being beaded to a third of their height. In the centre there is a medallion deeply embossed, about 12 inches in diameter, which encircles a well-executed bust, possibly a portrait of the deceased. Engravings are given to represent the sarcophagus, and they convey the idea of considerable artistic skill. The work, though damaged, still shows a graceful outline, and the position of the figure is very impressive. The hair and toga about the shoulders are well preserved. Under the bust is an inscription in Roman letters, but it has not yet been deciphered. The coffin contained a skeleton in the position of ordinary Christian burial, surrounded by black mould. The skull soon fell to pieces; the bones were much decayed. The bones were small, but they must have belonged to a man about 6 feet high and rather knock-kneed. I think he might have been a civilian of rank,

but not a military man. A small brass coin of Gallienus was found near the coffin. On the opposite bank of the river, which 100 years ago was the Lea-bridge Mill Head, Mr. Maine, the Engineer of the East London Waterworks, says: "Six feet below the present level they discovered a hard, well-made road, and that this road tended towards the north-east," and it is stated in the *Domesday Survey*, "Here was always a mill." There was, according to Leland, a Roman road in the direction of the sarcophagus site. Roman coins were often found there, and about twenty-five years ago a coin of Nero was thrown up. This site commanded a very extensive prospect. The valley of the Thames could be traced to Purfleet, and the horizon would be the only barrier to the east. Near a house at Walthamstow, known as Oopt Hall, are the remains of a British encampment (about eight acres). At this place Boadicea mustered her forces, and thence marched to London. In 896, our then invaders, the Danes, had a fortified camp here. Alfred, knowing that the Comlands would be ravaged by them, resorted to stratagem. Within his own camp he had channels cut for the river, "so that, as suddenly as secretly," the Lea became too shallow to allow the return of the Danish fleet to the Thames. Thus they were forced to abandon their vessels. According to Camden, the navigation was not fully restored till 1580, by Lord Burghley.

Deep-sea Dredging.—On Thursday, December 17, Dr. B. W. Carpenter was to read the report of his researches in the North Atlantic, undertaken under the direction of the Government. It would be impossible to give anything like a satisfactory summary of the results he has arrived at in the short space of a paragraph. We may, however, mention one or two facts ascertained by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thomson: 1. They have found at a certain point between the north of Scotland and the Faroe Islands that the water at the sea-bottom, at a depth of 500 fathoms, has a temperature of 32° Fahr., while the surface temperature was, as usual, 52°. From the bottom of the sea were dredged up several boreal species, and a large quantity of mud containing the peculiar protoplasmic substance which Professor Huxley has termed *Bathylbius*. 2. They have found that (so far as their researches went) the sea-bottom over which the Gulf-stream flows consists of a calcareous mud composed of living and dead Globigerinæ, and coccoliths, and coccospheres embedded in *Bathylbius*, and seeming to have the same relation to it that the spicules of sponges or of Radiolaria do to the soft parts of those animals. 3. That vegetable life is entirely absent at these depths, the *Bathylbius* seeming to be a sort of Protozoan of low type, and capable, like plants, of sustaining itself on the mineral kingdom alone. 4. That dredging may, with suitable apparatus, be carried on at almost any depth in the ocean. Dr. Carpenter is disposed to look on the cretaceous sea-bottom as the still-existing Chalk-formation, and he thinks this view finds support in the fact that its basis is nearly the same as that of the cretaceous deposits, that certain shells common to both exist, and that silicious sponges are extremely abundant. Dr. Carpenter is now busily engaged in

preparing an account of the Rhizopods collected during the expedition, and Professor Wyville Thomson is equally busily occupied with the silicious sponges. Professor Huxley and Professor Frankland have also special sections allotted to them. Among the novelties we may state that these researches have clearly demonstrated the sponge character of *Hyalonema*.

Sea-Sickness.—Dr. Chapman has here enlarged his pamphlet on the use of the spinal ice-bag in the treatment of sea-sickness, and in doing so he has added fresh cases to his record and has considerably extended his observations on the physiological aspects of neuro-therapeutics. So far as the author's *a priori* arguments are concerned we consider them unsound—not more so than the great mass of such physiological reasoning, but dangerous, because all hypothetical arguments—and they are of this order—are objectionable. They are ingeniously put, and there is a categorical sequence about them which is pleasing, but they show many fallacies. For instance, we might remark, in answer to Dr. Chapman's belief that ice applied to the spine diminishes the temperature of the sympathetic ganglia, that this statement is an assumption without a shadow of proof. It may be a convenient hypothesis, but we could urge very different hypotheses which would meet the facts just as well. Indeed, it seems to us extremely improbable that ice applied to the spine can have any such effect. We might raise similar objections to many others of Dr. Chapman's physiological views, but we refrain from doing so, because we think that his system of therapeutics must be taken as an empirical fact, and judged on its own merits. Now we have no experience of our own to offer on the subject, but we must confess that there seems to be more in Dr. Chapman's mode of treatment than some physicians will allow. The cases that the author records are both numerous and authentic, and though cases do not always prove the value of a therapeutic method, yet they should induce us to give Dr. Chapman's plan a trial. This is what we would ask of our professional readers. The cases reported in the present work are of much interest, and they certainly go far to assure us of the active influence of the spinal ice-bag in relieving the symptoms of sea-sickness. Dr. Chapman writes with a force and vigor not always found in medical works, and even those who differ from him in opinion will find his book both clever and attractive.

The Sun's Distance.—Astronomers have long been discontented with the explanations which have been put forward from time to time, to account for the want of agreement between the determination of the sun's distance, founded on the transit of 1769, and the results which Hansen, Leverrier, Stone, Winnecke, and Foucault have deduced from a variety of other methods. It was easy to show that the difference, although it amounted to three or four millions of miles, yet corresponded to an almost infinitesimally small error in the estimate of the solar parallax. But then the method founded on the transit of Venus is precisely such a one as should serve to get rid even of so minute an error as this. And indeed the fact that astronomers had been in the habit

of stating the sun's parallax as $8''.5776$ showed that they looked on the result as trustworthy to at least the third decimal place; whereas the mean of modern measurements gives the parallax as $8''.9$. It is satisfactory to find that the whole error of the computation founded on the observations made in 1769 may be laid on the effects of the peculiar phenomena which attend the egress of a transiting planet. Professor Simon Newcombe had done a good deal towards the solution of the problem; but we believe that the credit of completely accounting for all the observations of 1769 in a consistent manner, with a result according closely with that obtained in recent times, must be assigned to Mr. Stone. In a paper lately read before the Astronomical Society, he shows that by taking the mean between the "formation of the black drop," which precedes the second internal contact and the apparent moment of real contact, and doing the like for the first internal contact, a result is obtained agreeing perfectly with the mean of the determinations obtained by other methods. The discovery is important in itself, and doubly important just now, as showing what is the principal point to be attended to in the observations which are to be made on the transits of 1874 and 1882.

The November Shooting-Stars.—Contrary to the general expectation of astronomers, the November star-shower was well seen in England. The display lasted until five in the morning of November 14, having commenced shortly before midnight. The display was also well seen in America, at about 11 o'clock, local time, corresponding (for the eastern parts of the United States) to the hour at which the display ceased in England. The visibility of the display, after all that had been predicted by astronomers, suffices to show that we are not nearly so well acquainted with the habitudes of the meteoric system as we had imagined ourselves to be. Probably many years will elapse before we shall be able to predict the character and extent of an approaching shower, and the places at which it will be visible.

The majority of the meteors seen in 1868 were orange, but a few presented a bluish light.

Large Sun Spots.—We are approaching the period of greatest frequency of spots upon the sun's surface. Since the first of the year there has scarcely been a day when spots could not be detected with the aid of a good two-inch glass, and many of them have been of considerable proportions. On the 8th inst. a large spot in the southern hemisphere reappeared for the second time upon the disk, and is to-day visible to the naked eye near the centre of the disk, after three or four minutes of intent gazing, the eye being shielded by dark-colored glass.

It is barely possible that this object is a continuation of the great spot of August 14, 1868. The periods of return would read as follows, if we reckon from the time of the spots reaching the centre of the disk, viz.: August 12, September 9, October 7, November 3, November 30, December 27, January 23, February 19, March 18, April 15. Large spots in the southern hemisphere have been recognized on dates corresponding to three of the above periods, the first and the last two.

The present spot will pass off the disk, by the

sun's revolution, on the 21st instant, and may be expected to reappear on the eastern limb about the 4-5th of May.—*Evening Post.*

The predicted reappearance took place about May 5th, and was distinctly visible on the 10th.

In shape it was something like a foreshortened loaf, having undergone a decided change of form since its first appearance.

Professor Agassiz has given a new impulse to fish culture in this country by announcing his belief that fish as food feeds the brain, is a restorative to weakened cerebral functions, and adds to the intellectual powers generally. He has also stated that the drinking of water in limestone regions enlarges the skeleton.

An instructive Report has been published which shows what were the trades and occupations of the large number of emigrants who went forth from England in 1867. They were as follows:—General laborers, 47,162; gentlemen, professional men, and merchants, 7,693; farmers, 6,908; miners and quarrymen, 5,641; carpenters and joiners, 2,117; agricultural laborers, gardeners, and carters, 947; smiths and blacksmiths, 1,484; tailors, 812; clerks, 793; bricklayers, masons, and slaters, 500. These are followed by a long list of smaller numbers of various trades; and while some show a falling off from 1866, there is an increase in the number classed as gentlemen and professional men. This implies that the struggle to live, or the desire to get on, is felt by others as well as the laboring classes. Of the female emigrants, 1,087 were gentlewomen and governesses (also a large increase over 1866); 354 were dressmakers; 3,699 were domestic and farm servants; and nearly 22,000 were married women, accompanying or going out to join their husbands. In this way England propagates her skill and enterprise throughout the earth.

Valuable Discovery.—A large number of gold English coins of the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VI., and French coins of the reigns of one of the Charles's and Louis of France, were picked up at Blackpool sands, near Dartmouth, during the past week. They are nearly all in a good state of preservation. It is supposed that the coins formed part of a box of specie on board a vessel which had become a wreck in this locality, and that they became imbedded in the sand from which they have now been washed out.

After a great deal of excavation an entrance to the subterranean vaults and dungeons of Guildford Castle has been made. The largest room is open, and measures 60 feet by 57 feet; height, 9 feet to 15 feet. Six others have yet to be found. In these dungeons, upon one occasion, no fewer than 600 persons were tortured and killed in a day or two.

National Debts of Europe.—In 1829 the total debt of France, Austria, Russia, and Italy amounted to about £300,000,000, paying about £17,000,000 a year as interest; while five years ago it had risen to £1,200,000,000, paying about £50,000,000 a year for interest. In Great Britain the national debt, on the 5th of January, 1851, was about £307,000,000; and on the 31st of March, 1868, £797,000,000. In Holland it was 1,229,-

518,590 florins in 1851, and 968,243,913 in 1868. In Prussia it was 206,006,414 thalers in 1851, and 434,509,121 (including 183,000,000 for the railway) in 1868. In France the debt in 1851 was 5,348,000,000 francs, and in 1868 (as shown by the budget for 1869) 11,643,537,088 francs. Besides this there is a floating debt of about 1,341,000,000 francs. The increase in the French debt is best shown by the sums payable for its interest. These were—in 1830, 199,417,208 francs; in 1848, 244,287,206 francs; in 1862, 375,167,481 francs; and in 1868, 396,870,768 francs. In Italy the total debt of the small States which now form the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel was 1,500,000,000 francs, while the Italian debt on the 31st of December, 1867, was 6,775,408,158 francs. The Austrian debt has troubled within the last eighteen years. In 1830 it was 1,023,200,000 florins; in 1867, 3,025,315,896 florins. In Russia the State debt has increased in about the same proportion as in Austria. The interest upon it amounted to 28,496,847 silver roubles, and in 1868, 69,618,542 silver roubles.

The Journal Officiel, the new official organ of the Emperor, publishes the criminal statistics for 1867, which show an increase of crime in France. The average number of persons tried is twelve in 100,000 inhabitants. The figures vary markedly in the different departments. In Corsica there were twenty-four accused in 100,000; in the Bouches du Rhone, thirty; in the Seine, thirty-five; in the Cher, only three. It is a curious fact that the number of well-educated and of the totally uneducated accused showed a decrease, while amongst those who could read and write a little there was an augmentation of 2½ per cent., and amongst those who could read and write well, an increase of over 5½ per cent.; which shows the danger of a little learning.

The number of political offenders rose from 92 in 1866 to 162 in 1867. The number of cases in which juries found extenuating circumstances was 70 per cent. There were twenty-five persons sentenced to death.

Scientific discovery, which has recently deprived us of our pet Gulf Stream, has now laid violent hands on another of our most popular theories. Hemlock, to which Socrates and Phocion were said to owe their death, is pronounced by Mr. Harley and other eminent toxicologists to be no poison at all. Sixty grains of tincture of hemlock were administered to a young woman without any apparent effects, and Mr. Harley, after a dose of 24 grains of the pure juice of the leaves of the hemlock, only experienced a slight muscular numbness, which passed off in an hour.

From further experiments it appears that the common hemlock is neither a poison nor even a medicinal remedy. The facts in the case of Socrates and Phocion may be reasonably explained by the supposition of a botanical error. Dictionaries have hitherto translated the Greek *κικύων* and the Latin *cicuta* by our word hemlock. What the ancients called hemlock was probably *cicuta virosa*, L., which is in fact a deadly poison.

Muriate of Ammonia as a Cure for Neuralgia.—Many of our non-professional readers have no doubt heard of sal-ammoniac as a remedy for certain forms of toothache, and perhaps have tried it

with advantage. There has hitherto been a great dearth of scientific information on the action of this remedy. We therefore direct attention to an able paper on "Muriate of Ammonia in certain Nervous Disorders," which has been written by Dr. F. E. Anstie of Westminster Hospital. Dr. Anstie shows that while the muriate is surprisingly beneficial in some cases it is inert in others. But he recommends that it be given a fair trial. Our own observations fully accord with Dr. Anstie's published views.—See *The Practitioner* for December.

Liquid Fuel on Shipboard.—Messrs. Dorsett and Blythe, of the Patent Fuel Company's Works, have fitted on board the *Retriever*, a screw steamship of 560 tons burden, an apparatus for the generation of steam by the combustion of creosote and other liquid hydrocarbons. The creosote is first evaporated in two small vertical boilers, or generators, and the vapor is then conducted to the furnaces of the steam boilers, in which it is burnt. At starting, an ordinary fire is kindled in the generators, and when the pressure of the creosote vapor rises to about 20 lbs. per square inch, a portion of the vapor is conducted into the firebox of the generators, and supplies all the heat subsequently needed for the evaporation of the liquid fuel. The *Retriever* has been tried on the Thames with perfect success, the apparatus working without a hitch, and the combustion being apparently perfect. It remains to be seen whether any practical difficulties in the application of the system will be found on more extended trial, and whether the economical results are such as to justify its adoption.

Influence of Veratrum on the Heart.—M. Oulmont, who has been continuing his experiments on the physiological action of *veratrum viride* and on its therapeutical effects, recently read his second paper on these subjects before the French Academy of Medicine. He finds that the resinous extract, in doses of about a centigramme every hour, lessens and steadies the pulse, and considerably diminishes the temperature. He has tried it in pleuritis, pneumonia, and typhoid fever, and while it gave bad results in the first and third, it proved of immense service in the second.

Dr. Tassignor, a French savant, has discovered a lotion which will cure cataract in the eye without an operation. The formula is as follows:—Oil of sweet almonds, 30 gms.; phosphorus, 10 centigr.; dissolve in a water bath at 80 degrees centigrade, in a closed and full vessel. Three or four times a day 4 gms. of this solution should be instilled between the eyelids of the diseased organ, continuing to do so for several months.—*Galignani*.

ART.

One of the most significant illustrations of the power wielded by the press in our day is the recent revolution in the "National Academy of Design," by which the stolid conservatism which has hitherto well-nigh paralyzed its usefulness as an institution has received what we may hope is a

final defeat. For years past the miserable incompetence of those who directed the affairs of the young Academy, their utter incapacity to comprehend the demands of the age and the vital responsibilities of their position, have been just as apparent as during the present Exhibition; season after season the artists and public have indulged in little petulant murmurings and inarticulate criticism on "mismanagement;" but at the opening of the Forty-fourth Annual Exhibition, the press all at once wakes up, and makes a new and highly original discovery, and for the first time feels called upon to do doughty service in the interests of national art.

The *Evening Mail* led off and launched the first thunderbolt; the "great dailies" opened the batteries which had lain masked for years: and last of all came the stately roar of the monthly censors. The consequence was that the artists bestirred themselves to do what they had the power to do from the first; the reformers agreed upon a definite course of action, and the Executive, stricken with consternation, only rallied in time to develop a diplomatic stroke by which they succeeded in retaining a few barren offices. The Council, which is the repository of practical power, is thoroughly liberal, and the Academy, under new auspices, has entered upon a new, and, let us hope, a better course.

The question which presents itself here is whether the press, artists, and public have not dealt rather hardly with President Huntington and his colleagues. Their incompetency, or, to put it pleasantly, their mistakes, have long been a settled and recognized fact; and the existence of an evil for a series of years which the first assault of the press has succeeded in removing, seems in justice to be rather an imputation upon it and the artists than upon an Executive elected to carry out a policy which, however unfortunate and mistaken, was thoroughly understood by all parties beforehand.

Directors who have succeeded in making the National Academy a byword throughout the land, and an incubus on art,—in alienating from it some of the best artists in the country, and in depressing those very interests which it was established to foster and develop,—cannot reasonably expect the quality of mercy, but they certainly should not be saddled with more than their fair share of the blame.

The Press, unfortunately, is still a rather unwieldy instrument of attack. It is like one of the ancient battering-rams, to which a few feet of the wall represented the whole city. Batter that down and the city falls. This is all good in logic and in practice, but it is rather hard on those who happen to constitute that portion of the wall.

Now that the reformers have come into power, we shall expect them to redeem their promises and to effect some radical changes in the Academy. We shall expect it to be made a School of Art, and not a suite of rooms for hanging up the second-class work of the members in; we shall expect the initials N. A. to confer some *prestige* upon an artist's name, and the fact of a picture having been upon the walls of the Academy to give it an additional value in the eyes of the public, and not, as it now is, rather a cause for suspicion; and we shall expect it to be a "national" and not a mere metropolitan institution.

Some of these expectations are being fulfilled. The Hanging Committee has been reduced to three, to be impartially chosen from non-official members. Exhibitors are not to be any longer restricted to residents of New York, and various other improvements of the same general tendency are projected.

The prospects are flattering, and we for one are willing to hope that, after all, we may have in our midst an approximation to the Royal Academy, and that those millennial days may come when we shall have a truly national art in a truly national home.

"*Goupil's*" still offers to the rambler the most uniformly excellent collection of paintings in the city. Church's "*Niagara*" remains the principal feature, but several acquisitions have been made since our last issue which are deserving of mention.

Most noticeable of these is a large picture by M. J. Hays, the middle foreground of which is occupied by a noble figure of a stag. At the foot of a massive range of mountains is a lake and rivulet. The stag approaches apparently to drink. In the midst of a grassy flat he has stopped, and with elevated head, searching eye, and intent attitude, listens breathlessly for some sound which has probably reached his sensitive ear.

The force and vigor of this figure as it halts, with relaxed joints, ready for an instantaneous spring, the gleam and brilliancy of the beautiful liquid eye, and the rare truthfulness of the coloring, must place Hays, if he produced nothing else, in the front rank of animal painters. It is one which Landseer himself would feel satisfied to have painted. The landscape alone would make a noticeable picture. The delicate coloring of the heavens and mountains in the background is particularly good, but everything is subordinated to the central figure of the stag.

A charming little picture, which strikes us as being the best of the kind we have seen for some time, is a vase of flowers by W. J. Heade. The freshness and finish of the flowers is something remarkable. All we seem to miss is their perfume. The pin-cushion and lace-work, which has evidently just been laid on the table beside the vase by the fair owner of the flowers, are also admirably done, and the whole picture is a fine specimen of *genre* painting. This little gem has found an immediate purchaser, as such gems are certain to do.

Another excellent painting which has recently found place upon the walls is a rich, deeply-colored landscape, by Portman. A sheet of water occupies the right of the foreground, and gently laps the low-lying beach, upon which stands a small cottage. Just back of the house a massive rocky cliff towers up, leaning heavily over the water, and a closely-packed mountain range looms in the middle distance. Trees, with the heavy green foliage of spring, occupy the left foreground, extending up almost to the cottage, and a man preparing to step into a boat stands upon the beach.

The open, breezy effect of the picture is very pleasing, and the drawing vigorous and decided. As a landscape we should rank it among the best which have been exhibited this season.

Two new pieces of statuary are also on exhibi-

tion at "Goupil's." One is a full-length portrait in marble of a young girl, apparently twelve or fourteen years of age. She is reclining slightly backward from her seat, in an easy, relaxed attitude, coaxing a bird which is perched on the finger of her elevated right hand. The pose of this hand and arm is perfect, forming in our eyes the most pleasing feature of the statue, though the whole is harmonious and graceful. The drapery of the figure is modest and truly artistic in its arrangement. The chest, not yet swelling with the dawn of womanhood, is nearly hidden, and a mass of curls fall negligently to the shoulders and down the torso.

For the rest, the face is evidently too irregular and individual in expression for an ideal, and it has the appearance of being a correct likeness. The sculptor is Mr. David Richards.

The other statue is a "Bust of a Quadroon Girl," based on the beautiful lines of Longfellow. We cannot say that it is a work which is likely to confer fame upon the artist. The features are satisfactory, with the exception probably of the mouth, which is expressionless; the conception, without originality, is good, and the noble arch of the head from the frontal bone gives an indescribable air of modest dignity and resignation to the slightly bent figure; but as a whole it seems aimless. It lacks the force and definite purpose which inspired such ideal busts as Canova's Venus and Greenough's Heloise.

The artist is Mr. Ames Van Wart, a nephew of Washington Irving, and he will produce better work.

The Royal Academy of London has at length secured rooms sufficiently spacious for the national collection of paintings and for their annual exhibitions. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to find place upon the walls for the immense number of pictures offered to the committee, and great discontent has been felt among the artists whose paintings failed to secure positions "on the line," and who felt that their work deserved a better fate.

The following quotation from the *Saturday Review* bears splendid testimony to the present condition and future prospects of art in England, and awakens shame at the contrast it presents to our own National Academy: "The success of the Exhibition proves to be fully as great as we anticipated. The public have, in numbers beyond precedent, shown approval of the handsome rooms, and appreciation of the Exhibition, which by common consent is considerably above the average. Such has been the concourse of visitors, that the new rooms, though of an area nearly double the old, are so crowded that favorite pictures can with difficulty be seen at all. In the first week the number of visitors amounted to over 31,000, an average of more than 5,000 per day; at which rate the total, by the end of the season, may reach 403,000. This indicates that the takings at the door will be in excess of 20,000*l.*, to which may probably be added 5,000*l.* on sale of catalogues, making a total of, say, 25,000*l.* as the year's receipts in the new building. How greatly the fortunes of the Academy are improved by the change may be judged from a return which states that 'the average receipts from the Exhibition for seven years, from 1853 to 1859, was 7,801*l.* 3*s.*

6*d.* Again, when we reach 1864, we find the following entry:—"The receipts of the Royal Academy have this year been enormous, amounting to 12,384*l.*, which is upwards of 2,000*l.* more than has ever before been taken. The extraordinary number of 57,000 catalogues was sold at the door.' Thus the preceding data would seem to indicate that this season the receipts may double the above maximum of 12,384*l.*, which, as we have seen, was designated at the time 'enormous.' There appears, then, good reason to believe that the new Academy will prove financially a brilliant success, and, if successful financially, many other fine things may ensue. Thus at the dinner Sir Francis Grant spoke as follows:—

"It will now be no longer necessary for us to accumulate our funds. I hope, therefore, it will be in our power largely to increase our hitherto not inconsiderable charities to our poorer and less fortunate brethren, and that we shall be able in future, with open-handed generosity, to support every effort for the benefit and promotion of art in this country."

One of the most remarkable collections of paintings which our city has seen for a long time was recently on exhibition and for sale at the gallery of Henry H. Leeds & Miner, 817 and 819 Broadway. Copies of many of the "old masters," such as Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Titians, Velasques, Caracci, Vandyke, and others were there, and a "Landscape and Figures" by James Hart, painted years ago in Albany, before he came to New York. It shows much of the correct drawing and delicate coloring which have since made Hart famous, but its fate is sadly in need of washing.

The Theatre of Marcellus (in the Piazza Montemaro), at Rome, is to be excavated and restored, by order of the Pope. This colossal structure, begun under Julius Cæsar, and finished under Augustus, is one of the finest specimens of Roman architecture. It has hitherto been so built upon and against that but a small portion of it is visible. The occupants of the shops and houses which encumber the lower arches have received notice to quit, and the work of removing the rubbish will be immediately commenced.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

An exquisite statue of Venus, in almost perfect preservation, has been discovered in the excavations at Ostia. It is of bronze, is about two and a half feet high, and represents the goddess entirely undraped, standing principally on the right leg, with the left crossed in front, and resting on the elevated foot. The right arm crosses the body, holding what appears to have been the handle of a mirror, while the left arm and hand are extended as if in admiration.

In the valley of San Nicolo di Tolentino, in Rome, the statue of an Amazon, eight feet high, of Pentelican marble, has been recently unearthed. It is of Grecian workmanship, and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be quite equal to those Amazons in the museums of the Capitol and the Vatican, which are supposed to have been chiselled in rivalry by Phidias, Polycletus, and Klesikæos. The hands, feet, and nose are wanting, but can be

restored. The statue has been purchased for the museum at Berlin for 16,600 francs.

The English Water-Color Society is now having an exhibition in London which is drawing much public attention to this school of art. We infer from an article in the *Spectator*, which criticises No. 306 on the catalogue, that the display is unusually large, and the list of contributors includes such names as Holman Hunt, Pinwell, A. P. Fripp, George Fripp, and A. Hunt. Truly the lines of art-lovers in England have fallen upon pleasant places during the past season.

A lively portrait of Lola Montez, the celebrated intrigante and political adventuress, who lectured us years ago, before the time of Anna Dickinson and the *Sorrowful Sisters*, was sold at one of our galleries last week.

It is a striking, eager, intellectual face, but condemned by the wavering mouth, and that slight angle of the lower jaw which marks the difference between sensibility and the sensualist.

An excellent plan has been adopted this year at the French Academy, each picture having the price on a piece of card affixed to the frame.

As there is no one at our Academy of whom questions can be asked without going down to the office, it would certainly be well for our artists to do the same.

The French and English critics are in ecstasies over a new picture by Gustave Doré. It is *Titanis, Queen of the Fairies*. The whole canvas is said to be moving with fairies and fairy-like life. The very leaves of the trees are peopled with elves and goblins.

The value of pictures exported from Rome during the year 1868 was, of the old masters, \$17,743; of the works of artists now living in Rome, \$334,811. The entire exportation of 1868 exceeded that of 1867 by \$8,652.

"A View of the Hudson from New Windsor," by David Johnson, N.A., is the new attraction at the store of Mr. Schaus. It is a severely natural picture, but impressed us as being rather thin in coloring.

The excavations at Ostia are yielding rich spoils. Colossal heads of Vespasian and Trajan have been discovered, together with the remains of a colonnade which enclosed the Field of Cybele outside the ancient city.

The Royal Academy, England, rejected five thousand pictures this season. The Exhibition opens at eight o'clock in the morning and is thronged throughout the day.

Napoleon III. has decided that a colossal bronze group shall be placed on the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, at the top of the Champs Elysées, as intended by the Great Emperor.

Regis Gignoux has resigned the presidency of the Brooklyn Art Association, and will return with his family to Paris. His friends in Brooklyn gave him a flattering farewell reception.

The sale of pictures at the Galerie Deloert, in Paris, realized in three days 1,886,300 francs.

"The Saviour in the Temple," by Holman Hunt, is coming to the United States for exhibition.

The best portraits in the French Exhibition this year are the work of female artists.

VARIETIES.

Edwin Booth as a Reader.—The twenty-seventh season of the Philharmonic Society was brought to a brilliant close on the evening of May 8th. The whole season has been eminently successful, crowds attending even the first rehearsals, but the last concert was an ovation such as even Italian Opera seldom obtains in this country. The throng, and the difficulty of obtaining seats, even standing room, are not likely soon to be forgotten by those who reached the Academy after 7 o'clock. The occasion was the first production in this country of Schumann's "Manfred," with Edwin Booth to deliver the soliloquy.

This soliloquy consists of the more powerful portions of Byron's *Manfred*, with a "Prologue" condensing the incidents, by the German author, Richard Pohl. The "Prologue" is in turn translated into English by J. H. Cornell.

Filtrating Byron through two or three minds is a perilous process, very likely to result in the watery Byronism with which literature has been flooded since his lordship's time, but in this case the work is exceptionally well done, and the splendid tragedy looses but little of its wonderful vigor and force in the present adaptation.

Booth's conception of *Manfred* seems to us to lack the fierce and fiery energy of the great original, to be on the whole too introspective and self-pitying, and to lack the desperate madness of a fallen, tortured, but inflexible soul; the awe and majesty of the struggle with "a dread fatality;" but the delivery was worthy of the genius of the reader. In parts, such as the sublime apostrophe to the sun, the adoration of Astarte, the interview with the Spirit of the Waters, and the last conflict with "the invisible powers that rule the world unseen," the rendition was simply perfect, and thrilled the vast audience with irrepressible emotion. There may have been more of the theatrical in his attitudes, more evident aiming after effect than Professor Raymond, for instance, would have manifested, but no one can deny the magnetic force, the solemnity and fervor of passion, and the agonized yearning after the unattainable expressed by that noble, matchless voice, and stately but impassioned countenance.

There was an unconscious harmony too in the association of Booth with music. The exquisite grace of his every movement and gesture, the indefinable atmosphere of harmony which his very person diffuses around him has all the attributes of music. The poetry of motion and the poetry of sound are closely allied, and the former never had a finer illustration than in Edwin Booth, the gentleman *par excellence* of the American stage.

"*Manfred*" was a pleasurable and memorable incident in the lives of the thousands who heard it on Saturday night, and will be a brilliant

epitaph to the memory of the twenty-seventh season of the Philharmonic Society.

The Directors of the Society have displayed marked taste and tact in their selections for the whole season, and have well earned their uniform success; but the securing of Booth at a time when he is a perfect passion with our citizens was a grand stroke of managerial tactics.

The Wandering Chinese in Paris.—Most people know that the Emperor of China has sent amongst us a Chinese political, diplomatic, and scientific mission or embassy, which, having visited London, is now in Paris. All these gentlemen are of the *Few-see* (flowery talent), and have received high honors at home. They may be seen about the streets of Paris, looking very much like the gentlemen we see on old China and screens—the square flat face, the small eyes, the insignificant nose, and slashed mouth. They wear the tail, the white tunic, the broad saucer hat, and shoes of the Celestial Empire. They have not yet adopted any of the dress of modern European civilization. They enjoy the cooking of France, the balls of Paris, whilst the theatres, where spectacle is given, they have pronounced more attractive than the gopii, demons, ghosts, and cruel dramas of Chinese dramatic literature. They consider the introduction of a number of young ladies on the stage very slightly dressed as one of the proofs of our advanced morality. There are other features of our civilization which they do not admire. They find the people of Europe very ignorant. They are struck with the variety in form and expression of faces (Chinese men and women are all alike), and they observe with regret that none of our beauties have long ears. As they get to know England and France, they find that there is quite as much cheating amongst us as amongst themselves, especially in the high commercial classes. They say that our morals are like the painting on a porcelain vase—only on the surface. They think that with a little teaching they can improve us.

Now, the Chinese mission is sent to Europe by the Emperor and government of Peking in order to show, especially England and France, that China wishes to increase her newly made intercourse with us; to learn our arts and sciences, with a view of ascertaining how far they can be imported into the Celestial Empire. "But," says the more philosophical of the Chinese, "we can only introduce Christian civilization with caution; our people traditionally live in the past; the past is our religion, laws, customs—all. The Emperor and a few of our 'new men,' however, know that we have much to learn which may be profitable; we want railways over the great plain; we want to buy and sell more; we want to learn the more destructive arts of war; our great wall is in ruins, which tells some of us that we may let in the stranger!" In a late conversation, the learned mandarin went on to say—"We observe that you now require a new religion in Europe, and the introduction of our 'Four Books' and 'Five Classics' of Confucius, accompanied by a Chinese fleet, is on our part a duty, a religious duty, and a commercial reciprocity. Our divinity doctor observes how the Roman Catholic Italians want to get rid of the Emperor-Pope; how in France the belief in the divinity of Christianity is rapidly

expiring, as seen by such publications as those of M. Rénan and the literature generally of France. In England we remark that the Christian Protestant faith is so little attractive in its simplicity that your priests are resorting to toy scenery, spangled dresses, and pretty music, accompanied by private conversations between young women and their holy confessors. The Confucius mission to France and England ought to produce a most beneficial effect on the people of England and France. Our *Yu* religious rites and morals will do away with your religious hypocrisy and commercial immorality. There will be no more trading in religion, no sectarian hatreds; and when Queen Victoria has embraced our faith, the Emperor has promised to come over and examine her." I heard much more from these learned Celestials concerning their benevolent intentions. The good men of Peking are much concerned at the unsatisfactory state of our religion and morals generally, but they are full of hope and religious faith for the future. Persuasion and the bamboo, truth and virtue, and the strong rice-water drink, they say, will make another and better people of us when they have thoroughly introduced Chinese civilization amongst the French and English nations. I ought in gratitude to observe that so far as one can judge the Chinese are most hospitable people. They gave me birds'-nest soup and a very nice *cotelette au naturel* off a fat French poodle, and some Chinese sugar-plums.

William Tell: A Fable.—Delepierre shows there are four different views existing of this tradition of William Tell. 1. The authenticity of the legend, in all its details, as it is believed in the canton of Uri. 2. The existence of Tell, his refusal to do homage to the hat, his voyage on the lake, and the tragical end of Gesler, but rejects the story of the apple. 3. William Tell is believed to have existed, and to have made himself remarkable by some daring exploit; but this exploit was not connected with the plans of the conspirators, and consequently exercised no influence over the formation of the Swiss Confederation. 4. The tradition of William Tell, a mere fable, an afterthought, unworthy of being inserted in any history of Switzerland. In 1760 Uriel Freudenberger created a terrible disturbance in Berne by publishing a small volume, in Latin, entitled "*William Tell: a Danish Fable.*" The canton of Uri condemned the author to be burned with his book. In 1727 Isaac Christ. Iselin, in his large historical dictionary, doubted the story, because Olaus Magnus has related the same adventure of a certain Toko, in the reign of Harold, King of Denmark. The two stories are so similar that one is supposed to have been copied from the other. In 1840 M. Haussier, in answer to a proposition from the University of Heidelberg, obtained a prize for his essay, showing—1. There is nothing to justify the historical importance that is commonly attached to William Tell. He has no right to the title of Deliverer of Switzerland, seeing that he took no active part in the freedom of Waldstätten. 2. The existence of a Swiss named William Tell is without doubt, but not in any way connected with the history of the Confederation. 3. The tradition, as preserved in ballads and chronicles, is a pure invention.

the apple shot from the head of the child is of Scandinavian origin. (See Hiseley's "Recherches Critiques, 1843.") Ideler (Berlin, 1836) says:—"There exists no record of incontestable authenticity referring to the romantic incident of Tell's life. The chapel near Fluelen, on the borders of the lake, was only constructed in 1888; the chapel at Burglen, on the spot where Tell's house formerly stood, dates back to the same time; and there is no written document to prove that they were built to commemorate any share taken by Tell in the emancipation of Switzerland. The stone fountain at Altdorf, which bore the name of Tell, and above which was seen the statue of Tell, and of his son with an apple placed upon his head, was only constructed in 1786, when the tradition had already been invalidated by critical researches. The fountain was taken down in 1861. Tell's lime-tree in the market-place of Altdorf, and his cross-bow, preserved in the arsenal at Zurich, are not more valid proof than the pieces of the true cross which are exhibited in a thousand places. In conclusion, Mr. Delepierre relates the corresponding apple legends. Altogether this is one of the most interesting of his *Historical Difficulties*.—*Historic Ninepins*. By John Timbs, F.S.A.

Wear and Tear of Railway Travelling.—A leading physician has come to a conclusion which will startle some of the constant riders. "Travelling a few years since," he says, "on the Brighton line very frequently, I became familiar with the faces of a number of the regular passengers on that line. Recently I had again occasion to travel several times on the same line. I have had large experience in the changes which the ordinary course of time makes on men busy in the world, and I know well how to allow for their gradual deterioration by age and care; but I have never seen any set of men so rapidly aged as these seem to have done in those few years." The advantages of flying from the bad air of the town, and revelling in the bracing air of breezy hill-sides, is, we fear, but dearly purchased if the means we take to get there are so disastrous.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

Religious Liberty in Russia.—A curious controversy has sprung up at Moscow. M. Aksakof, in the paper called the *Moscow*, has been advocating religious liberty in Russia. He complains that the religious superintendence of the Government over a Russian begins with his birth, never leaves him one moment during his life, and accompanies him to the grave. The police regulations about his baptism extend to the most minute details. Still more particular are they about his catechising. He is required to be diligent in his attendance at church, especially on Sundays and civil festivals. Parents are bound, under severe penalties, to see that all their children over seven years go to confession at least once a year, and the civil and military authorities are to see that no parents fail in this. All adults are under the same rule, which in their case is to be enforced by the "civil and military authorities." "In the most private details of religious life the policeman stands sentinel over every Russian." Police regulations require him to attend church "with piety" and "without hurry" (art. 3), not to talk

there, to treat the sacred pictures with due reverence (art. 6); not to move from one part to another; to show awe, silence, recollection, and reverence" (art. 7); not to kiss the pictures except before or after the service (art. 8). All particulars of the church decorations are carefully prescribed, and useless ornaments, out of keeping with the sacredness of the place, and carved images are strictly forbidden. Then as to religious liberty, any member of the Russian Church is subject to the forfeiture of all civil rights, and exile to Siberia, or two years' service in a penal corps, if he joins any other communion (arts. 47-49, and 32). M. Aksakof has been pressing for the repeal of these laws, and has been answered in the paper called the *Kuaria*, by M. Pogodina, who says:—"What in the world would you have with your 'liberty of conscience?' If the government were to listen to you, we should soon have the population in different sects, and half the great ladies throwing themselves into the arms of charming abbés." M. Aksakof's arguments may be guessed. But a Paris correspondent (from whom we take these particulars) says that the fact of their being freely discussed in newspapers at Moscow shows that the press in Russia enjoys a degree of toleration, if not of liberty, which inclines one to hope that such laws as these, when once freely discussed, are not likely to be long unrepealed. He adds that the campaign on which M. Aksakof has entered is even more important than that which Mr. Gladstone is now waging in the English Parliament.

Hair Dyes.—Dark dyes for the hair are generally composed of acetate of lead and sulphur, and consequently cause paralysis. So says *The Times*, and the *Lancet* endorses the opinion. We pointed out, months since, that almost the only, if not the only innocuous dark dye, is a weak solution of acetate of iron mixed with glycerine, which writers on these subjects say gradually darkens the hair, and has no effect, except as a slight tonic. That remark brought us more letters than we ever remember to have received on any one topic, half the old ladies in the kingdom seeming to want a receipt. We were obliged to advertise that we did not know it, and would not send it if we did, and so stopped the funniest correspondence we have read. There is no more moral objection to a hair-dye than to a wig, but those who want one should consult chemists, and not hairdressers.—*Spectator*.

One of the last financial operations of the late Baron James de Rothschild was the purchase of the Chateau Lafitte Vineyard. His heirs have just sold the greater part of last year's vintage at the rate of £250 per cask, so that the deceased banker made a very profitable investment.

Bishop Colenso has been in grief. He had a fall from his horse recently and was much shaken. On another occasion he was riding across a ford when his horse got into a hole, and the bishop was washed off the animal's back. Mr. Kirkham, his companion, went into the river and lugged the unlucky dignitary out.

Charles Dickens gets one hundred guineas a night for his readings in England.

tial, useful, and interesting product of much original research, written in a good style and with equitable judgment. The two volumes by M. de Croze contain, besides a brief, impartial, and clear narrative, a number of letters of the princes of the House of Lorraine, collected from various sources and now published from the original documents for the first time; while the work of M. de Noailles comprises likewise a mass of newly-published correspondence and State papers, and a complete account of the election of Henri III. to the crown of Poland and of the connexion which that transaction had with the history of France and of Europe.

The character of every nation in Europe underwent a great change during this sixteenth century, which will ever be regarded as one of the greatest crises in the world's history. The faith and moral constitution of every nationality was then tried in the fiery furnace of new opinions, and for nearly the whole of its duration the spiritual destinies of mankind were subject to the dreadful and incessant arbitrament of sword and fire. It was an age of martyr-spirits and ferocious passions, of evangelical aspiration, of crime and violence of the most fearful atrocity, and of Machiavellian conspiracies against the rights of conscience, concerted with diabolical ingenuity, and wrought out on a scale of appalling magnitude. France, as well from her peculiar position as from the character of her government and its alliances, offered a battle-ground for the rival creeds on which the partisans of the Papacy, aided by Italian and Spanish intrigue, gold, and auxiliaries, attempted by every appliance of art, perfidy, violence, and cruelty to annihilate Protestantism within the whole limits of the country. The history of this contest is crowded with tragic and pathetic incidents, with barbarous executions, with cruel massacres and persecutions under every form, with battles, sieges, and combats, with anarchy and sedition, and with intervals of peace hardly less cruel than the periods of war which they superseded. In no part of Europe was the great contest between Protestantism and Catholicism carried on with greater gallantry and perseverance on the side of the Protestants; and though Protestant-

ism on the whole must be said to have failed in France, yet the history of the great struggle will ever remain among the most interesting of the records of humanity; while by its study the subsequent destinies of the French nation are in a large measure explained and accounted for.

Up to the time of the accession of Francis II. (A.D. 1559) the Protestants had for forty years resigned themselves to be tortured and burnt. Calvin, whose spiritual authority was absolute over the whole of the Reformed party in France, had declared, in harmony with his belief in Predestination, that resistance to the civil power was not justified by the tenets of the Gospel. With the Renaissance, however, and the study of antiquity, republican doctrines, as evidenced by that burning, withering denunciation of tyranny, the *Contr' Un* of La Boétie, began to prevail among men of culture; the frightful sufferings of the Reformers exasperated the minds of all with any pretence to human feeling; the high spirits of the daring and impetuous Protestant *noblesse* assumed the lead of the new movement; the policy of saintly acquiescence under the cruel aggressions of tyranny and bigotry began to be questioned, and men dared to look to the sword as the most righteous defence of the Gospel—to be drawn in defence of the insulted majesty of God; *Venger Dieu* became henceforward a Huguenot watchword. Moreover, the accession of Francis II., a boy of not sixteen years of age, concurred to release the Reformers from the doctrine of servile and passive obedience to civil authority, for it was not the *boy king* who was really governing the country, and responsible for the acts of cruelty and persecution which distinguished his reign, but the ruthless and persecuting Guises, the uncles of his wife Mary Stuart, who exercised real sovereignty in his name.

The Guises were a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, which claimed to be descended from Charlemagne; they had, although strangers in France, usurped a place equal to and sometimes above the princes of the blood, and became more insidious and hardly less dangerous rivals of the monarchy than the Dukes of Burgundy in the



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. X., No. 2. }

AUGUST, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

Quarterly Review.

THE RELIGIOUS WARS OF FRANCE.*

THE history of Protestantism in France has not yet received that attention which the subject demands at the hands of either English or French writers. M. Michelet and M. Henri Martin have nevertheless by sympathetic treatment contributed much towards restoring in its true color this portion of the history of France, and rendering justice to the memory of the Protestants whose portraits had hitherto been drawn by their enemies. Ranke, in Germany, had previously produced three volumes containing a history of the great contest between the Catholics and

the Huguenots, by which the former writers have largely profited, and which have all the merits of impartiality, good judgment, and patient examination of original documents, which distinguish that eminent historian. Nevertheless a complete and unprejudiced account of the rise and fall of Protestantism in France is still to be looked for. Meanwhile the works, the titles of which stand at the head of this article, form valuable contributions to the history of this period. Mr. White's volume, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," is a valuable fragment of historical narrative. We should have desired a more complete account of the rise and spread of Protestantism in France, and of the internal organization of the Huguenot party. He has, as his preface informs us, searched the public records of Montpellier, Nismes, Grenoble, and other cities for information, but it is to be regretted that he has overlooked La Rochelle, which was for so long a period the capital and head-quarters of the Huguenot party. The book is however a substan-

1. *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX.* By Henry White. London, 1868.

2. *Les Guises, les Valois, et Philippe II.* Par M. Joseph de Croze. 2 vols. Paris, 1866.

3. *Henri de Valois et la Pologne en 1572.* Par le Marquis de Noailles. 3 vols. Paris, 1867.

4. *Guerres de Religion.* Par J. Michelet. Paris, 1856.

5. *Histoire de France.* Par Leopold Ranke. 3 vols. Paris, 1868.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X., No. 2.

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previous century. Francis, the second Duke of Guise, had added Metz and Calais to France; and the vigor of his character, and occasional magnanimity in success by which he mitigated his ordinary ferocity and intolerance, rendered him the most redoubtable chief of the Catholic party. His brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, was witty, eloquent, learned, and politic, but vindictive, violent, and covetous, and said to be wanting in courage, unlike the rest of the Princes of the house of Guise, who, subtle in intrigue, daring in action, and suspicious of friend and foe, united such pride and dignity of bearing with such dexterity, pliancy, and elegance of demeanor, that it was said, "*les autres princes paraissent peuples auprès d'eux.*"

The chief rivals of the Guises were the Princes of the House of Bourbon—the vacillating and weak-minded but brave Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, and his brother Louis, the brilliant, gallant, and chivalrous Prince of Condé; next to them came the powerful family of the Montmorencies, at whose head was *Le Grand Connétable* Anne de Montmorency. But all these, and the Châtillons, a great family of Burgundy, represented by Coligny and his brother d'Andelot, nephews of Anne de Montmorency, were denied all approach to the King's person, and the discontent thus excited exasperated the feelings of indignation caused by the cruelties perpetrated upon the Protestant party, which culminated in the celebrated but abortive conspiracy called the *Conjuration d'Amboise*, the object of which was to deliver the young king from the tutelage of the Guises (A.D. 1560). Upon the failure of this plot, numberless sanguinary executions without trial were committed upon Protestant and other noblemen with merciless and unsparing ferocity. The Loire was covered with floating bodies, attached to poles, sometimes fifteen together. The streets of Amboise flowed with blood; the spectacle of the execution of prisoners was a daily after-dinner amusement with the Guises and the court. The young king and Mary Stuart were taught to find delight in the dying convulsions of their subjects, and here the child, who was afterwards Charles IX., first snuffed that odor of carnage with which he grew

furious at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

The death of Francis II., one of the sickliest of the sickly brood of Catherine de Medicis, deprived the Guises of the regency, which was now assumed by the Queen-mother, after a life of subjection and obscurity, in the name of Charles IX., a boy of twelve years of age. At first Catherine, who was perfectly indifferent to all moral and religious considerations, seemed inclined to lean to the Protestants, as being the weakest and more manageable party, and published in January, 1562, the celebrated Edict granting to the Protestants permission to hold religious meetings, and abolishing all penalties enacted against them. But the Guises, urged by the rancor of disappointed ambition, now contracted that secret and treasonable alliance with Philip II., which they continued till their fall. From the dark and monstrous power presided over by the solitary bureaucrat of the Escorial, they began to derive that mysterious strength which enabled them to become ultimately the rivals of monarchy itself. They were, indeed, to make use of the term applied by his enemies to Henri de Guise, true Princes of Darkness, and the consummate address of their conduct and the duplicity of their nature renders it very difficult always to give the true interpretation of their actions. The real purport of their designs seems to be that they foresaw that in the sickly sons of Catherine de Medici, the race of the Valois would come to an end; that the throne of France might then be seized by an audacious chief who had assumed the greatest share of influence in the country, and that the most certain way of arriving at such a dangerous eminence was to put themselves forward as the champions of Catholicism. The frightful massacre of the Protestants on the 1st of March, 1562, at the little town of Vassy, in Champagne, which was superintended by the Duke Francis in person, raised a furious irritation among the Protestants and a ferocious joy among their adversaries. Rough wood-cut representations, with a narrative of the horrible transaction, passed from hand to hand, and this method of appealing to the passions and imagination of the people by engravings and pictures was used by both parties

during the whole of the wars. The gravest magistrates of the Parliament showed their horror of the frightful atrocity when Guise entered Paris after the massacre. Two of them, Harlai and Seguier, refused to occupy their seats on the day on which the man of blood appeared in the Parliament of Paris. Montmorency, however, and the *Parti Politique*, the moderate party, as they styled themselves, had joined the faction of the Guises;* and soon after the Guises, with Montmorency and Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, who had deserted the cause of the Huguenots, got possession of the King's person at Fontainebleau by a *coup de main*. This audacious usurpation, coming after the massacre of Vassy, and followed by the revocation of the Edict of January, was the signal for the outbreak of the great civil and religious war. The mutual exasperation of the two sects had been increasing with frightful rapidity. The Protestants began to search their Bibles anew for texts to justify recourse to the sword. The poorer *noblesse*, full of the old traditions of feudal independence, were by no means likely to submit tamely to massacres as horrible as Vassy, and penalties which made life itself intolerable. Condé, the acknowledged chief of the Huguenots, had been for some time in the field, but he waited for Coligny, whose stern and upright spirit had long debated within itself the lawfulness of armed resistance to authority, and his doubts and hesitations on this head were terminated by the valiant counsel of his noble-spirited wife, Charlotte de Laval.

One night, as the Admiral lay sleepless in his bed, ruminating on the wretched condition of the Protestants, and still hesitating, he heard sobs from the lady at his side, who mourned over the miseries of the Church, and the defenceless state of its children. "Madame," said Coligny, "put your hand

upon your bosom and examine your conscience. Is that in a condition to encounter disaster, shame, and *the reproaches of a people who judge of all things by success*? Can you support treachery, flight, nakedness, hunger, the hunger of your children, death by an executioner, and to see, perchance, your husband drawn on a hurdle? I give you three weeks to consider." But his wife replied with impetuosity, "Do not let the dead of three weeks rest on your head:" and after this scene of real life,—as pathetic as any in the whole range of the tragic drama—Coligny determined likewise to commit at once the cause of his creed to the arbitrament of the sword.

War commenced on the side of the Huguenots* with a wild and brilliant exploit of the Protestant *noblesse*. The daring Condé, with two thousand young Protestant cavaliers, carried Orleans in a cavalry charge. The impetuous band rode for six leagues on a sunny afternoon, *ventre à terre*, with shouts and shrieks of laughter, as horseman or baggage rolled down in their headlong speed into the dust, and took the place by surprise. In such mad fashion began one of the most horrible civil wars in history. Village people who saw them pass said it was a wild frolic of all the mad fellows of France—*de tous les fous de la France*. The story of the massacre of Vassy had already put the Protestants in motion, but the news of that of Sens, where a hundred defenceless people perished, perpetrated also by one of the Guises, a month later, set every centre of Protestantism in France in a blaze. Every Huguenot deemed it prudent to take arms for his life and his family, and to risk all, rather than submit to be so tamely butchered. The couriers of Condé galloped with their fatal missives from Orleans to every point of the compass. With one impulse, as though at the signal of one electric current darting across the length and breadth of the land, the gleam of Huguenot steel flashed along the Loire

* One of the most dramatic incidents of the time occurred at this period. Condé, returning, as was his wont, from the Huguenot *prêche* at the head of 500 harquebusmen, met the Guises at the head of their troops in the streets of Paris. The rival chiefs saluted each other and passed on. Theodore Beza was the preacher that day. He wore a breastplate. Instead of the ringing of the bells, the shots of harquebuses called together the Huguenot congregations.

* The origin of the name "Huguenot" is, as is well known, involved in much obscurity. Some derive it from "Eidgenossen." We incline, however, to the derivation from "Hugues." The Guisards vaunted the descent of their chiefs the Guises from Charlemagne, and taunted the Protestants, who were royalists, for preferring the dynasty of "*Hugues Capet*."

from Blois to Tours and from Tours to Angers; it sprang from town to town in Normandy, and girdled the coast; the half of Languedoc sprang to arms, and the great cities of Guyenne and Gascogne declared for the white scarf of the Huguenots and the black minister's gown of Geneva. Dauphiny, with the massacre of the Vaudois still in her memory, arose. Lyons was carried away by the hot fervor of the hour, and Chalons, Maçon, and Autun, followed in her wake. The insatiable Erinnyes of religious war were thus let loose, and France was doomed for nearly half a century to be the prey of fury and rage more sanguinary and detestable than the appetite for blood of the wolf and the tiger. The Huguenots by no means escaped the contagion of the ferocious passions of the time, but, as a general rule, less implacable to men, it was on stones, on images, on monuments, on cathedrals, and on all the paraphernalia of the rites of Catholic worship, that they spent their whole fury. On the 21st of April, 1562, began that lamentable burst of fanatic fury which has done more than all the wrath of the elements or the corroding breath of time to destroy the gigantic, and yet fairy-like, monuments of the noblest aspirations of the Middle Ages. On that day the Huguenot soldiers commenced their work of demolition on the Cathedral and churches of Orleans, overthrowing the altars, defacing the tracery, breaking the emblazoned windows, and burning the richly carved wood-work. The chiefs at first endeavored to stay the work of havoc; they rushed to the cathedral. Condé seized a harquebus and aimed it at a Huguenot fanatic mounted aloft and pulling down an image. "*Mon-sieur*," cried the soldier, "*ayez patience que j'abatte cette idole, vous me tuerez après*." After many such vain efforts the leaders seemed to see that it was the will of Heaven, and ceased to attempt to restrain their men.

The demons of destruction awoke as at a trumpet-blast, and swarmed over the whole length and breadth of France. The crowbar, the hammer, and the axe were plied with unwearying fury from one end of the kingdom to the other, not in creating, but in destroying. Neither delicate tracery, nor vermeil or golden-tinted window, nor tombs or effigies of

kings, or saints, or heroes, found grace in the eyes of the ravagers. The elaborate workmanship of five hundred years perished in one day. The bones of saints were torn from their reliquaries, sometimes forced by torture from the priests, and defiled and burnt, while the rabble paraded themselves in mock solemnity with the mitres of bishops and abbots on their heads, and rochets, copes, and other priestly vestments, on their shoulders, before throwing them on the blazing bonfire of the market-place.

Such a storm of sacrilege and violence evoked in the breasts of the Catholic masses a rage for blood and vengeance of the deadliest intensity. In every province the two factions waited but for the word and the occasion to spring like ferocious beasts upon each other—to kill or to be killed. After some fruitless attempts at negotiation by the Queen-mother, the Catholic chiefs determined to let loose the multitude upon the heretics by proclamation; and on the 13th of July, 1563, authorized all the inhabitants of cities and villages to take up arms, not only against the spoliators of their churches, but against those who held unlicensed prayer-meetings. War, indeed, seemed the only method of settling a question, for which neither side could imagine any peaceful solution possible. The religious unity of France, dating from the time of the first Frank king, consecrated with the reverence and prescription of centuries, seemed to every Catholic the indispensable condition of national life. Indeed, many even of the most enlightened professors of both creeds looked upon the coexistence of two different forms of Christian worship in the same country as an absolute impossibility. The Catholic regarded the very contemplation of such a state of things as impious and treasonable, while the Huguenot's conviction was that his was no new religion, but that of the primitive Church, and the only one to be tolerated in a State. If such was the state of mind among the more refined Catholics, among the people the same convictions became allied with the grossest passion, prejudice, and superstition, and were sanctified with all the most cherished memories of youth and the more sacred traditions of time.

The massacre of Saint Bartholomew stands out with such a hue of crimson



Engraved for the *Journal* by Geo. Bennett & Co.

Printed at the *Journal* Office, No. 10, N. 2d St., N. Y.

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describes the conclusions of the
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Saint Germain, 8th of August, 1570, the most favorable of all which the Huguenot party had yet wrung from their oppressors, and the subject of furious expostulation from Philip and Pius V., whose missives, as Michelet says, may be summed up in a couple of words, *Tuez tous*. By this treaty not only were the Huguenots allowed free access of religious worship in the churches already established, but they were declared capable of holding all offices, royal, municipal, and seigniorial, and allowed to retain four strong places, of which La Rochelle was the chief, as guarantees for the observance of the treaty.

Both Protestants and Catholics saw subsequently in the favorable terms of the "Peace of Saint Germain" a treacherous show of toleration, and believed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew to have been already resolved upon when it was signed. Some, giving the Queen-mother credit for greater capacity for intrigue than she really possessed, have imagined that it was planned at the famous interview between Catherine and the Duke of Alva at Bayonne, in June, 1565. That the thought of massacre or assassination was then as always present to the mind of Catherine as the speediest way of solving every difficulty it is impossible to deny, but if the account of one of the chief conspirators, the Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Henri III., is to be believed, the great crime was resolved on in a single instant of impatient madness and vexation.

The peace of Saint Germain had left Coligny the greatest subject in the country; his integrity, inflexible justice, and incorruptible sense of duty were recognized by all the Huguenot party, and all acknowledged him as their undisputed head. Voluntary taxes were levied, of which he had free disposal for the good of the "Cause;" and it was said Coligny could raise a greater army in three days than the king in three months.

Gaspard de Coligny was of one of the most ancient and noble families in Burgundy, and had his seat at Châtillon sur Loing. He was the elder of three brothers, the other two being François de Châtillon, surnamed d'Andelot, an excellent and generous soldier, and Odet de Châtillon, a cardinal, a learned, amiable,

and liberal prelate, the patron of letters in the Renaissance, to whom Rabelais dedicated the fourth book of *Pantagruel*, and who afterwards embraced the Reformed doctrines, and married a wife in his red cardinal's robe. Coligny had shown a great genius for military organization,* and was made colonel-general of the infantry of France. After the Spaniards defeated Anne de Montmorency under the walls of St. Quentin, he threw himself into the town, and though forced ultimately to surrender, his desperate defence saved Paris. When liberated after the peace he retired to his *château*, where he passed his days in patriarchal piety and simplicity. He had daily prayer in the morning, and prayer and sermon on fixed days, in his chapel. He corresponded with Calvin, and was a severe, reserved, high-souled man, an inflexible judge of others, and pitiless towards himself, reverencing, above all human things, his duty to God and to his country.

All the sorrow of the time had tried this noble nature: family affliction of the bitterest, partaking of all the horrors of the age, assailed him year after year. His high-minded wife died in 1568,† and both his brothers, d'Andelot and Odet, had been poisoned in the three following years. His portrait among the *Grands Amiraux* of France still strikes all observers with its calm, majestic, noble aspect. The square high forehead, the upright bearing of the head, the full yet firm mouth, the drooping moustache, contrast strongly with the narrow and bent brow, the thin compressed lips, the upturned and wiry moustache of Henri de Guise, whose glittering icy smile and feline piercing eyes, with drooping eyelids, puckering upwards at the corners, in wrinkles traced by the action of innumerable faithless smiles, evince the inscrutable insincerity of his nature; while

* He made use of a striking expression on the occasion of creating a Protestant army at La Rochelle, *Formons ce monstre*, he said, *par le ventre*.

† On her death-bed she wrote to her husband—"I entreat you by the love you bear and by the children I leave you as pledges of my love, to fight to the last extremity for God's service and the advancement of religion." Coligny married again in 1571 Jacqueline of Montbel, Countess of Eutremout, at the solicitation of the lady, who had never seen him, but was captivated with his reputation, and desired to share his destinies.

the clear, melancholy grey eyes of Coligny are as deep as truth itself, sadly as they look from the past, in which he had lived face to face with terror, calamity, and crime, and grown worn and weary in long conflict with the ferocious passions of his contemporaries. He had made his chief reputation in civil warfare; he had grown great at the expense of the blood of his countrymen; and though he justified the war which he had carried on against his sovereign by the consideration that he had taken arms in defence of his religion, not against the royal authority, but against the Spanish and Italian faction who had usurped possession of the councils of the nation, yet the inadequacy of the result, and the uncertainty of the future, affected him with profound melancholy; and he frequently said he would rather be dragged a corpse through the streets of Paris than again be an instrument in bringing civil war upon his country. In such a frame of mind he received at La Rochelle an invitation from the court to join it at Blois.

His friends in the Huguenot capital earnestly dissuaded him from trusting himself among the gang of assassins which followed in the wake of the Queen-mother and Charles IX. But the Admiral's mind was made up; he was determined to sacrifice, if necessary, his life to the hope of establishing permanent harmony between Protestant and Catholic, and of raising France to the foremost position in Europe on the defeat of Spanish tyranny and intolerance.

For the occasion which now presented itself was admirably advantageous for the policy of Coligny. Philip II. had failed hitherto in suppressing the heroic revolt of the Low Countries; and the noble spirit of the Admiral had conceived the great scheme of uniting the turbulent spirits of Catholic and Huguenot and all the moderate patriots in a grand war against Spain to deliver Holland and Flanders from a barbarous and sanguinary tyranny. Already the Huguenot cavaliers and disbanded soldiers of the late war had passed across the frontier, and a great share of the most brilliant successes, which the insurgents had gained in the Low Countries, was due to the brilliant gallantry of the Calvinist volunteers of France. The idea

of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite of Valois did not originate with Coligny, having been proposed by the Montmorencies, who viewed at this time with jealousy and suspicion the preponderance which the Guises began again to assert in the King's councils, and regarded this alliance as a means of resuscitating the dignity of the house of the Bourbons, the ancient rivals of the Guises; and it was for the purpose of arranging the conditions of the marriage that Coligny was invited to the court of Blois. The successes of the Protestants in Holland, and his own and the national jealousy of Spain, had prepared the young king for the overtures of the Admiral; the best forces of his nature were inspired with life and warmth when brought into contact with the patriotic ardor of the noble, white-haired, white-bearded old veteran; he gave him his whole confidence; the Admiral became the only channel of his favor; and the history of Europe might have been changed had not the jealousy of the Queen-mother, the fanaticism and discontent of her favorite son, the Duc d'Anjou, and the unsleeping spirit of intrigue and ambition of the Guises, been roused into united opposition.

Upon Catherine de Medicis, however, rests the chief infamy of the horrible catastrophe which followed. Her jealousy of the ascending influence of Coligny, and her despair of regaining the position which, as Regent, she had long held in the country, rendered her capable of any crime which might assist her in recovering the power she had lost; and she it was who, on the night before the massacre, goaded with bitter and taunting speeches her half-maniacal son into the fit of fury during which the council of assassins wrung from him sufficient authority for their purpose. The Queen-mother, who thus bears one of the darkest reputations of all history, was a true daughter of the last Medici, and carried the perfidy and the cruelty of the petty Florentine tyrants into the race of Valois, which she sunk in a tomb of equal ignominy and horror. Her constitution bore within it the foul seeds of the vicious passions of her family; and all her sons were as diseased in constitution as in mind and morals. This monstrous creature belonged to that which

is perhaps the worst species of cruel and cynical politicians—the good-humored. Her features were gross and heavy; she had the look of a female Leo X., with large, greedy whites of eyes. She laughed loudly, ate and drank copiously, and hunted boisterously to keep down her stoutness. By the aid of her *escadron volant*, a crowd of light girls of noble family, she made her court a decoy place for the nobility, endeavoring by voluptuous lures as well as by dissimulation and cruelty to minister to her ruling passion—love of power. This love of power—*il affetto di signoreggiare*—which the Venetian ambassador, Sigismondo Cavalli, declared to be the leading motive of every action of her life, was the one object to which she was prepared to sacrifice everything—even her own children. She was incapable of remorse, and could look back on a career of crime with all the joviality of a woman-Silenus. Nurtured in the spirit of Machiavelli, who wrote the “*Principe*” for the use of her father, skilled in all the arts of the Borgias, with no faith in any religion, or in any sincerity or high principle—but with a superstitious belief, as gross as the fetichism of an Obi woman, in astrology, in talismans and necromantic charms of which human blood and hair were constituent elements—of invincible patience—without a single noble feeling or great interest at heart to direct her course—without passion, without pride, and without a virtue—but conjugal fidelity, which her coldness of nature had never induced her to violate,—she showed herself willing to side with Catholic or Huguenot in order to maintain her ascendancy. Her third son, the Duke of Anjou, the victor of Jarnac and Montcontour, was the favorite, and in his interest she endeavored to subjugate the semi-maniacal nature of Charles IX. This fiery and furious, unhappy, red-haired, lean youth, whose name will carry with it an odor of blood to the most distant ages, was not without good qualities; he had musical and artistic taste, and composed in prose and verse; he was more truthful than any of his family, and capable of more single-hearted friendships and affections; but he had received a detestable education: he was driven wild by the intrigues and bickerings of his own family,

and his frantic temperament found vent for its excitability in the most violent exercises. One of his favorite occupations was the forging of armor; he would blow the horn with fury till he was exhausted; he hunted like a madman; he delighted in slaughtering and rending animals and dabbling his hands in their blood; and he had been accustomed to scenes of human butchery in his youth. Such habits and experiences were not an unfit preparation for the part he was made to play in the Saint Bartholomew, the remorse for which, however, hastened his end, and thus proved him to possess a sensibility which was wholly wanting in his mother.

The Guises, who in the first days of Coligny's favor had fallen into disgrace, returned at the jealous suggestion of Catherine to court, and the assassination of the King's adviser was plotted between them. Henri de Guise, surnamed, like his father, the Balafré, proposed that his mother, Anne d'Este, an Italian, like Catherine, and of the blood of the Borgias, should assassinate Coligny with her own hand with a harquebus-shot.* The plan ultimately, however, decided upon was that Maurevert, “*le tueur du roi*,” a bravo who had been decorated by the King for a previous assassination, should do the deed; and it was from a house of the Guises, close by St. Germain l'Auxerrois, that he wounded the Admiral in the arm and shot away one of his fingers.

The failure of this attempt to assassinate Coligny was the cause of the massacre. The young King was seized at first with a violent desire to avenge the injury of his aged friend and counsellor. He displayed every token of sympathy with the Admiral; when, however, in midnight council, he was informed by the Queen-mother herself that she and his brother and the Guises were the real culprits, by a strange, but not unaccountable, transposition of passion in so bizarre a nature, the very wrath and fury which he was unable to let loose upon the real assassins were, by the artifices of his mother, diverted to the Huguenots.

* The ladies of that period, from their habit of following the chase, were practised in the use of fire-arms. Catherine herself was, as we have said, a passionate huntswoman.

Amid the two thousand victims who perished in Paris, and the twenty thousand in the provinces, a large proportion consisted of the best blood of France.* The greater part of the brilliant *cortège* of Huguenot cavaliers—fourteen hundred in number—who had accompanied Coligny and the young King of Navarre to the capital, fell beneath the hands of the assassins. The *suite* of the King of Navarre were roused from their beds by the royal archers, and driven unarmed down the staircase of the Louvre into the court, and there knocked down like cattle by the huge *hallebardes* of the German and Swiss guards of the King, who could understand no word of French.

From early dawn to the close of day the capital was full of shouting, the detonations of harquebuses, shrieks and cries of men and women thrown from windows, sounds of doors being broken open with axes, stones, and logs of wood, and of a rabble of men and boys with groans, hisses, and execrations, dragging corpses along the street. One man boasted that he had killed four hundred heretics with his own hand. Neither children nor infants were spared; and the lives of babes were crushed out as men crush out the young of serpents and wolves. A workman carried the infant Huguenots he had picked up in a deserted house like kittens in a hod on his shoulder, and pitched them into the Seine from the Pont-Neuf amid the laughter of the people.

After Henri de Guise had set his heel on the face of Coligny, and after the headless, naked trunk of the old patriot and hero had been dragged by a rabble of children through the streets, and insultingly exposed at Montfaucon, the Parliament proceeded to try him, and his papers were collected and examined. Among them was a Memoir on the Low Countries, to the effect that if France did not, England would, undertake their protection.

Catherine, in order to excite Walsingham's national feelings against the memory of the murdered Admiral, showed him this document, saying, "*Le voilà, votre ami! voyez s'il aimait l'Angleterre!*" "*Madame, il a aimé la France.*"

This massacre, which took place on the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, proved not only to be a hideous crime but an irremediable political blunder. The moderate Catholics, the *Parti Politique*, of which the Montmorencies were at the head, withdrew from all communion with the authors of the massacre and the fanatics; while the Huguenots, on recovering from their stupor, formed a stricter confederation than ever, animated with a tenfold greater vigilance and mistrust. The Princes and great nobles of the "Cause" had been butchered or forced into abjuration, or exiled; the smaller *noblesse* was disorganized by the loss of its chiefs, but the inhabitants of the towns, and especially of the great Protestant cities of La Rochelle and Sancerre, arose in desperation, and upraised the banners which had fallen from the hands of their chiefs, and made so undaunted a stand that the whole Huguenot party once more took heart. The original scruples of citizens about the right of insurrection had been allayed by the consideration that they were led by princes of the blood royal, but since the 24th of August they recognized the right of insurrection on their own account. The sieges of La Rochelle and Sancerre signalized in a wonderful manner the new spirit of the Huguenots. The whole populations of both towns, men, women, and children, fought with the energy of a single mind and a single heart. Twenty-five thousand of the besieging Catholics fell before the walls of La Rochelle. At that city and at Sancerre the women stood massed together on the ramparts pouring down boiling pitch, hot iron and stones, and combustibles of all kinds, on their assailants. At La Rochelle they invented a huge machine, called derisively the *encensoir*, a mast turning on a pivot, to one extremity of which was attached a huge caldron full of blazing liquid, which swung torrents of fire over the besiegers in the moat; and women and children marched at low tide under the fire of the batteries to

* Mr. White ("The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," p. 470) places the number of those massacred in Paris at 6,000, but admits that no certainty can be attained in such estimation. He gives a list of the numbers as represented by all the authorities, varying from one to ten thousand. Kirkaldy, of Grange, estimated the victims as amounting to 2,000. Similar uncertainty exists as to the number massacred all over France. De Thou places it at 20,000; Davala at 40,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixe at 100,000.

burn the ships with which it was attempted to block up the port. At Sancerre the population was determined to die of hunger to the last man rather than surrender, and for months they held out on such impure and loathsome sustenance as cities betake themselves to in the last extremity of famine. Catherine and her son found themselves obliged to treat with Rochelle, and to sign an Edict of Toleration, the famous Edict of July: the hopes which the Queen-mother entertained of the election of the Duke of Anjou to the crown of Poland induced her to spare Sancerre at the last extremity. Encouraged by these examples the Huguenots of Languedoc and Guyenne assembled on the very anniversary of the Saint Bartholomew, at Montauban and Nismes. With one voice they rejected the stipulations of the Edict of July as insufficient, and promulgated such entirely new and daring demands, that Catherine, struck with amazement, exclaimed—"If Condé were still living, if he were in the heart of France, if he were in Paris with 50,000 foot and 20,000 horse, he would not ask the half of that which these have the insolence to claim."

To attempt to give a picture of the state of France for the next few years would be to attempt to portray chaos. In the government all moral order was subverted, all perception of right utterly wanting. No great ambition supplied the absence of principle, and irresolution and anarchy prevailed in its councils. In the royal family itself jealousy, mutual loathing, distrust and detestation, separated son from mother, and set brother against brother. Catherine had an infatuated preference for Henry III., but her other children were objects of indifference or aversion. Henri IV., in speaking of his life at Court at that time, said everybody was ready to cut anybody's throat at any moment. Intrigue and treachery, and plots of the most subversive character, were discovered among the courtiers. The governors of the provinces, now that royalty was contemptible, revived the old notions of feudal independence which Louis XI. had suppressed, and bid defiance to the King's edicts; and cruelty, disorganization, misery, and ruin were fast reducing the country to a condition of Oriental barbarism and desolation. The ferocious

habits of life of the most lawless periods of the dark ages were reintroduced; no man had confidence in his neighbor, and Damville Montmorency, who succeeded, on the death of the Constable, to the leadership of the political party, slept with his chamber door guarded by a tame wolf, and by a gigantic swordsmen who could cut animals asunder with one blow of his weapon.

When Henri III. traversed France, after his flight from Poland with the crown jewels, on his way to take possession of the sceptre of his country, he found the monarchy already in the lowest state of abasement, and he contrived to make it still more despicable. To find a parallel for any so monstrous a compound of dissimilar vices as characterized this monarch we must go back to the most depraved epoch of the Roman Empire. His character was both Asiatic and Italian. The victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, gained under the mentorship of the Maréchal de Tavannes, who roused him with taunts from his bed in the morning and forced him for a while to be a soldier, only raised expectations which made his subsequent career appear more contemptible. He wore a female garb, painted his face, curled his hair, exposed his breast, wore ear-rings and bracelets, carried little dogs in his arms, travelled with a collection of asses and parrots, used a fan, scented his person, wore amber necklaces, ate red partridges with gilded beaks and claws, and omelettes powdered with pearls. D'Aubigné, with his usual energy, stigmatizes—

"Cet habit monstrueux pareil à son amour,
Si qu'au premier abord chacun était en peine
S'il voyait un roi-femme ou bien un homme-reine."

This man-queen, or king-woman, gave up riding though a good horseman, abandoned even walking, and journeyed in a litter, or by boat. The silly extravagances which he committed for his curled, handsome, ferocious, duelling *mignons*, who cut each other to pieces for the smiles of their master, gave rise to the worst suspicions. He studied Machiavelli nightly, and his conceit of his political genius thus developed was astounding. He imagined himself to be the equal at least of Louis XI. or Cæsar Borgia. Good faith in a monarch

he regarded as simplicity. A true son of his mother, he esteemed dissimulation, perjury, and murder as virtues, when used in the interest of the State.

To a cruel and infamous morality he added superstition of the grossest character, walking barefoot in procession in the costume of the *Flagellants*, and getting himself flogged, by way of penance, occasionally, with silken cords. His constitution was utterly exhausted long before he was thirty, his cheeks grew hollow, his lips white, his features pinched and cadaverous with debauchery. The court of this effeminate monstrosity was a foul haunt of the most shameful libertine practices, and the scandal of it was hateful to every party in the State but those who profited by his vices and his follies. Soon after his return to France his mad-headed, unprincipled brother d'Alençon broke out into revolt and joined the confederated Huguenots, whose strength was recently increased by the body of German and Swiss auxiliaries under Jean Casimir, the Prince Palatine; and Henri III., in 1576, was obliged to grant the Confederates the favorable peace called after the Duc d'Alençon, who was thereby created Duc d'Anjou, *La Paix de Monsieur*, by which the king disavowed all complicity in the "*désordres et exces*" wrought at Paris and other cities on the 24th and following days of August—the Saint Bartholomew!

At the news of the favorable terms of this treaty the Catholic masses exploded in the most violent indignation. After thirteen years of almost incessant civil war, heresy lifted its head with more effrontery than ever. The republican doctrines of Hotman—whose *Franco-Gallia* was the *Contrat Social* of the sixteenth century—backed by the insidious teachings of the Jesuits, began to be agitated even among the zealots, and the idea of a great Catholic League to protect the faith and for the extermination of heretics, even in despite of the king, was started and realized—a Holy Union was formed, to which each member swore unreserved obedience, *without exception of persons*, and though it was ineffectual to prevent the conclusion of the Peace of Bergerac, in 1577, in confirmation of the Peace of Monsieur, which subsequent movements had violated, yet the concep-

tion was revived not long after, and carried out on such a gigantic scale, and put into action with such violence and blind fanaticism, as threatened to annihilate not only the royalty but the national existence of France.

During the next seven years of internal anarchy and disorder, of court folly and prodigality, and of hopelessly ruined finances, the deadly hostilities of creed were at rest for a while, but brigands installed themselves in fortresses and held neighborhoods in terror, and governors of provinces were in open warfare. So light a matter had war become to be esteemed that the scandalous taunts of the king against his sister, the Queen of Navarre, brought about the foolish *Guerre des Amoureux*, in which the ladies of the Court of Nérac persuaded their lovers to revolt, and in which for the first time the brilliant military qualities of Henri of Navarre were exhibited, in his defence and deliverance of Cahors from an attack of superior numbers of the king's troops.

Not long after the termination of this war by the Peace of Fleix, the King of Navarre, in the midst of his court at Nérac, and of his adorations of pretty women, was roused from a gay and aimless state of existence by an earnest, eloquent letter from the pure-hearted, high-minded Huguenot, Duplessis-Mornay, who informed him that the Duc d'Anjou was in a state of illness past recovery. The Duke died on the 10th of June, 1584, and Henri de Navarre became heir to the throne; for though Henri III. was but thirty-three years of age, such were his habits of life, and such the ruined state of his constitution, that no hopes were entertained of any further continuance of the line of Valois.

But with this near prospect of the accession of a heretic king, the League, which had been a failure in 1576, started up into fresh life, and the apprehension of so radical a change in the government gained adherents to the faction in quarters from which it had before been rejected. And it must be allowed, from a Catholic point of view, the question was one of a very grave aspect. In a few months a new reign might commence, and a Calvinist might wear the crown of Saint Louis. A heretic king might be King of France, whose first

oath at his coronation was to defend the same holy Catholic Apostolic Roman religion which had been professed by all the sovereigns of France from the days of Clovis, and which was declared by the States-General of 1576 to be a fundamental part of the constitution of the country.

After twenty years of civil war, massacre, and reciprocal outrage, the great dispute was to end thus! The prince by whom so great a change might be effected was a descendant of a branch which a lapse of more than three centuries had separated from the royalty, and who, if the royalty had been a civil right, would have been excluded as not being within the degrees of succession. These were arguments which caused serious reflection to the most moderate Catholic. The zealots pointed to the examples of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and cited with every exaggeration the sanguinary statutes of the English Queen against the Papists, as examples of what the Catholics might expect under a Protestant monarch. The Duke of Guise, in defiance of the King's prohibition, even exposed on the walls of Saint Severin pictures of every description of martyrdom, which were supposed to represent the tortures of the Catholics in England.* "Such," it was said, "would be the fate of France under the rule of the ally of the English Jezebel."

The ostensible object of the League was to prevent the succession of Henri, but the chief authors had other views. They were men of factious and violent spirit, and consisted of two elements—the *bourgeoisie* of Paris and the party of the Guises. The first were governed by the council of the *Seize*, representing the sixteen quarters of Paris, and the latter by the Guises, who were the paid agents of Philip II., and, through the Spanish gold which they distributed, swayed the councils of the League. The Guises had long been in the pay of Philip, and on the 16th of July, 1585, at their château of Joinville, the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Mayenne, on behalf of themselves and other members of their family, entered into the famous pact with the

Spanish ambassadors, Tassis and Moreo, by which they bound themselves, in return for half a million of crowns to be paid by Philip II., and for subsequent subsidies, to form a perpetual union for the extirpation of heresy both in France and the Low Countries; for securing the crown of France not only from heretics, but from all who protected heresy; to which were added other stipulations, which if carried out would have placed France in pure vassalage to Spain.

For the toils with which the inveterate schemer of the Escuriale endeavored to envelop all Christian society were now spread over the whole of Europe, and the entire soil of France was undermined with Spanish and Jesuitical intrigue. The solitary phantom who in his dark cabinet dreamed of nothing else but the extermination of heresy and his own universal dominion, had reached the most critical period of his whole life. He had been for fifteen years endeavoring to put down heresy in Holland and the Low Countries; he had stamped out countless lives, and reduced the most fertile and industrious provinces in the world to a desert, where wolves and bears roamed over the abandoned fields, and devoured the sentinels at the gates of once populous cities.

But even now, when a fresh era of bloodshed, a new epoch of desolation, was beginning for France, another opportunity occurred which an able monarch might have seized for the salvation of France and of Europe. On the 10th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, the liberator, was shot by Balthasar Gerard, and the United Provinces of the north, undeterred by the shameful conduct of the Duke of Anjou during his brief sovereignty, offered themselves as subjects to the French king.

To accept this offer, and take up the gauntlet against the merciless and ambitious zealot, the pedantic despot of the Inquisition, whose ruthless bigotry consumed daily hecatombs and holocausts of human victims, was a task which Henri III. had neither the will nor the capacity to undertake; but the possibility of his acceptance induced Philip and his ambassadors to urge forward the partisans of the League with tenfold activity. After publishing their celebrated Manifesto, the great uprising of the members of the

* Such pictures, exhibiting fictitious martyrdoms of English monks and priests, are still to be seen in Spanish convents.

Catholic League took place all over France, and was a sort of parody of the great rising of the Huguenots in 1562. The King of Navarre published a counter manifesto, and the Huguenots began to rise also. But Henri III. had more dread even of the Huguenots than the Leaguers; his troops were not ready for the field, while the forces of the League had been long held in readiness for the outbreak. The King, after wavering as usual between one extreme measure and another, resolved to give himself wholly up to the League, and the Treaty of Nemours was signed on the 7th of July, 1585, which recalled all former edicts of toleration, stipulated for the banishment or extermination of every heretic, and delivered up a score of strong places into the hands of the Guises and their followers.

When the King of Navarre received the fatal news of this treaty of Henri III. with the League, he leant his head forward upon his hands; as he raised his face again, the half of his moustache was white. But the Béarnais possessed one of those elastic natures which never saddened in adversity nor broke beneath disaster; it was like one of those admirable Indian blades, which time cannot warp nor violence render less piercing, but which spring to their full length after each trial of their temper. He summoned the whole force of his nature to prepare for the storm. With the aid of Duplessis-Mornay, he wrote eloquent letters to Elizabeth and to the principal peers of the House of Lords, denouncing the violence of his adversaries, exposing the wiles of Spanish intrigue, insisting on the common interest which every Protestant power in Europe should feel in preventing the destruction of the Huguenots, and praying for assistance in arms, and ships, and men. Other dispatches were sent to Germany, to Switzerland, to Scotland, to Denmark, and to Sweden. At the same time a very powerful ally, the Maréchal Duc de Montmorency, Damville Montmorency, styled "*Le Roi du Languedoc*," rejected the advances of the Guises and embraced the cause of the Reform, which he had deserted in 1577, and to which he remained henceforward constant. On the 10th of August, 1585, a declaration, drawn up by Duplessis-Mornay, in the name of the King of

Navarre, of the Prince de Condé, of the Duc de Montmorency, and of the Huguenot noblemen and gentlemen, and towns united in a Protestant association, was published, in which, after denouncing the intrigues of the Guises, *guerre à l'outrance* was proclaimed against the chiefs of the League and their abettors.

Henri of Navarre was not destined to lay down the sword for the next eight years of his life, nor to know any repose from open warfare till he rode as king, in helmet and cuirass, through the streets of Paris.

At the same time matters abroad looked darker than ever; in the Low Countries, which for fifteen years had been fighting perhaps the most heroic contest in all history, town after town had fallen into the hands of the Prince of Parma, and with the capitulation of Antwerp, after a siege the grandeur of whose military operations on both sides and the desperation of whose resistance have never been surpassed, the undisputed reign of the Inquisition seemed about to set in for Europe.

The immense preparations which were being made for the Armada were no secret; and to complete the dark picture, Maximilian, the tolerant Emperor of Germany, was no more, while Sixtus V., who united the implacable ambition of Hildebrand with the fiery spirit of Julius II., filled the Papal chair. Soon afterwards the new Pope, with all the arrogance of a Boniface VIII., launched against the King of Navarre a sentence of excommunication and deposition, to which Henri replied by having a famous placard exposed on the statues of Pasquin and Marforio. Sixtus V., who from the condition of a peasant had mounted to the Papal chair—who had some true grandeur of soul—who allowed words of admiration to escape him for Elizabeth and for Drake which he never gave to Philip II.—who despised and detested in reality the factious spirit of the League—after his first movement of anger, could not do otherwise than admire the courageous attitude of the Huguenot chief and the devotedness or his followers who had carried out this bold protestation.

Henri III., thus drawn into the war against his will, and occupied with the jealous rivalry of his two viziers, Epemon and Joyeuse, deemed it his policy to let

the Guises, the Leaguers, and the Huguenots exhaust their strength in the conflict to the profit of the royalty, and made his preparations with slowness and ill-will, calling for supplies from the clergy and the parliament which they were unwilling to grant. This gave the Huguenots time to collect their strength, and for the chiefs of the party to concert their measures.

But the affairs of France were but a chapter in the general history of the Protestant cause. Philip, styled in the north *le Démon du Midi*, with the Dukes of Parma and Guise for his lieutenants, was in the midst of the greatest embroilment of the grand design of his whole life. While the great battle of intolerance and liberty was being fought out in Flanders, the policy of the Spanish king was to place both England and France in a state in which they would be incapable of assisting his revolted subjects. He could not forget that in the days of Charles IX. a French intervention in the affairs of the Low Countries had been resolved upon, and hostilities between France and Spain all but broken out. The result of fifteen years of pitiless warfare with axe, and fire, and sword against heresy might be destroyed by a French monarch in a single campaign. The sovereignty of both countries had already been offered to Henri III., but declined. Elizabeth, after a similar offer, had accepted the Protectorate. The plots and intrigues of the Jesuit seminary at Rheims, the machinations of Philip, were all now directed to the destruction of Elizabeth and the subjugation of England. Of every such plot, the deliverance of Mary Queen of Scots and the establishment of the Catholic martyr of Fotheringay on the throne of England were subsidiary projects. All the Reformers in Europe considered that the safety of the whole Protestant cause depended on the safety of Elizabeth, and that Elizabeth's preservation was incompatible with that of Mary. Plot after plot for the assassination of the English Queen was discovered by the watchfulness of the Argus-eyed Walsingham; and the incessant machinations of Philip and the Jesuits at last roused Elizabeth up to the pitch of cruel resolve. She determined on one of the most revolutionary acts of modern Europe, and threw

on the scaffold, as gage of battle to Philip and his Jesuits, the head of a queen. The Catholics throughout Europe shrieked for vengeance; but nowhere were the cries so furious against "the she-wolf of England" as in Paris, where news of the murder of the darling of the Guises threw the populace into the wildest pitch of frenzy; and they vented their execrations on Henri III. himself, whom they charged with having counselled the execution of his own sister-in-law.

The revolutionary fury of the League redoubled in activity, and a conspiracy was formed for the imprisonment of the King and the usurpation of the Government. Priests refused to grant confession but to those enrolled as members of the League. The Council of Sixteen organized a federative union, with Paris for its head, among the great municipalities of France, for the conservation of the Catholic faith, for the exclusion from the monarchy of the King of Navarre, for the acceptance of the Council of Trent, and for the preservation of the church and nobility in their ancient privileges.

The campaign of 1587, the year of the death of Mary Queen of Scots, was the most active of any which had yet taken place. Guise had been the prey of intense anxiety. He knew that all the Protestant princes of Europe, with the King of Denmark at their head, were getting together a German army to come to the succor of the Huguenots, and he was afraid of being crushed between the Huguenots and their German allies. Henri III. was brooding on a great Machiavellian scheme for involving Leaguers and Huguenots in a common destruction. The plan of the student of the "Principe" was, that Guise should bear the shock of the German invaders in Lorraine; that Joyeuse, with an army, should simply hold the King of Navarre in check in the south; while he, with another, should remain on the Loire, and be master of the situation. But Joyeuse, the young spendthrift favorite of the King, was jealous of some successes of his rival, Epemon: he intrigued with the League; and he wrung from an unwilling monarch permission to fight a battle with the King of Navarre. All the prodigal and riot-

ous young nobles about the court attached themselves to his standard; and Joyeuse departed to the south, saying that he would bring back the heads of the Princes of Navarre and Condé.

The battle of Contras exhibited the military genius of Henri of Navarre in all its lustre to the world. When the hostile forces were about to engage, the dissolute and wild young Catholic nobles were overjoyed and confident of victory, and all had sworn to give no quarter. Both armies possessed about 5,000 infantry; the Catholic cavalry, however, doubled that of the Huguenots, and amounted to 2,500 cavaliers. But the King of Navarre, by the judicious disposition of his infantry and his chivalrous courage, more than supplied the deficiency of numbers. The Huguenot ministers sang the 24th verse of the 118th Psalm, while the Protestant cavaliers descended from their horses and knelt upon their knees. "*Par la mort! ils tremblent, les poltrons, ils se confessent!*" cried the wild cavaliers of Joyeuse. "*Vous vous trompez,*" said an old campaigner, "*quand les Huguenots font cette mine, ils sont résolus de vaincre ou mourir.*" In an instant the whole of the Huguenot cavalry was again on horseback. "*Cousins,*" cried the King of Navarre to Condé and Soissons, "*je ne vous dis autre chose, sinon que vous êtes du sang de Bourbon et, vive Dieu! je vous montrerai que je suis votre aîné!*" "*Et nous,*" replied Condé, "*nous montrerons que vous avez de bons cadets!*"

Henri of Navarre showed on that day all the brilliant valor which distinguished the "*roi des braves*" all his life. "*Ne m'effacez pas, je veux paraître,*" he cried to some who would cover him with their persons; at the same time his disposition of the harquebus men in companies between the squadrons of his horse contributed in no small measure to the victory. The fusillade of this infantry before the Huguenot charge threw Joyeuse's cavaliers into such disorder, that when the buff-and-steel Huguenot gentlemen made desperate onset with sword and pistol, the plumed and gilded and caparisoned gallants went down before them, in spite of their long lances, like puppets of glass and straw. The poor *gentilhomme* of the south crushed through and over the light-brained cour-

tiers and sent them flying before them. The first charge was sounded at nine; by ten o'clock there was not a man of the Catholic army who was not in flight or knocked over on the field. Joyeuse was killed; while the Huguenots lost but forty men.

The conduct of Henri after this brilliant victory has always been the subject of severe criticism. Instead of marching northwards to effect a junction with the German army in Lorraine, he disbanded his forces and returned to court life at Nérac, where he laid his captured standards, twenty-two in number, at the feet of the fair Corisande, the Comtesse de Grammont. The only reasonable explanation appears to be that he was unwilling to run a risk of coming into personal conflict with the King, who was stationed on the Loire. But the German armament was thus left to itself and unsupported except by François de Châtillon, the son of Coligny, who reached it with a corps of fifteen hundred Huguenots of Languedoc and Dauphiny. Without any fixed plan of campaign, this large force rolled about the country like a drunken man; they got down as far as the Loire, when the King contrived to detach the Swiss from the troops and to turn the rest of the body again northwards, where they were met by Guise, who surprised them twice at a great disadvantage and cut large bodies of them to pieces; the rest were scattered about the country in great disorder. The roads and fields were covered with wounded and dying men, abandoned artillery, abandoned arms, and broken wagons, while the peasants practised the most merciless butchery on the foreign Protestants. One woman, it was said, cut with the same knife the throats of eighteen exhausted men who were resting in a barn.

The glory of the defeat of the German heretics was given wholly to Guise; he was the Gideon of France, and the Leaguers sang in the streets, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." He now requested the government of Normandy, esteemed the first in France, and possessing ports much coveted by Philip for the use of the *Armada*. But the King granted it to his remaining favorite, Epemon, in mockery of which appointment *brochures* were

hawked about the streets by the partisans of the Guises, crying out, "*Grands faits d'armes du Duc d'Epemon contre les hérétiques*," and on every page was written the word "*rien*."

The conduct of the feeble-minded monarch was inconsequent in the most absurd degree. Epemon was an able man, and his counsel was always for vigorous measures. But the King, while he irritated the Guisards to fury by the favors which he heaped on his favorite, wholly neglected to follow his counsel. A deadly hatred existed between Epemon and the Queen-mother, who, finding her influence with the King endangered by that of Epemon, reckless of all loss but that of the objects of her ambition, gave all her confidence to the Guises, whose party now had reached the extreme of insolence and temerity, in manifestation of which their sister, who was called the Queen and was in the pay of the League, the turbulent and intriguing Duchess of Montpensier, surpassed all. She hounded on the wild preachers of the League to attack the royal authority with violent anathemas, and she boasted that she carried in the scissors at her girdle another crown for the King besides those of Poland and France, the crown of the tonsure; for the talk among the chiefs of the League was of shaving the head of Henri de Valois, and shutting him up for life in a cloister, like one of the last of the Merovingian kings.

In the month of January, 1588, the rupture between the King and the League assumed still graver importance. Philip was about to aim his deadliest blow at the last asylum of political and religious liberty. The Spanish Armada, with its army of monks, with the racks and thumbscrews of the Inquisition, was waiting to be launched forth on its secret mission of vengeance and destruction. In Paris the Spanish agents, the priests, and the Leaguers went about rousing the populace to the highest pitch of terror, fanaticism, and revolt, by reports of the perfidious dealings of the king, and fictions about invading armies of heretics who should exact vengeance for the Eve of St. Bartholomew. As the Jesuits, monks, and priests yelled out their denunciations of approaching terror and famine, people grew day by day wilder with excitement. The king, terrified at

the increase of the ungovernable spirit of revolutionary fanaticism in the capital, and dreading the approach of Guise, sent to warn him not to come; but the Sixteen, on their side, requested his presence in such summary fashion that Guise obeyed, and he entered Paris on the 9th of May.

The Catholic zealots, the immense host of monks and friars of every color and denomination which then swarmed in the capital, all their dependent tribes of beggars, and the whole populace, were in such a state of exasperation and revolt, that the presence of Guise was sufficient to bring matters to a crisis. The leaders of the League counted on the strange charm which the presence of Guise exercised on all around him. The Duke possessed for everybody, even for his enemies, an unaccountable power of fascination; he was of noble presence, with fair hair, piercing eyes, a ready smile, and graced with captivating manners of a pliability suitable to either noble or artisan. He never forgot a face, and no one came into his presence without some special salutation.

All history may be searched for a parallel to the magical effect which his arrival produced among the people of Paris. France, said a writer in the next century, had gone madly in love with the Duke of Guise. He arrived by the Porte St. Denis almost alone; only five or six cavaliers were with him. He proceeded down the Rue St. Denis on horseback, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and his face muffled in his cloak. As he got into the thick of the crowd, a young cavalier of his suite got close to him, and in a playful way took off Guise's hat, pulled down his cloak, and said, "Monseigneur, show yourself." The cry immediately arose, "Long live Guise, the pillar of the Church!" The news flashed through Paris. Parisians who had been panic-stricken numberless times every day with imaginary fears of invasion and massacre felt themselves secure. A masked lady pulled off her mask, and smiled, "*Bon Prince, te voilà, nous sommes sauvés!*" Vivats were thundered out; crowds gathered and gathered and surrounded him; they kissed his hands, they kissed his boots; ladies rained down flowers and green branches on him as he passed along, and

some even pressed near him to rub their rosaries on his garments, as though he were a saint. He went straight to the Queen-mother at the Hôtel de Soissons, who turned pale, and trembled, and stammered as he entered. After a brief interview she ordered her sedan chair, and both went to the Louvre to visit the king.

The temerity of Guise on this occasion in thus trusting himself alone in such a den of assassins as the court of the Valois is inconceivable. Flushed with his popular triumph, he fancied that the King had grown such a poltroon that he dared not use violence towards him with Paris in such a state of uproar. Henri, when he heard of his arrival, cried at first, "*Il est venu par la mort-Dieu, il en mourra!*" and while Catherine and Guise were on their way to the palace, the King discussed his assassination with his attendants. He covered his face with his hand, and leant his elbow on the table. A Corsican colonel was for despatching the Duke at once. An abbé who was present exhorted him benignly—"Smite the shepherd and the sheep will be scattered," but Villequier the Chancellor, Cheverni, and others, who kept up a treacherous understanding with Guise, besought him not to attempt so perilous a measure, and they pointed to the sea of surging faces around the Louvre, and reminded him of the smallness of his guard. As Henri hesitated, the Duke, still walking by the side of the chair of the Queen-mother, had left behind the acclaiming and adoring multitude, and was passing between the files of the King's guard, with drawn swords, who made no response to his salutations. Crillon, their chief, pulled his hat over his eyes. The reception was ominous, and the change from the raving multitudes to the silence of these grim and stern faces appalling. Pale and breathless he passed up the stairs, and through the ante-chamber, with not a smile to cheer the sullen gloom he encountered on all sides. He came into the King's presence, who bit his lips and said, "Why have you come?" Guise stammered out hypocritical professions of loyalty, and said he came to face his enemies and slanderers. "Enough," the King said, and turned his back on the Duke, who sank down with emotion

on a seat. The ladies of the palace, however, and the Queen-mother, who had herself become infatuated with Guise, took the King to a window, showed him how the people had burst into the court of the Louvre, and were agitated into the wildest frenzy. While they were talking, Guise spoke with the Queen, who was of his own family of Lorraine, and feeling the chances of life were in his favor, took leave and slipped away, wondering, doubtless, as he passed out, if he were really alive. His own hardihood and the King's want of courage seemed as inexplicable to himself then as it did to nearly all who heard this story. "What madness and folly!" said Sixtus V., when he heard of Guise's visit to the Louvre; but, when he heard the King had let him escape, he cried, with indignation, "The cowardly prince!"

Guise, however, was resolved not to be caught a second time; he called his gentlemen about him, he put the *Hôtel de Guise* (now the *Hôtel des Archives*), in the *Marais*, in a state of defence. The King remained almost besieged in the Louvre, keeping up communication, however, with the town council who remained loyalists, while the insurrectionary council, that of the *Seize*, were on the side of the Guises. The "Day of the Baricades" followed. The King was obliged to quit the city. He retired to Chartres, and after much negotiation capitulated with his revolted subjects, and by an edict, which he signed with tears in his eyes, he not only gave his sanction to the League, and adopted it as a national institution, but approved of all the acts of the Leaguers, bound himself to exterminate the heretics, invited his people to take oath never to obey a heretic prince, and consented to dismiss Epernon and his favorites. It was further provided that henceforward no one should obtain state employment without showing a certificate of being free of heresy from his bishop or curé. Henri further bound himself to raise two armies against the Huguenots—the one to act under Mayenne in Dauphiny, the other in Poitou under a chief of the King's own choosing. The power of the League was to be further strengthened by their being put into possession of more strong places; and Guise himself was to have complete com-

mand over the military resources and the administration of justice; and it was agreed that the States-General were shortly to be called together. It is needless to say that in the course of these proceedings the usual comedy of duplicity and hypocrisy was sustained on both sides—the King professing the highest enthusiasm for the principles of the League, and the Duke overwhelming the King with protestations of loyalty and devotion to his person. After the signing of the edict the King and Guise met at Chartres on the most affectionate terms; but on one single occasion, as they dined together, the King betrayed the bitterness of his heart. Henri made the Prince of Lorraine fill his glass, and then said, "To whom shall we drink? let us drink to our brave friends the Huguenots!"—"Well said, sire!" replied the Duke. "And to our brave barricaders!" added the King; "do not let us forget *them*!" The Duke laughed, but his laugh, according to the chronicler, "*ne passa pas le nœud de la gorge*;" for the irony of the King's expression suggested poison in the wine.

The States-General came together at Blois in September, 1588. But in the interval between the flight of the king from Paris and the meeting of the Assembly, Europe had been delivered from an awful state of apprehension by the bravery of English seamen, aided by the inflexible courage of the boatmen of Holland, who nailed Parma, with his magnificent army, to the coasts of Flanders. Henri III. himself, Catholic as he was, could not conceal his joy when, in August, he received the news of the dispersion of the Armada. From this time he assumed a bolder front to his enemies, and more confidence in his own judgment and his royal prerogatives. The Queen-mother, who had long ceased to regard her son with that affection which she had lavished on the young victor of Jarnac and Montcontour, had of late given such manifest counsel in favor of the Guises, that Henri had wholly withdrawn his confidence from her. Catherine affected to call Guise her *bâton de vieillesse*, and was looking forward to the prospects of the continuation of her line through her grandchild the heir of the House of Lorraine. Henri consequently now removed from his council all the ministers whom he believed to be in the interest of the

Queen-mother, and substituted others in their place.

The States-General were the great affair both of League and King. Both sides were confident of getting the majority in the Assembly. The League proceeded to work the elections in the provincial towns with furious energy. The Leaguers took care that none but the most violent of their party should be delegated to the Assembly, and the deputies of the towns when they met together made up a body of the lowest, most ignorant, and seditious of the country burghesses; only a few nobles on the benches of the nobility were of any reputation at all. The States began to show their spirit by electing the furious Cardinal de Guise as president of the clergy; La Chapelle Marteau, one of the most factious members of the Sixteen, as president of the Third Estate; while the president of the nobility was Brissac, one of the chief contrivers of the barricades, an insolent young noble, who had vowed personal hostility to the King.

At the opening of the Assembly Guise appeared in triumphant attitude: he occupied a chair below the King in front of the Assembly, in magnificent attire, in a doublet of white satin with a cape of black velvet embroidered with silver and pearls. With the grand collar of his order about his neck, and the staff of his office in his hand, he darted his eyes amid the assembly in search of his partisans, and his dauntless air, the imposing assurance of his fine form and aspect, filled his adherents with confidence in his fortune and in his courage.

Since the days of Chilpéric, no sovereign of France had ever been subjected to such humiliation as Henri had now to suffer at the hands of his subjects. It continued for nearly three months. Day by day the King, some of whose outward frivolity was assumed in order to conceal his inward mortification, and who flattered himself that he concealed the genius of a Machiavelli beneath his external garb of effeminacy, lived a life of fear and humiliation. Concessions, prayers, assurances of repentance and amendment from the royal lips, were all tried on the rebellious deputies, but all were useless. The throne was made daily a stool of repentance, on which the King sat with a smile on his lips but

with rage in his heart. His supplications for money were abject and incessant; he even exhibited his threadbare clothes, promised parsimony of the severest character, said he would in future make one coat last three months, and have one capon on the table where he had had two. Nevertheless, all supplies were refused, his ministers, officers, and favorites threatened. Distrust and insult was his daily portion. Henri threw the whole responsibility of these accumulated outrages on the Duke of Guise alone, who had the audacity to take up his office of *grand maître* of the King, and to occupy apartments in the château.

After months of anguish and mental conflicts, exasperated and driven wild again and again by some fresh scene of insolence on the part of the Duke, Henri III. determined to carry into effect at Blois the design he had meditated at Paris previous to the day of the Barricades, and to assassinate Guise. Assassination offered in these days so simple a solution of a difficulty that few would be induced to raise any question as to the right of the King, who held the power of life and death, to get rid of his most dangerous enemy and rebellious subject in this way, and least of all could the Duke of Guise, the chief butcher and assassin of St. Bartholomew, cavil at this superjudicial exercise of the royal prerogative.

When Henri on the 18th of December, after exposing the bitterness of his heart and the peril of the State, consulted three of his nearest councillors on his project, they demanded twenty-four hours for reflection, and on the following day returned with three other advisers; with one exception, all counselled the assassination of Guise without trial, since a trial would be impossible. Guise was a traitor and a rebel, and he ought to die. Loignac, the captain of his guard of bravoes, the forty-five, agreed to do the deed with his band. All due precautions were taken to make arrangements for the project with stealth and secrecy, for Guise necessarily was wary and suspicious, and never usually visited the King without a strong guard of gentlemen. On this occasion he showed such a blind disregard of all precaution, in spite of reiterated secret warnings of the intentions of the King, as is inconceivable in a man

who was a murderer himself, and full of deceit and treachery.*

On the morning of the 23d the King rose at four in the morning, and distributed his guards about his apartment to wait for Guise, who had been called to a council at eight. The Duke came to the great hall dressed in a new gray satin dress, with a cloak of black velvet upon his arm. As soon as he entered, the guards behind him closed all communication from without; he sat down by the fire to warm himself till he was summoned to the King's cabinet. He was quite at his ease; he asked for some sugared plums from the King's cupboard and sent for a pocket-handkerchief. It was announced the King would receive him; he rose and entered the antechamber in which was the King's bed, and where eight of the body-guard were standing round the chimney; the Duke saluted them, and they followed him as though in respect, but their movement seems to have raised his suspicion, for as he reached the door of the King's cabinet he took his beard in his hand and turned round to look at the man who followed him. At the same instant his arm was seized and a dagger plunged into his bosom; the rest set upon him; one seized his legs, another struck him on the back of the neck; wounded as he was, unable to draw his sword, he struggled and dragged the whole party across the room to the King's bed, at the foot of which he fell. Henri, who had been waiting in agonizing anxiety behind the door of his cabinet, came out and treated Guise as Guise had treated the murdered Coligny, he stamped upon his face, and, looking at him, said, "*Comme il est grand!*"

Two days after this the violent Cardinal de Guise was assassinated in prison, and the bodies of both the brothers were burnt. The Queen-mother, who was also at Blois, as though in disgust at such a deed being executed without her aid or counsel, died on the 5th of January, 1589.

Had Henri III. now called d'Epéron and his musketeers to his side immediately and marched upon Paris, he might

* He said, "Quand je verrais la mort entrer par la fenêtre, je ne sortirais point par la porte pour la fuir."

have commanded the insurrection and awed the spirit of the Leaguers, but having perpetrated these violent acts his usual irresolution returned, and he remained at Blois. The news of the death of the Guises threw Paris and the League into a paroxysm of rage and a wild thirst for vengeance. The agitation reached a stage of frenzy and delirium; the government of the League became, by rejection of all its more moderate members, still more revolutionary. The Sorbonne, after deliberation, declared the people to be liberated from their oath of allegiance to the King. A federative union was organized among the cities of France as town after town declared for the League. A new declaration of the League against the King was published, which many of the members signed with their own blood. The capital was kept in a state of terrorism, which fanatic extravagance and the ubiquitous inevitable powers of espionage possessed by the priests in the confessional rendered all-embracing. Religious processions were organized to pray for the vengeance of heaven on "*Henri de Valois*." One, consisting of the children of Paris, was made to the Abbey of Saint Geneviève; all carried tapers, and as the head of the procession reached the porch of the church, the children threw their tapers to the ground, crying, "*Dieu éteigne la race des Valois*."

The defection of his own troops, the increase of the insurrectionary spirit throughout France, and the successes of Mayenne, the brother of Guise and the General of the League, reduced the miserable King to such necessity that at

last the assassin of St. Bartholomew was, in spite of his antipathies and aversions, compelled to hold out his hand to the Huguenots, who, under the guidance of their chief, Henri of Navarre, still kept the field, and by whose instrumentality France was ultimately saved from the abyss of ruin towards which she was daily tending, and her royalty redeemed from ignominy, impotence, and servitude.

The day of the union of the two kings marked a great crisis in the history of France and of the Reformed religion.

In the course of the history of the great contest which we have thus briefly portrayed, it will be observed that all the great and pure names of the time, with the exception of Michel l'Hôpital, who partook himself largely of the spirit of the reformed doctrines, were found in the Huguenot ranks. Henri of Navarre, as Henri IV. of France, has left behind him the most popular reputation of all French sovereigns since St. Louis; and such men as Coligny and his brothers, La Noue, *bras de fer*, the Bayard of the Huguenots, Lesdiguières, the invincible defender of Dauphiny, Duplessis-Mornay, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and Ramus, another of the victims of the St. Bartholomew, would do honor to the history of any age or country; and the reflection that so noble a race has been extirpated from the land by centuries of violence and persecution, makes true against their oppressors the exclamation of the father of d'Aubigné at sight of the executions of Amboise, "*Les bourreaux, ils ont décapité la France*."

Macmillan.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION: NOTES OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

MR. THACKERAY, talking of after-dinner speeches has lamented that "one never can recollect the fine things one thought of in the cab," in going to the place of entertainment. I am not aware that there are any "fine things" in the following pages, but such as there are stand to a speech which really did get itself spoken, at the hospitable table of the Liverpool Philomathic Society, more or less

in the position of what "one thought of in the cab."

T. H. H.

The introduction of scientific training into the general education of the country is a topic upon which I could not have spoken without some more or less apologetic introduction a few years ago. But upon this, as upon other matters, public opinion has of late undergone a rapid

modification. Committees of both houses of the Legislature have agreed that something must be done in this direction, and have even thrown out timid and faltering suggestions as to what should be done; while at the opposite pole of society, committees of working-men have expressed their conviction that scientific training is the one thing needful for their advancement, whether as men or as workmen. Only the other day, it was my duty to take part in the reception of a deputation of London working-men, who desired to learn from Sir Roderick Murchison, the director of the Royal School of Mines, whether the organization of the institution in Jermyn Street could be made available for the supply of that scientific instruction, the need of which could not have been apprehended or stated more clearly than it was by them.

The heads of colleges in our great universities (who have not the reputation of being the most mobile of persons) have, in several cases, thought it well that out of the great number of honors and rewards at their disposal, a few should hereafter be given to the cultivators of the physical sciences. Nay, I hear that some colleges have even gone so far as to appoint one or, may be, two special tutors for the purpose of putting the facts and principles of physical science before the undergraduate mind. And I say it with gratitude and great respect for those eminent persons, that the head masters of our public schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, have addressed themselves to the problem of introducing instruction in physical science among the studies of those great educational bodies, with much honesty of purpose and enlightenment of understanding; and I live in hope that, before long, important changes in this direction will be carried into effect in those strongholds of ancient prescription. In fact, such changes have already been made, and physical science, even now, constitutes a recognised element of the school curriculum in Harrow and Rugby, whilst I understand that ample preparations for such studies are being made at Eton and elsewhere.

Looking at these facts, I might perhaps spare myself the trouble of giving any reasons for the introduction of physical science into elementary education;

yet I cannot but think that it may be well if I place before you some considerations which, perhaps, have hardly received full attention.

At other times and in other places I have endeavored to state the higher and more abstract arguments by which the study of physical science may be shown to be indispensable to the complete training of the human mind; but I do not wish it to be supposed that, because I happen to be devoted to more or less abstract and "unpractical" pursuits, I am insensible to the weight which ought to be attached to that which has been said to be the English conception of Paradise—viz. "getting on." I look upon it, that "getting on" is a very important matter indeed. I do not mean merely for the sake of the coarse and tangible results of success, but because humanity is so constituted that a vast number of us would never be impelled to those stretches of exertion which make us wiser and more capable men, if it were not for the absolute necessity of putting on our faculties all the strain they will bear, for the purpose of "getting on" in the most practical sense.

Now the value of a knowledge of physical science as a means of getting on, is indubitable. There are hardly any of our trades, except the merely huckstering ones, in which some knowledge of science may not be directly profitable to the pursuer of that occupation. As industry attains higher stages of its development, as its processes become more complicated and refined, and competition more keen, the sciences are dragged in, one by one, to take their share in the fray; and he who can best avail himself of their help is the man who will come out uppermost in that struggle for existence, which goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.

But, in addition to the bearing of science on ordinary practical life, let me direct your attention to its immense influence on several of the professions. I ask any one who has adopted the calling of an engineer, how much time he lost when he left school, because he had to devote himself to pursuits which were absolutely novel and strange, and of which he had not obtained the remotest conception from his instructors? He had to famil-

iarize himself with ideas of the course and powers of nature, to which his attention had never been directed during his school-life, and to learn, for the first time, that a world of facts lies outside and beyond the world of words. I appeal to those who know what Engineering is, to say how far I am right in respect to that profession; but with regard to another, of no less importance, I shall venture to speak of my own knowledge. There is no one of us who may not at any moment be thrown, bound hand and foot by physical incapacity, into the hands of a medical practitioner. The chances of life and death for all and each of us may at any moment depend on the skill with which that practitioner is able to make out what is wrong in our bodily frames, and on his ability to apply the proper remedy to the defect.

The necessities of modern life are such, and the class from which the medical profession is chiefly recruited is so situated, that few medical men can hope to spend more than three or four, or it may be five, years in the pursuit of those studies which are immediately germane to physic. How is that all too brief period spent at present? I speak as an old examiner, having served some eleven or twelve years in that capacity in the University of London, and therefore having a certain practical acquaintance with the subject; but I might fortify myself by the authority of the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Quain, whom I heard the other day in an admirable address (the Hunterian Oration) deal fully and wisely with this very topic.*

A young man commencing the study of medicine is at once required to endeavour to make an acquaintance with a number of sciences, such as Physics, as Chemistry, as Botany, as

Physiology, which are absolutely and entirely strange to him, however excellent his so-called education at school may have been. Not only is he devoid of all apprehension of scientific conceptions, not only does he fail to attach any meaning to the words "matter," "force," or "law" in their scientific senses, but, worse still, he has no notion of what it is to come into contact with nature, or to lay his mind alongside of a physical fact, and try to conquer it in the way our great naval hero told his captains to master their enemies. His whole mind has been given to books, and I am hardly exaggerating if I say that they are more real to him than nature. He imagines that all knowledge can be got out of books, and rests upon the authority of some master or other; nor does he entertain any misgiving that the method of learning which led to proficiency in the rules of grammar will suffice to lead him to a mastery of the laws of nature. The youngster, thus unprepared for serious study, is turned loose among his medical studies, with the result, in nine cases out of ten, that the first year of his curriculum is spent in learning how to learn. Indeed, he is lucky, if at the end of the first year, by the exertions of his teachers and his own industry, he has acquired even that art of arts. After which there remain not more than three, or perhaps four, years for the profitable study of such vast sciences as Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and the like, upon his knowledge or ignorance of which it depends whether the practitioner shall diminish or increase the bills of mortality. Now what is it but the preposterous condition of ordinary school

* Mr. Quain's words (*Medical Times and Gazette*, February 20) are:—"A few words as to our special Medical course of instruction and the influence upon it of such changes in the elementary schools as I have mentioned. The student now enters at once upon several sciences—physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, botany, pharmacy, therapeutics—all these, the facts and the language and the laws of each, to be mastered in eighteen months. Up to the beginning of the Medical course many have learned little. We cannot claim anything better than the Examiner of the University of London and the Cambridge Lecturer have reported, for their Universities. Supposing that at school young people had acquired some exact elementary

knowledge in physics, chemistry, and a branch of natural history—say botany—with the physiology connected with it, they would then have gained necessary knowledge, with some practice in inductive reasoning. The whole studies are processes of observation and induction—the best discipline of the mind for the purposes of life—for our purposes not less than any. 'By such study (says Dr. Whewell) of one or more departments of inductive science the mind may escape from the thralldom of mere words.' By that plan the burden of the early Medical course would be much lightened, and more time devoted to practical studies, including Sir Thomas Watson's 'final and supreme stage' of the knowledge of Medicine."

education which prevents a young man of seventeen, destined for the practice of medicine, from being fully prepared for the study of nature, and from coming to the medical school equipped with that preliminary knowledge of the principles of Physics, of Chemistry, and of Biology, upon which he has now to waste one of the precious years, every moment of which ought to be given to those studies which bear directly upon the knowledge of his profession?

There is another profession, to the members of which, I think, a certain preliminary knowledge of physical science might be quite as valuable as to the medical man. The practitioner of medicine sets before himself the noble object of taking care of man's bodily welfare; but the members of this other profession undertake to "minister to minds diseased," and, so far as may be, to diminish sin and soften sorrow. Like the medical profession, the clerical, of which I now speak, rests its power to heal upon its knowledge of the order of the universe—upon certain theories of man's relation to that which lies outside him. It is not my business to express any opinion about these theories. I merely wish to point out that, like all other theories, they are professedly based upon matter of fact. Thus the clerical profession has to deal with the facts of nature from a certain point of view; and hence it comes into contact with that of the man of science, who has to treat the same facts from another point of view. You know how often that contact is to be described as collision, or violent friction; and how great the heat, how little the light, which commonly results from it.

In the interests of fair play, to say nothing of those of mankind, I ask, Why do not the clergy as a body acquire, as a part of their preliminary education, some such tincture of physical science as will put them in a position to understand the difficulties in the way of accepting their theories, which are forced upon the mind of every thoughtful and intelligent man who has taken the trouble to instruct himself in the elements of natural knowledge?

Some time ago it was my fate to attend a large meeting of the clergy for the purpose of delivering an address

which I had been invited to give. I spoke of some of the most elementary facts in physical science, and of the manner in which they directly contradict certain of the ordinary teachings of the clergy. The result was that, after I had finished, one section of the assembled ecclesiastics attacked me with all the intemperance of pious zeal, for stating facts and conclusions which no competent judge doubts; while, after the first speakers had subsided, amidst the cheers of the great majority of their colleagues, the more rational minority rose to tell me that I had taken wholly superfluous pains; that they already knew all about what I had told them, and perfectly agreed with me. A hard-headed friend of mine, who was present, put the not unnatural question, "Then why don't you say so in your pulpits?" to which inquiry I heard no reply.

In fact, the clergy are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge. By the clergy, I mean especially the Protestant clergy. Our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better.

It was my fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they

replied: "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it, than they have been, in former ages, to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how those heresies are to be met."

I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way; and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better, not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is, at present, in very loose order; and many a spirited free-thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline, and I, for one, lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Butler of the "Analogy," who, if he were alive, would make short work of much of the current *à priori* "infidelity."

I hope you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture beside physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science. Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every schoolboy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined,

more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it; but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science: in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows. To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, "Erdkunde" ("earth knowledge" or "geology" in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of "Erdkunde." The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child; nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas

represent real knowledge and not mere book learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our “*Erdkunde*,” furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics, and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere bookwork, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretence to be anything but bookwork.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real: that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact

that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training, is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature,—authority and tradition furnish the data and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again: If history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons;

in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say, with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the

teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favored nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly embedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which everything else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual

caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression, and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having anything to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the God-like and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the Department of Science and Art,—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me

in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an almost unlimited improvement. Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable decree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically-minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous, and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them those laws which must needs be His laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know—I can only recommend them to be let blood and put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.

LECKY'S "HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS."*

WE come late to the production of things which seem very obvious. The world has been speculating about morals since it began to speculate at all. We are overwhelmed with systems of moral philosophy, and theories about human nature and its laws. But it is only recently that it seems to have occurred to people that it is desirable to attempt to examine and compare the actual phenomena of morality in action; to see if its working and aspects were, as they are assumed to be in most moral treatises, always uniform, or, if there have been differences in tendencies or developments as times and man's circumstances changed, to mark and trace them; to ascertain and generalize, if the facts admitted it, the course and revolutions of moral ideas, the rise and predominance of this one, the decay of that one, the combined result of their influence one on another, as the fortunes of the human race ran their course. That is to say, it was not till comparatively the other day thought necessary for the construction of moral theories to have an enlarged and comprehensive knowledge of the ways in which, as a matter of fact, morality has shown itself in the conduct and sentiments of men and society at various times: it never struck any of the many keen and powerful inquirers interested in the study of morality to write a history of morals—to state what have been the facts which their vast and complicated subject has presented in that scene of human activity which has been going on so long and so widely, and in which there have been such endlessly diversified opportunities to observe the real play of moral forces. History, of course, has been largely laid under contribution in philosophical speculations on morals; but it is a new thing to attempt a history of morals, of their phases and progress and alternations, simply as a matter of fact, as we have had histories of mathematics, or of astronomy, or of law, or generally of experimental science, or of the various schools of ancient and modern philosophy.

Since morality is based, as a matter of

philosophy, on the facts of human nature as we are supposed to find them, it would be almost unaccountable that such a generalized and comprehensive statement of them should not have been attempted, were it not for the enormous difficulty of the undertaking. This is so great as to render it, at first sight, in any complete and satisfactory sense, a chimerical and futile one. For the facts have to be got at, and then to be valued; and both these processes, on the scale which a history of morals supposes, imply not only a penetration and capacity of mind in the observer, but a possibility of definite verification in the phenomena themselves which none but very sanguine people will as yet anticipate, when the subject of observation is that complicated and enigmatical thing which we call human nature. Any historical account, of wide range, of the facts of moral consciousness and governing principle, exhibited in the manifold conditions under which man has found himself in the world, can only be presented and accepted with great reserve, and many understood deductions. Of course, if it is to be only the interpretation of moral appearances on any given moral theory,—the utilitarian, or the intuitive, or the religious theory of morals,—the work is easy enough. Any one could thus trace the progress and phases of morality, and make a consistent and striking picture, with facts for its basis. We have only to take the facts which help us, or which we can explain, and leave those which perplex and baffle us. But to deal honestly with the facts, as we really meet with them; to accept them as they come; not to be taken in and imposed upon by appearances, often so ambiguous, fluctuating, and blurred, or so subtle and delicate that they are difficult to seize with truth; to disentangle elements essentially distinct, yet continually associated by nature, and simulating one another; and when we have unravelled the fact, and are clear about it, to be just to it, and also just to our own principles in such a matter as morality, the very law of our being, is a task which concentrates in itself in the highest degree all the well-known difficulties which try the mettle of historians.

* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. crown 8vo, pp. 498 and 428.

In such a history we have to meet Epicurus and Zeno, the great Roman Stoics and the great Greek Sceptics and Platonists, Lucian and St. Paul, Julian and St. Antony, Pascal and Gassendi, Hobbes and Bishop Wilson; and we have not only to see things from the point of view of each thinker and each social state, to meet tracts of time marked by strain and effort, in which severity was dominant, and others in which all was lax, easy, and moderate—periods of asceticism and periods of indulgence, the Renaissance and the Reformation, Puritanism and the age of Rousseau; but we have also to see and understand how each looked to its opposite. Where this varying point of view affects fundamentally all that is of the deepest interest to mankind and to each individual man, it is obvious that the attempt to represent and to judge justly is extreme.

This great subject has been undertaken by Mr. Lecky. He has treated it, as need hardly be said, with great ability, and has written a book of great interest. He has brought to it wide and intelligent reading, much acuteness and considerable powers of sympathy, and a characteristic boldness and sweep of generalization which often takes the reader's mind by storm. With considerable powers of ingenious and happy expression, his language suits itself without effort to what he wants to say; and he is often eloquent from the mere force of luminous statement and deeply-felt discernment of the ultimate and inmost reality of what is before him. His unvarying intention to be strictly candid and rigorously fair only shows by what others may think its failure how hard it is to be candid on so large a scale, where not one or two but all the influences and grounds affecting human belief and life are involved; and how great is the difficulty, often so superficially ignored, of the virtues of the intellect, even to those who most consciously and directly aim at them. Mr. Lecky brings remarkable qualifications to his task, and what he has done will undoubtedly command and reward attention. But his book, in its last result, rather illustrates the difficulties of his subject than surmounts them.

Mr. Lecky has kept distinctly in mind the necessity of limiting and defining his subject. He undertakes to relate the

history of morals only within a specified time and on a particular stage; the history of morals in Europe from Augustus to Charlemagne; a most critical period of alteration, transition, and fresh beginnings, but still a restricted portion of the whole history. Further, he lays down with distinctness and frankness the point of view from which he proposes to judge what passes before him. The historian of morals may naturally be expected, before he begins his task, to clear the ground both to his own mind and to his readers as to what he understands morals to be, and what side he takes in the great and still unsettled controversies—at present more speculative, happily, than practical, though of supreme and unexplored importance—on their nature and origin. It does not need to be said that a disciple of Epicurus or Bentham would write as different a history of morals from a disciple of Zeno or Cudworth, as a history of the Reformation written by a Roman Catholic would be different from one written by a Protestant. Accordingly, in a preliminary chapter, which, however open to criticism, has the merit of practical convenience, Mr. Lecky states with perfect clearness the philosophical position from which he surveys and appreciates the field of morals which he has chosen. He does not leave it to be collected or guessed at from the course of his narrative, but he is at great pains to make it plain. It is a position which is equally removed from utilitarianism and from allegiance to any revealed religion, at least as commonly understood. He condemns utilitarianism as profoundly immoral. He treats Christianity as a great phenomenon in human history of the same order as Platonism or Stoicism, though immeasurably more fertile of results, but declines to pronounce on its claims to be something more; and he holds morality in its essence to be as independent of its teaching or sanctions, though, of course, affected by its influence, as it is independent of the teaching of Socrates. He holds the position of an intuitive moralist, who needs to go no further than human nature for the supreme criterion and authority in morals, and who, standing between the utilitarian and religious schools, holds against the one the unalterable distinction between duty and

self-interest, and against the other, that this distinction and the recognition of it are prior to all religious beliefs, and, in their permanent and essential character, absolutely unconnected with them. With the fullest sympathy and admiration for all that religion, since Christianity appeared, has done for morality, it must be understood that his view is non-religious; he writes the history of the influence of Christianity on morals, without reference to the question whether as a religion it is true or false. It may be submitted that the omission to determine the real value of such an element, so unique in its aspect, and so profoundly important in its relation to morals and the truth about the position of man in the world, must make an historical survey, however otherwise full and comprehensive, an incomplete and inadequate one. A man can hardly write very surely and firmly about the influence of Christianity, who has not yet made up his mind whether it is the most awful of truths or the most colossal of delusions, or a *tertium quid*, made up of high truth and base imposture, which has never yet been explained. Perhaps the difficulty is insurmountable; but it ought not to be overlooked that there is the difficulty,—a difficulty which stands in the front, and full in view to any one venturing on Mr. Lecky's ambitious design, and one which has some preliminary claims on his serious attention.

The remarkable qualities which were conspicuous in Mr. Lecky's former book are present in this one. These are, the power of subtle and unexpected generalizations on the phenomena of history and of man's intellectual and moral nature; and the power of massing facts. As to the former, there is hardly anything in this book so brilliant in its freshness and so striking as the preface to the "History of Rationalism;" but in the power of handling a profusion of details, collected by indefatigable and wide-ranging industry, there is no falling off.*

* Take as an example the following, from a contrast between ancient and modern civilization:—

"Among the ancients the human mind was chiefly directed to philosophical speculations, in which the law seems to be perpetual oscillation, while among the moderns it has rather tended towards physical science, in which the law is

But his power of limiting and controlling his generalizations is not equal to the keen sight and quick imaginative constructiveness which create them; and his power of dealing with stiff

perpetual progress. National power, and, in most cases, even national independence, implied among the ancients the constant energy of high intellectual or moral qualities.

"In modern times, on the other hand, if we put aside religious influences, the principal causes of the superiority of civilized men are to be found in inventions which, when once discovered, can never pass away; and the effects of which are in consequence in a great measure removed from the fluctuations of moral life. The causes which most disturbed or accelerated the normal progress of society in antiquity were the appearance of great men; in modern times they have been the appearance of great inventions. Printing has secured the intellectual achievements of the past, and furnished a sure guarantee of future progress. Gunpowder and military machinery have rendered the triumphs of barbarians impossible. Steam has united nations in the closest bonds. Innumerable mechanical contrivances have given a decisive preponderance to that industrial element which has colored all the developments of our civilization. The leading characteristics of modern societies are in consequence marked out much more by the triumphs of inventive skill than by the sustained energy of moral causes."

This is a good instance of the difficulty of stating a broad and general truth. There is a marked difference between ancient and modern civilization; and one of the most prominent features of this difference is, of course, the place in the latter of mechanical invention, industry, and physical science. But for all that, has there been any want of pure "philosophical speculation" of the most varied and most effective kind, since the Reformation? Has the "constant energy of high intellectual and moral qualities" been less tasked in the last three hundred years of Europe than in the time of Pericles, or the Roman republic? Does not Shakespeare, and all that Shakespeare implies and creates, make a greater difference between Europe and China than the steam-engine or the press? "The leading characteristics of modern societies are marked out much more by the triumphs of inventive skill than by the sustained energy of moral causes." Exclude the age of Elizabeth and Cromwell as not being modern. The present century undoubtedly is marked by the triumph of inventive skill; but, to say nothing of what war has brought out, do its literature and political changes tell of a want of "sustained energy of moral causes" alongside of its inventions?

Mr. Lecky remembers in another place, with that fairness which comes out at last, though not always in the right place, that "the unwearied, unostentatious, and inglorious crusade of England against slavery, may probably be regarded as among the three or four perfectly virtuous acts recorded in the history of nations."

and precise philosophic argument, with all its ramifications and balancings and equipoises, does not seem proportionate to the skill with which he can support a conclusion by an accumulation of well-marshalled and well-put instances, supplied by a ready memory from stores collected by his extensive reading. As has been said, Mr. Lecky opens his history with a chapter of theory. Not content to state his philosophic creed, he goes into controversy, and discusses at length the main questions in debate between the rival schools of moralists, as to the nature and foundation of morality. A moment's consideration must show that, though every thinking man must have taken his side more or less clearly in the dispute, it is quite another thing whether a man is able, or whether it is worth his while, to offer to the public one more attempt to arbitrate between the contending parties, and pronounce a definitive sentence on the merits of their claims. Mr. Lecky states clearly and forcibly, as we have long been accustomed to hear them, the points for and against utilitarianism, but he does not do more; and as he does no more, it was hardly worth the trouble to do so much. He has written what would be a brilliant prize essay in refutation of utilitarianism; but no one can think that he has disposed of the question, or even seriously helped towards the settlement of it. The treatment which he gives to it, professedly exhaustive and conclusive, yet undertaken by the way to prepare for the main purpose of his work, is wholly unequal to the demands of so vast and difficult a controversy, in which he attempts to hold the scales between thinkers like Hobbes and Mill on one side, and Butler and Leibnitz on the other. To do such a work to any purpose would need a writer's undivided purpose, and task his whole devotion: as subsidiary and subordinate to something else, not much can be expected from the attempt. Everybody would have acknowledged Mr. Lecky's right to trace the history of morals from the point of view of an intuitive moralist, without his elaborate, yet partial and unsatisfying, argument on the theory of morals; but

few will be convinced by his argument that his point of view is the right one. History, no doubt, to be worth anything, presupposes philosophic culture, and the power of setting the right value on words and thoughts, as well as on men and events. But the provinces, as the talents and processes, of the historian and of the scientific theorist are distinct; and it is a mistake in the historian to weight his proper work with theoretical discussions which he was not called to undertake, and which, unless they are new and independent contributions to our knowledge, are out of place.

All this is said without any sympathy for the moral theories and doctrines which Mr. Lecky impugns; not because they are ours, but because Mr. Lecky's criticism of them seems to fail in doing justice to the real difficulties of the subject, and is wanting in the precision, in the careful allowances, and in the grasp of all the conditions of the problem, which are indispensable if anything is really to come of the inquiry. No thinking man, utilitarian or intuitive moralist, can help seeing that the problems of this inquiry have enormously increased in complexity since the early days when Epicurus and Zeno debated the matter, and when simple unanalyzed terms like pleasure and pain, the *utile* and the *honestum*, the *summum bonum* and the *law of nature*, sufficed for the needs of the disputants. They have grown in complexity since the days of Cudworth and Locke, and they are growing daily more vast and deep. Mr. Lecky hardly appears to be sufficiently alive to this. He sees the weak points of utilitarianism; how it entirely fails to account for the ideas and words which it seeks to explain, and which it only appears to explain by substituting other and different ones for them; how, set side by side with human history and human poetry, it collapses into a factitious and too narrow hypothesis, which they overflow and contradict in every direction and in every form. But he does not see how much utilitarianism does explain of human life and the actual regulation of human conduct; how, hopeless as a complete explanation, it is luminous and unassailable as a partial one. And he fails to appreciate duly the obvious and for-

midable difficulties which present themselves in the aspects of the world to the theory of an intuitive morality, or the way in which intractable facts have compelled gradual and very important modifications in its position, exactly as in the case of utilitarianism persistent facts have bent round the crude and absolute doctrines of Hobbes and Bentham to those of Mr. J. S. Mill. It is not scepticism, but a calm and just estimate of the real claims of the rival theories, to say that the ultimate residuum, after all facts and appearances are taken into account, is only, as far as the theory is concerned, a small balance of probability either way. The conclusion would be tremendous, if human happiness and conduct really rested, as each theory of course supposes, on its certain and conclusive truth; but, happily, they rest on something broader and firmer, and theories are only the measure and the stage of that attainment of scientific knowledge to which in our age we have reached. To another age scientific width, consistency, and completeness may be possible, which are not yet possible to us; just as scientific accuracy and breadth are possible to us which were impossible to the age of Seneca or Plato; as impossible from the conditions and state of development of human knowledge and power, as our astronomy and chemistry were impossible. But one consequence of an adequate sense of the debatable and partial, if not the provisional, nature of all moral theories, would seem to be caution in characterizing them. Mr. Lecky opens his review of the controversy by explaining the necessity of imputing immoral consequences to false theories. Utilitarianism, he states at starting, is "profoundly immoral." A due sense of the real value of all theories, and a consideration of the inevitable effect of words, would have checked him. He means, of course, as he attempts to show at length afterwards, that immoral consequences are logically deducible from utilitarian premises, and that therefore the premises cannot be true. He ought to have recollected, in the first place, that the method of extreme consequences, taken apart from the conditions which all moral theories have to suppose, is a test which is dangerous to most theories, and which certainly the

theory of a morality of sentiment or intuition is not more able to support than any other; and in the next place, that there is a force in words which a precise and fair writer hesitates to take advantage of in opening the case and stating the issue between himself and his antagonists. "Profoundly immoral," than which nothing worse could be said of anything, conveys to the reader's mind in its natural sense more than Mr. Lecky meant; which simply is that utilitarianism rests on something which never could have produced morality, and which may be its enemy; but therefore he should not have used it. Considering Mr. Lecky's claim to judicial impartiality, there is considerable reason to complain, and not in this part of his work only, of broadcast and unqualified measures of condemnation, which are not the result of definite charges and proofs, but the reflection at best of general impressions, and apparently more often of the writer's bias and dislikes. A philosophical writer hardly shows himself fit to cope with the difficulties of subtle disputes which depend so much on nice precision of words and carefully measured accuracy of statement, who characterizes the utilitarianism of Hartley—whose view is that "with self-interest man must begin, but he may end in self-annihilation"—as being, in opposition to the coarser doctrines of Hobbes, Mandeville, and Paley, a "refined sensuality;" and who lays down, not as a rhetorical generality, but as a philosophical axiom, that "the universal sentiment of mankind represents self-sacrifice as an essential element of a meritorious act, and means by self-sacrifice the deliberate adoption of the least pleasurable course, without the prospect of any pleasure in return;" and that "the conception of pure disinterestedness is presupposed in all our estimates of virtue." The utilitarian hardly sins more against the plain facts of nature and experience, or states them more artificially and inaccurately, than the intuitive moralist who presents such sweeping assertions as these. Is the love of a child for its parent, of a citizen for his country, of a friend for his friend, only then virtuous when he makes a sacrifice? And what is to be said on such a view of the long tracts of life in

which virtuous men aim at and pass happy days?

Mr. Lecky's strength does not lie, it seems to us, in his power to estimate the argumentative bearings and force and the comparative claims of great rival theories on the subtlest and most difficult questions of human nature, but in the historical insight by which he traces the presence and the connected sequence of moral phenomena in society. The value of his book consists in the fulfilment which it presents of the design set before us in the following extract from his preface:—

"The questions with which an historian of morals is chiefly concerned, are the changes that have taken place in the moral standard and in the moral type. By the first, I understand the degrees in which, in different ages, recognized virtues have been enjoined and practised. By the second, I understand the relative importance that in different ages has been attached to different virtues. Thus, for example, a Roman of the age of Pliny, an Englishman of the age of Henry VIII., and an Englishman of our own day, would all agree in regarding humanity as a virtue, and its opposite as a vice; but their judgments of the acts which are compatible with a humane disposition would be widely different. And in addition to this change of standard, there is a continual change in the order of precedence which is given to virtues. Patriotism, chastity, charity, and humility are examples of virtues each of which has in some ages been brought forward as of the most supreme and transcendent importance, and the very basis of a virtuous character; and, in other ages, been thrown into the background, and reckoned among the minor graces of a noble life. The heroic virtues, the amiable virtues, and what are called more especially the religious virtues, form distinct groups, to which, in different periods, different degrees of prominence have been assigned; and the nature, causes, and consequences of these changes in the moral type are among the most important branches of history.

"In estimating, however, the moral condition of an age, it is not sufficient to examine the ideal of moralists. It is necessary also to inquire how far that ideal has been realized among the people.

"The three questions I have now briefly indicated are those which I have especially regarded in examining the moral history of Europe between Augustus and Charlemagne."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance and interest of the scene which he thus purposes to lay before us. It is the description of the turning-point

and determining transition which has governed the direction in which human progress should go forward, and filled it with the living and fruitful seeds of all that we see and all that we undoubtedly hope for. There are clearly marked lines of direction in which the human race has moved on a great scale for long tracts of time, and with great results, but in which it has manifestly gone wrong—has been brought to a final edge where it could go no further, and has come to a standstill; or has become entangled in confusion and helplessness from which only the knowledge and force of stronger families of the race can extricate it. The great nations of the south of Asia are in the last condition; those of the east of Asia in the former. Mr. Lecky's subject is that astonishing moral and social revolution of the first eight centuries of our era, which—out of materials as wild and apparently untamable as Arabs and Afghans, and out of a great decaying civilization which seemed without the principle or power of self-renovation and restoration, and to have reached its last term, like that of China—produced the varied, and fruitful, and unexhausted civilization which has made man in Europe and North America appear almost a different creature from the rest of the human race.

Mr. Lecky takes up the history of morals at a point when a very important part of it had been run and had produced great and permanent effects, determining greatly its future course. The morality of Judaism,—of which Mr. Lecky hardly takes sufficient notice,—if it affected but slightly pagan morality, certainly prepared the ground for the morality of Christian Europe. The history of morals under Augustus is connected indissolubly with two great streams before it—the history of morals in Greece in the philosophic, and before it, in the poetical and heroic age; and the history of morals in the ruder communities of the warlike tillers of the ground in Italy. The moral ideas of the empire resulted from the fusion of these two streams; and a history of European morals, to be complete, must begin much higher, and must use as its materials—what Mr. Lecky has too much neglected in favor of the more dogmatic and formal language of philosophers, even in that portion of which the has

treated—the writings of the poets, and whatever is the native and unstudied expression of real and prevalent sentiment. But a writer is free to choose his ground; and Mr. Lecky begins with the Pagan empire, and takes its moral standard and type as his starting-point. He points out three great features in the moral type of civilization at this period at Rome: first, the predominance, in the ideal of human excellence, of the heroic and magnanimous class of virtues; next, the entire absence of any connection between morality and religion; and lastly, the entire absence of any moral discipline for the many, the multitudes of mankind. The first was due to the coincidence of the old national temper, proved and retempered in a thousand hard trials, with the philosophy of Stoicism, one of the only two Greek schools which the Romans could ever understand. The other was due to the inroads which the Greek philosophic spirit, in whatever shape,—Stoic as well as Epicurean or Sceptic,—had made in the popular religious beliefs which had been in old times connected so intimately with Roman life in war or at home. The last resulted from the fact that the salt of morality was a philosophy; and a philosophy, the result of intellectual effort in active minds of some power, can never, except in indirect ways and at a long distance, be the guide of the many. These three points are variously illustrated with a profusion of interesting details, of which, perhaps, the only complaint to be made is that they are too profuse and unselected, and that the enumeration would have been both more instructive and more permanently impressive if it had gone more by weight and significance and less by tale and number. He makes the mistake sometimes of quoting as characteristic of Roman times what really belongs to all times. If men who denied a God, yet consulted the stars or the almanac to find lucky or unlucky days to bathe or to sow, or if worshippers whose prayers had not been answered ill-treated the images of the gods, or if a Roman theatre cheered the lines of Ennius,—

*'Ego deum genus esse semper dixi et dicam
coelium;
Sed eos non curare opinor quid agat hominum
genus;'*—

these things belong rather to a st mental cultivation than a state of religion. The almanac is a trusted guide the rustic of all lands and ages, whether he believes or not; Italian and Spanish and Russian devotees vent their on ill-natured and disappointing and a parallel to the sentiment of I might easily be found, under the circumstances leading up to it, in a dissenter who never doubted that hairs of his head are numbered. I of people, perfectly earnest in their religion, would applaud a rebuke given the unseasonable and presumptuous application of religious consideration to political question.*

Mr. Lecky sees in Stoicism the representative doctrine of the Roman society of the early Empire. That expressed and gave distinct body to the best and noblest instincts and the force of which that society was capable. In a striking passage he puts the equality of Stoicism as a philosophy and the character formed in the Roman their eventful history, in which they had aimed at so much, and had so been on the brink of utter ruin, averted by the most devoted and unflinching public spirit:—

"The vast place which the rival systems of Zeno and Epicurus occupy in the history of mankind, and especially in the centuries of the empire of Paganism, may lead us to exaggerate the creative genius of their founders, who in fact did little more than give definitions or intellectual expression to types of excellence that had at all existed in the world. There have ever been stern, upright, self-controlled, and courageous men, actuated by a pure sense of duty, capable of high efforts of self-sacrifice, somewhat intolerant of the frailties of others, somewhat hard and unsympathizing in the ordinary intercourse of society, but rising to a grandeur as the storm lowered upon them and more ready to relinquish life than because they believed to be true. There have also always been men of easy tempers

* Thus, in the recent election, a zealous visitor attacked one of her people for the which the woman's husband had given: "voting against God Almighty." "I told her the answer," that I had much too good an opinion of God Almighty to think that He troubled self about our miserable political squabbles." The remark might be unphilosophical, but it was fully consistent with the speaker's devout belief in Providence.

amiable dispositions, gentle, benevolent, and pliant, cordial friends and forgiving enemies, selfish at heart, yet ever ready, when it is possible, to conciliate their gratifications with those of others, averse to all enthusiasm, mysticism, utopias, and superstitions, with little depth of character or capacity for self-sacrifice, but admirably fitted to impart and to receive enjoyment, and to render the course of life easy and harmonious. The first are by nature Stoics, and the second Epicureans; and if they proceed to reason about the *summum bonum* or the affections, it is more than probable that in each case their characters will determine their theories. The first will estimate self-control above all other qualities, will disparage the affections, and will endeavor to separate widely the ideas of duty and of interest, while the second will systematically prefer the amiable to the heroic, and the utilitarian to the mystical.

"But while it is undoubtedly true that in these matters character usually determines opinion, it is not less true that character is itself in a great measure governed by national circumstances. Rome was from the earliest times pre-eminently the home of Stoicism. Long before the Romans had begun to reason about philosophy, they had exhibited it in action, and in their speculative days it was to this doctrine that the noblest minds naturally tended. A great nation engaged in perpetual wars, in an age when success in warfare depended neither upon wealth nor upon mechanical genius, but upon the constant energy of patriotic enthusiasm, and upon the unflinching maintenance of military discipline, the whole force of the national character tended to the production of a single definite type. Patriotism and military honor were indissolubly connected in the Roman mind. They were the two sources of national enthusiasm, the chief ingredients of the national conception of greatness. They determined irresistibly the moral theory which was to prove supreme.

"Now, war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has at least always been the great school of heroism. It teaches men how to die. It familiarizes the mind with the idea of noble actions performed under the influence, not of personal interest, but of honor and of enthusiasm. It elicits in the highest degree strength of character, accustoms men to the abnegation needed for simultaneous action, compels them to repress their fears, and establish a firm control over their affections. Patriotism, too, leads them to subordinate their personal wishes to the interests of the society in which they live. It extends the horizon of life, teaching men to dwell among the great men of the past, to derive their moral strength from the study of heroic lives, to look forward continually, through the vistas of a distant future, to the welfare of an organization which will continue when they have passed away. All these

influences were developed in Roman life to a degree which can now never be reproduced. War, for the reasons I have stated, was far more than at present the school of heroic virtues. Patriotism, in the absence of any strong theological passion, had assumed a transcendent power. The citizen, passing continually from political to military life, exhibited to perfection the moral effects of both. The habits of command formed by a long period of almost universal empire, and by the aristocratic organization of the city, contributed to the elevation, and also to the pride, of the national character."—Vol. i. pp. 180–185.

Mr. Lecky is a great admirer of the Stoical school. But there are two points to which, though he has touched on them, he ought to have paid more attention. Both impair his estimate of it. One was its isolation,—an isolation from the lot and conditions of human existence, which put a bar, an intentional bar, for the high and proud spirits which embraced it, between themselves and the world, between themselves and that mankind which in theory they acknowledged as their brethren: the other was the still more serious one of practical unreality and unfaithfulness in some of its leading men to their own high principles. The Stoics of the Empire, Seneca and Lucan, write very finely; but the impression prevails strongly that their lives did not correspond to their writings. Mr. Lecky has quoted largely from their works; it is to be wished that he had tried to throw more distinct light on the character of the men who wrote them; for the world suspects more than in any other analogous cases a good deal of discrepancy. But he treats very well the modifications which the grand impossibilities of pure Stoicism gradually led to. These were especially two. Its extravagant doctrines about the emotional side of human nature led to those tacit yet most momentous changes in it, which appear in Epictetus, and still more in M. Aurelius. Always inconsistently compatible with public life, it became in them capable not merely of unselfishness, but of kindness and affection. The other is its marked return to the religious spirit, the sense of dependence and obedience due to the Supreme; which is seen in some of its earlier expressions, such as the Hymn of Cleanthes; which is dispensed with in the proud self-sufficiency of the first Roman Stoics, but which comes

back in the later ones. The course of these changes is traced fully and carefully by Mr. Lecky. But he brings out too, as distinctly, that this improvement and elevation of the Stoical ideal were totally without effect in arresting the corruption and degeneracy of the Empire. Stoicism actually went on rising, while the multitude was sinking daily into greater vileness and weakness. It was a refuge from their folly and wickedness; it did not dream of curing them, or affect to care for them.

Thus that rich and magnificent civilization of the ancient world, than which at one time of its course nothing can be conceived more promising, ended, as Mr. Lecky points out, in failure which seemed to leave no hope. The difficulties and increasing complexities of the world were too much for it; under it mankind was fast going down hill. And the failure was the more decisive from the great, and in some respect unequalled, excellence of much within it. Its virtues were heroic, and public spirit was the soul of its virtue; but society kept sinking deeper in meanness, poverty of heart, and incapable selfishness. Never was the note of duty pitched higher than by that lofty Stoicism, which was its guide and source of enthusiasm, and which tried to do without either God or immortality as supports for a goodness which sought no reward but the consciousness of truth and light; never was the philosophy of duty more faithfully and grandly realized than in the Stoic slave and Stoic emperor, who are only the flower of a number of splendid examples. But they could not save the world. Stoicism, acting on public life, produced a jurisprudence which still serves Christendom; the more supple and versatile temper of Epicureanism, along with less wholesome lessons, taught much of that humor and play of kindly irony which is so near of kin to reality of feeling and truth of thought; and Virgil and Horace, honored prophets, held the same place as lights of moral wisdom which they continued to fill in the Middle Ages and our own. But government became more anarchical and lawless in spite of Ulpian and Paulus, and society more coarse and degenerate, while it prided itself on the masterpieces of ancient culture. There is no more

impressive picture to be found anywhere than that which Mr. Lecky has drawn of the impotence of the highest and noblest heathen civilization, by itself, to secure the progress of mankind. Left to itself it "visibly tended," in the uncouth but expressive scholastic language, "not to be;" *tendit visibiliter ad non esse*.

But another current set in,—from whence, Mr. Lecky prefers not to pronounce,—which changed the fortunes of the world. Though it took its rise in the historical period which is his field, he leaves the origin of Christianity on one side, contenting himself with some general remarks on miracles, and on the prevailing temper of the times in regard to them, which, though not without some acute observations, are marked with apparent hesitation and indecisiveness, and are too loose and wide to contribute much to the elucidation of the vast question, except as an additional illustration of the difficulty, as well from our habits of thought as from our actual knowledge, of judging it fairly. In spite of much elaborate discussion, Mr. Lecky appears to misunderstand and underrate greatly the place which miracles hold as links in that great chain of causes which led to the moral changes of the modern world. But the phenomena of the influence and effect of Christianity on morals are all that Mr. Lecky undertakes to investigate and portray.

The new current was, as Mr. Lecky with truth insists, a most varied, manifold, and mixed one; and the omission to recognize this as a capital and prominent truth about it constitutes the weakness of much ecclesiastical and much secular history. It is one of the most striking points connected with the history of mankind, that when Christianity appeared on the scene, no one could possibly have imagined what it bore in its bosom, what it was to do and to grow to. When we look back on it in its prime, viewed as an influence on the world, its interest arises not so much from what it was and did at the time, as from what it so strangely aimed at and dared to promise; from that of which it contained the strong and living germs, and to which it opened the door. Its early days, to common eyes, look hard, dreary, unattractive, as the world on which it was thrown.

"There is a day in Spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud;
The wealth and festal pomps of Midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour
Which no man names with blessing, though its
work
Is blest by all the world."

Such days, in the "slow story of the growth" of man, were the early centuries of Christianity. Those who were alive in them, friends and foes, knew not the stupendous powers which had been set moving, the stupendous importance of what was passing. There is truth, though as is often the case, accompanied by inconsiderate rhetorical exaggeration, in Mr. Lecky's statement about the early Church—outwardly a sect resembling Quakers, of singular purity, singular eccentricity, and great insignificance:

"Few persons, I think, who have contemplated Christianity as it existed in the first three centuries, would have imagined it possible that it should completely supersede the pagan worship around it; that its teachers should bend the mightiest monarchs to their will, and stamp their influence on every page of legislation, and direct the whole course of civilization for a thousand years, and yet that the period in which they were so supreme should have been one of the most contemptible in history."

Mr. Lecky calls attention to three leading features in the moral action of Christianity. It enlarged greatly the scale and range of the virtues, adding to the heroic ones, which had been so nobly understood and interpreted by Stoicism, the benevolent ones, and those connected with purity; and it further affected greatly the relation, proportion, and value of the virtues among themselves. It made, or it restored, the connection of morality with religion. And it did what had been absolutely unattempted before—it sought, in its morality, contact with the multitudes, regarded their needs as its object, and tried to place virtue within the reach of their hopes and efforts. It preached the Gospel to the poor, and sought the lost, the castaway, and the forsaken.

On the other hand, loss in some things, and new false directions in others, went along with this new and vast moral advance. If the amiable virtues gained, Mr. Lecky thinks that the heroic ones suffered. If benevolence,

charity, modesty—and, above all, purity—took a place in real life which went beyond all former ideals of virtue, it is no less certain, Mr. Lecky holds, that Christian civilization has been much less rich than heathen in the grand excellences of civic and political life, in the nobleness of patriotic and public virtue. In the next place, Christian morality, like heathen, had gone wrong in exaggerated and mistaken developments. Its great conquest was purity; its eternal disgrace was asceticism. Heathen morality never soared so high as that conquest, not merely by the rational, but by the spiritual over the animal nature, that cleansing and lifting up of the affections, which Christianity has not only set up as a standard, but realized so conspicuously as a social fact; but heathen morality never sunk so low as to the sanctity of the monks of the desert. Further, in the hands of Christianity, morality, animated by religion, was opened in a novel way, and on an unexampled scale, to the average crowd; it found new modes of reaching and regulating, not merely a few choice natures, but numbers who in heathen days would have been left as not worth attending to, desperate and incapable of improvement. But this great advantage was dearly purchased. When religion taught morality, and addressed the masses, the preachers of morality were priests: a new channel of despotic power was opened; and as religion must always suppose itself to be certainly and exclusively right, liberty of thought almost perished for the world as a habit of the mind, and in outward and practical things intolerance, the most brutal and blind, became the rule.

In all this there is abundant truth: the difficulty is about its amount and proportions. To prove that, as seen with our eyes, Augustine was extravagant or Athanasius overbearing, is not necessarily to do them historical justice. The general difficulty of being candid in the right place, where candor tells, and perhaps impairs the force of a statement, is often exhibited in Mr. Lecky's elaborate and learned pictures. Some of them have the intrinsic fault of being overcharged. More often they mislead, from not being placed in sufficiently distinct relation to those which balance and

qualify them. In judging an influence or a character, it makes all the difference what you make paramount and what subordinate, which the substance and which the qualification, which the governing result and which the abatement. In Mr. Lecky's view of the influence of Christianity on morals, a very important consideration appears to be, if not overlooked, at least not present with sufficient constancy. This is the inchoate and germinal character of this influence in the period which he treats. What the Christian Church attempted in elevating man and society was something without precedent, and of which the difficulty is beyond calculation. Without experience, without knowing, or having any means to know, how great principles would work, and how they had to be guarded and modified, with society going to pieces, with the multitudes at the stage at which they were in the provinces of the Empire and the hordes of the invading barbarians, the Church leaders, men of their own age, and necessarily reflecting much of its character, had to carry on their bold and eventful experiments. It is easy for us, reaping at the end of century upon century the fruit of their great attempt, and able to see how tendencies and efforts have worked out, to criticize what they thought that they had to do. Much of it was rough, harsh, immoderate, and, we see now, unwise; it partook of the nature of all beginnings; as in the beginning of knowledge, of art, of mechanism, the aim was crude and vague, and the ways of attaining it still more so. But besides that the aim in those early Christian times was distinctly and with over-ruling purpose towards higher things, and that all that early Christian literature, to our eyes so often deformed by extravagance and error, was in all its intensity a force towards moral good, there was this also: that from first to last, one thing has never failed in Christianity,—the power of self-correction, self-renovation, self-reform. The course of good and evil, of light and darkness, have swayed backwards and forwards in varying lengths of time and degrees of force: but no alternations on the bad side have ever yet succeeded in extinguishing the power so characteristic of Christianity, of trying again and again after failure,

to realize its first principles in a still better form, of restoring what has decayed, of returning to the lost path. In the very darkest times of those dark ages,—about which Mr. Lecky, after all that Guizot, Palgrave, and Freeman, certainly not ecclesiastical zealots, have written, is too apt to repeat the prejudiced judgments and the summary sneers of Hume and Robertson,—the idea of continual reformation, of the duty and the obvious possibility of correcting what had gone down and gone astray, was never lost sight of. The reformations of Councils and Church rulers may often have been strange and ill-judged: but they kept alive the spirit of progress and improvement, and were real steps in that long but unceasing ascent by which European society has reached the point, far as it still is below the summits, from which we can look down, sometimes with scanty justice, on the rough hard efforts which in their place contributed to our advance.

It is the failure to give due weight to this peculiarity of Christian history which impairs the value of Mr. Lecky's survey, and makes his judgments sometimes unjust. Under it men have steadily grown; there have been pauses in the progress, but the progress has never ceased. But, of course, much that was natural or inevitable in the earlier stages is as utterly out of place in the later, and is seen, perhaps, to have been in its own time mistaken or excessive. But you cannot expect men in rude times to be in earnest or have strong convictions, and to be as tolerant or as moderate and judicious as they learn to be by the experience and miscarriages and terrible disasters of successive ages. When in our days we condemn the old asceticism, we do not always realize the frightful forces on the other side, to which at the time asceticism seemed the only practical counterpoise. When we complain of the want of free inquiry, we do not always ask ourselves what sort of free inquiry would have been possible in the days of the falling Empire, or of the barbarian conquest, or what it would have led to, not only in the region of theology, but of morals. When we are shocked at intolerance, we do not always sufficiently reflect that, in all things, the law must come before freedom, and that law is in-

tolerant in its very nature; and if time and discipline are elements of progress in the race as well as in the individual, it is idle to carry back the conditions of one age to another at a totally different stage of growth, and unjust to be severe, in the name of freedom, on what was a necessary antecedent to its healthy growth.

In the general summaries which Mr. Lecky gives on these points, and in the balance of judgment to which he attempts to come, he is, with all his fulness, hardly satisfactory. He leaves some great questions, arising out of his subject, untouched; or he deals with them in a commonplace and superficial way which is sometimes astonishing. But there is one thing in which he never fails. He keeps nothing back that comes before him. You may differ from him in your inferences or judgment. You may not always be content with the fashion in which he exhibits his details. You may think that with the facts which he produces, he ought to have remembered them when he was stating—perhaps with rhetorical point and strength—his general views, and ought to have been

more guarded and measured. But if you have patience, you will almost always find in Mr. Lecky both sides of the question. There is something about the book, with all its earnestness and strength of assertion, which strikes a reader as inconclusive and indeterminate. But no book has yet attempted, as this does, to bring under one view the facts of moral progress in all their variety and complexity at the opening period of modern society, and to connect them in a comprehensive and reasonable order; and Mr. Lecky has further the great and uncommon merit—in which those who most differ from him may well learn a lesson—the merit of furnishing in his details the materials for correcting his own inferences and for qualifying his general statements. There are deeper and more powerful thinkers than Mr. Lecky; there are writers even more able than he to be fair and tolerant to what they dislike and disapprove: but there are very few so candid in showing their hand and letting their readers know the grounds of their judgments.

R. W. C.

Quarterly Review.

EARTHQUAKES.*

FAR from the centres of volcanic violence, these "fortunate isles" of the West feel from time to time the throb of earth-movement vibrating from other lands, and are touched by the last undulations of the sea which, some thousands of miles away, has leaped up in terrible excitement. Now and then we are startled from repose by a swift and ominous pulse from the pained heart of Nature; but

the omen is not for us. Secure from dangers so remote—

"the hoarse resounding main,
And walls of rock, protect our native reign."

It is true that a century ago our great-grandfathers were surprised to find London agitated, the midland counties disturbed, and one high cliff in Yorkshire throwing down its half-separated rocks. And within a few days came the disastrous explanation: a capital city lost on the Tagus, while all the Spanish peninsula was shaken, a scene of ruin among the mountains of Morocco, and mighty walls of water driven across the Atlantic to the shores of the New World. But we were safe in our strong island and our insular opinions.

True that, in searching back through the records of the past, our fathers found many marks of ancient volcanoes in our own islands, and proofs of signal earth-fractures. But this caused no alarm.

* 1. *On the dynamics of Earthquakes: Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, 1846. Vol. XXI., Part I. By Robert Mallet, F.R.S.

2. *Reports on Earthquake Phenomena, and Catalogues of Earthquakes: Transactions of the British Association*, 1850-8.

3. *The Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857*. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 1862.

4. *On the Theories of Elevation and Earthquakes: Transactions of the British Association*, 1847. By William Hopkins, F.R.S.

5. *Cosmos*. By Baron Alexander Humboldt. Translated by General Sabine. 1848. 2nd Edition.

6. *Principles of Geology*. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S. 10th Edition.

Once, no doubt, the area which now supports the British people had its Phlegrean fields, its Giant's Causeways; but that was in tertiary, or mesozoic, or even earlier times. The whole region had sunk to the long sleep of wearied nature, which had covered up and concealed the wounds inflicted by the struggles of the half-stifled Giant of Fire.

But in these later days, accustomed as we are to the thought that everywhere below the earth's outer crust of rocks there may be in action, or may be rekindled to action, an unsleeping power of disturbance, we, to whom every unusual tide and tremor is a proof of such action, can hardly presume on the enjoyment of perpetual security from the terrors which surround us. While old volcanoes revive in the *Ægean*, while *Ætna* promptly follows *Vesuvius*, and the Pacific Ocean, within its circle of fire, is covered by long waves which convey the awful shock from the Andes to New Zealand, and from the burning craters of Hawaii to the Rocky Mountains, we cannot avoid the dread that some point of weakness may be found in our own defences, and that the "wall of rocks" may yield which has so long guarded "our own domain."

In truth, the early chronicles and the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society contain not a few notices of earthquakes in England, which seem to have been alarming enough. In 974, the whole kingdom; in 1048, Worcester and Derby; in 1076, 1081, 1089, 1099, great part of England felt severe shocks.

In 1110, from Shrewsbury to Nottingham was a terrible movement, which laid dry the Trent, and kept it dry for some hours at the last-named place. In 1119, 1183, 1142, Lincoln was a sufferer; in 1158 London was afflicted, and the Thames was laid dry so as to be passed on foot. Again, in 1165, England was shaken; and in 1179 remarkably so, especially at Oxenhall, near Darlington, where the ground belonging to the Bishop of Durham was raised up to a surprising height, so as to match the hills, from 9 A.M. till sunset, when it suddenly fell again, to the consternation of the beholders, who saw a deep cavity in place of a lofty hill.* The northern

parts of England were again visited in 1185; in 1186 the tremor of a Lombardian earthquake was felt; and in 1199 Somersetshire was shaken and men were thrown prostrate.

In 1246 violent shocks were experienced in different parts of England, especially in Kent, where churches were overthrown and destroyed; in 1247 London was revisited, and many edifices in the Thames Valley were overthrown, to the surprise of the philosophic monks, who did not expect under solid England the tremors which might happen in countries more cavernous beneath.* In 1248 the cathedral of Wells, and many parts of the dioceses of Bath and Wells were much damaged; in 1250 St. Albans and the "chalky" Chilterns were shaken and terrified by subterranean noises like thunder. In 1275 churches were overturned.

The years 1298, 1318, and 1382 are recorded in the earthquake annals of England; and it is remarked that a few days after the shock on land ships were greatly distressed by the violent waves of the sea. In 1385, a great earthquake was felt, and was afterwards regarded as a warning of the revolutions which followed in Scotland; a second shock followed in the same year; and in 1426 all "Great Britain" was made to tremble with the stroke.

But none of these were more remarkable than those which followed, after a long pause, in the sixteenth century. In 1551, on the 25th of May, Reigate, Croydon, and Dorking, in Surrey, were sufferers to the extent of falling pots and cooking apparatus and the upsetting of furniture. In 1571, on the 17th of February, the ground opened all at once at the "Wonder," near Putley, not far from Marcle, in Herefordshire; and a large part of the sloping surface of the hill—twenty-six acres, it is said—descended with the trees and sheepfolds, and continued in motion from Saturday to Monday, masses of ground being turned round through half a circle in their descent. This was a great landslip, said to have been occasioned by an earthquake. In 1574, on the 26th of February, between five and six in the evening, a great earthquake was felt at

* This somewhat extraordinary notice is from the Chronicle of John of Brompton.

* Matthew Paris has preserved these reflections.

York, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Bristol. Norton Chapel was filled by suppliant kneeling in prayer; they were nearly all overthrown, and fled in terror, thinking the dead were unearthed or the chapel was falling. Part of Ruthin Castle fell down, and the bell of the Town Hall at Denbigh was made to toll twice.*

In 1580, on the 6th of April, at 6 p. m., London and all England were thrown into consternation. The great bell at Westminster sounded the alarm and was followed by others; the students of the Temple started up from table and rushed into the street, knives in hand; a part of the Temple Church fell, and stones dropped from St. Paul's. Two stones fell in Christ's Church, and crushed two persons, one to an immediate, the other to a lingering death. In rushing out of the church, many persons were lamed, and there was a "shower of chimneys" in the streets. In London this severe blow lasted one minute; in the eastern parts of Kent three shocks were felt, at 6, at 9, and at 12 o'clock; at Sandwich the occurrence was strongly marked by the violence of the sea, which made ships run foul of each other. At Dover a part of the fortifications fell with the rock which supported it. Part of Saltwood Castle fell; the church bells tolled at Hythe, and the church of Sutton was injured. This earthquake passed through Belgium to Cologne. In the same year, on the 1st of May, the terrors of the people were repeated in Kent, about Ashford, at night, causing many to rise from their beds and go to the churches,—suppliants for the mercy of God. In 1583 a remarkable landslip occurred in the Vale of Blackmore, in Dorset; and in 1596 another, still more extraordinary, happened at Westerham, in Kent; but these are probably not cases of earthquake violence, for a landslip is often the effect of wet seasons and argillaceous strata.

In 1666 a real earth-shock was observed by a true philosopher, Mr. Boyle, who was then resident near Oxford. It was on the 19th of January (o. s.); not very remarkable at Oxford, or at Mr. Boyle's house on higher ground; but at Brill, still more elevated, it was violent enough

to displace carriages. On Christmas Day (o. s.), 1677, again, October 9th and November 4th (o. s.), 1678, Staffordshire had its share of these movements—several shocks in different parts of the county.

In 1683 Oxfordshire was revisited by an earthquake which extended over seventy leagues; the longest direction being from south-east to north-west, the shortest from north to south. A sound like distant thunder preceded the shock, which was noticed at many stations, east, west, north, and south of Oxford, as far as Aylesbury, Watlington, Abingdon, Brampton, Burford, Long Handborough, Kirtlington, and Bletchington. In 1690 Bedford had its experience of a double subterranean shock, which frightened the Principal of the College and nearly upset the carriage of Dr. Beaumont.

In 1703 Yorkshire, and in particular Lincoln, Hull, and the flat region on the Humber, were considerably shaken; in 1712 Shropshire; in 1726 Dorsetshire; in 1727 Kent. In 1731, on Sunday, the 10th of October (o. s.), at 4 p. m., Aynhoe, in Northamptonshire, had its windows shaken for a full minute, and the tremor was felt four miles to the south-west, five to the west, one to the east, and one to the north, but not at all to the south. This is the only place in England which can boast of its own earthquake. In 1732, there was an earthquake in Argyllshire. In 1734, the restless force appeared in Sussex, shaking from head to foot persons who lay in bed from east to west, and turning from side to side those who lay from north to south. In 1738, there was an earthquake at Scarborough. The year 1748 was long remembered in Somersetshire on account of the shock which spread from the English Channel to the Severn, and from Exeter to Crewkerne.

In 1750, more considerable movements passed under London and great part of England, and also appeared in Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany; perhaps at the same time, but certainly within a short interval, in the Pyrenees. The first was felt through France, and along the Thames, when chimneys fell, houses were overturned, and ships in the river received severe shocks. The second was chiefly felt in London; chimneys fell, houses were damaged, most mischief

* Stow's "Chronicle."

happening in the upper parts of houses; the earth was seen to move in St. James's Park and other places; earthenware was broken in the shops, the church-bells tolled, one girl was thrown out of bed and broke her arm; lightning flashes preceded the earthquake; dogs howled, fishes leaped out of the water. The third took place on the 2nd April (o. s.), at 10 P. M., and was felt at Chester, Liverpool, and Manchester, extending 40 miles from south to north, and 70 miles from east to west. The shock lasted two or three seconds. The fourth was centred about Wimborne in Dorsetshire. The fifth extended from Lincoln to Peterborough. The last was experienced October 11th (N. S.), between 12 and 1 A. M., in the Midland Counties, from Lincoln to Northampton, and from Warwick to Bury St. Edmund's.

We need not pursue the record. The century which has passed since the great Lisbon earthquake has contributed the usual proportion of movements to England, but they are not materially different in any of their features from the examples already presented. The echoes are dying away of the last earthquake, a gentle movement compared to many others, but it was felt from the English Channel to the Mersey, and from Hereford to Leamington and Oxford. The Malvern Hill was about the centre of the area, as it has often been before.

The chronicles of British earthquakes are doubtless incomplete, but they present the appearance of much authenticity, and may be safely used in reasoning. The first thing that strikes us, on considering the facts, is the almost generally insulated character of the disturbance. Some particular shocks are acknowledged to be derived from France, but the greater number are marked by purely local effects. The area is often narrowed to the northern, or the midland, or the south-western, or the south-eastern counties of England; occasionally it occurs only in the south of Scotland, or the north of Ireland, or the northern half of Wales. In England—Lincoln, Nottingham, Northampton, Oxford, Hereford, Worcester, Exeter, Salisbury, Canterbury, and other cities and towns are marked as centres of disturbance, not seldom the circle drawn round them is quite a small one, and

sometimes only a few miles round a village like Aynhoe, in Northamptonshire, little known except for its chalybeate spring. Within these areas, small as they are, the motions are usually complicated, often upward and downward, as would be the case with shocks whose origin was beneath.

In succession, however capriciously, every corner of our islands is visited; though from the northern mountains of old Caledonia, from the south-west of Ireland, South Wales, and Cornwall, the reports are few and scanty. In the central parts of England the number of earthquakes is greatest, and they appear on the whole to have a rather prevalent direction from N.N.E. to S.S.W., which is that of the escarpment of the oolite; a prominent line of strike, due to an ancient very extensive upheaval of the old sea-bed.

Another thing is to be observed; there is one remarkable pause in the series of English earthquakes, not occurring where any noticeable imperfection of record would be expected—it is in the fifteenth century, which actually contributes only one earth-shock to the catalogue of 150 or so since the year 1000. This will appear by the following table, in which the numbers are arranged in centuries:—

Centuries.	British Earthquakes.	Local Occurrence.
10th	1	General.
11th	10	Worcester, Derby.
12th	12	Nottingham, Lincoln, Shrewsbury, London, Durham, Monmouth.
13th	13	Kent, London, Bath, Wells, St. Albans, Chilterns.
14th	4	No place named.
15th	1	No place named.
16th	6	Ryegate, Herefordshire, York, Gloucester, Bristol, Ruthin, Denbigh, London, Dover, Dorset, Kent.
17th	20	Staffordshire, Oxford, Aylesbury, Abingdon, Burford, Bedford.
18th	84	General.

What makes the earthquake pause of the fifteenth century the more remarka-

ble, and the record more trustworthy, is the comparative poverty of the centuries preceding and following. And it is not a little significant to find in M. Perry's general table of European earthquakes, from A.D. 306 to A.D. 1843,* a similar though less conspicuous reduction of their number in the fifteenth century. In this same century it has been found that volcanic eruptions were less numerous in Europe than in the two centuries before and in all the subsequent period; and it is observed both in regard to Vesuvius and to Iceland, the two active volcanic systems nearest to England.†

Great earthquakes, such as live in the annals of mankind, are numerous enough to mark with an ominous shade many tracts of the earth's surface. Among the earlier notices may be signalized the formation of the Ciminian Lake, on the site of a city, and the appearance of the Alban Lake. The terrible earthquake which laid Sparta in ruins, and rolled down huge masses of stone from Taygetus, happened B.C. 464. The Japanese Lake in Oomi, 72½ miles long, and 12½ wide, is reported to have been formed in one night; and the great volcano of Fusi-Yama to have been thrown up B.C. 285. While Flaminius strove in vain by the Lake of Trasimene (B.C. 217), an earthquake of great violence overthrew Italian cities, diverted the course of rivers, and caused hills to fall. In the same year North Africa lost one hundred towns. In Asia Minor, twelve or thirteen cities fell to the ground, A.D. 17; Pompeii and Herculaneum were shattered, A.D. 63,‡ and from this time the countries touching the Mediterranean have never been free from shocks.

In A.D. 115 Antioch was the centre of a great commotion. The city was full of soldiers under Trajan; heavy thunders, excessive winds, and subterranean noises were heard; the earth shook, the houses fell, the lamentations of people buried in the ruins passed unheard. The Emperor leaped from a window, while mountains were broken and thrown down, and rivers disappeared, and were replaced by others in new situations.

In A.D. 365 the Mediterranean region was awfully disturbed, the sea rejected, and its finny population laid dry along with ships of burden; but the returning sea overwhelmed the shores, swept away houses and people, and lodged boats of magnitude two miles inland. The sixth century appears conspicuous by the number and magnitude of earthquakes, among which was that of Antioch, 20th May, A.D. 526, when it is reported that 250,000 persons perished. Egypt came in for a violent shock in 742, and with it part of Arabia; cities overthrown, their inhabitants buried, mountains divided, the sea agitated in a terrible manner. In 746, Jerusalem and Syria; in 823, Aix-la-Chapelle and part of Germany; in 860, Persia and Syria; in 867, Mecca and Antioch felt severe movements; during the last a part of the mountain Acraus (probably the front of the cliff) fell into the sea. In 893 an Indian earthquake is said to have caused the loss of 180,000 persons.

Coming down to later times we find, in 1530, the sea lifted up four fathoms above its wonted height, on the coast of Cumana, a fort laid in ruins, the earth opening and ejecting dark noisomeliquid. In 1556, China had its turn, and the provinces of Sanxi and Santon were involved in darkness and ruin. The earth threw out fire, the waters flowed and reflowed ten times in twenty-four hours. The Calabrian earthquake, witnessed by Kircher in 1638, was very destructive, Santa Euphemia being ruined and transformed to a lake, under the eyes of the good father. In 1660, besides the burial of a mountain under a lake, which took its place, near Narbonne, a singular circumstance is narrated by Kircher: one of the hot ("boiling") springs lost its heat, and was no longer of use. In 1667, Ragusa, Dalmatia, Albania, all the Adriatic, were frightfully injured. Ragusa was ruined; the springs of water were all drained in a moment; the sea retired four times.

Whatever exaggeration may be thought to cling to these accounts derived from so many countries, it cannot be doubted that they are copied from real phenomena which were much alike in China and Cumana, in Asia Minor and Italy, in Syria and Judia. Everywhere violent vibrations, downsliding of hills, stoppage of rivers, formation of morasses

* "Mallet's Report on Earthquakes," 1858.

† "Phillips on Vesuvius," p. 162.

‡ This event must be distinguished from the total destruction of these cities by the famous eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79.

and lakes, intruding of sea-waves: nowhere a record of elevated tracts of land.

From the vast number of phenomena recorded within the last two hundred years, during which period a large part of the globe has been explored by enterprising travellers, we may select the physical incidents in a few great earthquakes which throw light on the measure of natural force employed, and the manner in which it is exerted.

The Lisbon earthquake, as it may justly be called, extended its ravages over an area of 4000 miles in diameter. After a period of clear autumnal weather, a day of uncommon gloom closed the month of October, 1755; and the next day, calm, warm, and foggy, in the midst of universal stillness, at 9:35 A.M., the earth groaned, and shook itself quickly and shortly, and then violently, so as to fissure and upset the greatest part of the city, sink or swallow up a newly built quay, and destroy 60,000 people. The sea-bed was temporarily raised and let fall; the bar was laid dry for a time, and then covered 50 feet deep by the violently returning sea. The whole work of destruction was ended in six minutes, during which several shocks occurred, but one was pre-eminent in force. This day, November 1st, was memorable everywhere in Portugal: the ground opening with flame or smoke; St. Ubes swallowed up by the sea-waves, while rocks fell from its promontory of jasper. All Spain except the north-eastern provinces suffered in the same way; all North Africa and Madeira, England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, the Alps, Italy, and France felt the shock in various ways; and the sea-wave rushed across the Atlantic to the West Indian Islands.

On account of its very large range both under the land and under the sea, the records of this earthquake furnish good opportunities of ascertaining the velocity of vibrations in rock, and waves in water. The calculation was first made by Mitchell in his paper, of date 1760, in the "Philosophical Transactions." The velocity of the earth-wave was computed to be about 21 geographical miles in a minute. The same subject has been again investigated by Mr. Milne Home, who finds on the average of the

whole a velocity of 13.5 geographical miles in a minute.

The Calabrian earthquakes—for there was a series of them, lasting at intervals from 1783 to 1786—are among the most important in the history of these phenomena; on account of the full and authentic report of them prepared by Signor Vivenzio, the royal physician. On the 5th of February, after a calm hazy morning, in the southern extremity of Italy, at 12:45, violent subterranean noises were heard, soon followed by a succession of earthquakes, growing stronger and stronger to a maximum, and again declining to rest, the whole occupying two minutes of time. In that short space of time, an elliptical tract of country included within diameters of 30 and 40 miles was shaken to ruin; the attack was repeated on the 6th and 7th of February, and again on the 1st and 28th of March. In 1783, no less than 949 shocks were experienced in Calabria, and in 1784 as many as 151! Sir W. Hamilton reports that in a circle of 22 miles' radius round Oppido as a centre, towns, villages, and farms were destroyed, and the face of the country was altered. If a radius of 72 miles were taken, it would include the whole area which suffered sensibly; 192 towns and villages were destroyed, and 92 greatly injured. Above 35,000 persons died from the effects of this severe visitation. The surface of the ground was in places raised, in others sunk; rivers were diverted, springs rose in new situations, often muddy or fetid; fissures opened, inequalities of level were occasioned, especially on the western sides of the mountains. Not fewer than 215 lakes or morasses were occasioned by displacements of ground, blocking up of watercourses, and the like.

Sir Charles Lyell has devoted to this earthquake one of the most interesting chapters of the "Principles of Geology." In particular he has collected and studied the examples of subsidence of particular tracts of ground and sea-coast, the formation of fissures in soft and hard rock, the occurrence of inequalities of level on two sides of such fissures, in two adjoining houses, in the substance of a split tower, and the like. Vorticose effects on incompact structures—reversals of small objects, upward leaps of others—

are all considered with attention. The original notices of fissures are very noteworthy, for magnitude and accompanying circumstances. In one case, near Jerocarne in Calabria, radiating fissures ran in every direction "like cracks on a pane of glass," and many of them remained open. In other cases, about the centre of the area convulsed, "houses were swallowed up by the yawning earth, which closed immediately over them:" farm-houses were engulfed, deep abysses opened, and lakes were formed on the broken ground. The fissures were measured, and found to be in some cases half, three-quarters, and a full mile long; $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, 15 feet, and 105 feet broad; and 25 and 30 feet deep, in one case above 100 feet, and in another 225 feet deep. Gulfs, 300 feet and 750 feet square, were opened; a calcareous mountain, called Zefrio, was cleft in twain for a length of half-a-mile, and a varying breadth of many feet. Besides these, the many cases of extraordinary landslip, upbursts of water and sand, the production of circular pits, and the like, suggest the considerable effect which violent earth-shocks must occasion on the superficial features of extensive countries. In all this, however, it is difficult to prove, though easy to believe, that a real elevation or a positive rending by shock of even a small area has taken place. Mr. Mallet, on reviewing this subject, with the experience gained in a very similar region, has lately declared that the engravings and descriptions of great earth fissures and "voragines," given in the "Account of the Earthquake of 1783," by the Neapolitan Academy, are gross exaggerations; and that many of the "voragines" were really large landslips, the torn surfaces of whose planes of separation they thus name. The radiating fissures he also shows to be explicable, without any supposition of earth-upheaval.*

A great earthquake-shock was experienced in Chili through a large range of the narrow tract of land on the western side of the Andes, in the month of November, 1822:—

"The shock was felt simultaneously," says Sir C. Lyell, "throughout a space of 1200 miles from north to south. When the district

around Valparaiso was examined on the morning after the shock, it was found that the whole line of coast, for above 100 miles, was raised above its former level. At Valparaiso the elevation was three feet, and at Quintero (25 miles north of Valparaiso) about 4 feet. Part of the bed of the sea, says Mrs. Graham, remained bare and dry at high water, with beds of oysters, mussels, and other shells adhering to the rocks on which they grew; the fish being all dead, and exhaling most offensive effluvia."

On the other hand, Mr. Cuming, the famous explorer of marine conchology, who was then living at Valparaiso, could detect no proofs of the rise of the land, nor any signs of a change of level. On the contrary, he remarked that the water at spring-tides rose, after the earthquake, to the same point on a wall near his house, which it had reached before the shocks. On this coast the tides are low—four feet rise at the full moon—so that in calm weather there should be no difficulty in arriving at a positive decision on this debated question. But on the other hand, wind is a powerful element of variation, and the earthquake-shocks were continued for at least a year afterwards.

The earthquake which happened in 1855, in New Zealand, about Wellington and both to the north and south of that town, had very similar characters; a great and injurious shock at Wellington, with local elevation of land there to the extent of four feet, while both to the north and the south the shock—"a swaying to and fro"—at Nelson and at Lyttelton, was productive of no change of level and was in fact harmless, except by the fright which it occasioned. One of the most remarkable phenomena was the total derangement of tide in Wellington Harbor. Every twenty minutes for eight hours succeeding the first shock, the water rose above the level of high-water mark, and receded again below low-water mark at spring-tide. There must have been successive oceanic waves from a point of disturbance in the sea, at a considerable distance.

Never, perhaps, was told a sadder tale than the story of the fearful earthquakes in Peru and Ecuador, by which in the year just ended twenty thousand persons lost their lives, property estimated at sixty millions was destroyed, the cities of Arequipa, Iquique, Africa, and many

* "Neapolitan Earthquake," vol. ii. p. 364.

others, were levelled with the ground, and war-ships and trading-vessels of different nations battered to pieces, or lifted by the waves and laid helpless upon the inland country. On the 13th of September we read the news, one month after the dreadful occurrence which ruined the strip of land at the western foot of the Andes, from Iburra in Equador to Iquique in Peru, twelve hundred miles in length.* And, more than this: Arequipa, far up the mountain-side, and Pasco, which surmounted a crest as high as the Jungfrau, and was surrounded by snowy summits heaped over volcanic fires, were shaken to ruin like the cities of the plain. Two minutes were enough for the fatal strokes which left a desolate waste in the place of prosperous towns; but shocks occurred as late as the 16th August, and at Quito till the 19th.

In the midst of distress and despair the descriptions are painfully true to the feeling of the moment, and very ill-fitted to meet the curiosity of science. It appears that the usual precursors were noticed; subterranean noises and slight tremors sent most of the people at once out of the houses; but immediately after the shock the sea was observed to be unusually high, having risen four feet above high-water mark, but gently, so as to do no damage. Suddenly it receded, uncovering the bay at Iquique to the depth of four fathoms; and then followed the influx of another wave, seen to approach from the open sea, a mass of dark-blue water, forty feet high, which rushed over the already ruined city, sweeping away in its return every trace of what had been a town. "No traces were left to tell the people where their houses formerly stood."† The Vice-Consul at Arica, alarmed with the first shock, rushed out of the house with his family and made for the high ground—in just terror of the expected sea-wave. Through the ruined town, amidst dead and dying, half-stifled with dust, they reached rising ground, and looked back to see a dreadful sequel—the sea rushed in, and left not a vestige remaining of the lower part of Arica. Six vessels were lost in the bay, or tossed over rocks and houses; one, the "Wanderer," U. S. gun-

boat, was whirled away from her moorings, and laid, a monument of watery power, without a broken spar or tarnished flag, high and dry on the sand-hills a quarter of a mile from the sea.

At Iquique one spectator saw the whole surface of the sea rise as if a mountain-side, actually standing up, and ran for his life to the Pampa. Too late! The waves swept him and all that once was Iquique towards the Pampa. Fighting with the dark water, amidst wreck and ruin of every kind, carried back into the bay, and again thrown back to the Pampa, wounded and half-naked, he crept for safety into a hole of the sand, and waited sadly for the dawn.

Inland the earth opened in all the plains around Arequipa; where Cotacachi stood is now a lake; old volcanoes burst forth. But there is no statement that this vast tremor has permanently raised or depressed any definite part of the whole coast of Peru or Equador. Nor will it be very easy to collect accurate information on this subject amidst the ruins of the coast.

The terrible wave which was seen from Arica to roll in and strike the mole to pieces, came probably from a line in the sea parallel to the coast, where the most violent subterranean disturbance happened. From this tract as a centre the agitated water flowed around in all directions: to Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, and California, passing in its course over one-fourth of the circuit—6500 miles by measure—and covering in surface one-eighth of the area of the globe.

At Arica and Iquique the earthquake was observed on the 13th of August at 5 P.M.; the water-wave was felt at Chatham Islands on the 15th, between 1 and 2 A.M., and on the coast of New Zealand at 3 or 4 A.M.; at Sydney it occurred at 2:30 A.M.; at Hilo, in the Sandwich Islands, it was felt on the 14th, 15th, and 16th; and at San Pedro, on the Californian coast, it was remarked on the 15th. If we take for computation the time's recorded at Arica and Chatham Islands (the epochs being given in hours and minutes), and correct for longitude and reckoning of the day of the month, we shall have the interval of time elapsed $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the distance 6300 miles, and the velocity in an hour above 400 miles,

* The movement in some way was felt from 8° S. to 42° S., and at Juan Fernandez.

† Captain Powell's Report to the Admiralty, dated 14th September

and in a minute above $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.* This velocity does not exceed the average movement of the great tide-wave in the open ocean and in deep water; the velocity of such "waves of translation" depends on the depth of water. If we had many careful notices of this kind, the mean depth of the sea might be estimated with considerable probability. The probable sea-depth over which the wave passed from Arica to New Zealand might be about four miles.

With one more example of earthquakes on a great scale connected with the grandest volcanic action known in the world, we may conclude this summary of facts, which it is for theory to explain. In March and April of last year the Sandwich Islands experienced frequent earth-shocks, and beheld amazing bursts of fire and currents of lava of prodigious extent. The whole Hawaiian Archipelago has been uplifted from the ocean by volcanic agency. Coral-beds exist in Molokai 500 feet above sea-level, and drift or sand-coral in Kauai, as much as 4000 feet above the sea. The seat of volcanic activity is apparently shifting, and certainly has shifted from N.W. to S.E.—much as we may remark of the Phlegrean fields and Vesuvius—the active craters pour forth unexampled floods of lava, which run down to the sea and form promontories and fill up bays. Thus from Hua-la-lai, in 1800, ran a stream of lava which filled a bay 20 miles long, and formed a headland running three or four miles into the ocean.

The Islands are not in general subject to violent earthquakes; protected to some extent by the very volcanoes which are the centres of the shocks, and safety-valves for the lands around them. These volcanoes exhibit the largest craters anywhere known on the earth; that of Kilhauea, 6000 feet above the sea on the eastern flank of the great snow mountain of Mauna Loa (13,500 feet), is 9 miles in circumference. The country for miles round Mauna Loa is one great field of

cinders. On the 27th of March Kilhauea had filled its huge crater with lava: on the 28th earthquakes began, of no particular force till the 2d of April, when houses were thrown down, and a great wave augmented the mischief. On the 7th of April a new crater opened in Mauna Roa. In many parts of Kau the ground has opened, chasms of unknown depth have been formed, whence sulphurous exhalations have issued; a fissure, some miles in length, has extended inland from the coast, and displaced, laterally, a public road by the space of its breadth. During the paroxysm of April 2 no living thing could stand. Objects were tossed about like india-rubber balls. In one district no stone was left upon another. Eruptions of moist red clay came from a fissure in Mauna in great abundance. Other fissures of great extent were visible in the volcanic ground—usually running in the direction of N. 36° E., and S. 36° W. The cloud of vapor over Kilhauea was visible 120 miles off under an angle of $3^\circ 30'$, which, allowing for 500 feet altitude of observer, indicates a height of nearly eight miles. 300 earthquake shocks were registered in five days, and continued to April 10: 1500 in all! The peculiar effects of the earthquake were very well observed; like a 20-inch shot well aimed under the bed—a continual swaying of the ground—frequent rushes of subterranean sound—impossibility of standing; before a person could think, he was prostrate, with his horse. The large stone church of Waiohinn went down at once—a sudden jerk, the walls crumbled in, the roof fell flat: all the work of 10 seconds.

The portions of the earth's surface which are known to be, or to have been, disturbed by earthquakes, are so great that it is not easy to point to more than a few large spaces of land which have not been shaken—or rather where earthquakes have not been recorded. In the broad oceans many parts are left without such notices; but as few of the islands in these waters are free from shocks, it is perhaps safe to admit nearly all the vast area of the sea as liable to the disturbance. The tracts of land which seem at the present time to enjoy immunity from this disorder, are nearly all Africa, except the northern and southern

* Arica is in longitude west from Greenwich 70° , August 13 being Thursday, counting westward from Europe; Chatham Islands in longitude east of Greenwich 183° , August 15 being Saturday, counting eastward from Europe. Therefore Greenwich time at Arica = 9 h. 40 m. P.M. 13th August, and at Chatham Islands = 1 h. 18 m. P.M. 14th August. Interval = 15 h. 38 m.—say $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

parts; great part of Northern Russia, both in Europe and in Asia; nearly all North America above the parallel of 50° , except the western shore; Greenland; Spitzbergen; all the broad area of drainage of the Amazons, Parana, and Paraguay; and great part of Australia. If our ignorance of the physical condition of several of these tracts should be removed the "seismic" area would probably be much enlarged.

On Mr. Mallet's map, which accompanies his "Catalogue of Earthquakes" ("British Association Reports," 1857), the seismic areas are tinted, and those parts most usually and severely shaken have the deepest tint. We may draw through this map long, but interrupted, lines of greater intensity, and one or two other lines along which no such action is perceived. Thus the Pyrenees, the Apennines, the Balkan, the Caucasus, are all points of intensity on a line of mountains, interrupted by seas and broad valleys. The estuaries of the Indus and the Ganges, the coasts of Siam and eastern China, constitute another but depressed continental, or rather littoral range.

Sumatra and the Indian Isles, the Philippines, Japan, the Kurilian Isles, Kamtschatka, and the Aleutian Isles, lead on to the point of Russian America, a long tract throughout the whole course actively volcanic.

The whole range of the Mexican, Peruvian, and Chilian mountains, the grand volcanic chain of the Andes, is one continuous earthquake region, extended with less violence into California and Patagonia, but branching off into the intensely agitated area of the Caribbean Sea and Islands.

Nearly all the islands of the Atlantic from Iceland to Tristan d'Acunha, several in the Indian Ocean, and most of those in the Pacific and South Sea, are to be counted among the points visited by earthquake, and they are nearly all volcanic, or have been formerly so.

The great centres of earthquakes in Europe may be marked as actively volcanic; Hecla, Vesuvius, *Ætna*, Elburz. In a large sense there appear to be three great tracts of ancient and modern seismic energy and volcanic violence, the region extending from old Auvergne and the Rheinthal through Italy and Sicily, the *Ægean* Sea, Asia Minor, and the

Caucasus—a region of min led mountains and seas and islands, from which one may imagine subterranean branches by North Ireland to Iceland, and by the Pyrenees and Lisbon to Madeira, Tenerife, and the Azores. In parts of this region the volcanoes have come to rest, and the earthquakes have diminished.

Earthquakes precede, accompany, and follow volcanic eruptions: they are locally prevalent in volcanic regions, and they are probably often occasioned by the same agency as that which uplifts the column of lava, and scatters its separated parts in dust and scorise. This agency is certainly steam; but there is something else required to allow of its action in volcanoes. There must be pre-existing fissures, and cavities in which water can be accumulated and steam generated, and communications from these to reservoirs of lava about the roots of a volcano. But it is remarkable that the centre of earthquake action does not in general coincide with the volcanic mountains to which it is adjacent; the area of earthquake movement is not usually expanded round Vesuvius, but springs from points somewhere under the limestone ranges of the Apennines, and spreads in circles or ellipses from thence; the most violent shocks on the Peruvian coast are found to be seated in the sea, though not very far from the shore; and, on the whole, it appears certain that fissures of considerable extent are produced under ground far away from volcanic vents. The production of such fissures would make an earthquake, and thus we arrive at the most general view which the subject admits of; first the rending and displacement of rock masses by internal unbalanced pressure, next the entry of water from the surface at some considerable depth, from which arises a primary shock, among the divided masses; the heating of the water and its flashing into steam, from which comes a secondary earthquake, and possibly in a volcanic district an eruption.

The grandest and most terrible manifestation of "Titanic" force in our planet has been very slow to surrender its secrets to the eager curiosity of science. Not that earthquakes are uncommon, for one is happening every week; or that they pass by unobserved

or unrecorded, for the literature of earthquakes is enormous; or that philosophy has been silent before the mysterious visitors, for no natural phenomena have been the subject of more free, not to say loose, speculation. The centres of Western civilization, clustered in the islands and round the shores of Greece and her colonies in Sicily, Magna Græcia, and Asia Minor, have always been, with the whole Mediterranean region, the uneasy bed of the giant of fire; and round the great volcanic vents of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, and the *Catæcecaumene*, both land and sea have been under perpetual warning to look out for the earthquake. But it comes so suddenly, passes so swiftly, and leaves marks of such doubtful meaning, that even now, with every help of advanced mechanism to record, and superior knowledge of nature to interpret the facts, we have only begun to grasp the laws, and must wait some time longer before giving to the telegraph-wire the signal of the expected arrival of the physical *Ennosigaios*.

The state of the knowledge of nature in different ages of the world's history is always represented in language suited to the ideas of directing power or inherent energy, contending force or settled laws of phenomena, which prevail at the time. To the terrified colonists of *Inarime*, whose walls were overthrown by earthquake, and themselves threatened by cloud and fire from the mountain, the traditions of their own *Ætna*, and the giant pressed beneath its burning load, might appear worthy of credit, when every form of natural power was personified in the struggle of earth and sky. When in the next stage of thought came the perception of fixed properties in matter, associated with distinct orders of operation, earth and air, and fire and water—rude and imperfect as the conceptions may appear to us now—were terms to which observation gradually attached larger meaning and more varied application, transforming them by degrees to general symbols, which represented properties really observed, or thought to be observed, in matter. In a few cases we perceive how the ancient myth became informed with higher meaning, as in the remarkable passage of *Strabo*, where this great *Plutonist* reads, in the words of *Pindar*, a grand philosoph-

ical conception of the cavernous, submarine, and subterranean realm of fire,

"Where shaggy-breasted Typhon lay,
From sea-girt *Cuma* to *Trinacria's* bay."

When *Aristotle* began to write on natural events, he was aware that the earth contained within itself sources of heat and water, of which some were withdrawn from human observation, but others had breathing apertures and channels of vapor; while in particular places—as *Lipari*, *Ætna*, and the *Æolian Islands*—rivers of fire flowed out, and ferruginous masses were tossed into the air (*De Mundo*). He knew also that in *Hiera*, one of the *Æolian Islands*, the ground was raised into a hill, with violent noise, and then broke and gave vent to fiery showers of ashes, which overwhelmed the town of *Lipara*, and reached the cities of Italy. To explain these facts he quotes three hypotheses, proposed by three philosophers of note—*Anaxagoras* of *Clazomenæ*, preceded by *Anaximenes* of *Miletus*, and followed by *Democritus* of *Abdera*. These philosophers he declares to be in error. *Anaxagoras* is not allowed to move the earth by means of ether, which has somewhere got into its hollows, and naturally tends to rise upwards; nor is *Democritus* successful in attempting to shake the land by means of rain descending into its cavities, and falling from one hollow to another; nor yet *Anaximenes*, who contemplates the earth as subject to dryings and moistenings, which produce fractures, displacements, and shocks. He then proposes his own theory—if we employ this term for a mere guess—that wind, with its unequalled power of movement, and not earth or water, is the cause we are seeking. Wind, having flowed inwardly, if it chance to be exhaled outwardly, is the cause of earthquake. What did *Aristotle* mean by the word "*εὐσμία*"? Probably what *Seneca* and *Virgil* meant by the word "*ventus*," indicated by the bellows of the interior of the earth; for, as they supposed, by no other agent could we have the effects we perceive:—

"Sub pedibus mugire solum, et juga celsa moveri."

Pliny is of the same mind: "*ventos in causa esse non dubium reor*"—"incluso spiritu luctante et ad libertatem exire nitente."

And so our own poet:—

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of eolic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement striv-
ing,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers."—*Hen. IV.*

Nevertheless, we are making progress—"ventus, spiritus, *πνεῦμα*"—the respiration of nature, a little troubled by coughing instead of the hard breathing of the Titan explains the commotion of Italy and Cilicia. Some pervading medium, received into cavities of the earth, and there exerting a great elastic force analogous to what is manifested by wind. This idea, not expressed according to our formulæ, had relieved Typhœus and dethroned the Earthshaker.

Earthquakes are now frequent in all the countries where Greece had spread her colonists. They must have been very common in the days before Aristotle, to make it possible for him to classify their different aspects and effects under general titles, and to collect the facts in a form suited for induction. By considering his efforts in these directions we shall see, better than in any other way, the state of knowledge of the period. His classes of earthquakes are six:—"Epiclintæ," which move obliquely and shake the ground at acute angles; "Brastæ," whose motion bursts upward at right angles; "Chasmatisæ" cause the ground to sink in hollows; such as make fissures and raise up the earth are called "Rhectæ," and they toss up wind-gusts, stones, and mud, or cause springs to break forth where none were before; "Ostæ" overthrow with one thrust; "Palmasæ" shake from side to side, displacing and replacing, with a sort of tremor.

Philosophy was becoming serious in Italy, when Monte Nuovo rose out of the trembling shore near Pozzuoli, and the sea retired from the elevated land (1538). In the contemporary notice of that event by Marco Antonio Delli Falconi, we find the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes united as due to one general cause; and one of the first effects of eruption noticed was the ejection of mud composed of ashes, of which, indeed, according to another writer of the same date, Giacomo de Toledo, the greater part of the cone (440 feet high) was composed. The idea of a communication by subterra-

nean channels from the sea to the base of the volcano was thus brought to view, and has since never been lost sight of.

When Stukeley wrote his *Essays in the "Philosophical Transactions,"* London and the midland counties of England were disturbed by unusual terrors: churches lost their congregations in 1750, and a piece of the great limestone cliff of Hambleton Hill, in Yorkshire, more than 1000 feet above the sea, fell down, in 1755, and made a white scar visible at a great distance. In this year happened that great tremor of the earth which destroyed Lisbon, injured all Portugal, and terrified all Europe. To account for such wide-spread effects by puffs of imprisoned wind was too much for a man of strong though not very well trained thought; and Stukeley has at least the merit of perceiving that what was felt was really "a tremor of the earth,—of the surface of the earth," and to be explained as a vibration in a solid, not affecting a great depth, and on this account he thought it comparable to the phenomena then coming into notice as electric discharges.

At last began, about one hundred years ago, something like a philosophical inquiry on the phenomena of volcanoes by a competent person. The Rev. John Mitchell, of Cambridge, a distinguished magnetician and an excellent geologist, beyond the measure of that day, applied himself to the problem of the earthquake. First, he had to sweep away the notions of atmospheric influences, calms, winds, tidal phases, and lunar aspects; and then to class the phenomena according to some real relations. The relations he chose were geographical and geological, and to these he joined the consideration of undulatory and vibratory motion, and velocity of wave-transit.

The very mention of such terms shows that we have reached the era of inductive science, and may follow its steps with confidence. Mitchell was in full possession of the mechanical philosophy of his time, well acquainted with the power of steam, and perfectly aware, better than any other man in these islands, that the earth contained a real succession of strata, once deposited in the sea, but now raised into dry land. He had studied volcanoes, and knew that their eruptions were accompanied by earthquakes; but he thought these

might be often produced by other definite causes.

The crust of the earth stratified, as we have said, is known to be formed of discontinuous parts, especially in the horizontal direction, and broken by innumerable fissures, large and small. Through these—not usually in a direct, but by many indirect channels—water from the surface can pass and does pass downwards into regions where beds of rock or lava exist in a state of incandescence. There steam must be generated, expansive power goes with it, and the earth trembles and undulates to the shock; trembles through its substance by a real vibration, undulates as a yielding mass over the elastic “vapor,” which, forcing its way between the strata, sets the upper parts in motion. The undulation once begun in such an elastic vapor would continue for a time in waves growing larger and larger, but also lower and lower, till they came to rest like waves in air.

Such, in few words, is the theory of Mitchell; nor did the accomplished author omit to test it by reference to sea-waves and land-shocks, having regard to direction and velocity of movement, or to examine into the probable methods of determining the depth of the “earthquake focus.” This remarkable Essay furnished a basis for observations and a standpoint for speculations, of which physicists on the one hand and geologists on the other took immediate advantage. The velocities of earth-movement began to be registered, the directions of shock studied and compared, the local facts collected into systematic review; the theory might be wrong, but it suggested the methods of discovering a true one. Geology seemed to find in this kind of earthquake a cause of earth-fracture, which, if the scale could be enlarged, would produce fissures and faults, and raise and depress large tracts of the surface of the globe.

Among the latest and most conspicuous followers of Mitchell were the two eminent geologists and physicists of North America, Professors William and Henry Rogers. Familiar with the great and numerous parallel flexures of the Alleghany Mountains, and seeing on their eastern flanks abundant proofs of great heat-action at some former time and at some great depth, they formed

the idea of the folding of the strata, and the uplifting of the land there by great movements depending on the undulation of a fluid below the crust. They suppose all earthquakes to consist in oscillations of the earth’s crust, propagated with extreme rapidity: and they ascribe this movement to a sudden change of vertical pressure on the surface of an interior fluid mass of lava, throwing it into wave-like undulations.* What Mitchell and Rogers meant by undulation of the fluid which was believed to underlie the earth’s crust will be understood by a simple experiment. Take a piece of thin flexible cloth, a few yards long and three or four feet wide, and lay it on the ground; then first holding and raising the end which is nearest, strike the cloth downward with one impulse: the air will move away from the stroke in one wave and travel under the cloth, which it raises parallel to itself till the motion comes to an end. This is a wave of motion transferred through air, under a yielding surface of restraint. If the earth’s crust were very flexible and rested on a perfect fluid, a wave generated in that fluid would have a long career of motion.

But the crust is a resisting solid, and the lava below it is not a perfect fluid. If, instead of the thin, flexible cloth, one less yielding be substituted, greater force will be required and the wave will sooner come to an end. If there be very little flexibility in the surface of restraint, the wave, whatever force be used, soon becomes insensible.

The earth’s crust is such a restraining body, flexible, certainly, but in a small degree, and of great thickness. Under these conditions it seems inconceivable that undulations of a subjacent vapor or liquid could become sensible over such great distances as earthquakes are known to travel. Again, lava is not such a fluid as, under any conditions of interior heat compatible with a solid earth-crust, to be capable of propagating such sharp undulations as are in question; nor is steam to be regarded as an elastic wedge fit to lift up and let down laminæ of rock some miles in thickness and hundreds of miles in extent.

(To be concluded.)

* “Reports of the British Association,” 1842.

RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES OF THE EAST.

THIS want of a large central population was an insuperable difficulty in the case of the Persians to the establishment of an enduring empire. In modern times nations are always strongest in defensive warfare. However weak a country may be in offensive warfare, the whole strength of the nation is called forth when the country is invaded by a hostile army. The opposition is so general, that at every stage the invading force is weakened by the necessity of guarding his communications; while the defensive force is increased, rallying in defence of the capital. And the larger the nation, the greater is the opposition which the invader has to encounter. Hence, as the nations of Europe increase in population, or aggregate themselves in great kingdoms, the greater becomes the obstacle to conquest, and hence the less temptation is there for war; so that ere long we may hope to see each nation in Europe so strong, that wars will die out, and be succeeded by a reign of peace. But the ancient Persian empire was a mere hollow shell. Its resisting power was greatest at the circumference; and if the invader defeated the forces brought against him at the frontier, he found the power of resistance decline as he advanced. Province after province submitted to the conqueror, not only with no thought of attacking his forces even in the case of subsequent defeat, but he could even strengthen his army (if he saw fit) by drawing re-enforcements from the population that had previously owned allegiance to the Great King. When the heart of the empire was approached, one-half of the military resources of the Great King had vanished; and although, like Darius at Arbela, he could still muster a formidable army from the home provinces and the eastern countries of the empire, if the fortunes of battle should again prove adverse to him all would be lost. The invader found no further opposition before him; there was no nucleus to the empire—not even a single great fortified city; and the remainder of the empire submitted to the power which had established itself in the capital. This was not the case with the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian empires, each of which had a strong central

power of resistance. In fact, in regard to this central weakness, the Persian empire was without a parallel in the history of great States,—the nearest parallel to it being the Roman empire; but the empire of the Cæsars, the growth of centuries, was far more firmly knit together than the Persian, and to the last, the city of Rome itself made a stout resistance to the foe, although devoid of the vast mural defences of the Semitic capitals of Nineveh and Babylon.

But in offensive warfare the power of the Persian kings, compared with that of the rest of the world, was enormous—we may say unequalled either in ancient or modern times. The empire, when completed by the first Darius, comprised at least forty millions of inhabitants,—a population immensely surpassing that of any other contemporaneous kingdom of the world, and compared with which the population of Greece or of any other adjoining Power was but as a drop alongside of the ocean. Imperial Rome at the highest point of her power never mustered forces for offensive warfare equal in magnitude to those which the Persian Kings led into and beyond the farthest points of their far-spreading dominions. While providing the usual garrisons for all parts of his dominions, the Great King could easily muster half a million of effective combatants for the purpose of foreign conquest. Napoleon the Great, with nearly three-fourths of Europe at his back, could muster no larger force than this for the invasion of Russia. But Xerxes, when engaging in a parallel enterprise, led an army of nearly two millions of soldiers out of Asia into Greece,—connecting the continents by a highway across the Dardanelles, cutting a canal across the isthmus of Mount Athos for the convenience of his vast fleet, and in every respect making the most perfect arrangements for the advance of this immense host into the enemy's country.

Indeed, in regard to transport and commissariat—the prime requisites of success in offensive warfare—the military organization of Persia has never been surpassed in the history of the world. With all our improvements in the means

of locomotion, even with the aid of our roads and railways, no modern Power has ever exhibited the spectacle of an army of two millions, or even half that number, marched to a vast distance from the heart of the empire, with an adequate system of transport and commissariat. The Persian kings again and again, and with perfect success, marched large armies across the wide desert of Upper Asia to the shores of the Aral Sea, and to the edge of the desert of Cobi, or through the mountains of Affghanistan into India, or through Syria across the desert into Egypt, or across the Bosphorus and Danube into Russia, or lastly, on the grandest scale, across the Hellespont, down through the thinly peopled districts of the Grecian peninsula to Athens and the Isthmus of Corinth. Would it not puzzle any Power of the present day to find transport and supplies for an army of two millions engaged in such an enterprise? Doubtless, those Persian hosts did not demand food-supplies so solid and dainty as are looked for now; but at least the food must have been as great in *bulk* as now; besides, after making every allowance for the smaller food-requirements in these ruder times, our superiority in roads and railways must make it much easier to maintain large armies at a distance from the base of their operations than it was in those early times. Nevertheless no subsequent Power has ever done in this respect what was done by the Persians. We pride ourselves on the Abyssinian expedition, as the most perfectly executed enterprise of the age, although we carried only 10,000 men a distance of 400 miles. How should we feel if we had to send 100,000 men from our Indian frontier across the mountains and deserts to the Sea of Aral, or even the Caspian? Yet the Persian kings made numerous expeditions of this kind with perfect success. In truth, only once do we hear of the Persian commissariat failing—namely, in Cambyse's reckless invasion of Ethiopia. The administrative talent required to accomplish such results is truly wonderful, especially when it is remembered that the Persian expeditions were not mere flights of horse, like the Mongolian invasions, but solid enterprises carried on by

armies in which the proportion of infantry to cavalry was as great as in modern European warfare.

In no empire, either of ancient or modern times, did luxury, conjoined with unchecked power on the part of the kings, produce such rapid and ruinous effects as in Persia. The conquests of the first monarchs—Cyrus, Cambyse, and Darius—laid the world at the feet of their successors. The revenue, and sometimes the plunder, of the Eastern world flowed into their exchequer; every province sent its daintiest produce to the Court; and the fairest damsels of the empire were at the pleasure of the sovereign. Nor was there any effective check upon his conduct. As already stated, the empire sprang so rapidly into its full magnitude, that there was not time for the development of any solidly organized classes or influences which could form a check upon the throne. There was no venerated priestly and learned class, as in Babylon and Egypt; no organized aristocracy, acting together as a recognized power in the State: even Law itself was too weak to be a check upon the monarch. Law and Loyalty can exist in due force only when they are surrounded and supported by the reverence which attaches to institutions of long standing—institutions which have grown with the growth of the people, and which are respected, not merely for their present usefulness or expediency, but also because of the approving verdict of past generations. All this was wanting in ancient Persia. Everything was new; and the empire fell before solid institutions of any kind could be established. In the early times of all nations, the kings themselves were the chief makers of the law, the chief organizers of society; and in the marvellous circumstances of their position, it is not to be wondered at, that the later Persian kings cared less for the establishment of law and social organization than for the indulgence of their own will and pleasure.

Cyrus and Darius were truly great men, earnest and magnanimous in their desire to rule for the welfare of their empire. And Cambyse, whose short reign intervened between those great founders of the Persian power, was too much en-

gaged in his father's policy of extending the empire to find time for much personal luxury and indulgence. But even in his case the legal and moral code of the country (if we can apply that term to mere prevalent sentiments) was violated, alike by his murder of his brother Smerdis, and by his incestuous marriage with his sister Atossa. In the reign of Darius's son and successor (Xerxes) luxury and corruption thoroughly invaded the Court, and never afterwards abandoned it. In his later years, when he relapsed into ignoble ease, after the failure of his great expedition against Greece, "he permitted himself the free indulgence of illicit passion among the princesses of the court, the wives of his own near relatives." With the establishment of a seraglio, eunuchs became part of the royal household, and made great mischief by their natural pitilessness and love of intrigue. The want of a solid political organization of recognized forces around and supporting the dynasty, and of a firmly established order of succession, led to frequent murders of his brothers by a new king, and in like manner to royal assassinations. Cambyses, as a precautionary measure, caused his brother Smerdis to be killed, and, when a usurping impostor seized his throne, he killed himself. Xerxes killed his brother and a number of his nephews, and was himself murdered by the chief of the guard and a eunuch, who held the office of royal chamberlain. Artaxerxes was attacked by his younger brother Cyrus, who fell in the battle of Cunaxa. Xerxes II. was killed, after a brief reign of forty-five days, by his half-brother Sogdianus, who in turn was killed by another half-brother—Darius Nothus. Ochus made a wholesale slaughter of his royal relatives, and was at last poisoned by his prime-minister, Bagoas; and Arses, who succeeded to the throne, was likewise murdered by the same ambitious minister.

It must be allowed that, with a few exceptions, the Persian monarchs were unfortunate in their wives and female relatives,—in great part, doubtless, owing to the bad example which they themselves set. Xerxes' wife, Amestris, was a female fiend; and the murder of the king's brother and nephews was mainly

due to her, as was also the execution of Inarus in the reign of Artaxerxes, when Amestris held the potent position of queen-mother. In fact "she sported with the lives of his subjects." She was also a person of dissolute habits; and her daughter Amytis was a shameless example of incontinence. Again, the great curse of the reign of Artaxerxes II. was the queen-mother, Parysatis. "This monster of cruelty held Artaxerxes in a species of bondage during almost the whole of his long reign, and acted as if she were the real sovereign of the country. She encouraged Cyrus in his treason, and brought to most horrible ends all those who had been prominent in frustrating it. She poisoned Statira (the king's wife) out of hatred and jealousy, because she had a certain degree of influence over her husband. She encouraged Artaxerxes to contract an incestuous marriage with her daughter Atossa—a marriage which proved a fertile source of further calamities." Such a succession of royal murders and assassinations, of incest and license, cannot be paralleled in the code of any other dynasty during the same number of years; and it may be wholly traced to the influence of luxury, combined with an undeveloped political system and irresponsible power on the part of the monarch.

The Persian nation—as might be expected of a people which so rapidly achieved the conquest of the world—possessed many high excellences of character. Alike in morals, in religion, and in military qualities, they were superior to any other Asiatic nation of their time; and in religion, certainly, if not also in morals, they were superior to the Greeks—the only portion of the European population which had then attained to civilization. Judging from the sculptures which have survived the destructive agencies of time and of many desolating conquests, the physical appearance of the Persians was handsome and stately. Cyrus, the founder of the empire, and Darius Codomannus, with whose death the dynasty and empire perished, were remarkable for their personal beauty and manly vigor. The hair of the Persian chiefs is almost always represented as worn in close crispy curls; but whether this curliness was na-

tural in any case, or was simply an artificial way of dressing it, or a conventional way of representing it, is not certain. The peculiar feature of the Persian face was the straight nose, which distinguished it from the curved, semi-Jewish nose of the Assyrians. The face also was less fleshy than that of the Semitic Assyrians; and the whole appearance of the head approached more nearly to the handsome Greek type than to that of any other race. We may add that another point of resemblance between the Persians and the Greeks was the peculiar character of their pillared architecture, in which the subsequent Greek type is very noticeable.

Originally, and under the early monarchs of the empire, the national mode of living was remarkably temperate. The diet was simple, and the only beverage in daily use was water. Like most highland nations, the Persians were brave, hardy, and temperate. In later times, however, conviviality, or rather the use of intoxicating liquors, was carried to excess. The royal banquets often ended in a pretty general intoxication. Moreover, we are told that, in the case of any grave dilemma, or perhaps on every important family event, it was customary for all the members of the family to assemble at a banquet or dinner-party, and, while deciding upon the question, to get drunk. This sounds very shocking, and is really very barbarous; nevertheless, has it not had its parallel among the social usages of our country, even in recent times? Not to speak of the Irish "wake,"—the social ceremony over the dead, at which the relatives drown their grief (whether real or supposed) by drinking to excess,—the time is not remote when, both in Scotland and England, drinking to excess at dinner-parties was the fashion; for a man to be able to carry so many bottles of wine under his belt was really a claim to distinction, while the weaker vessels were stigmatized as milksops—as men who were not able to rise to the height of social civilization, and were still only fit to imbibe the simple beverage which mortals drink when first ushered into the world.

The Persian boy was taken from his mother's care at the age of six, and thereafter was trained in horsemanship (to which special attention was paid; and

to the last the Persian cavalry contended on pretty equal terms with the famous Thessalian horse), in military exercises, especially the use of the bow, and was taught hardihood and familiarity with danger in the pursuits of the chase, and to undergo much hard work with little food. Literature formed no part of their training, although, doubtless, all the leading men could read and write. In religion they were taught in simple fashion the Zoroastrian creed; and, above all things, to speak the truth. Truth was so highly venerated, that the first Darius can find no worse term than "lies" for the Magian heresy introduced by the pseudo Smerdis. So simple and straightforward was the spirit of the Persians, that on principle they eschewed all the pursuits of trade; they held them in contempt, as tending to beget a spirit of chicanery and fraud—the buyer or seller naturally trying to overreach, and to put a false value on goods, with a view to their own profit. The conduct of the Persian kings, compared with that of their Assyrian predecessors, was very clement and humane. They were never harsh to the conquered, unless provoked by some acts of treason of special gravity. Conquered kings or princes were well treated; and although it was usual to put to death (by crucifixion) any traitor-chief who rose in serious rebellion,—a custom substantially in use in Europe even at the present day,—this seems to have been done mainly as a terror to evil-doers, and as the most patent means of showing to the public that the rebellion was at an end. The royal policy of Persia was, in the main, honest and magnanimous; and although, after the defeats of Xerxes, it wisely had recourse to diplomacy, to weaken the power of Greece by setting one state against another, the cases in which perfidy was employed (as during the retreat of the Ten Thousand) were exceedingly rare. Indeed, when the Egyptian king Inarus, who had risen in revolt, was put to death (through the influence of the vicious queen-mother), in violation of the royal promise, the crime was resented as so unusual and base, that the Satrap of Syria, who had taken part in giving the royal promise of mercy, actually revolted against the king for this violation of his pledge.

The religion of the ancient Persians

was in marked contrast to that of their Semitic neighbors in the Mesopotamian valley. It was a Monotheism, theirs was a Polytheism. It was spiritual and supersensual; theirs was, in the main, materialistic. The principle of Dualism in the Persian creed drew a strongly marked line between good and evil; the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians, being based upon Nature as it is, tended to obliterate that distinction. It is a mistake to suppose that Monotheism was a natural and exclusive product of the Semitic mind. The Jews, indeed, were Monotheists from the first—Abraham brought with him that high faith when he emigrated from the banks of the lower Euphrates; and the Arabian religion of Mahomet, which was adopted by, or enforced upon, all the Semitic populations of that time (then greatly diminished in numbers) was likewise purely Monotheistic. But in the earlier civilization of the Semites, in Babylon and Nineveh, a very different creed prevailed. Nor must we too hastily scorn them on this account. It would be an error to suppose that they wilfully adopted a false religion, or that they were insensible to the religious spirit. The Assyrians, in truth, appear to have been a deeply religious people. Their kings reigned "by the grace of God," and they owned the fact much more than even Christian kings do nowadays. They gave praise to their supreme deity for all their successes in war, and they raised costly temples for themselves and their people to worship in. They were ever ready to go in sackcloth and ashes, and to fast along with their people, when an inspired stranger came amongst them proclaiming the judgments of heaven against them if they did not repent of their sins. The older Babylonian race also were very religious in their way,—although in later times (during which alone we get any glimpse of their religion) in a lesser degree than the Assyrians, owing to the Materialism which tends to predominate in all old States, especially among a commercial people. The primeval revelation had been lost, and the Babylonians (from whom the Assyrians took their religion, but in a sterner and purer form) had to grope in the dark. The religious element increased with their growth in civilization,

until it attained a more predominant place in the national life—with more splendid temples and a more learned and revered hierarchy—than in any other nation except the Egyptians. But it is doubtful if the Babylonian religion did not become worse from the fruits of knowledge than when, even in its earliest stage, it was the offspring of gross ignorance. "Vice is better than ignorance," said Buckle, during the last year of his life, when visiting Egypt; and, according to this principle of judgment, he must have approved the later Babylonian worship relatively to its earlier form. "Whatever is, is right," is another modern maxim which seems to have been followed by the Babylonian priesthood, the modifiers from time to time of the national faith. In truth, the Babylonian religion showed what human development must come to, or at least tends to become, when left helpless without the aid of revelation. The Babylonians took Nature as it is. They seem, it is true, to have recognized a power—the supreme God—above Nature; but, in default of a revelation, they took Nature in all her features as the only and true indication of the Divine mind. They even subordinated or violated some of the better instincts of human nature out of deference to the phenomena of Nature as a whole. Whatever is chief in Nature, came ultimately to hold a chief place in their worship; while hardly anything (so far as we can now judge) which had a place in Nature was prohibited by their religion. In this way the line between good and evil, although, doubtless, sharply drawn in politics, and in ceremonial observances affecting the priesthood, practically disappeared in morals. A fearful error, from which the Persians remained free, as long as they maintained the Zoroastrian faith, which, while acknowledging the principle of evil in nature, exhorted all true believers to the combat of the evil principle as their best worship of the Supreme.

The ancient Semitic religion, which was gradually developed in Babylonia, in substance resembled that of Egypt, and in a lesser degree that of Greece. Many deities were worshipped; some of them apparently mortals, who came to be regarded as gods, as tradition and

superstition gradually invested them with divine attributes. Asshur, the founder of the Assyrian race or dynasty, became the chief god at Nineveh; and some of the earlier Babylonian deities (for example, the Fish-god, to whom they attributed their first knowledge of the arts) were doubtless of human origin. Nebo was apparently the god of war as well as the symbol of physical strength—Mars and Hercules in one; though whether he was merely a principle, like Mars, or a deified mortal, like Hercules, cannot now be determined. It is only just to say that the highest god, Bel, while chiefly representing the sun, was regarded also in a higher light, as the Supreme God, the creator and ruler of all. Indeed, it is probable that among the priesthood—a learned and numerous class, the depositaries of the accumulated wisdom of centuries—the ideas in regard to the Supreme Being were of a higher kind than those prevalent among the Greeks—with the exception of Plato and other isolated thinkers, some of whom, like Pythagoras, appear to have derived their higher creed from the Babylonian priesthood. But the order of deities was by no means rigidly established in Babylonia, at least as regards the public worship. The chief god was changed at times, owing to royal inclination or caprice,—some of the lower gods being raised into the first place by particular kings, who built costly temples to the special object of their worship: and the worship of the people, doubtless, followed the royal example.

But, however much the priesthood may have recognized a Supreme Being above all creation, the Babylonian religion was essentially a Nature-worship, like nearly all other unrevealed religions. Like those of Egypt and of Greece, but unlike that of Persia, the Babylonian religion was not the result of a real or even supposed revelation, but grew up by successive stages; new deities being added from time to time, and some cities specially worshipping one god of its choice in preference to the others. As usual in all natural religions, the Babylonian festivals were doubtless regulated by the phenomena of nature, and especially by the seasons, the turn of the day in winter, the budding-time, the

crown of the year at midsummer and harvest. The worst feature of Babylonian worship was the adoration of the sexual principle. The sexual principle appears in nature as the grand and sole agent of creation; and creation is the most striking feature of Deity. The worship of the bull in south-western Asia and in Egypt was an embodiment of this idea,—the bull being taken as the best symbol of creative energy. The tree and the pomegranate, which figure prominently among the religious symbols of Assyria, appear likewise to have been symbols of this worship. Indeed, in some parts of Syria the phallus itself appears to have been used as a symbol of this worship, as it has been from ancient times in India. In many cases this adoration of the sexual principle in nature does not appear to have been attended with any impure rites. This was the case in Egypt; and at the present day in India, while garlands are placed on the pillar or *lingam*, no impure thoughts are connected with the worship or the idol. But in Babylonia the case was different. At first, probably,—judging by inference we may say certainly,—there were no impure rites; but by-and-by the priesthood seem to have made use of their power to indulge their passions. In truth, in the case of an irresponsible priesthood, as in that of an absolute monarch, unchecked power always leads to its abuse. The kings levied damsels to fill their seraglio; and the priesthood, under the guise of religious ceremonies, contrived to use their power in a similar way. In neither case does there appear to have been any opposition on the part of the public. In those times the luxury of the seraglio, and the chance of winning the royal favor, were regarded as sufficient attractions; and the Babylonian priesthood taught the people to regard this worship of Bel as an honorable duty. The influence of this vicious rite in course of time imbued and demoralized the sentiments of the whole people. And then the priesthood modified their system in accordance with “the spirit of the age.” They established the worship of Nana, the terrestrial Venus and Cybele in one, which ere long surpassed all others in popularity. In this way, in ad-

dition to the previous rite of Bel, a daily lascivious rite was invented for the people. Every woman once in her life (apparently either before or after marriage) was bound to repair to the temple of Beltis, and there accept the embraces of whoever first claimed her by throwing a small coin into her lap. It was prostitution made part of the national religion. The condition of public feeling and opinion must have been wholly depraved, not merely in religious belief, but socially. Herodotus, it is true, says that the Babylonian women were nevertheless remarkable for chastity,—which would be incredible, even if it were not contradicted by the statements of other historians. Doubtless in this, as in some other ancient usages, which are so repulsive that they appear to us insupportable, alleviations were found for this great shame; seeing that the women could always arrange with husband, lover, or betrothed to meet and claim her. But despite all this, human nature stands aghast at such a system. It shows how the worship of Nature alone may lead to deductions in every respect destructive not merely of true religion, but of morality, and (one would think) even of society itself. Never elsewhere in the world has society thus embraced its own enemy, its opposite; marriage being indispensable to the welfare and existence of society, even if no Divine decree had been revealed enjoining its sanctity.

When such was the Babylonian religion, no words are needed to show the great gain to the world which flowed from the rise of the Persian power, and the supplanting of this corrupt civilization by the Zoroastrian faith, by far the purest in the ancient world. Strange as it may seem, considering the late period at which the Medo-Persian race appeared on the world's stage, their religion was almost as old as that of Babylon itself. They inherited it from the West Aryan stock, of which they were the latest branches. And, unlike that of Babylonia and Egypt, their creed took a full-grown shape at once. It was established by Zoroaster, apparently while the Aryans were still in Bactria. The primitive religion of the Aryans was a simple worship of the elements, such as is shown in the earlier

hymns of the Vedas. But Zoroaster, a saintly recluse, saw visions, and heard a voice speaking to him in the solitude, and this voice he regarded as that of the Most High; it seemed to him a revelation from God to man. Upon this revelation was based the West Aryan religion, which the Medes and Persians carried with them in their westward migration to the plateau of Iran. Instead of taking Nature as she is, Zoroaster divided her phenomena into two opposite classes,—ascribing the good and the evil in the world to the agency of two great yet subordinate Spirits, to whom the Supreme Being delegated his powers of creation. Above all creation was the Supreme; behind all visible creation were two great Spirits, lieutenants of the Most High,—Ormuzd the Good, and Ahriman the Evil. The work of creation was carried on by those two rival Spirits, each seeking perpetually to counteract the operations and influences of the other. But Ormuzd was the Superior; he took the initiative in creating the worlds, while for Ahriman was reserved the negative part of spoiling his work as far as was permitted.

This was the way in which the hard problem of the origin of evil was solved by Zoroaster. He believed that there was an evil spirit perpetually striving to spoil the fair world created by Ormuzd; and he called upon all true believers to aid in supporting Ormuzd and baffling Ahriman. Thus the Zoroastrian faith, unlike nearly all other Pagan religions, was no indolent acceptance of what is, but a perpetual fight for the good, a ceaseless crusade against evil. It was an energetic, a militant faith; and it found apt disciples in the chivalrous and warlike race of the Medo-Persians. Indeed, the dominating spirit in that people, ambitious of conquest, may itself be traced in some degree to their religious beliefs. They regarded all the outlying world where Nature-worship prevailed as a realm of darkness, the domain of Ahriman; and conquest with them, at least under their first kings, was not merely an extension of their empire, but a triumph which they won for Ormuzd over his antagonist. Of the Supreme Being Zoroaster says little; to him the Supreme was, if not an abstraction, at least an impersonal Power, looming in the

background of all existence, rather than directly controlling its operations. And in the public worship of the Persians he had no place. Ormuzd, his vicegerent, the good creator, was the supreme (we may say the only) object of their worship; and in so far as any reverence was paid to other powers, it was to some of the good spirits who were the servants of and co-operators with Ormuzd. Ahriman was simply a negative power of whom the Persians hardly spoke; and although it seems that, in one case at least, he was made the object of propitiatory worship, he certainly figures much more prominently in the creed of Zoroaster than in the thoughts of the people. The mass of mankind never trouble themselves about recondite questions, such as the origin of evil, important as these are in the sight of the philosopher, and deeply absorbing to many earnest seekers after truth. Ormuzd was practically God to the Persians; and as such he was the object of the national worship.

We have said that the religion of the Persians was pure and spiritual, compared with that of other pagan nations; it was supersensual, in contrast with the materialism of Nature-worship. And this fact is well shown, among other things, by the emblem of Deity adopted by the Zoroastrians. In Babylon, Egypt, and other countries, the chief symbol of the Deity was the bull, the ram, or other objects representing the principle of fecundity, of materialistic creation as it exists in mundane nature. But with the Persians the emblem of Deity was fire,—the most ethereal of the elements, the most energetic, and the most purifying. In the royal palaces, and in various parts of the country, chiefly on hill-tops, small altars were erected upon which fire was kept perpetually burning, in homage to the supreme spiritual power of the universe, and as a perpetual symbol to the people of his presence. The Persian worship was severely simple—bald and meagre compared even with our new school of Ritualistic Protestants, not to speak of the sumptuous worship of pagan Babylon and Egypt. Although Professor Rawlinson does not entirely accept the statement of Herodotus, that the Persians erected no temples and worshipped the Supreme simply beneath the vault of

heaven, regarding all nature as his temple, we see no reason to doubt—and our author does not question the fact—that this was the usual and prevalent form of Persian worship. Sacrifices of animals were offered upon, or rather beside, the small fire-altars; but even sacrifices appear to have held a subordinate part in the Persian worship, which chiefly consisted in maintaining the sacred fire and chanting hymns of praise and thanksgiving to Ormuzd. And here we may add, that in the case of those sacrifices, as in that of the hecatombs of oxen and sheep mentioned in early Greek writings, as, indeed, generally among other nations, the sacrifice was not really a waste or simple destruction; only a portion of the fat was consumed on the altar,—the rest of the offering being consumed by the priesthood and the worshippers. It was a *largesse* to the priesthood, and a banquet to the relatives of the offerer or to the general public. Apart from the shedding of blood, the offering of life, which only in some cases was reckoned as the prime element of sacrifice, the procedure may be likened to the ordinary practice in the English Church of taking the alms or offertory of the congregation and laying it on the altar, before appropriating it to the purposes of religion or of charity.

In art and science the Persians did not excel,—chiefly, no doubt, from the shortness of their national life. In this respect they were far inferior to their Semitic neighbors in the Mesopotamian valley. The Babylonians, and in a lesser degree the Assyrians, excelled in all the arts and sciences known to the ancient world. Astronomy was carried to a high degree of perfection at Babylon; and the unbelief of the late Sir Cornewall Lewis on this point (as indeed on many other matters) shows only that scepticism has illusions of its own quite as marked as those which attend the opposite spirit of credulity. The Babylonians knew the orbits of the planets, they observed and studied the stars in their courses, they took note of comets, and calculated eclipses. In practical geometry and engineering skill—especially as applied to irrigation, the embanking of rivers, the cutting of canals, and the construction of reservoirs which might neutralize excessive inundations and in-

sure a steady supply of water for cultivation—they displayed powers not only higher than those of any other ancient nation save the Egyptians, but than have ever been exhibited by European nations until the present century. In the building of cities also—and probably in the organization of great urban communities—they were masters. We know little of Thebes and Memphis, and of the other ancient cities of Egypt, but they do not appear to have equalled Babylon and Nineveh, which in their buildings and in population were the greatest cities of the ancient world. Rome, at her heyday, under the Cæsars, although far surpassing those old Semitic capitals in beauty of architecture, was inferior to them both in population and in the important point of defence. Rome never possessed the enormous mural defences of Nineveh and Babylon; neither had it that peculiarity of a wide expanse of cultivated ground within the walls which rendered these elder cities almost self-supporting. It is always a difficult thing to provide food for a vast urban population. London itself would have been checked in its growth but for the invention of railways, which now daily bring it food from all quarters. This difficulty was partly met at Babylon by the broad band of cultivated land which extended all round the city within the walls, in addition to lesser open spaces interspersed among the buildings. These were doubtless enriched by the manure of the city, and cultivated to the highest point; their produce, therefore, would help to meet the daily wants of the inhabitants.

The Babylonians, and in a lesser degree the Assyrians, cultivated commerce and manufactures; and by the profit of that commerce and the export of their manufactures, they attained a supply of goods from other countries, in addition to the natural produce of the immensely fertile valley which formed their home. The arts of commerce and of manufacture were developed to a high point; both in chemical knowledge and in textile skill they appear to have been unequalled by any other people of the ancient world. In regard to their literature, we are not in a position to form an opinion. Only some documents written on their enduring clay tablets, or brief

inscriptions on their palace-walls, have come down to us. But we are told that they had numerous treatises in science and philosophy; and it is more than probable that the highest opinion which can now be formed of their literature falls far below that to which it would be entitled if our knowledge of it were not derived from the mere hearsay of aliens who took little interest in the subject. It is incredible that a people who developed their civilization continuously for two thousand years, who were so illustrious in many features of their national life, and who, moreover, were essentially an urban population, and therefore with a peculiar tendency to quick wit and lively intelligence, should not have attained to some eminence in the art of literature.

The Semitic nations of the valley attained to the fullest development of their natural capacities. But it was not so with the Persians. Theirs is the history of a nation cut short in its development; and hence it is impossible to say to what eminence they might have attained in the arts of peace, if their empire had become consolidated and enduring. When Cyrus founded the empire, the Medes and Persians could not have been in a more advanced state than the Romans in the time of Numa Pompilius; and from Cyrus to the downfall of the empire at Arbela was barely two centuries; and no people (not even the Greeks) ever became great in art and science in anything like so short a period. In one respect, it is true, the Persians held an unusually favorable position. They became masters of the surrounding world almost in their infancy. The world with all its wealth was at their feet; but then this triumph was achieved only by the absorption of the whole energies of the nation in continuous war. Revolts against their power were ceaseless, and the energy of the Persians at home was weakened by the large garrisons which they had to maintain abroad. Engaged in maintaining the empire, it was natural that the Persians should profit by foreign industry and excellence in the arts rather than develop these for themselves. During the brief heyday of their power, they received the tribute of the world; but even this wealth, which, if their empire

had been consolidated, would have given them the ease and opulence so favorable to progress in the arts, was chiefly spent in armaments. They had no time to do more than hurriedly enjoy the fruits of the industrial genius of other nations, without imitating and rivalling it. They had no literature, save the royal records (the Book of Kings) and their religious hymns—which appear to have been rude compositions resembling the earlier hymns in the Indian Vedas, and doubtless songs sung or recited at banquets in honor of the king and his ancestors. The Persians were a lordly people, dominating the world by force of arms (in this resembling the Turks in modern times, only the Ottoman rule has lasted thrice as long as theirs); and their intellectual development reached a high point only in war, polity, and architecture.

We have already spoken briefly of the excellence of their military organization, and of the administrative system by which they maintained their empire. It only remains for us to say a few words as to their architecture, in so far as it can be judged after the decay of forty centuries, and the barbarous havoc made by the great Greek who overthrew their empire.

By far the grandest of those works is the cluster of palaces and other royal edifices upon the great platform at Persepolis. At the foot of a high and rocky range of hills adjoining the ruins of the ancient city, a vast platform of solid stonework projects into the now desert plain of Merdasht. From the bank of the old canal which led the fertilizing waters of the Pulwar along the outer edge of the plain, at the foot of the hills, we may view the remains of this truly regal structure. From the rocky hills behind, the platform projects nearly 300 yards into the plain, and stretches out in front to a breadth of nearly a third of a mile (upwards of 500 yards). The boundary-wall of the platform—built of vast smooth-faced blocks of stone, some of which are no less than 50 feet long by nearly 10 in breadth—rises perpendicularly from the plain. For more than half its length, this boundary-wall or front of the platform rises 45 feet above the level of the plain; and upon this central portion of the platform, a cluster

of royal edifices is seen in ruins, each of which is built upon a platform of its own, rising from 10 to 14 feet above the level of the grand central platform. On either side of this central portion the platform sinks to a lower level,—the northern part being only 35 feet above the plain, and the southern about 23 feet. On the southern portion of the platform, which is by far the narrowest as well as the lowest, no edifices of any kind were built. The northern portion contained the grand staircase, by which alone there was access to the platform from the plain, and a grand gateway of approach to the cluster of palaces and state edifices which stood on the loftier central portion. The staircase leading from the plain to the platform is, even in its ruins, a magnificent structure, the noblest of its kind in the world; ten horsemen may with ease ride abreast up its broad and low steps. On the platform above are the ruins of a forest of magnificent pillars, and some gateways, the remains of the royal edifices destroyed by Alexander the Great.

Ascending the magnificent staircase, a grand gateway, with pillars and human-headed bulls, rises before us—the ancient guard-house and hall of approach to the Persian palaces. Passing through it, we see at the distance of 150 yards a double flight of steps, ten feet in height, leading up to the central portion of the platform, which on this side is entirely covered by the remains of the Chel-Minar, the pillared audience hall of Xerxes; while beyond this great edifice stand the palaces of Darius, Xerxes, and Ochus, and the mound of some central structure the original structure of which cannot now be ascertained. Of the audience hall of Xerxes, only a few pillars remain entire, but they are unequalled of their kind in the world,—being upwards of 60 feet high, fluted, and adorned with a deeper and more elaborate capital than is elsewhere to be met with. Originally this structure was a large quadrangle, formed by thirty-six lofty pillars, arranged in six rows; with, on three of its sides, ante-rooms (so to call them), each constituted by twelve pillars arranged in two rows. No wall enclosed this pillared structure, no solid roof overspread it: it appears to have been a beautiful summer-hall of audience,

surrounded in part or entirely with costly curtains, and when necessary screened overhead by rich awnings. The adjoining palaces consisted of a central pillared hall, roofed over, and surrounded with a series of apartments for the use of the king; while the seraglio, or "house for the women," formed a building by itself. One other great edifice on the platform remains to be noticed. Behind the palaces and the hall of Xerxes, at the distance of 400 feet from the plain, the platform sinks to a somewhat lower level; and in the centre of a wide expanse, between the palaces and the hills, stand the remains of the hall of 100 columns,—a State building similar in kind to the audience hall of Xerxes, and containing a much larger hall of royal reception, but with pillars of inferior height and beauty, and without any pillared ante-rooms.

This cluster of royal edifices, concentrating the architectural glory of the Persian kings, was of course the work of successive reigns, each monarch adding a palace or state edifice. Indeed it seems to us probable that the platform itself was built only by degrees. At its commencement, a spur of the rocky hills was levelled, and faced or paved with stone; possibly Cyrus or Cambyses began the work, and formed the lower back-part of the platform, building thereon the Hall of a Hundred Columns, and some early buildings of which only mere traces now exist. Darius may have completed the platform, building it out into the plain entirely of stonework, and erecting his palace on its outer edge; while Xerxes erected the noblest of the edifices upon it, perfecting the royal buildings, and leaving little to be done by any of his successors. It was the most magnificent cluster of royal buildings which has ever been erected, far surpassing in grandeur and effect even the Tuileries and the Louvre. "These great pillared halls, which constitute the glory of Aryan architecture," says Professor Rawlinson, "even in their ruins provoke the wonder and admiration of modern Europeans, familiar with all the triumphs of Western art, with Grecian temples, Roman baths and amphitheatres, Turkish mosques, and Christian cathedrals."

The Persians borrowed the idea of their palatial platforms from the Assyri-

ans, though, instead of perishable brick, they constructed them of solid stone; they likewise borrowed the symbolic figures of the human-headed bulls which faced their royal propylæa. In all other respects their architecture was original, quite different from that of their Semitic neighbors in the adjoining valley. The grand feature of Persian architecture was the pillar. In Assyria the pillar formed no part of the external structure: pillars were simply used as internal supports to the roof, and assumed no form of grandeur. In some of the palaces of Persepolis, the pillars appear to have been only of wood, as in Assyria, although in these cases they were plated with gold or silver. But in the great audience halls, and in some other of the edifices on the Persepolitan platform, the pillars were magnificent shafts of stone, of unrivalled height and exquisite shape, rising from graceful bases into lofty fluted columns, surmounted with elaborate and picturesque capitals. The bases were bell-shaped, ornamented with a double or triple row of pendent lotus-leaves, so graceful and rare in their forms, that "they attract the admiration of all beholders." From these bell-shaped bases rise the columns, tapering gently as they ascend, and beautifully fluted along their entire length. And on the summit is an elaborate and original capital composed of three distinct parts,—first, a lotus-bud, with pendent leaves; then volutes like those of the Ionic order, but placed one above the other, instead of horizontally as in Greece; and, crowning all, two half-bulls, or half-griffins, joined at the back, with their heads projecting over the pillar.

The Persian empire was so brief that it passed away like the fabric of a dream. The very site of royal Persepolis slipped from the world's memory more completely than that of ruined Nineveh or buried Pompeii. Chardin, when travelling in Persia two centuries ago, was astonished by the sight of a group of magnificent pillars (the remains of the Chel-Minar) rising in the solitude on the edge of the sandy desert plain of Merdasht; and the only account of them he could get from the wandering tribes of the neighborhood was that they were "the work of the genii." Thus the grandest and special feature of Persian

architecture was also that which survived the longest. It was its noble pillars that led to the discovery of lost Persepolis; and to this day, by their beauty and magnificence, these solitary columns

show to the world how barbarous was the sudden frenzy of the Greek conqueror who consigned to the flames the truly regal edifices of which these pillars are now almost the sole remains.

St. Paul's.

THE SECRET OF THE NORTH POLE.

If an astronomer upon some distant planet has ever thought the tiny orb we inhabit worthy of telescopic study, there can be little doubt that the snowy regions which surround the arctic and antarctic poles must have attracted a large share of his attention. Waxing and waning with the passing seasons, those two white patches afford significant intelligence respecting the circumstances of our planet's constitution. They mark the direction of the imaginary axial line upon which the planet rotates; so that we can imagine how an astronomer on Mars or Venus would judge from their position how it fares with terrestrial creatures. There may, indeed, be Martial Whewells who laugh to scorn the notion that a globe so inconveniently circumstanced as ours can be inhabited, and are ready to show that if there were living beings here they must be quickly destroyed by excessive heat. On the other hand, there are doubtless sceptics on Venus also who smile at the vanity of those who can conceive a frozen world, such as this outer planet must be, to be inhabited by any sort of living creature. But we doubt not that the more advanced thinkers both in Mars and Venus are ready to admit that, though we must necessarily be far inferior beings to themselves, we yet manage to "live and move and have our being" on this ill-conditioned globe of ours. And these, observing the earth's polar snow-caps, must be led to several important conclusions respecting physical relations here.

It is, indeed, rather a singular fact to contemplate that ex-terrestrial observers, such as these, may know much more than we ourselves do respecting those mysterious regions which lie close around the two poles. Their eyes may have rested on spots which all our endeavors have failed in enabling us to reach. Whether, as some have thought, the arctic pole is in summer surrounded by a wide and

tide-swayed ocean; whether there lies around the antarctic pole a wide continent, bespread with volcanic mountains larger and more energetic than the two burning cones which Ross found on the outskirts of this desolate region; or whether the habitudes prevailing near either pole are wholly different from those suggested by geographers and voyagers,—such questions as these might possibly be resolved at once, could our astronomers take their stand on some neighboring planet, and direct the searching power of their telescopes upon this terrestrial orb. For this is one of those cases referred to by Humboldt, when he said that there are circumstances under which man is able to learn more respecting objects millions of miles away from him than respecting the very globe which he inhabits.

If we take a terrestrial globe, and examine the actual region near the North Pole which has as yet remained unvisited by man, it will be found to be far smaller than most people are in the habit of imagining. In nearly all maps the requirements of charting result in a considerable exaggeration of the polar regions. This is the case in the ordinary "maps of the two hemispheres" which are to be found in all atlases. And it is, of course, the case to a much more remarkable extent in what is termed Mercator's projection. In a Mercator's chart we see Greenland, for example, exaggerated into a continent fully as large as South America, or to seven or eight times its real dimensions.

There are three principal directions in which explorers have attempted to approach the North Pole. The first is that by way of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We include under this head Sir Edward Parry's attempt to reach the pole by crossing the ice-fields which lie to the north of Spitzbergen. The second is that by way of

the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. The third is that pursued by Russian explorers who have attempted to cross the frozen seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia.

In considering the limits of the unknown north-polar regions, we shall also have to take into account the voyages which have been made around the northern shores of the American continent in the search for a "north-western passage." The explorers who set out upon this search found themselves gradually forced to seek higher and higher latitudes if they would find a way round the complicated barriers presented by the ice-bound straits and islands which lie to the north of the American continent. And it may be noticed in passing, as a remarkable and unforeseen circumstance, that the further north the voyagers went the less severe was the cold they had to encounter. We shall see that this circumstance has an important bearing on the considerations we shall presently have to deal with.

One other circumstance respecting the search for the north-west passage, though not connected very closely with our subject, is so singular and so little known that we feel tempted to make mention of it at this point. The notion with which the seekers after a north-west passage set out was simply this, that the easiest way of reaching China and the East Indies was to pursue a course resembling as nearly as possible that on which Columbus had set out,—if only it should appear that no impassable barriers rendered such a course impracticable. They quickly found that the American continents present an unbroken line of land from high northern latitudes far away towards the antarctic seas. But it is a circumstance worth noticing, that if the American continents had no existence, the direct westerly course pursued by Columbus was not only not the nearest way to the East Indian Archipelago, but was one of the longest routes which could have possibly been selected. Surprising as it may seem at first sight, a voyager from Spain for China and the East Indies ought, if he sought the absolutely shortest path, to set out on an almost direct northerly route! He would pass close by Ireland and Iceland, and so, near the North Pole, and onwards

into the Pacific. This is what is called the great circle-route, and if it were only a practicable one, would shorten the course to China by many hundreds of miles.

Let us return, however, to the consideration of the information which arctic voyagers have brought us concerning the north polar regions.

The most laborious researches in arctic seas are those which have been carried out by the searchers after a north-west passage. We will therefore first consider the limits of the unknown region in this direction. Afterwards we can examine the results of those voyages which have been undertaken with the express purpose of reaching the North Pole along the three principal routes already mentioned.

If we examine a map of North America constructed in recent times, we shall find that between Greenland and Canada an immense extent of coast-line has been charted. A vast archipelago covers this part of the northern world. Or if the strangely complicated coast-lines which have been laid down really belong to but a small number of islands, the figures of these must be of the most fantastic kind. Towards the north-west, however, we find several islands whose outlines have been entirely ascertained. Thus we have in succession North Devon Island, Cornwallis Island, Melville Island, and Port Patrick Island, all lying north of the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude. But we are not to suppose that these islands limit the extent of our seamen's researches in this direction. Far to the northward of Wellington Channel, Captain de Haven saw, in 1852, the signs of an open sea,—in other words, he saw, beyond the ice-fields, what arctic seamen call a "water-sky." In 1855 Captain Penny sailed upon this open sea; but how far it extends towards the North Pole has not yet been ascertained.

It must not be forgotten that the north-west passage has been shown to be a reality, by means of voyages from the Pacific as well as from the Atlantic. No arctic voyager has yet succeeded in passing from one ocean to the other. Nor is it likely now that any voyager will pursue his way along a path so beset by dangers as that which is called the north-west passage. Long before the problem had been solved, it had become well

known that no profit could be expected to accrue to trade from the discovery of a passage along the perilous straits and the ice-encumbered seas which lie to the north of the American continent. But Sir Edward Parry having traced out a passage as far as Melville Island, it seemed to the bold spirit of our arctic explorers that it might be possible, by sailing through Behring's Straits, to trace out a connection between the arctic seas on that side and the regions reached by Parry. Accordingly McClure, in 1850, sailed in the "Investigator," and passing eastward, after traversing Behring's Straits, reached Baring's Land, and eventually identified this land as a portion of Banks's Land, seen by Parry to the southward of Melville Island.

It will thus be seen that the unexplored parts of the arctic regions are limited in this direction by sufficiently high latitudes.

Turn we next to the explorations which Russian voyagers have made to the northward of Siberia. It must be noticed, in the first place, that the coast of Siberia runs much farther northward than that of the American continent. So that on this side, independently of sea explorations, the unknown arctic regions are limited within very high latitudes. But attempts have been made to push much further north from these shores. In every case, however, the voyagers have found that the ice-fields, over which they hoped to make their way, have become gradually less and less firm, until at length no doubt could remain that there lay an open sea beyond them. How far that sea may extend is a part of the secret of the North Pole; but we may assume that it is no narrow sea, since otherwise there can be little doubt that the ice-fields which surround the shores of northern Siberia would extend unbroken to the further shores of what we should thus have to recognize as a strait. The thinning-off of these ice-fields, observed by Baron Wrangle and his companions, affords, indeed, most remarkable and significant testimony respecting the nature of the sea which lies beyond. This we shall presently have to exhibit more at length; in the meantime we need only remark that scarcely any doubt can exist that the sea

thus discovered extends northward to at least the eightieth parallel of latitude.

We may say, then, that from Wellington Channel northward of the American continent, right round towards the west, up to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, very little doubt exists as to the general characteristics of arctic regions, save only as respects those unexplored parts which lie within ten or twelve degrees of the North Pole. The reader will see presently why we are so careful to exhibit the limited extent of the unexplored arctic regions in this direction. The guess we shall form as to the true nature of the north-polar secret will depend almost entirely on this consideration.

We turn now to those two paths along which arctic exploration, properly so termed, has been most successfully pursued.

It is chiefly to the expeditions of Drs. Kane and Hayes that we owe the important knowledge we have respecting the northerly portions of the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. Each of these explorers succeeded in reaching the shores of an open sea lying to the north-east of Kennedy Channel, the extreme northerly limit of those straits. Hayes, who had accompanied Kane in the voyage of 1854-5, succeeded in reaching a somewhat higher latitude in sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs. But both expeditions agree in showing that the shores of Greenland trend off suddenly towards the east at a point within some nine degrees of the North Pole. On the other hand, the prolongation of the opposite shore of Kennedy Channel was found to extend northwards as far as the eye could reach. Within the angle, thus formed there was an open sea "rolling," says Captain Maury, "with the swell of a boundless ocean."

But a circumstance was noticed respecting this sea which was very significant. The tides ebbed and flowed in it. Only one fact we know of,—a fact to be presently discussed,—throws so much light on the question we are considering as this circumstance does. Let us consider a little whence these tidal waves can have come.

The narrow straits between Greenland on the one side, and Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land on the other, are

completely ice-bound. We cannot suppose that the tidal wave could have found its way beneath such a barrier as this. "I apprehend," says Captain Maury, "that the tidal wave from the Atlantic can no more pass under this icy barrier to be propagated in the seas beyond, than the vibrations of a musical string can pass with its notes a fret on which the musician has placed his finger."

Are we to suppose, then, that the tidal waves were formed in the very sea in which they were seen by Kane and Hayes? This is Captain Maury's opinion:—"These tides," says he, "must have been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole." But no one who has studied the theory of the tides can accept this opinion for a moment. Every consideration on which that theory is founded is opposed to the assumption that the moon could by any possibility raise tides in an arctic basin of limited extent.

It would be out of place to examine at length the principle on which the formation of tides depends. It will be sufficient for our purposes to remark that it is not to the mere strength of the moon's "pull" upon the waters of any ocean that the tidal wave owes its origin, but to the difference of the forces by which the various parts of that ocean are attracted. The whole of an ocean cannot be raised at once by the moon, but if one part is attracted more than another a wave is formed. That this may happen the ocean must be one of wide extent. In the vast seas which surround the Southern Pole there is room for an immensely powerful "drag," so to speak; for always there will be one part of these seas much nearer to the moon than the rest, and so there will be an appreciable difference of pull upon that part.

The reader will now see why we have been so careful to ascertain the limits of the supposed north-polar ocean, in which, according to Captain Maury, tidal waves are generated. To accord with his views this ocean must be surrounded on all sides by impassable barriers either of land or ice. These barriers, then, must lie to the northward of the regions yet explored, for there is open sea communicating with the Pacific all round the north of Asia and America. It only requires a moment's

inspection of a terrestrial globe to see how small a space is thus left for Captain Maury's land-locked ocean. We have purposely left out of consideration, as yet, the advances made by arctic voyagers in the direction of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We shall presently see that on this side the imaginary land-locked ocean must be more limited than towards the shores of Asia or America. As it is, however, it remains clear that if there were any ocean communicating with the spot reached by Dr. Kane, but separated from all communication,—by open water,—either with the Atlantic or with the Pacific, that ocean would be so limited in extent that the moon's attraction could exert no more effective influence upon its waters than upon the waters of the Mediterranean,—where, as we know, no tides are generated. This, then, would be a tideless ocean, and we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the tidal waves seen by Dr. Kane.

We thus seem to have *prima facie* evidence that the sea reached by Kane communicates either with the Pacific or with the Atlantic, or—which is the most probable view—with both those oceans. When we consider the voyages which have been made towards the North Pole along the northerly prolongation of the Atlantic Ocean, we find very strong evidence in favor of the view that there is open-water communication in this direction, not only with the spot reached by Kane, but with a region very much nearer to the North Pole.

So far back as 1607 Hudson had penetrated within eight and a half degrees (or about 600 miles) of the North Pole on this route. When we consider the clumsy build and the poor sailing qualities of the ships of Hudson's day, we cannot but feel that so successful a journey marks this route as one of the most promising ever tried. Hudson was not turned back by impassable barriers of land or ice, but by the serious dangers to which the floating masses of ice and the gradually thickening ice-fields exposed his weak and ill-manned vessel. Since his time, others have sailed upon the same track, and hitherto with no better success. It has been reserved to the Swedish expedition of last year to gain the highest latitudes ever reached in a

ship in this direction. The steamship "Sofia," in which this successful voyage was made, was strongly built of Swedish iron, and originally intended for winter voyages in the Baltic. Owing to a number of delays, it was not until September 16th that the "Sofia" reached the most northerly part of her journey. This was a point some fifteen miles nearer the North Pole than Hudson had reached. To the north there still lay broken ice, but packed so thickly that not even a boat could pass through it. So late in the season it would have been unsafe to wait for a change of weather, and a consequent breaking up of the ice. Already the temperature had sunk sixteen degrees below the freezing point; and the enterprising voyagers had no choice but to return. They made, indeed, another push for the north a fortnight later, but only to meet with a fresh repulse. An ice-block with which they came into collision opened a large leak in the vessel's side; and when after great exertions they reached the land, the water already stood two feet over the cabin floor. In the course of these attempts the depths of the Atlantic were sounded; and two interesting facts were revealed. The first was that the Island of Spitzbergen is connected with Scandinavia by a submarine bank; the second was the circumstance that to the north and west of Spitzbergen the Atlantic is more than two miles deep!

We come now to the most conclusive evidence yet afforded of the extension of the Atlantic Ocean towards the immediate neighborhood of the North Pole. Singularly enough this evidence is associated not with a sea-voyage, nor with a voyage across ice to the borders of some northern sea, but with a journey during which the voyagers were throughout surrounded as far as the eye could reach by apparently fixed ice-fields.

In 1827 Sir Edward Parry was commissioned by the English Government to attempt to reach the North Pole. A large reward was promised in case he succeeded, or even if he could get within five degrees of the North Pole. The plan which he adopted seemed promising. Starting from a port in Spitzbergen, he proposed to travel as far northward as possible in sea-boats, and then, landing upon the ice, to prosecute his voyage by

means of sledges. Few narratives of arctic travel are more interesting than that which Parry has left of this famous "boat-and-sledge" expedition. The voyagers were terribly harassed by the difficulties of the way; and, after a time, that most trying of all arctic experiences, the bitterly cold wind which comes from out the dreadful north, was added to their trials. Yet still they plodded steadily onwards, tracking their way over hundreds of miles of ice with the confident expectation of at least attaining to the eighty-fifth parallel, if not to the pole itself.

But a most grievous disappointment was in store for them. Parry began to notice that the astronomical observation by which in favorable weather he estimated the amount of their northerly progress, showed a want of correspondence with the actual rate at which they were travelling. At first he could hardly believe that there was not some mistake; but at length the unpleasing conviction was forced upon him that the whole ice-field over which he and his companions had been toiling so painfully was setting steadily southwards before the wind. Each day the extent of this set became greater and greater, until at length they were actually carried as fast towards the south as they could travel northward.

Parry deemed it useless to continue the struggle. There were certainly two chances in his favor. It was possible that the north wind might cease to blow, and it was also possible that the limit of the ice might soon be reached, and that upon the open sea beyond his boats might travel easily northward. But he had to consider the exhausted state of his men, and the great additional danger to which they were subjected by the movable nature of the ice-fields. If the ice should break up, or if heavy and long-continued southerly winds should blow, they might have found it very difficult to regain their port of refuge in Spitzbergen before winter set in, or their stores were exhausted. Besides, there were no signs of water in the direction they had been taking. The water-sky of arctic regions can be recognized by the experienced seamen long before the open sea itself is visible. On every side, however, there were the signs of widely-extended ice-fields. It seemed, therefore, hopeless to persevere, and

Parry decided on returning with all possible speed to the haven of refuge prepared for the party in Spitzbergen. He had succeeded in reaching the highest northern latitudes ever yet attained by man.

The most remarkable feature of this expedition, however, is not the high latitude which the party attained, but the strange circumstance which led to their discomfiture. What opinion are we to form of an ocean at once wide and deep enough to float an ice-field which must have been thirty or forty thousand square miles in extent? Parry had travelled upwards of three hundred miles across the field, and we may fairly suppose that he might have travelled forty or fifty miles farther without reaching open water; also that the field extended fully fifty miles on each side of Parry's northerly track. That the whole of so enormous a field should have floated freely before the arctic winds is indeed an astonishing circumstance. On every side of this floating ice-island there must have been seas comparatively free from ice; and could a stout ship have forced its way through these seas, the latitudes to which it could have reached would have been far higher than those to which Parry's party was able to attain. For a moment's consideration will show that the part of the great ice-field where Parry was compelled to turn back must have been floating in far higher latitudes when he first set out. He reckoned that he had lost more than a hundred miles through the southerly motion of the ice-field, and by just this amount, of course, the point he reached had been nearer the pole. It is not assuming too much to say that a ship which could have forced its way round the great floating ice-field would certainly have been able to get within four degrees of the pole. It seems to us highly probable that she would even have been able to sail upon open water to and beyond the pole itself.

And when we remember the direction in which Dr. Kane saw an open sea,—namely, towards the very region where Parry's ice-ship had floated a quarter of a century before,—it seems reasonable to conclude that there is open-water communication between the seas which lie to the north of Spitzbergen and those which lave the north-western shores of Green-

land. If this be so, we at once obtain an explanation of the tidal waves which Kane watched day after day in 1855. These had no doubt swept along the valley of the Atlantic, and thence around the northern coast of Greenland. It follows that densely as the ice may be packed at times in the seas by which Hudson, Scoresby, and other captains have attempted to reach the North Pole, the frozen masses must in reality be floating freely, and there must therefore exist channels through which an adventurous seaman might manage to penetrate the dangerous barriers surrounding the polar ocean.

In such an expedition chance unfortunately plays a large part. Whalers tell us that there is great uncertainty as to the winds which may blow during an arctic summer. The icebergs may be crowded by easterly winds upon the shores of Greenland, or by westerly winds upon the shores of Spitzbergen, or lastly, the central passage may be the most encumbered, through the effects of winds blowing now from the east and now from the west. Thus the arctic voyager has not merely to take his chance as to the route along which he shall adventure northwards, but often, after forcing his way successfully for a considerable distance, he finds the ice-fields suddenly closing in upon him on every side, and threatening to crush his ship into fragments. The irresistible power with which, under such circumstances, the masses of ice bear down upon the stoutest ship has been evidenced again and again; though, fortunately, it not unfrequently happens that some irregularity along one side or the other of the closing channel serves as a sort of natural dock, within which the vessel may remain in comparative safety until a change of wind sets her free. Instances have been known in which a ship has had so narrow an escape in this way, and has been subjected to such an enormous pressure, that when the channel has opened out again, the impress of the ship's side has been seen distinctly marked upon the massive blocks of ice which have pressed against her.

Notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties of the attempt, and the circumstance that no material gains can reward the explorer, it seems not unlikely that

before many months are passed the North Pole will have been reached. Last year two bold attempts were made, one by the Swedes, as already mentioned, the other by German men of science. In each case the result was so far successful as to give good promise for future attempts. This year both these nations will renew their attack upon the interesting problem. The German expedition* will consist of two vessels, the "Germania" and the "Greenland." The former is a screw-steamer of 126 tons, and well adapted to encounter the buffets of the ice-masses which are borne upon the arctic seas. The other is a sailing yacht of 80 tons, and is intended to act as a transport-ship by means of which communication may be kept up with Europe. The "Germania" will probably winter in high northern latitudes; and we should not be much surprised if before her return she should have been carried to the very pole. Nor can the prospects of the Swedish expedition be considered less promising, when we remember that last year, though hampered by the lateness of the season and other difficulties, they succeeded in approaching the pole within a distance only a few miles greater than that which separated Parry from the pole in 1829.

Certainly England has reason to fear that before the year 1870 has closed she will no longer be able to claim that her flag has approached both poles more nearly than the flag of any other nation. There are considerations which make the recent supineness of our country in the matter of arctic travel much to be regretted. In the winter of 1874 there will occur one of those interesting phenomena by which Nature occasionally teaches men useful lessons respecting her economy.

We refer to the transit of Venus on December 8th in that year. One of the most effective modes of observing this transit will require that a party of scientific men should penetrate far within the recesses of the desolate antarctic circle. Where are the trained arctic seamen to be found who will venture upon this service? Most of our noted arctic voyagers have earned their rest; and as Commander Davis said at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, those who go for the first time into the arctic or antarctic solitudes are too much tried by the effects of the new experience to be fit to undertake important scientific labors. He spoke with special reference to the transit of 1882, before the occurrence of which there is fully time to train a new school of arctic voyagers. It is just possible that for the transit of 1874 trained explorers belonging to the old school of arctic travel may still be found. But if not, no time should be lost in supplying the deficiency. It has only been discovered within the last few months that journeys to the antarctic will be required as much for this transit as for the other. The Astronomer Royal has expressed his desire that the discovery may be rendered available by suitable expeditions. "Every series of observations," he remarks, "which can really be brought to bear upon this important determination will be valuable." Therefore, for this reason alone, and even if the reputation of England in the matter of arctic travel were altogether worthless, it would be well that efforts should quickly be made to prepare crews and commanders for the work of 1874, by "sending them to school," as Commander Davis expressed it, "in the arctic seas."

Colburn.

OPENING OF THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

Great extent of the Lake—Possible communications between the Albert N'yanza and Lake Tanganyika—Origin of the Nile—Existence of several outlets to the Albert N'yanza—The White Nile—The Jur, a tributary to the Gazelle Lake—The Bahr Bura, a tributary to Matuasat a great Central African Lake—Outlets of the great lake of Central Africa—The Shary and Lake Tsad—The Binuwa, or Eastern Niger—The Zaire, or Congo—An Egyptian and Ethiopic Nile—The Slave Trade.

It is understood that, influenced no doubt to some extent by the visit of the Prince of Wales, and anxious to do

something which shall confirm him in the good opinion of Western nations, the Viceroy of Egypt has invited Sir Samuel Baker to take command of an expedition directed to the suppression of the slave trade on the Upper Nile,

[* The German expedition sailed on June 15th.
—ED. ECLECTIC.]

to explore fully and in detail the vast interior reservoir known as the Albert N'yanza, and to bring the hitherto untraversed districts lying around the mysterious head-waters of the great river of Egypt within the sphere not only of the viceroy's authority, but also of mercantile operations.

The results of such an expedition are so full of promise to our knowledge of the face of the globe we dwell upon, in its least known and most inaccessible regions, and to the cause of a down-trodden and slave-driven people, that it is impossible not to be stirred up to our innermost heart at the bare idea of such a truly glorious and noble enterprise. It may be termed by some to be a war of annexation, and it may be said that Egypto-Turks, of a faith which tolerates slavery in certain forms, are not precisely the people to occupy Central Africa; but nothing could be worse than the state of the countries which it is proposed to open to civilization; there was no other power that could or would do it, and the boon conveyed to the people themselves is of such vast magnitude as not only to exonerate the means that may have to be used, but to stamp them with the unquestionable seal of a truly philanthropic and humanitarian morality. No man, too, more fitted than Sir Samuel Baker to take the lead of such an expedition, and no man more likely to carry it out with the least fighting and quarrelling that is possible. True courage is always magnanimous, and Sir Samuel Baker has shown by the patient perseverance and self-devotion of himself and wife in carrying out a great purpose, that he possesses what is rarer and loftier than mere physical courage—the attributes of the highest intellectual and moral courage—that kind of courage which is sure to blend mercy with strength, and to be at all times conciliating whilst carrying out its objects.

It will be remembered that Sir Samuel Baker was led, when exploring the regions of the Upper Nile, to the discovery of the Albert N'yanza from information he received at Gondokoro from Captain Speke. That lamented traveller had, upon the occasion of his exploration of the Victoria N'yanza, heard of the existence of another lake to the west

or north-west, which he at the time supposed to be much smaller than his Victoria N'yanza, and which was also supposed to receive the waters of the outlet of the upper lake—the Somerset or Victoria Nile, as it has been called. After overcoming many wearisome obstacles (and who can read his narrative without a thrill of admiration for the constant cheerfulness with which the hero and heroine bore the terrible hardships they were called to face, the daily danger and hourly anxieties of their lonely life in Equatorial Africa, and the sickness and other disheartening trials which they were called upon to endure?), Sir Samuel succeeded in reaching the lake in question. It lay before him like a sea of quicksilver, with a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west glittering in the noon-day sun, and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level. "I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake," the traveller relates, "and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'the Albert N'yanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile."

At sunrise on the following morning Sir Samuel was enabled to distinguish, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the outline of the mountains on the opposite shore, dark shades upon their sides denoting deep gorges, whilst two large waterfalls that cleft the sides of the mountains looked like threads of silver upon their dark face. The lake itself was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters, thus

rendering it the one great reservoir into which everything must drain, and "from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth." "It was," adds Sir Samuel, "a grand arrangement of Nature for the birth of so mighty and important a stream as the river Nile."

Unfortunately, at the period of Sir Samuel Baker's discovery of the Albert N'yanza, there had been some difference of opinion among geographers as to whether the Victoria Nile flowed directly onwards from Victoria N'yanza into the White Nile by Gondokoro, or whether its waters mingled with those of Albert N'yanza before joining the White Nile. Instead, then, of Sir Samuel and his wife, as to all appearance they might have done, keeping, after their long fatigues, quietly in a boat, and allowing themselves to be peacefully rowed and drifted down the Nile, which is described, as we have seen, as "a giant in its birth," they navigated the lake in canoes to Magungo, the point at which the Victoria Nile joined the lake, and, what was worse, in order to settle a question of no very great importance, as to the lake-feeder at Magungo being really the prolongation of the Victoria Nile, they proceeded up that river, which is a succession of cataracts the whole way to the Karuma Falls, were stricken down again with fever, narrowly escaped being eaten up by crocodiles, named the first obstruction they met with, we hope inappropriately, "Murchison's Falls," were deserted by the natives, were imprisoned on the island of Patuan, were pilfered and insulted by King Kamrasi in Kissuna, and were subjected to no end of sickness, privations, and trials before they reached the White Nile. All this, when Sir Samuel Baker was distinctly told at Magungo that canoes could navigate the Nile in its course from the lake to the Madi country, as there were no cataracts for a great distance. True that both the Madi and the Koshi, who dwell on the right and left banks of the river at its exit, were said to be hostile to the lake people, but this presumed hostility would not have entailed difficulties greater than what had been already overcome, or than what they had to suffer at the hands of the cowardly and treacherous Kamrasi. The difficulties might, indeed,

have been all overcome by change of boat and boatmen, a thing they had to do, even upon the lake itself; upon one occasion indeed, changing boatmen four times in less than a mile. Sir Samuel, however, adds afterwards, that the natives most positively refused to take him down the Nile from the lake into the country of the Madi, as they said they would be killed by the people, who were their enemies, as he would not be with them on their return up the river: so we are left in doubt if the Victoria Nile was ascended, instead of the Nile proper being descended, from the love of geography, or from sheer necessity. The latter is to be doubted, for the travellers could have exchanged canoes on reaching the Madi and sent the lake people back in safety. This was all the more vexatious, as, Sir Samuel says, he could see the river issuing from the lake within eighteen miles of Magungo, and, although it is marked on the map as being navigable to the first cataract at Mount Koko, still the question of first importance, as to the navigability (with a few intervening portages) of the Great River Nile, from its embouchure in the Mediterranean to the Albert N'yanza, would have been forever determined, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker might have been spared many perils and much suffering. This is one great point which may now happily be fairly considered as on the way of being settled.

It is not a little remarkable that so intuitively did the quick feminine perception of Lady Baker feel this point, that when Sir Samuel proposed going up to Karuma, although he felt, by taking so circuitous a route, he might lose the boats at Gondokoro and become a prisoner in Central Africa, ill and without quinine, for another year, Lady Baker not only voted in her state of abject weakness to complete the river to Karuma, but wished, if possible, to return and follow the Nile from the lake down to Gondokoro! The latter resolve, based upon the simple principle of "seeing is believing," was, however, declared by her lord and master "to be sacrifice most nobly proposed, but simply impossible and unnecessary." If there was any unnecessary sacrifice to be made in the matter, it would certainly seem to have been in taking the sick lady up to

Karuma, instead of conveying her by canoe down the Nile to Gondokoro.

A second and equally interesting point, although not of so much importance to the future opening of the country, is the possible communication between the Albert N'yanza and Lake Tanganyika. From the elevation at which Sir Samuel Baker stood, when he first saw Lake Albert, with a boundless horizon to the south and south-west, its waters would appear to extend beyond the parallel assigned by Burton and Speke to Lake Russi, and, in fact, to embrace that lake as a kind of inlet, as also Lake Tanganyika further south. The elevation given to Lake Tanganyika of only eighteen hundred and forty-four feet above the level of the sea, while Albert N'yanza is two thousand four hundred and forty feet above the same level, and the information given to Burton and Speke as to the waters at the north end of Tanganyika flowing into that lake, are opposed to this view of the subject; but it is possible that there may have been an error in the barometrical observation made, as also in the information obtained from the natives. It is now known that the waters of Lake Tanganyika do not flow into the N'yassa, which has an elevation of only thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; but, on the contrary, that the rivers and small lakes south of the Tanganyika pour their waters into that great reservoir. It is not probable that Lake Tanganyika should have no outlet and receive rivers at both its north and south extremities, as also in its centre—the Malagarasi. The position of the lake, added to the discovery made by Sir Samuel Baker of the great southerly extension of the Albert N'yanza, would then tend to show that the most southerly tributaries south of Tanganyika—possibly the Moi Tawa, discovered by Livingstone, north-east of the N'yassa—are the most remote sources of the Nile. It is to be hoped that Livingstone's last journey will have settled this dubious point, and we shall but express the satisfaction which will be felt by all, at hearing of the safe return of the great traveller before Sir Samuel Baker's expedition is set in motion. As that expedition partakes, if we understand rightly, of a character of Egyptian occupation and annexation, the

African chiefs may now be induced to look upon the presence of a white man in their countries as the forerunner of invasion on the part of their hereditary foes, and the life of such a man, however innocent his intentions, would no longer be safe.

Dr. Livingstone may, however, be in quite a different part of the country; for it is Sir R. I. Murchison's opinion that if the distinguished traveller satisfied himself when at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika that its waters were about eighteen hundred feet above the sea, as stated by Burton and Speke, he would necessarily infer that they could not flow northwards into the much higher equatorial lakes. In this case he would abandon the northern route, in which it was supposed he might find the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into the Albert N'yanza of Baker. Having also ascertained that the Tanganyika was fed by rivers flowing from the south and the east, it would be evident under these circumstances that this vast body of fresh water (three hundred miles in length) must find its way to the west, and he would then follow the river or rivers which issue on the west coast of Africa. Under this supposition, Sir R. I. Murchison thinks he may be first heard of from one of the western Portuguese settlements, or even from those on the Congo. If this view be entertained, we cannot be expected to hear of Livingstone for some time to come, as the distance he would have to traverse is vast, and the region unknown. This hypothesis is also said to explain why no intelligence whatever respecting him has been received at Zanzibar, inasmuch as he has been travelling through a vast country, the inhabitants of which have no communication with the eastern coast. Sir R. I. Murchison says he entertains a well-founded hope that his distinguished friend—thanks to his iron frame and undying energy—will issue from Africa on the same shore at which, after a very long absence, he reappeared after his first great traverse of Southern Africa.

A third and very curious point presents itself in the possible existence of one or more outlets to the Albert N'yanza. We have seen that Sir Samuel Baker satisfied himself as to the existence of a river flowing out of the lake

into the White Nile, which the natives told him was navigable for some distance, and by which, therefore, it is to be supposed that the lake could be entered in boats from the Nile, without the necessity of conveying them, as we are informed is to be done, in pieces to the shores of the lake. But two French traders, Messrs. Jules and Ambrose Poncet, who have explored the country between the Gazelle lake and the Albert N'yanza, express themselves as perfectly satisfied that the river Jur, Bibi, or Bahr Kakunda, as it is variously designated, flows out of the Luta N'zigé (as they call the Albert N'yanza) into the Gazelle lake. If this is so, the river of the Jur tribe and of the Niam Nams would present another means of approach to the great lake.

But this is not all. The same informants, who have trading ports on the Jur, have also founded another station, marked on their map* as Cagouma (Kaguma), Etablissement Poncet, on a great river which flows from south-east to north-west, and which is called Bahr-Bura, or Bahr-Munbutu. This river, they say, which evidently comes from Lake Luta N'zigé, divides itself in about four degrees of north latitude into two branches, that to the east flowing, under the name of Suwa, to the north-west, to go probably to form the Shary or Asu, which throws itself, after its junction with the Bah-gun or Bah-bai, into Lake Tsad. The westerly branch, which is much the largest, keeps its name of Bahr-Bura, and flows in a west-north-west direction to about the 6th degree of north latitude, at which point, according to the Munbutu people, after receiving another considerable affluent coming likewise from the south-east, it empties itself into a great lake, in part marshy, and which was called by the people of Ali Umuri, an Arab trader, Birka Matuassat. This lake, again, is described as having two outlets; one to the north, known as the Bah-gun or Bah-bai, joins the Shary south of Lake Tsad; the other, and the most important, issuing from the west end of the lake, according to all appearances gives birth to the Binuwa Niger, or at all events to an affluent of

the Binuwa and Kwarra—the Kibbi or Kulla—which in that case will possess a much greater importance than has hitherto been conceded to it—an importance equal to that of the Binuwa or Kwarra itself.

It is not likely that there should be so much division and subdivision of waters as is here described. Excepting in a delta, the general rule of rivers is to receive affluents in their progress to the sea, and not to divide into branches; but the region between the Albert N'yanza and the Gazelle lake is nothing more than an inland delta, as is also apparently the case at the north end of the Victoria N'yanza, and the same thing may hold good of the Bahr-Bura and Lake Matuassat.

This latter lake would appear to correspond to the Muata Yanvo, of which the old geographer D'Anville obtained some notice, and near which was Monsol, or Munsul, capital of the Anziko, proximately placed on the map attached to Mr. W. D. Cooley's "Inner Africa Laid Open" (London, 1852). It appears that an Italian explorer, Carlo Piaggia, has also pushed his researches in the same direction, and that he has obtained information of the existence of "a vast interior lake" lying on the equator or south of it; and Sir R. I. Murchison has justly pointed out that an entirely new field for research is thus laid open to the enterprise of explorers, who will have to determine whether the streams issuing from this immense lake and the adjacent region to the west of twenty-five degrees east longitude do not flow from a watershed entirely separated from that of all the affluents of the Nile, and which sends its waters into the South Atlantic Ocean, and probably by the great river of Congo.*

It would scarcely seem that the immense lake here alluded to as lying on the equator, or south of it, is the same as the Matuassat of Messrs. Poncet, which is placed in about six degrees north latitude, unless it has an extent of some six degrees, which is not at all impossible. Albert N'yanza has possibly an almost equal extent, and if it joins lake Tanganyika, would embrace in its prolongation over ten degrees of

* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. Mai, 1868.

* Proceedings of the Roy. Geo. Soc., vol. xiii. p. 8.

latitude. It is curious, in connection with Sir R. I. Murchison's suggestion, that this great central lake may give birth to the Congo, that Fernando de Enciso speaks in his "Suma de Geografia," of a fact learned from the natives of Congo, that the river Zaire, or Congo, rises from a lake in the interior, from which another great river, presumed to be the Nile, flows in an opposite direction. This may be one of the rivers seen by Sir Samuel Baker tumbling through gorges in the Blue Mountains west of the Albert N'yanza.

The theory, however, advocated by the Messrs. Poncet, of Lake Matuassat sending off tributaries to the Binuwa Niger, and to the Shary and Lake Tsad, as also by Fernando de Enciso and Sir R. I. Murchison, to the Congo, only corroborates the old opinion held by the father of history and by all the old geographers, that one half of the Nile flowed over Egypt and the other half over Ethiopia. "There are two mountains," said Herodotus, from information obtained from the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Laïs, "rising into a sharp peak, situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantine; the names of these mountains are the one Crophî and the other Mophî; that the sources of the Nile, which are *bottomless*, flow from between these mountains, and that half of the water flows over Egypt and to the north, and the other half over Ethiopia and the south." (Euterpe, ii. 28.)

The sources of the Nile being described as bottomless, are evidently meant as issuing from a lake, and it is afterwards that they pass through the mountains, the names of which, admitting an error in their positioning, would be represented by the Koshi and Madi of the present day. The transposition and indentification is rendered all the more necessary, as the sources of the Nile could not have been between Syene and Elephantine, nor could the river have divided itself in such a latitude, to flow one half to Egypt and the other half to Ethiopia. It is remarkable that the Oriental geographers, as more especially Al Idrisi and Abu'l Fada, represent this division of the head-waters of the Nile into an Egyptian and an Ethiopian river, as a well-determined fact.

Such, then, are some of the points to be determined by the navigation and exploration of the Albert N'yanza, and they are of the greatest possible interest, as they will probably either themselves lead to the unveiling of the mystery which has so long made a blank of our maps in as far as Central Africa is concerned, or they may pave the way to the gradual unfolding of every detail connected with the origin of the Nile, the Congo, and the Binuwa Kwarra, or eastern Niger—of the Egyptian Nile, and the Ethiopic Nile.

Interesting and curious as the solution of such questions may be, great as will be the difference made upon existing maps, and various the people and the regions that will be brought under the cognizance of the civilized world; still, even all these additions to knowledge pale in importance before the prospect opened of an amelioration in the condition of the African races, only recently made known to us by the explorations of Burton, Speke, Grant, Petherick, Baker, and others. Of all the impressions left upon the reader of Sir Samuel's book, those relating to the slave-trade of the White Nile are perhaps the most startling. Many people have thought but lightly of the evils connected with Oriental slavery. Those who were most enthusiastic in waging war against the trade of the west coast were content, for the most part, to look upon Turkish and Egyptian slavery as a minor evil compared with the other, and one which was so ineradicably mixed up with the nature of Oriental life and despotism, that any denunciations directed against it would be as absurd as they would be futile. No doubt, too, the slavery itself was a comparatively small evil. The subjection of one human creature to another is not so shameful a phenomenon to the African mind as to be unendurable, when it takes that patriarchal and domestic character with which slavery in the East appears to be more or less invested, and more especially when the slave continues to enjoy a climate something like his own.

Sir Samuel Baker may, however, be said to have lifted the veil which concealed the process by which the slave markets of Cairo and Constantinople were recruited. Barth has given us a

graphic, if painful, account of the expeditions of the Muhammadan Sultans of Bornu, Baghirmi, and Sokoto, carried on even into Adamawa and the regions of the Binuwa and Eastern Niger, and, still more recently, M. Mage has depicted with the most striking minuteness, life, as it is on the Upper Niger and in the vast Pullo-Felatah dominions. That life appears, under the rude sway of the Muhammadan, to be one successive, continuous, and incessant warfare; the enslaving of everything pagan; reprisals, murders, and executions. We have also heard something of the questionable proceedings of the Egyptians on the western frontiers of Abyssinia from Taka to the upper regions of the Blue Nile, and we have always regretted that the costly expedition sent to that country to liberate the British captives should have done nothing towards ensuring the immunity of a Christian people against the enslaving propensities of their Egyptian neighbors. Sir Samuel Baker may be said to be one of the first to make us acquainted with the nature of the raids made by Muhammadan slave-dealers from Gondokoro against the Obbos and Latukas, and other tribes in the neighborhood, and which were so cruel and reckless in their character, that, it has been justly observed, one of the worst features of Sir Samuel's journey must have been the necessity of witnessing, without the power of mitigating in even the slightest degree, the atrocities which the slave-seekers committed. Under cover of carrying on an "ivory trade," armed bands of desperadoes ascend the river and penetrate into the heart of some savage country. To be at war with one another is a normal condition of existence amongst the native tribes. Taking advantage of this, the traders offer their alliance to the tribe with whom they first come in contact, on the understanding that they may be at liberty to make prisoners from the enemy. The African savage is either too simple to see, or, what is far more likely, is

willing, for the sake of revenge, to close his eyes to the fatal nature of the friendship offered. Assisted by his Mussulman allies, he sets forth on the campaign, and, amidst the reckless slaughter that ensues, a draught of living captives is secured for the trader's net. But very soon the original dupes, if they can be so termed, discover that the trader is equally ready to turn his arms against them. In alliance with some other tribe, he makes war against them in turn, and the friends who assisted him to effect his first captures fall victims to his whips and chains in turn. Forced to some extent into association with the "ivory traders," Sir Samuel beheld their proceedings. Very narrowly did he escape a sudden death at their hands, but his wonderful intrepidity carried him through, and he lived to register a resolution that, if he ever came back from his wanderings, he would do something to interfere with the proceedings which, for the time being, he could only contemplate with secret indignation. The time for action has now happily arrived. No doubt it will be a difficult task to persuade the tribes, through which the "ivory traders," have passed, that the object of the expedition is simply the extinction of the slave trade. It matters, however, little whether the Africans fully understand the expedition at first. The traders of Gondokoro will comprehend it readily enough, and they will soon feel, or be made to feel, that a prompt submission to the new system to be inaugurated is inevitable. This, then, one of the avowed philanthropic purposes of the expedition, with the anticipated opening of Central Africa to the purposes of commerce, and the withdrawing of the veil which has so long hung over so large a portion of the earth's surface, fully entitle the projected expedition to our most earnest hopes of success, and to anticipate that it will yet constitute one of the most remarkable pages in the history of our own times.

Cornhill Magazine.

WALLENSTEIN AND HIS TIMES.

PART II.

THE example of Mansfeldt called up a crowd of partisans as reckless as himself, who furnished Maximilian of Bavaria,

and his general, Tilly, with ample employment for the next four years. Beaten and dispersed in one quarter, they sprang

up just as fiercely in another; transferring the seat of war from province to province, until the whole country between the Baltic and the Rhine was thoroughly weary of the belligerents and their ravages. Partly to put a stop to those ravages, and partly alarmed at the attitude assumed by the Catholic Princes, the Protestants renewed their league in good earnest, and set on foot an army of 60,000 men, under the command of the Danish King, who, as Duke of Holstein, was also a Prince of the Empire. Hitherto, Ferdinand had found sufficient occupation in reorganizing his shattered dominions, and had been compelled, therefore, to leave the direction of the war in the hands of the Bavarian Elector; and now, when he would gladly have taken a leading part therein himself, he neither had, nor was likely to have, the means for many a year to come. Yet it was absolutely necessary to be doing. Things had gone so far that, whether defeated or victorious in the coming struggle, Maximilian threatened to leave Ferdinand little more than the name of Emperor. The matter was discussed over and over by the Aulic Council, but with small effect. As a body, it had no remedy to suggest. Day after day the members met, and shook their heads, with all the gravity of Lord Burleigh. They examined the situation, enumerated the difficulties, vituperated the causes, and wound up by declaring, with disgusting iteration, that "*nothing could be done.*" And nothing would have been done had matters remained depending on the wisdom and energy of the Aulic Council. The Emperor was at his wits' end, and showed it; and then Wallenstein came forward, exactly like the benevolent fairy in the tale, and with an offer that smacked completely of fairyland. It was—an army strong enough to bear down all opposition, and to render the Emperor as great in power as he was in name, *without costing him a single kreutzer.* There was a general shudder at the proposal, for Wallenstein had a dark reputation, and his fellow-councillors at once made up their minds that he meant to marshal an army of demons at his back; or, at the very least, to rouse up Barbarossa and his warriors from their magic sleep under the castle of Kiffhausen: and neither of these were overpleasant devi-

ces in themselves. But though Wallenstein reassured his coadjutors on these points, he had no small difficulty in obtaining their sanction to his plan, and that simply because it was novel; for many of these gentlemen evidently preferred ruin in the way of routine to a means of salvation that had no precedent to recommend it. Once at liberty to act, the Friedländer did not lose a moment. Out went his recruiting officers in all directions, and so well did they work that he marched from Egra for the North early in autumn, just three months after receiving his commission, at the head of 30,000 men; and so rapidly did his army accumulate on the route, that it reached the seat of war full 50,000 strong. Wallenstein's directions were to unite and act with Tilly. But once at the head of an army, he soon showed that no will but his own would be admitted there. The forces of the King of Denmark were scattered along the right bank of the Weser, and those of Tilly disposed down the left. East of these, the Protestants of Brandenburg, Saxony, and Pomerania, had mustered their forces. Heedless of imperial injunction, Wallenstein left Tilly far to his left, and marching straight to the Elbe, seized the Bridge of Dessau, and established himself strongly on both sides of the river. This was a piece of admirable strategy. His own communications were safe, he could operate at will on either bank of the Elbe, he had cut the Protestant League in two, and he had placed himself menacingly on the flank of their two principal armies. Nor were these great advantages all that he gained by this able movement. His maxim was, that war must be made to support war, and countries as yet unwasted were thus laid open. The Danish monarch and his generals were soon aware of their peril, and that desperate fellow, Mansfeldt, determined to avert it. Gathering his brigands, 18,000 strong, he flung himself fiercely at Wallenstein's entrenchments. But fourfold numbers were marshalled skilfully within, and, after a desperate struggle, the *condottiere* was hurled back in retreat, leaving 3,000 dead on the spot. But he was not baffled yet. Rallying his cut-throats, and making good his losses—for a leader like him was never in want of recruits—he dashed down Silesia at a headlong pace. Meanwhile, that

arch-intriguer, Thurn, had roused up Bethlem Gabor to another rebellion, and, more dangerous still, overspread Austria with a terrible peasant war. The Transylvanian was already in great force before Presburg, and, could Mansfeldt join his camp, Vienna, and with it the empire, would run considerable risk. But the partisan had scarcely developed his plan when Wallenstein was hard upon his track. Nothing but the danger of the capital could have tempted the latter from his vantage-ground; indeed, he left it with much reluctance. But once in motion, Mansfeldt himself was not more fierce nor decided. That was something like a chase: tigers in front, and tigers in rear. In vain Imperial bands endeavored to bar the fords and numerous passes, and to hold the strong places; one after another, wily plan or fierce assault threw them into the hands of Mansfeldt, to fall, a few hours later, and in like manner, into those of Wallenstein. Oppeln, Ratibor, Jägerndorf, and Tropau, were thus captured and recaptured in quick succession. At last Mansfeldt, after a hundred fights and hairbreadth escapes, and innumerable deeds of "derring-do," entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor; but, fortunately for the empire, not with his formidable division. That terrible march had destroyed three-fourths of its numbers, and all its confidence. Mansfeldt himself, indeed, would have been a host anywhere; but Mansfeldt was no longer himself. The fatigues of that unparalleled campaign had destroyed his feeble, hunchback body; and a spirit, however indomitable, is useless without a body. He died a few months after in Dalmatia, like the fierce old Jarl Siward, upright, and in his armor. A horde of miserable fugitives was all that entered the camp of Bethlem Gabor. Discouraged by this, the latter broke up, and retreated to his fastnesses; while the peasants, left to themselves, were put down by that thorough soldier, Papenheim, after much desperate and some doubtful fighting. Mansfeldt's threatening march had resulted in the safety of the empire. The home provinces were safer now than ever; Bethlem Gabor was disabled for a time; the great partisan being dead, there was no general left to the Protestants; and, finally, during Wallenstein's "wild chase," Tilly

had met and beaten the King of Denmark at Lutter, killing 5,000 of his men, and taking all his baggage.

Wallenstein's return northward was a triumphal procession. Swelling as he advanced, his forces rose to 60,000, 70,000, 80,000 men; nor did they pause there. Nothing dared to oppose him in the open field, and the few strong places that ventured to hold out were carried by merciless assault. He bore down everything in fact by sheer weight of numbers. He dictated terms to the Elector of Brandenburg. He inundated the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and the Dukes—sovereign princes—were deposed, and himself raised to that eminence in their stead. He advanced to the Baltic, proceeded to take possession of its ports, and meditated crossing to the conquest of Scandinavia. And this, audacious as it was, was the least of his projects, which by this time included the reduction of the numerous petty sovereigns to the rank of subjects, the formation of a German navy, and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Nor did any of these projects seem extravagant. His forces by 1628 amounted to fully 120,000 men, and they were still increasing; while, in exact proportion as he waxed strong, everybody else grew feeble; neither friend nor enemy could maintain an army in his vicinity; men and leaders deserted alike to join the great Friedländer. And well they might, for no other service since Alexander's ever offered equal advantages. In his army, even more than in that of Napoleon's, promotion went by merit; and provided that they obeyed and fought, his soldiers might do whatever else they pleased.

But let us look into the camp. There we shall find men of all professions and every land—Jews, lawyers, merchants, and scholars, as well as soldiers; everybody, indeed, but clergymen. These last are strictly prohibited: "No parsons" is one of Wallenstein's watchwords. In one corner a professor of the famous Passau art—one who renders men impervious to lead and steel—*gefrom*, as the soldiers call it—has taken up his abode. And a lucrative craft he follows, for he is always in requisition. The individual to be fortified lays down his ducats, has certain talismanic cha-

racters traced over the vital parts of his body, and receives a number of slips of paper, each inscribed with a magic rhyme. These he swallows like a pill at the approach of danger, and the charm is complete; one scroll thus disposed of rendering him invulnerable for six hours, two for twelve, and so on. There are few celebrated soldiers in the army who are not *gefrorn*; at least in repute, the Generalissimo himself being conspicuous among them. Nor is this a mere vulgar superstition. The very first article of the military code of Gustavus Adolphus forbids the practice under the severest penalties. Close by an astrologer of fame has established himself, and carries on as profitable a trade. Hour after hour he sits, answering queries on every possible subject—promotion, duels, gaming, mistresses; the event of an expedition, &c., &c. Not far off, but incomparably humbler in all respects, burrows a scholar, who ekes out a living by exercising his pen in the service of illiterate warriors; occasionally increasing his gains by supplying a motto for a new pair of colors, when a successful enterprise has enabled a regiment of his acquaintance to indulge in that luxury. Here a body of soldiers are disposing of their booty; chaffering with keen-looking Jews over armor, clothing, household goods, all sorts of odds and ends indeed—many of them carrying stains terribly significant of the means by which they were acquired. Close by are a number of cavaliers, busily arranging ransom with their captives. Nor are the latter all warriors. A large proportion are civilians of both sexes and all ages. There is not much haggling about the terms. Half an hour before a group, who could not, or would not, pay the sum demanded, was driven away, with nose and ears mutilated. A scene still stranger may be witnessed a few yards further on. A troop of marauders has just arrived, each man leading at least one female, attached by a rope to his saddle-bow. A crowd gathers round, and the slave-markets of the East are more than realized. Down in the hollow there two or three groups are engaged in mortal duel. Round the next corner we shall encounter the provost-marshal, leading half a dozen deserters, a couple of spies, and three or four other offend-

ers, to their death under the nearest tree. At another turn we shall come upon a set of fellows engaged in torturing prisoners suspected of having concealed treasures. Round the head of one a cord is twined so tightly that his eyes appear starting from their sockets; and another is stretched upon the ground, while a soldier is coolly filling him with water by means of a horn fastened in his mouth. The wretch is frightfully swollen; but the torture will go on until he yields up his treasure, if he has any, or dies. And this is what was afterwards known as the "Swedish Draught." Yonder a regiment, two or three thousand strong, is drawn up in two long lines. Each man wields his swordbelt, doubled up; and a couple of culprits, stripped to the waist, are preparing to run the gauntlet down the lines and up again. Woe to them if they happen to be unpopular. We turn up one of the avenues of tents that lead towards the centre of the camp. There are soldiers carousing, rioting, and scouring their appointments on all sides, amid crowds of degraded women and a very Babel of noises. At once the tumult subsides to the merest hum, and every eye is averted. The General—that tall figure with the crimson mantle and long red plume—is coming; and he detests equally a noise and a searching eye. No one seems to notice him, except a reckless corporal, who pushes forward a horn half filled with brandy, and with tipsy familiarity invites the General to drink. "Hang the brute," grunts Wallenstein, and the rascal is instantly seized. But thoroughly sober now, he breaks loose, draws his sword, and rushes at the General, fully resolved to cut him down. A dozen weapons interpose, and after a severe struggle the corporal is disarmed and again a prisoner; while an adroit hand has even already knotted a scarf round his neck and thrown the end of it over the pole of a wagon that stands tipped handily on end. A dozen arms are prepared to pull, awaiting only the General's signal. The latter searches the offender with a look of contempt. "Now, let him go," he grumbles, when he considers that the corporal has tasted sufficiently the bitterness of death; and the fellow makes a rapid exit. The others disperse

without a word, except the man of the scarf, a square-built fellow, with a curiously notched countenance. "You led the assault at So-and-so?" The man bows. "Give him a hundred dollars," commands Wallenstein, and passes on; but the command is scrupulously obeyed. And thus he traverses the camp, administering punishment and reward as he goes; sentencing one to be hanged, another to run the gauntlet, a third to ride the wooden horse, with a couple of muskets at each foot, and distributing dollars and promotion just as liberally.

Let us follow him to his tent. His great standard is planted before it—the goddess Fortune emblazoned in gold on a green field. Mark the sentries: they pace up and down like spectres. Neither clanging swords nor jingling spurs are permitted here: the one is wrapped in the soldier's scarf, the other twined round with cord. An officer approaches, and, with the usual averted eye, makes his report: such a fort has been captured by the enemy. "Sir," replies the General, "the Supreme Being could not take that fort." And a subsequent dispatch justifies the confidence thus singularly expressed. Business dispatched, Wallenstein enters an inner tent. There sits a man with a fame as wide and lasting as his own. It is Kepler, the General's mathematician (courtly slang for astrologer), with all the paraphernalia of his art about him. The next hour is given to the stars. But though Wallenstein be a dupe, he is not a very tractable one. Every calculation of the astrologer is checked by one of his own, and the slightest discrepancy leads to a controversy, which ends as such things always end when the parties are a dependant and an obstinate master. Kepler's position is not a very easy one. But he has a fine establishment and a large salary; and, better still, the latter is paid to the day,—a thing that does not always happen at court, as Kepler himself experienced when he served an emperor.

A messenger arrives from court: it is his friend Questenberg. They are mutually serviceable to one another. There is important public business to be discussed. But their private affairs obtain the *pas*. Court intrigues, friends and enemies, those who have been bribed

and those who must be bribed, are considered, and their line of action reviewed and modified as circumstances suggest. Then the public matters are noticed, principally complaints. "The princes complain you treat friend and foe alike; your armies are excessive, your exactions ruinous." "The princes wear long mantles; I have clipped them a little, and mean to clip them more: Germany needs no Spanish grandees—one Emperor is *and shall be enough*." "The Jesuits complain you employ Protestants largely, reward them, promote them." "Victory and death are of no religion." "The Pope, too, complains." "Hum—it's a hundred years since Rome was sacked, and it must be richer now than ever." "His Majesty of Sweden meditates making war in Germany." "Let him come. I will whip him home with a birch-rod like a school-boy." Then comes the old grievance and the old remedy—the Emperor wants money: and Wallenstein makes another of these advances, that amount in the aggregate to 3,000,000 of florins.

And so Wallenstein and his army went on, carrying all before them indeed, but levying contributions to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* a year, and booty beyond calculation; and ruining province after province; that one being esteemed fortunate wherein the population had fallen only one half. In some districts not a human habitation, not a living thing was left. In one large one just three women remained after Wallenstein's army had marched through; and in several the peasants were driven in their extremity to that hideous resource—cannibalism. But what cared Wallenstein? The more the country suffered, the more his army multiplied, for the camp was the refuge of the ruined. And with his army grew his fortunes. He was the lord of provinces rather than estates,—he was baron, count, duke, prince; and finally, in 1628, "General of the Baltic and Oceanic Seas." And his repute extended still further: invincible, invulnerable, the master of fortune, the ally of the powers of darkness; the man who read the future like a book. Warriors rejoiced in such a chief, while all good Catholics shuddered and crossed themselves when this human phenomenon swept by. But neither Catholic nor Protestant could

stand this much longer. Beyond the camp every one was his enemy; and the multitude waited only an opportunity to assail him. That was supplied by his failure before Stralsund, and the Diet assembled at Ratisbon in 1630, amid the universal shout—"Down with Wallenstein!"

Thither trooped the princes, making a miserable show in comparison with former days; thither came the Imperial Court, more powerful than for many a year; and thither, with 600 gentlemen splendidly appointed in his train, a king among kings, rode "that insupportable dictator and oppressor of princes"—Wallenstein. Thither, too, came the various ambassadors of Europe; and most conspicuous of all, though wrapped in his humble capuchin, that subtle friar, who was described as having "no soul, but only pools and shoals, on which every one must strand who entered into negotiations with him,"—"Richelieu's right arm,"—Father Joseph. For the great Cardinal, having just subdued the Huguenots, was now prepared to extend the same good measure to the House of Hapsburg; and, as the first serious step in that direction, he was determined to ruin "the upstart." This was a point on which nearly everybody was agreed, German and foreigner, Protestant and Catholic. But it was easier said than done. For Wallenstein had his spies everywhere, and the court willing, was fully prepared to counterwork his foes at home and abroad, in his own bold and sweeping style. One hundred thousand men were disposed along the French frontier, and everything arranged for a march on Paris. Nor was there anything in France capable of resisting such a host,—veterans every one,—and under the best leaders of the day. As for the princes, his plan was short and simple, but promised to be very effective. Thirty thousand men were arranged to act in flying columns—seizing the minor capitals and quelling all opposition, while 20,000 more, under the Friedländer himself, should beset the Diet, and *slay the princes to the last man*. Great as was the crime, Ferdinand hesitated. And well he might, for the temptation was all but irresistible—nothing less than universal empire. Such a stroke would place Germany unreservedly in his hand; and what might not be achieved by the might of Ger-

many concentrated under such a chief as Wallenstein? Ferdinand wavered. As for the Tempter, the word "crime" had long been expunged from his vocabulary. He could see nothing but the splendid future,—his master a despot, himself mayor of the palace; his Germany—for he was a patriot in his way—such a power as it ought to be: the slices of Fatherland filched by the lurking, meddling Gaul, during centuries of internal dissension, wrenched back by one bold effort: a German fleet on every ocean; a German colony in each new land; German arms restoring the cross to the shores of the Mediterranean; and German supremacy acknowledged everywhere. His army was devoted to him: there was absolutely nothing to withhold its resistless rush. Let but the Emperor give the signal and the thing was done. But the signal never came. Ferdinand was not the man to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," on such a scale. And, besides, everybody was urging him in the opposite direction—his family, his confessor, the princes, the ambassadors, the very Pope himself. Just at the crisis, when the struggle in the Imperial mind raged highest, Wallenstein withdrew to his head-quarters at Meiningen, and then Ferdinand gave way, slowly and reluctantly indeed, but decisively. On the 4th of July, 1630, he signed the warrant of dismissal. But who was to communicate it to the dreaded soldier? and, above all, who was to enforce it, if, as was only too probable, he refused to obey? Until these things were settled, the situation of the Diet, the anxiety of its members, and the tension of popular expectation, may be imagined but not described.

But Wallenstein did not intend to resist—why, no one can presume to guess. Astrology swayed him indeed; but it was only when circumstances refused to speak for themselves. And, besides, it was his interest in those superstitious times to attribute the results of keen calculation and iron will as much as possible to the influence of the stars, to teach men to regard and therefore revere and dread him as the man of Destiny. He used the science to deceive his contemporaries rather than himself. And, master of the situation as he now was, Wallenstein was not exactly the man to falter in his course out of deference to the planets.

His friends, Werdenberg and Questenberg, were the only men who dared approach him with the momentous document: for they had not merely withstood the princes, but, as Wallenstein well knew, advocated his great plans by every argument in their power. And as trusty friends he received them. But they had no need to utter a single word. Scarcely were they seated, when he took some papers from the table. "These sheets," said he, "contain the nativities of the Emperor and of the Elector of Bavaria. The stars declare that the demon of the Elector predominates for the present, *and I obey the stars.*" He retired to his Duchy of Friedland. Mecklenburg was restored to its rightful owners. But he lost nothing except the dignity. The Emperor, who seems to have been really grateful to his magnificent servant, more than made up any loss of revenue by further grants. As to the army, it had reason to regret the loss of its leader. Half was turned over to Tilly, and the other half disbanded. But such a life as they led in the camp of Wallenstein had unfitted them for peaceful avocation, and before the year was out, nearly every man of them had joined Gustavus Adolphus. And thus the Diet of Ratisbon provided that formidable captain with those trained and seasoned warriors who marched in two campaigns from the Baltic to the Rhine; marking every halt-place by the way with a startling victory.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and, if appearances were to be trusted, not a moment too soon. His appetite was disordered; he could not sleep, and his steps needed a staff. A cardinal in such a plight would have been the favorite candidate for the next pontifical vacancy. But never did the most vigorous prime put forth such astonishing energy as this debilitated man. He grasped at once the whole management of his enormous property; redistributed his investments, built new towns, and colonized waste lands. He employed an army of workmen on a dozen palaces at once, and revolutionized his already splendid establishment in still more splendid style. And besides, his political agents were hurrying in all directions to carry out a hundred schemes: to court, where, under cover of seeking to have his duchies

erected into sovereignties, he intrigued with the Ministers; to the neighboring princes, with whom he treated on equal terms and with many views; to the Danish King, with whom he negotiated in the Emperor's name; and, finally, Count Thurn went to and fro, in many disguises and through a hundred perils, between this singular invalid and Gustavus Adolphus!

We have often thought that the old Greek myth—Prometheus bound to his rock—was intended for a Wallenstein in retirement. He could lay down his command, but not his master passions. And these, ambition, and, of late, revenge, were absolutely devouring him. In spite of the hundred occupations into which he plunged with such startling energy, they found ample time to assail and involve him in a world of intrigue. And now, in conjunction with his one strange superstition, they had impelled him to this last worst step. Once more he had betaken himself, and with more than youthful fervor, to the phantasms of astrology. Yet not unnaturally. Anxiety to read the future is the weakness of ardent temperaments, the failing of those who greatly dare. Not much, indeed, in prosperity; then they seldom believe in more than energy and intellect. But before success, and after—in the intensity of early aspiration, and still more in the passionate longing for the Resurgam—a Lenormand or a Seni may sway these far-reaching spirits like so many school-girls. Two coincidences, striking enough to those given to note such things, had drawn Wallenstein's attention to Gustavus Adolphus. On the 4th of July, 1630, that monarch first set foot in Germany, and on the 2nd of October he laid siege to Rostock, the principal town of Wallenstein's lost sovereignty, Mecklenburg: the first being the very day on which the dismissal of the Friedländer had been signed, and the second that on which he had laid down his command. This was quite enough to originate the notion that his fate was bound up with that of the Swedish King; and of course he soon found ample confirmation for it among the stars.

"Give me fifteen thousand men," said he to Gustavus, by the mouth of Thurn; "I will raise as many more at my own expense; and with this force I engage to

wrest Bohemia and Moravia from the Emperor—nay, more, to drive him out of Germany. In recompense I merely ask the restoration of my duchy and the sovereignty of such lands as I may conquer.” But Gustavus was not the man to countenance a Wallenstein. The former was too ambitious and far-reaching himself to tolerate a coadjutor of similar disposition; and, though he took good care not to irritate the Friedländer by a harsh reply, he was equally careful that nothing should come of the proposal. But there were other means of gaining an army open to Wallenstein; and, now that the first plunge had been made into treason, he found little difficulty in taking a full bath. To work, then, he went with the Protestant princes and the Court of France, holding out to the former the prospect of a German party independent of Emperor and Swede, and equally formidable to both; and to the latter the humiliation of the House of Habsburg—possibly the partition of its possessions, but certainly the establishment of a permanent check on its pretensions by his own coronation as King of Bohemia. Negotiations like these could not be matured in a day. Meanwhile events were progressing with lightning-like speed to place him—without an effort of his own, indeed, in spite of himself—in a prouder position than that he had resigned.

Wallenstein had left the Emperor, with 200,000 men in arms, supreme from the Alps to the Baltic. In twelve short months that great force had been hurled back over one great river after another, its numbers dwindling at every stride by battle, pestilence, and desertion, until not a third of it now remained, cowering timidly behind the Danube, its last line of defence. The “Ice-King’s” forces had accumulated the while like a rolling snowball. From 14,000 men they had swollen to ten times that number. Stretching from Poland to France, one wing swept the Palatinate and the other Silesia, while the Saxon contingent was preparing to carry the war into Bohemia; and nothing could stand before them. The new military system introduced by the Swedish King had proved an immense success. The old-fashioned clumsy battalions, with their complicated manœuvres and cumbrous arms, gave way

everywhere before the handy brigades, simple movements, and improved weapons of Gustavus. Even Tilly himself—over-matched, out-generalled, and beaten in one fierce fight—confessed plainly that he knew not what to do against them. So far as he and his army were concerned, a great catastrophe was evidently impending. And all this Wallenstein beheld with grim satisfaction; but his friends at court failed not to improve the crisis to his advantage and their own. Nor were their voices unsupported. Public opinion, or what was then and there so esteemed,—the opinion of the ruling caste,—had veered round with events. And now—the sovereign princes aside—the universal cry was “Wallenstein.”

The Saxons entered Bohemia towards the end of October, and advanced on Prague. Maradas, the governor, lost his head. He consulted Wallenstein. “Sir,” said the latter, with cool indifference, “I hold no command here, and cannot presume to direct you.” At the same time, foreseeing the event, he dispatched his Duchess and his valuables to Vienna, in charge of his cousin, and retired himself to his castle of Gitschin. Prague fell, without resistance, on the 6th of November, and with it the greater portion of the country. This decided the court. There was no choice now between absolute ruin and the recall of the Friedländer. The Bavarian and Spanish factions detested him; and, more than either, the Jesuits. They knew the ambition of the man, his limitless daring, his relentless nature, and were not without some inkling of his mighty projects; but they knew also that none but he could aid them. So they made up their minds to submit for the present, comforting themselves with the reflection that they could still command the same excellent means of restraining a dangerous spirit which had served them, and others similarly situated, so well heretofore in the cases of Martinuzzi, the Guises, William of Orange, and Henri Quatre.

Scarcely had Maximilian Wallenstein reached Vienna when he was hurried back to Gitschin with an autograph letter from the Emperor to his mighty kinsman. “Do not go out of the way of my distress,” supplicated this epistle. “Do not abandon me in my great need.”

But the reply of Wallenstein was as cold and indifferent as if he felt not the slightest interest in the matter. Hard upon the heels of the first messenger came Questenberg and Werdenberg. The Friedländer received them even more coldly than the Imperial letter. He expatiated on the sweets of retirement; he expressed himself *deeply* grateful to those excellent people who had been the means of introducing him to these blessings. Glory was a phantom, popularity evanescent, royal favor precarious. He, at least, had done with these things forever. Next came the Prime Minister Eggenberg; and then—after days of intercession and argument, grovelling and promising—the court could obtain no more than this:—Wallenstein would consent to serve the Emperor for three months. But not a moment longer. He would raise an army once more. That effected, who would might command it. Assuredly he would not.

On the 22d of January, 1632, out came Wallenstein's proclamation, addressed to all good Germans in the first place; to all true soldiers in the second; and, in the third, "to all deserters and dissatisfied commanders." The summons was as characteristic as one of Napoleon's, and even more effective. Znaym was designated as the rendezvous, and thither came the daring and ambitious of every creed and clime: Lutherans, Calvinists and Catholics, Walloons, Croats, Cossacks, Italians and Britons—for Wallenstein made no distinction between nationalities and sects; and with him every man was sure of his desert. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini—all his choicest captains—abandoned Tilly; half the Saxon army deserted within three weeks; and these good soldiers who had abandoned the camp on Wallenstein's retirement, along with a host of fresh and gallant spirits, hastened to invest their all in horses, arms, and followers, for they knew right well that under such a chief the return would be a hundredfold. It was a common thing for captains, when beating up for recruits, to enter the cottage of a likely man, and, placing a purse and a halter on the table, give him his choice.

Other efforts were necessary to supplement those of Wallenstein and his ad-

mirers, and these were not wanting. The Jesuits raised five regiments. Spain and Italy supplied ducats. The wealthy churchmen and the great nobles gave magnificently: Cardinal Dietrichstein put down 20,000*l.* and Prince Eggenberg 50,000*l.* Heavy imposts, too, were laid on—the very maid-servants having to pay a poll-tax of fifteen kreutzers. And, finally, the Pope added the colophon, in the shape of an unlimited contribution of prayers and processions.

So successful were these measures that in six weeks 20,000 men were assembled round the Friedländer's standard—the golden Fortune on the emerald field; and by the 1st of April the number had swollen to 50,000. Then Wallenstein laid down his command, and the court was about to indulge in much rejoicing. But, to its dismay, it soon found that Wallenstein was as indispensable to keep the army together as he had been to raise it. Neither soldier nor officer would follow any other, and the whole host was on the point of breaking up in a temper that boded no good to the empire. Of course there was another bitter negotiation and more grovelling before the court. The great chief insisted on unexampled terms. But the battle of the Lech was fought and lost, and Tilly mortally wounded, on the 5th of April; and the moment the news was confirmed everything was yielded,—the command "in absolutissima forma:" "I would not serve as lieutenant under the Supreme Being Himself," said Wallenstein—power also to deal with rebels as he pleased; the guarantee of investiture with one of the hereditary provinces; and the lordship of all the lands he might conquer. And then the march began as the camp-song put it:—

The torch all aflame and the lance in its rest,
Where duty and booty impel us we speed;
To the North—to the South—to the East—to the
West—

As the Devil may drive, or the Friedländer lead.

In two months more Bohemia was reconquered. The Bavarian Elector joined Wallenstein, with the remnant of his army, at Egra, on the 26th of June. Historians give a singular picture of the meeting. There was, of course, a ceremonious reconciliation between them in the presence of both

armies; but every man there knew right well that, so far as the Elector was concerned, humiliation, and not reconciliation, was the word. The rivals embraced, and exchanged expressions of amity and esteem. His insolent demeanor then, and his boasts immediately afterwards, exposed the vulgar relish with which the Friedländer enjoyed his triumph. As for Maximilian, he maintained the same unruffled courtly ease as if he moved in the centre of a festival—not once, even in private, naming the Friedländer except with the respect due to his rank and ability. Never did the high-bred gentleman contrast more advantageously with the upstart.

Maximilian would fain have persuaded his coadjutor to march against Gustavus, who was carrying all before him in Bavaria; but Wallenstein, who searched the situation with a truer eye for war, saw his advantage otherwise. His rear was secure, his army was now effective, and the Swedes were dispersed from one extremity of Germany to the other. So, dashing out from Egra towards Nuremberg, he interposed a wall of iron between the scattered detachments of the foe. Gustavus took the alarm at once. And well he might—for a hundred disasters impended in that move—divisions cut off, supplies intercepted, and allies wrenched away among them. Gathering in hot haste the corps under his own immediate command, some 18,000 strong, he hurried at racing speed towards the threatened city. Everything depended on who should reach it first; but 18,000 men are moved more readily than 60,000; and, besides, the Imperialists were never capable of these impetuous marches. Gustavus, too, was a thorough Norseman, who rushed to battle over torrent and mountain just as his ancestors used to sweep across "the path of swans." And when Wallenstein came up, on the 30th of June, with his mighty host, and still mightier following—including not less than 20,000 women—he found his antagonist strongly entrenched before Nuremberg. The Friedländer did not attack. His was the last army of the empire, and he was well aware of the tactical superiority of the Swedes, and especially of their spirit and the spirit of their king. He could not even risk a repulse. So he kept his

post steadily while corps after corps, relaxing their grip of the conquered lands, marched into the leagured camp, until at length the Swedes mustered more, by 10,000 men, than he did himself. Thus, without striking a single stroke, by sheer dint of superior strategy, Wallenstein had cleared Bavaria, and several other provinces, more effectually than he could have done by three campaigns of successful fighting. Nor did he now withdraw. Seizing a position in the neighborhood, he fortified it strongly, and held it patiently, until the country round was ruined. Pestilence and famine began to devastate the camps, and the men died by hundreds a day. Wallenstein was inflexible. They might "rot," he declared, to the last man, provided he retained his advantage. But the Swede was of another temper; and though he could hurl his warriors to die by tens of thousands on a stricken field, he could not bear to see them waste away like this. So, mustering all that remained, he made a desperate assault on the Friedländer's position. Attack followed attack for eight long hours without the smallest advantage. At last, as fell the night, he drew back with heavy loss; and, finding it impossible to subsist longer in the neighborhood, he garrisoned the city, and marched westward on the 8th of September with greatly diminished ranks. This was the first serious check that Gustavus ever experienced.

Wallenstein had suffered at least as severely—losing nearly half his force, and, on the 12th September, he too broke up. But not to follow the Swedes. The Bavarian elector stormed, supplicated, threatened, and finally detached himself with his troops; but Wallenstein kept unmoved to Saxony. Flying columns under Papenheim, Gallas, Holk, and Merode, preceded the march, and penetrated up to the gates of Dresden, perpetrating unheard-of atrocities, and reducing the beautiful country to a desert. Meanwhile Gustavus was back in Bavaria, preparing to carry the war into Austria itself, where the peasants were once again in fierce revolt. But news soon reached him of Wallenstein's doings, and compelled him to abandon his projects; for to linger would have been to lose the Saxons, and no advan-

tage gained in Austria could counterbalance that. On the 7th of October he marched from Bavaria. On the 15th he was back again at Nuremberg, and, on the 28th, he reviewed his troops at Erfurt, in the heart of Saxony. Wallenstein heard of his approach as he lay at Leipzig, and instantly dispatched Papenheim and his dragoons to seize the important post of Naumburg. But so rapidly did the Swedes come on, that they reached it first.

The situation was now a critical one for both parties. The Imperialists lay in and around Leipzig, right between Gustavus at Naumburg, twenty-five miles to the south-west; the Elector of Saxony and his army at Torgau, the same distance to the north-east; and the Duke of Luenburg, who, on his way to re-enforce the Swedes with his division, had reached Wittenberg, forty miles to the north. Wallenstein was just in the position that Napoleon would have loved. Three quick and heavy strokes was all that was needed on his part to close the war. But, admirable strategist as he was, rapid to seize the decisive points of a campaign, and tenacious to hold them, the traditions and usages of the school in which he had been trained hung heavily about him. The German winter, too, had already set in, and so, forgetting that times and seasons were alike to his antagonist, he determined to go into quarters. With this view he detached Papenheim and his division to make their way into Westphalia, and prepared to settle down himself where he was with some 12,000 or 14,000 men.

Papenheim set out on the 4th of November (O. S.), and Gustavus heard of it directly. The latter was then manœuvring to the south of Leipzig with a view to his junction with the Duke of Luenburg, somewhere in the neighborhood of Grimma; but this purpose he abandoned at once. He knew Wallenstein's strength to a man, and he himself had 20,000 excellent soldiers well in hand,—a superiority of not less than 7,000 men. Every hour, indeed, would increase his advantage—widening the distance between Papenheim and his chief on the one side, and bringing up his own re-enforcements on the other. But every hour, too, would enable Wallenstein to seize and strengthen one of those formidable

positions which he knew so well how to choose. And this great consideration, in conjunction with the Norseman's thirst for battle, decided Gustavus to fight at once.

It is not now our intention to go into the deeply interesting details of that fearful day. Not that we are satisfied with them as they are told; but the renown, and therefore the story, belongs to another. Still it was a noble thing to maintain such a field doubtful to the last, with 12,000 men against full 20,000. And though Wallenstein made no great figure in the action, he merits no little praise for choosing such valiant captains and infusing such stubborn spirit into his columns.

Lutzen was lost. But lost as it was, that battle saved the empire, and from Wallenstein no less than from Gustavus. Now that the terrible Swede was dead, the equally terrible Friedländer ceased to be indispensable, and he knew it. From that hour forth began a struggle for life and death between the warrior and the court—each plotting to destroy as the only means of escaping destruction. But at the outset Wallenstein had the advantage. He was too strong in the devotion of his army to be openly assailed. Scanning the political expanse with a glance as sure as that which he brought to bear on the operations of war, he counselled the Emperor to magnanimity; but nobody at Vienna was prepared to be magnanimous. The court was not ready to redeem its pledges to the General; the courtiers were not ready to give up their share of the confiscation; and the bigots were not ready to abandon their intolerance. And so the war went on.

Baffled in this effort to harmonize his own interests with those of the empire, Wallenstein resumed the plottings of his retirement; but he was no longer so impenetrable as of old. True, he never committed himself in writing, and employed only the trustiest agents—men devoted heart and soul to his interests, because these were altogether their own. But in anticipation of the conflict, the court this time had taken care to surround him with men devoted to itself—skilful warriors, able negotiators, utterly devoid of conscience—men who bowed and flattered and truckled to the haughty Friedländer, until he trusted them like

brothers. Gallas, Altringer, and Piccolomini, all these generals who had joined him from the eminently loyal and Catholic army of Tilly, were the agents of the court, and under their supervision a profound system of espionage was organized and maintained around the General. The very confessional was brought into requisition, and more than one unscrupulous monk gained a mitre by betraying its secrets. Wallenstein's movements were watched by a hundred eyes, and his agents were dogged step by step to the various courts and back again. These men were beyond the reach of bribery indeed, and they never carried dispatches. But the fact of treasonable negotiations was clearly established, and that was much; and foreign potentates, being less skilful than Wallenstein in selecting their ministers, and incomparably less successful in securing their fidelity, something of the drift of these negotiations was soon elicited. Ferdinand charged his General with these treaties. "Yes," said Wallenstein, unblushingly, "I treat, but it is wholly in your interest." And revealing as much of the matter as suited him for the time, he continued the game.

But if he negotiated, it was always sword in hand. A few months had made good the losses of Lutzen. His army, through the whole of 1633, continued the most numerous and the best appointed in the field. He kept it comparatively idle, indeed, while the other belligerents wore themselves out in the strife. But now and then he made a dashing march, and dealt a heavy blow with all his ancient skill and vigor. In this way he confounded his enemies at court, kept his battalions from rusting, and showed unmistakably to all whom it might concern that he was still the same terrible Wallenstein as ever. Three armies entered Silesia together. Wallenstein marched thither and barred their path. He negotiated with the leaders, and through them with their principals. But finding the negotiations hang fire, he let his columns loose; separated and deceived his several foes by strategy so refined as barely to escape the imputation of treachery; captured a whole division of Swedes; and then sweeping forward in one of his old torrent-like rushes, he thrust one division far into

Brandenburg, and led another himself across Saxony, seizing and garrisoning the strongholds in his path. Thus time went on. The end of 1633 approached, and with it the consummation of all his plottings. France had long been gained, Saxon and Prussian would follow the lead of Oxenstiern, and the last heavy strokes—showing clearly what Wallenstein could accomplish for the Emperor, did it please him to put on the lion—had bent the cautious Swede at last to his proposals. Keeping a stern hold of the places he had won, the Friedländer gathered the army back into Bohemia towards the end of November, and dispersed it in quarters until the opening spring should rouse it to the campaign that was to ruin the House of Habsburg and place a crown upon his head.

But the court had not been idle. Every man in his ranks, from the general to the merest sentinel, had been profoundly studied, and thousands had been corrupted: the honest and honorable, by playing upon their patriotism, their loyalty, and their religious feelings; the vainglorious, by titles and promotion; and the sordid, by the splendid prizes which the approaching ruin would afford. Nor was Wallenstein, on his side, chary of gift and promise. Always open-handed, he was now more liberal than ever; and his promises were as limitless as his expectations. These things had served him to a marvel on former occasions, and he had not the smallest fear that they would fail him now. The hour of action was about to strike. All was ready without, nothing remained but to test the fidelity of his officers. To this end the Generals were assembled at Pilsen, his headquarters, on the 12th of January, 1634. That evening, Illo, one of Wallenstein's three confidants, gave a banquet, and every man was there. When the guests were warm with wine, the announcement so powerful two years before was repeated. Wallenstein, declared Illo, had determined to resign. The Italians and Spaniards who crowded the court had driven him to take this step. No native German could serve his country under such men. For his own part, the speaker avowed himself not merely indignant, but furious—as he ought to be—at these foreign factions: furious for the sake of his country, thus

again exposed to ruin; for the sake of their benefactor, thus repaid for his great sacrifices and unparalleled services; and, finally, for the loss of those great sums which he, Illo, like so many others, had invested, or, as it appeared, thrown away in these wars. Terski, and one or two others, emulated Illo's eloquence; and the traitors, of whom many were present, were compelled to chime in. A deputation was instantly chosen and dispatched to entreat the great chief not to abandon his children; and the great chief reluctantly consented to remain at the head of his happy family. Then followed the signing of that document which pledged them to serve Wallenstein to the last gasp, and to pursue his enemies to the death. There was a hitch or two, indeed, in connection with this affair; but these were slurred over sufficiently to satisfy the party chiefly concerned. Then and there Wallenstein issued his final orders for the concentration of the army at Prague by the 24th of February, and dismissed the Generals to their several commands.

Piccolomini's messenger sped to court with the tidings of these proceedings, and the moment he arrived the Council assembled. But not to deliberate on the crisis or contrive the measures to meet it. All this had been provided for long before. The principal business on this occasion seems to have been to settle the doom of the culprit, and several valuable hours were wasted in discussing it. At last the Spanish Ambassador cut short the unprofitable talk. "Why all this bother," said he, "about a trifle that a stab or a shot will so easily settle at any moment." The decrees and orders so long prepared were then issued to those entrusted with their execution, Gallas and Piccolomini—Altringer being then on his way to Vienna; and the Council adjourned. These decrees, dated January 24th, removed Wallenstein from his command, placed himself and his confidants beyond the pale of the law, and entrusted the direction of the army to Gallas. But for full three weeks longer Ferdinand continued to write to Wallenstein in the usual strain, addressing him as "Illustrious," "Dear," "Uncle" and "Friend," "Prince," and so forth.

And Piccolomini admirably seconded the Emperor in blinding the doom-

ed chief. A liking, originated by some casual coincidences as to birth, &c., had been deepened by the more than Italian duplicity of the object, until, towards the close of his career, the Friedländer had come to regard Piccolomini as a sort of second self. He trusted him implicitly, and kept him always about him. And the Italian made use of his position to withhold every messenger and dispatch likely to alarm him from the General's notice. It was a dangerous game, and required courage and dexterity and watchfulness not less consummate than treachery itself; for the slightest bungling or relaxation must have resulted in discovery and a terrible death. Such a part, so well played, in a worthy cause, would have won the man an heroic reputation. Meanwhile his confederates were busy seducing the army, and by the 13th of February they found themselves strong enough to seize Budweis, Tabor, and Prague in the Emperor's name. The news of this released Piccolomini from his perilous duty, and his flight roused Wallenstein at last. But, utterly unaware of the events of the last three weeks, the General was not less confident than wrathful. He resented the Italian's treachery; deeply resented it; but he did not dread it. He was ready to strike. This event, far from deranging his plans, merely precipitated them by a few hours; and his march would follow too close on the disclosure for the court to profit much—at least so he thought. Terski was directed to start at once and secure Prague; and similar measures were taken with respect to the other fortresses. Messengers also were sped off, some to hasten up the Swedes, and others to remove the troops that barred the passes in their way, or to apprise distant and trusty friends that rebellion had begun. But in a few short hours Terski and others were back again at Pilsen with terrible intelligence. The fortresses were already secured for the Emperor. Gallas had interposed with a strong force between Pilsen and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar at Ratisbon; Piccolomini was speeding up from Linz with a brigade to seize the persons of the traitors—for as such an Imperial proclamation had by this time denounced the Friedländer and his confidants; and last and worst intelligence of all, the troops

at hand were deserting by wholesale! Any moment might bring the Italian, and the vengeance that he marched with, upon them. So there was no resource but flight.

They fled, and fast. Mustering a few regiments, they took the route to Egra—the only one now open—dispatching courier after courier, thirteen in all, as they hurried along, to apprise Duke Bernard of their situation, and entreat assistance. Their escort consisted of 200 foot and ten troops of dragoons; but five of the latter deserted as they issued from the town. Close to their first stage, Mies, a town that belonged to Illo, they met Colonel Walter Butler and his regiment of dragoons, on the march from Kladrup to Pilsen, in accordance with the orders of Wallenstein, who meant thus to clear the way before the Swedes on all sides. Butler and his squadrons were pressed into the service of the fugitive chief. Lest the men should desert, they were compelled to march in front; whilst Wallenstein endeavored to gain their chief by unwonted attentions and golden promises. But Butler was deep in the secrets of the court, and on reaching Plan—the second stage of that strange journey—he managed to dispatch Father Taafe, his chaplain, with a letter to Gallas or Piccolomini, whichever he happened to meet first, signifying that the writer was compelled to accompany Wallenstein against his will; but adding the significant postscript, that perhaps Providence thus intended to give him an opportunity to do a deed that should “gild his humble name.” At Plan they met Major Leslie, who had been sent to meet them by Colonel Gordon, the commandant of Egra. This last town they reached on the afternoon of Friday, the 24th of February. That night, Gordon, Leslie, and Butler met secretly in the citadel, arranged their plans, and swore on a sword-blade to remove Wallenstein. The next day, at noon, Terski gave an entertainment, and Gordon returned it by another at night, in the citadel. Thither came Leslie, Butler, and Gordon, on the one side, and Illo, Kinski, Terski, and a certain Captain Neuman, on the other. They were very merry, and four of them very rebellious; Neuman especially boasting that he would soon

wash his hands in Habsburg blood. Nine o'clock struck, and at the stroke a messenger entered with a dispatch, pretended to have been intercepted. It seemed to bear the signature of the Elector of Saxony, and discussed, with small favor, Wallenstein's projects. Gordon read it, and handed it to his companions. When all had perused it, they proceeded to discuss it. To do this with the greater freedom, Gordon stood up, and ordered the servants to leave the room. He had scarcely spoken when a door opened on each side of the hall, and in poured two armed bands. “Prosperity to the House of Austria,” exclaimed Captain Geraldine, the leader of one party. “Who is for the Emperor? who is for the Emperor?” shouted Captains Macdonald and Devereux, at the head of the other. “Long live Ferdinand!” exclaimed Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, drawing their swords; and, snatching each a candle from the table, they ranged themselves by the wall, to light the murderers to their work. The latter—some forty strong—rushed upon their victims, overturning the table as they came on. Kinski died in an instant; and Illo, hampered by the table, made but a faint resistance. But Terski, a renowned swordsman, offered a desperate defence. Setting his back against the wall, the assailants, one after another, fell before his thrusts, while his good buff coat turned every one of theirs aside. “He is *geforn*!” exclaimed the assassins, drawing back at length; and, as they did so, some one among them flung a heavy candestick at his head, and brought him to the floor, where he was dispatched by a dagger-thrust through the eye. Neuman, slightly wounded at the commencement of the affray, attempted to escape by a desperate leap through a window, but was intercepted in the courtyard, and killed there. The dragoons stripped the bodies, which were then locked up in the bloody hall, until the work was completed. Nor was there any delay over that. Gordon remained to guard the citadel, Leslie went to the principal alarm-post, and Butler, accompanied by Devereux and his trusty band, betook himself to Wallenstein's quarters—the Burgomaster's house, which still remains at the east end of the market-place. It was a dark, dismal, rainy night, and the dis-

tant shrieks of Kinski's and Terski's widows, just then apprised of their husbands' death, came by fits and starts upon the blast, causing more than one of Butler's men to shudder as they were posted about the house. Devereux, who was to strike the stroke, took twelve dragoons and stole round to the back door. This he forced with a dexterity which spoke well for his acquaintance with the burglar's craft. Leaving six of his men at the door, and accompanied by the other six, he crept quietly up the stairs, and along the corridor, to Wallenstein's chamber, over the front entrance. There he met the valet, who had just taken the Duke his usual sleeping-draught, a tankard of beer. "Hush!" said the valet, placing his finger on his lip, and pointing to the door. "The key, the key!" growled Devereux, with an oath; and, as the key was not instantly forthcoming, he drove his sword through the servant, who fell with the weapon in his body. Snatching a partisan from one

of his followers, Devereux put his shoulder to the door, and burst it open. There, right before him, stood Wallenstein, in his shirt, leaning against a table. "Die, rogue—die!" yelled the Irishman, lowering his weapon. No word escaped the Friedländer, no shiver shook him, nor did he draw back an inch. Looking the murderer straight in the face, he opened wide his arms to the thrust, and fell without a groan.

Scores upon scores of his confederates met a similar fate. Piccolomini hanged twenty-four of his colonels at once at Pilsen; and thus the conspiracy was crushed out. Wallenstein's immense estates enriched his destroyers. Each of the Generals received a large share, Piccolomini the largest, though for a while he was much blamed at court for plundering Wallenstein's treasury at Pilsen very much like a brigand. The actual butchers were liberally rewarded—Butler and Leslie in particular being enriched and ennobled.

Chambers's Journal.

ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN SHE DIED.

ONLY seven years old when she died!

Surely the angels must love her dearly!

Bright golden-haired and violet-eyed,

None could e'er look on her face severely!

There are children as many as the flowers,

But never was one more sweet than ours,

The latest bud on an aged tree

Where never blossom again may be.

Once I held up my head with the best,

Crowned with three flowers of promise bright;

Two—two of the fairest—Death tore from my breast,

Five years ago, in the self-same night.

She was the only one left to me,

And I prayed with groans of agony

That burst from my heart, a mingled prayer

Of hope and doubting and black despair,

That He who doth wisely whatever betide,

Would be willing to leave her aye by my side,

Still blessing her richly with increase of days.

It may be He heard me—but ah! His ways

Are not as ours—from the heavenly place

Perhaps she lighteneth our life with grace.

Only seven years old when she died!

Yet the hopes of two lifetimes died with her!

We have not a wish in the world wide

Save that we had gone out on the tide with her!

The tide that has borne them all away,

Srbil and Avia, now little May;

The ebb that never knows turn or flow.

However the full moons come or go!

But I would not murmur—no complaint

Breaks from the lips, asleep or awake,

Of the mother who bore them, making a feint

Of being content for my love's sake.

But sometimes her hand clings to her heart,

And at certain hours she sits apart;

And the golden light of sunset skies

Brings a far-off look into her eyes;

And I fear me much that her treasure in heaven

Her heart from its earth-hold has almost riven,

And soon, hearing the voice of her children three,

She, too, will drift out to that unknown sea—

"The sea of glass" for her it should be—

God help me! what then will become of me!

Only seven years old when she died!

How our old hearts took young delight in her,

Our only pleasure, our hope, our pride!

Well! He who made her had the most right in her!

We took her from Him thanksgivingly;

We gave her back—no, not willingly,

But not with repining—God forbid!

Yet I think He pardons that we did

Falter awhile and fail in our praise,

Missing the key to which it was set

For a sweet child-treble in happier days.

The old tune haunts our memory yet,

And we scarce can read, for tears, the page

Of blessings left to our altered age.

Our "lines," once "fallen in pleasant places,"

Blankly stare in our darkened faces,

And our harps on the willows of grief hang low;

But God, omniscient, has known what we know.

Once the harpings of Heaven ceased suddenly,

And His heart was thrilled by a bitter cry—

The cry of His Son's last agony:

He knows what we felt when we saw her die.

Only seven years old when she died !
 Passed from the earth ere she learned its history !
 Now she stands up with the glorified,
 Fully as wise in the heavenly mystery
 As they who through great tribulation
 Fought their way up from every nation,
 Leavened the world with their life-blood warm,
 Carried the kingdom of God by storm.
 Sometimes still they talk of their story—
 How they suffered, and conquered, and died ;
 Cleft a path on through the cloud to the glory.
 She stands listening, wondering-eyed.
 Nought *she* knew of toil or endeavor—
 Mother's arms were around her ever ;
 Little of sorrow, doubt, or despair.
 Half she questions her right to be there—
 She who has nothing either suffered or done ;
 Till, suddenly smiling, she looks to the Son,
 And, folding her pretty hands reverently,
 Lips out her child-creed most confidently—
 The same she learned at her mother's knee—
 "He said : 'Let the little ones come to me.'"

Only seven years old when she died !
 Seventy long years, yea, and more years still,
 We have clambered and clung to the side—
 She stands even now at the top of the hill,
 Bright, in the beams of the morning light !
 Ours, at the best, is a starry night.
 We toil on through the dust and the heat ;
 She sitteth calm at the Master's feet
 Reading the truth of His lovelit face ;
 Answering Him back glad smile for smile.
 We tremblingly shriek out for grace—"Lord !
 more grace !"
 Dreading to meet His look all the while,
 So spotted our souls, and milled with sin.
 She shows stainless without and within—
 A snow-white soul in a robe like snow.
 Weary, and wayworn, and sad we go,
 Sorely doubting if, after our course be run,
 Our life-lasting tourney well battled and done,
 When the Judge stands up the awards to divide,
 We shall be worthy to stand by her side,
 Whose sword was ne'er fleshed, whose
 strength was ne'er tried—
 Who was only seven years old when she died !

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. AND MRS. OUTHOUSE.

BOTH Mr. Outhouse and his wife were especially timid in taking upon themselves the cares of other people. Not on that account is it to be supposed that they were bad or selfish. They were both given much to charity, and bestowed both in time and money more than is ordinarily considered necessary even from persons in their position. But what they gave, they gave away from their own quiet hearth. Had money been wanting to the daughters of his wife's brother, Mr. Outhouse would have opened such small coffer as he had with a free hand. But he would have much preferred that his benevolence should be used in a way that would bring upon him no further responsibility and no questionings from people whom he did not know and could not understand.

The Rev. Oliphant Outhouse had been Rector of St. Diddulph's-in-the-East for the last fifteen years, having married the sister of Sir Marmaduke Rowley,—then simply Mr. Rowley, with a colonial appointment in Jamaica of £120 per annum,—twelve years before his promotion, while he was a curate in one of the populous borough parishes. He had thus been a London clergyman all his life ; but he knew almost as little of Lon-

don society as though he had held a cure in a Westmoreland valley. He had worked hard, but his work had been altogether among the poor. He had no gift of preaching, and had acquired neither reputation nor popularity. But he could work ;—and having been transferred because of that capability to the temporary curacy of St. Diddulph's,—out of one diocese into another,—he had received the living from the bishop's hands when it became vacant.

A dreary place was the parsonage of St. Diddulph's-in-the-East for the abode of a gentleman. Mr. Outhouse had not, in his whole parish, a parishioner with whom he could consort. The greatest men around him were the publicans, and the most numerous were men employed in and around the docks. Dredgers of mud, navvies employed on suburban canals, excavators, loaders and unloaders of cargo, cattle drivers, whose driving, however, was done mostly on board ship—such and such like were the men who were the fathers of the families of St. Diddulph's-in-the-East. And there was there, not far removed from the muddy estuary of a little stream that makes its black way from the Essex marshes among the houses of the poorest of the poor into the Thames, a large commercial establishment for turning the carcasses of horses into manure. Messrs.

Flowsem and Blurt were in truth the great people of St. Diddulph's-in-the-East; but the closeness of their establishment was not an additional attraction to the parsonage. They were liberal, however, with their money, and Mr. Outhouse was disposed to think,—custom perhaps having made the establishment less objectionable to him than it was at first,—that St. Diddulph's-in-the-East would be more of a Pandemonium than it now was, if by any sanitary law Messrs. Flowsem and Blurt were compelled to close their doors. "Non olet," he would say with a grim smile when the charitable cheque of the firm would come punctually to hand on the first Saturday after Christmas.

But such a house as his would be, as he knew, but a poor residence for his wife's nieces. Indeed, without positively saying that he was unwilling to receive them, he had, when he first heard of the breaking up of the house in Curzon Street, shown that he would rather not take upon his shoulders so great a responsibility. He and his wife had discussed the matter between them, and had come to the conclusion that they did not know what kind of things might have been done in Curzon Street. They would think no evil, they said; but the very idea of a married woman with a lover was dreadful to them. It might be that their niece was free from blame. They hoped so. And even though her sin had been of ever so deep a dye, they would take her in,—if it were indeed necessary. But they hoped that such help from them might not be needed. They both knew how to give counsel to a poor woman, how to rebuke a poor man,—how to comfort, encourage, or to upbraid the poor. Practice had told them how far they might go with some hope of doing good;—and at what stage of demoralization no good from their hands was any longer within the scope of fair expectation. But all this was among the poor. With what words to encourage such a one as their niece Mrs. Trevelyan,—to encourage her or to rebuke her, as her conduct might seem to make necessary,—they both felt that they were altogether ignorant. To them Mrs. Trevelyan was a fine lady. To Mr. Outhouse, Sir Marmaduke had ever been a fine gentleman, given much to

wordly things, who cared more for whist and a glass of wine than for anything else, and who thought that he had a good excuse for never going to church in England because he was called upon, as he said, to show himself in the governor's pew always once on Sundays, and frequently twice, when he was at the seat of his government. Sir Marmaduke manifestly looked upon church as a thing in itself notoriously disagreeable. To Mr. Outhouse it afforded the great events of the week. And Mrs. Outhouse would declare that to hear her husband preach was the greatest joy of her life. It may be understood therefore that though the family connection between the Rowleys and the Outhouses had been kept up with a semblance of affection, it had never blossomed forth into cordial friendship.

When therefore the clergyman at St. Diddulph's received a letter from his niece, Nora, begging him to take her into his parsonage till Sir Marmaduke should arrive in the course of the spring, and hinting also a wish that her uncle Oliphant should see Mr. Trevelyan and if possible arrange that his other niece should also come to the parsonage, he was very much perturbed in spirit. There was a long consultation between him and his wife before anything could be settled, and it may be doubted whether anything would have been settled, had not Mr. Trevelyan himself made his way to the parsonage, on the second day of the family conference. Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse had both seen the necessity of sleeping upon the matter. They had slept upon it, and the discourse between them on the second day was so doubtful in its tone that more sleeping would probably have been necessary had not Mr. Trevelyan appeared and compelled them to a decision.

"You must remember that I make no charge against her," said Trevelyan, after the matter had been discussed for about an hour.

"Then why should she not come back to you?" said Mr. Outhouse, timidly.

"Some day she may,—if she will be obedient. But it cannot be now. She has set me at defiance; and even yet it is too clear from the tone of her letter to me that she thinks that she has been right to do so. How could we live together in

amity when she addresses me as a cruel tyrant?"

"Why did she go away at first?" asked Mrs. Outhouse.

"Because she would compromise my name by an intimacy which I did not approve. But I do not come here to defend myself, Mrs. Outhouse. You probably think that I have been wrong. You are her friend; and to you, I will not even say that I have been right. What I want you to understand is this. She cannot come back to me now. It would not be for my honor that she should do so."

"But, sir,—would it not be for your welfare, as a Christian?" asked Mr. Outhouse.

"You must not be angry with me, if I say that I will not discuss that just now. I did not come here to discuss it."

"It is very sad for our poor niece," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"It is very sad for me," said Trevelyan, gloomily;—"very sad, indeed. My home is destroyed; my life is made solitary; I do not even see my own child. She has her boy with her, and her sister. I have nobody."

"I can't understand, for the life of me, why you should not live together just like any other people," said Mr. Outhouse, whose woman's spirit was arising in her bosom. "When people are married, they must put up with something;—at least, most always." This she added, lest it might be for a moment imagined that she had had any cause for complaint with her Mr. Outhouse.

"Pray excuse me, Mrs. Outhouse; but I cannot discuss that. The question between us is this,—can you consent to receive your two nieces till their father's return;—and if so, in what way shall I defray the expense of their living? You will of course understand that I willingly undertake the expense not only of my wife's maintenance and of her sister's also, but that I will cheerfully allow anything that may be required either for their comfort or recreation."

"I cannot take my nieces into my house as lodgers," said Mr. Outhouse.

"No, not as lodgers; but of course you can understand that it is for me to pay for my own wife. I know I owe you an apology for mentioning it;—but how else could I make my request to you?"

"If Emily and Nora come here they must come as our guests," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"Certainly," said the clergyman. "And if I am told they are in want of a home they shall find one here till their father comes. But I am bound to say that as regards the elder I think her home should be elsewhere."

"Of course it should," said Mrs. Outhouse. "I don't know anything about the law, but it seems to me very odd that a young woman should be turned out in this way. You say she has done nothing?"

"I will not argue the matter," said Trevelyan.

"That's all very well, Mr. Trevelyan," said the lady, "but she's my own niece, and if I don't stand up for her I don't know who will. I never heard such a thing in my life as a wife being sent away after such a fashion as that. We wouldn't treat a cookmaid so; that we wouldn't. As for coming here, she shall come if she pleases, but I shall always say that it's the greatest shame I ever heard of."

Nothing came of this visit at last. The lady grew in her anger; and Mr. Trevelyan, in his own defence, was driven to declare that his wife's obstinate intimacy with Colonel Osborne had almost driven him out of his senses. Before he left the parsonage he was brought even to tears by his own narration of his own misery;—whereby Mr. Outhouse was considerably softened, although Mrs. Outhouse became more and more stout in the defence of her own sex. But nothing at last came of it. Trevelyan insisted on paying for his wife, wherever she might be placed; and when he found that this would not be permitted to him at the parsonage, he was very anxious to take some small furnished house in the neighborhood, in which the two sisters might live for the next six months under the wings of their uncle and aunt. But even Mr. Outhouse was moved to pleasantry by this suggestion, as he explained the nature of the tenements which were common at St. Diddulph's. Two rooms, front and back, they might have for about five-and-sixpence a week in a house with three other families. "But perhaps that is not exactly what you'd like," said Mr. Outhouse. The interview ended with no result, and Mr. Trevelyan took his leave,

declaring to himself that he was worse off than the foxes, who have holes in which to lay their heads;—but it must be presumed that his sufferings in this respect were to be by attorney; as it was for his wife, and not for himself, that the necessary hole was now required.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Outhouse answered Nora's letter, and without meaning to be explicit, explained pretty closely what had taken place. The spare bedroom at the parsonage was ready to receive either one or both of the sisters till Sir Marmaduke should be in London, if one or both of them should choose to come. And though there was no nursery at the parsonage,—for Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse had been blessed with no children,—still room should be made for the little boy. But they must come as visitors,—"as our own nieces," said Mrs. Outhouse. And she went on to say that she would have nothing to do with the quarrel between Mr. Trevelyan and his wife. All such quarrels were very bad,—but as to this quarrel she could take no part either one side or the other. Then she stated that Mr. Trevelyan had been at the parsonage, but that no arrangement had been made, because Mr. Trevelyan had insisted on paying for their board and lodging.

This letter reached Nuncombe Putney before any reply was received by Mrs. Trevelyan from her husband. This was on the Saturday morning, and Mrs. Trevelyan had pledged herself to Mrs. Stanbury that she would leave the Clock House on the Monday. Of course, there was no need that she should do so. Both Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla would now have willingly consented to their remaining till Sir Marmaduke should be in England. But Mrs. Trevelyan's high spirit revolted against this after all that had been said. She thought that she should hear from her husband on the morrow, but the post on Sunday brought no letter from Trevelyan. On the Saturday they had finished packing up,—so certain was Mrs. Trevelyan that some instructions as to her future destiny would be sent to her by her lord.

At last they decided on the Sunday that they would both go at once to St. Diddulph's; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that this was the decision of the elder sister. Nora would wil-

lingly have yielded to Priscilla's entreaties, and have remained. But Emily declared that she could not, and would not, stay in the house. She had a few pounds,—what would suffice for her journey; and as Mr. Trevelyan had not thought proper to send his orders to her, she would go without them. Mrs. Outhouse was her aunt, and her nearest relative in England. Upon whom else could she lean in this time of her great affliction? A letter, therefore, was written to Mrs. Outhouse, saying that the whole party, including the boy and nurse, would be at St. Diddulph's on the Monday evening, and the last cord was put to the boxes.

"I suppose that he is very angry," Mrs. Trevelyan said to her sister, "but I do not feel that I care about that now. He shall have nothing to complain of in reference to any gayety on my part. I will see no one. I will have no—correspondence. But I will not remain here after what he has said to me, let him be ever so angry. I declare, as I think of it, it seems to me that no woman was ever so cruelly treated as I have been." Then she wrote one further line to her husband.

"Not having received any orders from you, and having promised Mrs. Stanbury that I would leave this house on Monday, I go with Nora to my aunt, Mrs. Outhouse, to-morrow. E. T."

On the Sunday evening the four ladies drank tea together, and they all made an effort to be civil, and even affectionate, to each other. Mrs. Trevelyan had at last allowed Priscilla to explain how it had come to pass that she had told her brother that it would be better both for her mother and for herself that the existing arrangements should be brought to an end, and there had come to be an agreement between them that they should all part in amity. But the conversation on the Sunday evening was very difficult.

"I am sure we shall always think of you both with the greatest kindness," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"As for me," said Priscilla, "your being with us has been a delight that I cannot describe;—only it has been wrong."

"I know too well," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "that in our present circumstances

we are unable to carry delight with us anywhere."

"You hardly understand what our life has been," said Priscilla; "but the truth is that we had no right to receive you in such a house as this. It has not been our way of living, and it cannot continue to be so. It is not wonderful that people should talk of us. Had it been called your house, it might have been better."

"And what will you do now?" asked Nora.

"Get out of this place as soon as we can. It is often hard to go back to the right path; but it may always be done, —or at least attempted."

"It seems to me that I take misery with me wherever I go," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"My dear, it has not been your fault," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"I do not like to blame my brother," said Priscilla, "because he has done his best to be good to us all;—and the punishment will fall heaviest upon him, because he must pay for it."

"He should not be allowed to pay a shilling," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

Then the morning came, and at seven o'clock the two sisters, with the nurse and child, started for Lessboro' Station in Mrs. Crocket's open carriage, the luggage having been sent on in a cart. There were many tears shed, and any one looking at the party would have thought that very dear friends were being torn asunder.

"Mother," said Priscilla, as soon as the parlor door was shut, and the two were alone together, "we must take care that we never are brought again into such a mistake as that. They who protect the injured should be strong themselves."

CHAPTER XXX.

DOROTHY MAKES UP HER MIND.

It was true that most ill-natured things had been said at Lessboro' and at Nuncombe Putney about Mrs. Stanbury and the visitors at the Clock House, and that these ill-natured things had spread themselves to Exeter. Mrs. Ellison of Lessboro', who was not the most good-natured woman in the world, had told Mrs. Merton of Nuncombe that she had been told that the Colonel's visit to the lady had been made by express arrange-

ment between the Colonel and Mrs. Stanbury. Mrs. Merton, who was very good-natured, but not the wisest woman in the world, had declared that any such conduct on the part of Mrs. Stanbury was quite impossible. "What does it matter which it is,—Priscilla or her mother?" Mrs. Ellison had said. "These are the facts. Mrs. Trevelyan has been sent there to be out of the way of this Colonel; and the Colonel immediately comes down and sees her at the Clock House. But when people are very poor they do get driven to do almost anything."

Mrs. Merton, not being very wise, had conceived it to be her duty to repeat this to Priscilla; and Mrs. Ellison, not being very good-natured, had conceived it to be hers to repeat it to Mrs. MacHugh at Exeter. And then Bozzle's coming had become known.

"Yes, Mrs. MacHugh, a policeman in mufti down at Nuncombe! I wonder what our friend in the Close here will think about it! I have always said, you know, that if she wanted to keep things straight at Nuncombe, she should have opened her purse-strings."

From all which it may be understood, that Priscilla Stanbury's desire to go back to their old way of living had not been without reason.

It may be imagined that Miss Stanbury of the Close did not receive with equanimity the reports which reached her. And, of course, when she discussed the matter either with Martha or with Dorothy, she fell back upon her own early appreciation of the folly of the Clock House arrangement. Nevertheless, she had called Mrs. Ellison very bad names, when she learned from her friend Mrs. MacHugh what reports were being spread by the lady from Lessboro'.

"Mrs. Ellison! Yes; we all know Mrs. Ellison. The bitterest tongue in Devonshire, and the falsest! There are some people at Lessboro' who would be well pleased if she paid her way there as well as those poor women do at Nuncombe. I don't think much of what Mrs. Ellison says."

"But it is bad about the policeman," said Mrs. MacHugh.

"Of course it's bad. It's all bad. I'm not saying that it's not bad. I'm glad I've got this other young woman

out of it. It's all that young man's doing. If I had a son of my own, I'd sooner follow him to the grave than hear him call himself a Radical."

Then, on a sudden, there came to the Close news that Mrs. Trevelyan and her sister were gone. On the very Monday on which they went, Priscilla sent a note on to her sister, in which no special allusion was made to Aunt Stanbury, but which was no doubt written with the intention that the news should be communicated.

"Gone; are they? As it is past wishing that they hadn't come, it's the best thing they could do now. And who is to pay the rent of the house, now they have gone?" As this was a point on which Dorothy was not prepared to trouble herself at present, she made no answer to the question.

Dorothy at this time was in a state of very great perturbation on her own account. The reader may perhaps remember that she had been much startled by a proposition that had been made to her in reference to her future life. Her aunt had suggested to her that she should become—Mrs. Gibson. She had not as yet given any answer to that proposition, and had indeed found it to be quite impossible to speak about it at all. But there can be no doubt that the suggestion had opened out to her altogether new views of life. Up to the moment of her aunt's speech to her, the idea of her becoming a married woman had never presented itself to her. In her humility it had not occurred to her that she should be counted as one among the candidates for matrimony. Priscilla had taught her to regard herself,—indeed, they had both so regarded themselves,—as born to eat and drink, as little as might be, and then to die. Now, when she was told that she could, if she pleased, become Mrs. Gibson, she was almost lost in a whirl of new and confused ideas. Since her aunt had spoken, Mr. Gibson himself had dropped a hint or two which seemed to her to indicate that he also must be in the secret. There had been a party, with a supper, at Mrs. Crumbe's, at which both the Miss Frenches had been present. But Mr. Gibson had taken her, Dorothy Stanbury, out to supper, leaving both Camilla and Arabella behind him in the

drawing-room! During the quarter of an hour afterwards in which the ladies were alone while the gentlemen were eating and drinking, both Camilla and Arabella continued to wreak their vengeance. They asked questions about Mrs. Trevelyan, and suggested that Mr. Gibson might be sent over to put things right. But Miss Stanbury had heard them, and had fallen upon them with a heavy hand.

"There's a good deal expected of Mr. Gibson, my dears," she said, "which it seems to me Mr. Gibson is not inclined to perform."

"It is quite indifferent to us what Mr. Gibson may be inclined to perform," said Arabella. "I'm sure we shan't interfere with Miss Dorothy."

As this was said quite out loud before all the other ladies, Dorothy was overcome with shame. But her aunt comforted her when they were again at home.

"Laws, my dear; what does it matter? When you're Mrs. Gibson, you'll be proud of it all."

Was it then really written in the book of the fates that she, Dorothy Stanbury, was to become Mrs. Gibson? Poor Dorothy began to feel that she was called upon to exercise an amount of thought and personal decision to which she had not been accustomed. Hitherto, in the things which she had done, or left undone, she had received instructions which she could obey. Had her mother and Priscilla told her positively not to go to her aunt's house, she would have remained at Nuncombe without complaint. Had her aunt since her coming given her orders as to her mode of life,—enjoined, for instance, additional church attendances, or desired her to perform menial services in the house,—she would have obeyed, from custom, without a word. But when she was told that she was to marry Mr. Gibson, it did seem to her to be necessary to do something more than obey. Did she love Mr. Gibson? She tried hard to teach herself to think that she might learn to love him. He was a nice-looking man enough, with sandy hair, and a head rather bald, with thin lips, and a narrow nose, who certainly did preach drawling sermons; but of whom everybody said that he was a very excellent clergyman. He had a house and an income, and all Exeter had long

since decided that he was a man who would certainly marry. He was one of those men of whom it may be said that they have no possible claim to remain unmarried. He was fair game, and unless he surrendered himself to be bagged before long, would subject himself to just and loud complaint. The Miss Frenches had been aware of this, and had thought to make sure of him among them. It was a little hard upon them that the old maid of the Close, as they always called Miss Stanbury, should interfere with them when their booty was almost won. And they felt it to be the harder because Dorothy Stanbury was, as they thought, so poor a creature. That Dorothy herself should have any doubt as to accepting Mr. Gibson, was an idea that never occurred to them. But Dorothy had her doubts. When she came to think of it, she remembered that she had never as yet spoken a word to Mr. Gibson, beyond such little trifling remarks as are made over a tea-table. She might learn to love him, but she did not think that she loved him as yet.

"I don't suppose all this will make any difference to Mr. Gibson," said Miss Stanbury to her niece, on the morning after the receipt of Priscilla's note stating that the Trevelyans had left Nuncombe.

Dorothy always blushed when Mr. Gibson's name was mentioned, and she blushed now. But she did not at all understand her aunt's allusion. "I don't know what you mean, aunt," she said.

"Well, you know, my dear, what they say about Mrs. Trevelyan and the Clock House is not very nice. If Mr. Gibson were to turn round and say that the connection wasn't pleasant, no one would have a right to complain."

The faint customary blush on Dorothy's cheeks which Mr. Gibson's name had produced now covered her whole face even up to the roots of her hair. "If he believes bad of mamma, I'm sure, Aunt Stanbury, I don't want to see him again."

"That's all very fine, my dear, but a man has to think of himself, you know."

"Of course he thinks of himself. Why shouldn't he? I dare say he thinks of himself more than I do."

"Dorothy, don't be a fool. A good husband isn't to be caught every day."

"Aunt Stanbury, I don't want to catch any man."

"Dorothy, don't be a fool."

"I must say it. I don't suppose Mr. Gibson thinks of me the least in the world."

"Psha! I tell you he does."

"But as for mamma and Priscilla, I never could like anybody for a moment who would be ashamed of them."

She was most anxious to declare that, as far as she knew herself and her own wishes at present, she entertained no partiality for Mr. Gibson,—no feeling which could become partiality even if Mr. Gibson was to declare himself willing to accept her mother and her sister with herself. But she did not dare to say so. There was an instinct within her which made it almost impossible to her to express an objection to a suitor before the suitor had declared himself to be one. She could speak out as touching her mother and her sister,—but as to her own feelings she could express neither assent nor dissent.

"I should like to have it settled soon," said Miss Stanbury, in a melancholy voice. Even to this Dorothy could make no reply. What did soon mean? Perhaps in the course of a year or two. "If it could be arranged by the end of this week, it would be a great comfort to me." Dorothy almost fell off her chair, and was stricken altogether dumb. "I told you, I think, that Brooke Burgess is coming here?"

"You said he was to come some day."

"He is to be here on Monday. I haven't seen him for more than twelve years; and now he's to be here next week! Dear, dear! When I think sometimes of all the hard words that have been spoken, and the harder thoughts that have been in people's minds, I often regret that the money ever came to me at all. I could have done without it, very well,—very well."

"But all the unpleasantness is over now, aunt."

"I don't know about that. Unpleasantness of that kind is apt to rankle long. But I wasn't going to give up my rights. Nobody but a coward does that. They talked of going to law and trying the will, but they wouldn't have got much by that. And then they abused me for two years. When they had done

and got sick of it, I told them they should have it all back again as soon as I am dead. It won't be long now. This Burgess is the elder nephew, and he shall have it all."

"Is not he grateful?"

"No. Why should he be grateful? I don't do it for special love of him. I don't want his gratitude; nor anybody's gratitude. Look at Hugh. I did love him."

"I am grateful, Aunt Stanbury."

"Are you, my dear? Then show it by being a good wife to Mr. Gibson, and a happy wife. I want to get everything settled while Burgess is here. • If he is to have it, why should I keep him out of it whilst I live? I wonder whether Mr. Gibson would mind coming and living here, Dolly?"

The thing was coming so near to her that Dorothy began to feel that she must, in truth, make up her mind, and let her aunt know also how it had been made up. She was sensible enough to perceive that if she did not prepare herself for the occasion she would find herself hampered by an engagement simply because her aunt had presumed that it was out of the question that she should not acquiesce. She would drift into marriage with Mr. Gibson against her will. Her greatest difficulty was the fact that her aunt clearly had no doubt on the subject. And as for herself, hitherto her feelings did not, on either side, go beyond doubts. Assuredly it would be a very good thing for her to become Mrs. Gibson, if only she could create for herself some attachment for the man. At the present moment her aunt said nothing more about Mr. Gibson, having her mind much occupied with the coming of Mr. Brooke Burgess.

"I remember him twenty years ago and more; as nice a boy as you would wish to see. His father was the fourth of the brothers. Dear, dear! Three of them are gone; and the only one remaining is old Barty, whom no one ever loved."

The Burgesses had been great people in Exeter, having been both bankers and brewers there, but the light of the family had paled; and though Bartholomew Burgess, of whom Miss Stanbury declared that no one had ever loved him, still had a share in the bank, it was well

understood in the city that the real wealth in the firm of Cropper and Burgess, belonged to the Cropper family. Indeed, the most considerable portion of the fortune that had been realized by old Mr. Burgess had come into the hands of Miss Stanbury herself. Bartholomew Stanbury had never forgiven his brother's will, and between him and Jemima Stanbury the feud was irreconcilable. The next brother, Tom, Burgess, had been a solicitor at Liverpool, and had done well there. But Miss Stanbury knew nothing of the Tom Burgesses as she called them. The fourth brother, Harry Burgess, had been a clergyman, and this Brooke Burgess, Junior, who was now coming to the Close, had been left with a widowed mother, the eldest of a large family. It need not now be told at length how there had been ill-blood also between this clergyman and the heiress. There had been attempts at friendship, and at one time Miss Stanbury had received the Rev. Harry Burgess and all his family at the Close;—but the attempts had not been successful; and though our old friend had never wavered in her determination to leave the money all back to some one of the Burgess family, and with this view had made a pilgrimage to London some twelve years since, and had renewed her acquaintance with the widow and the children, still there had been no comfortable relations between her and any of the Burgess family. Old Barty Burgess, whom she met in the Close, or saw in the High Street every day of her life, was her great enemy. He had tried his best,—so at least she was convinced,—to drive her out of the pale of society, years upon years ago, by saying evil things of her. She had conquered in that combat. Her victory had been complete, and she had triumphed after a most signal fashion. But this triumph did not silence Barty's tongue, nor soften his heart. When she prayed to be forgiven, as she herself forgave others, she always exempted Barty Burgess from her prayers. There are things which flesh and blood cannot do. She had not liked Harry Burgess' widow, nor, for the matter of that, Harry Burgess himself. When she had last seen the children she had not liked any of them much, and had had her doubts even as to Brooke.

But with that branch of the family she was willing to try again. Brooke was now coming to the Close, having received, however, an intimation, that if, during his visit to Exeter, he chose to see his Uncle Barty, any such intercourse must be kept quite in the background. While he remained in Miss Stanbury's house he was to remain there as though there were no such person as Mr. Bartholomew Burgess in Exeter.

At this time Brooke Burgess was a man just turned thirty, and was a clerk in the Ecclesiastical Record Office, in Somerset House. No doubt the peculiar nature and name of the public department to which he was attached had done something to recommend him to Miss Stanbury. Ecclesiastical records were things greatly to be revered in her eyes, and she felt that a gentleman who handled them and dealt with them would probably be sedate, gentleman-like, and conservative. Brooke Burgess, when she had last seen him, was just about to enter upon the duties of the office. Then there had come offence, and she had in truth known nothing of him from that day to this. The visitor was to be at Exeter on the following Monday, and very much was done in preparation of his coming. There was to be a dinner party on that very day, and dinner parties were not common with Miss Stanbury. She had, however, explained to Martha that she intended to put her best foot forward. Martha understood perfectly that Mr. Brooke Burgess was to be received as the heir of property. Sir Peter Mancrudy, the great Devonshire chemist, was coming to dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Powel from Haldon,—people of great distinction in that part of the county,—Mrs. Mac-Hugh, of course; and, equally of course, Mr. Gibson. There was a deep discussion between Miss Stanbury and Martha as to asking two of the Cliffords, and Mr. and Mrs. Noel from Doddiscombe-leigh. Martha had been very much in favor of having twelve. Miss Stanbury had declared that with twelve she must have two waiters from the green-grocer's, and that two waiters would overpower her own domesticities below stairs. Martha had declared that she didn't care about them any more than if they were puppy dogs. But Miss Stan-

bury had been quite firm against twelve. She had consented to have ten,—for the sake of artistic arrangement at the table; "They should be pantaloons and petticoats alternate, you know," she had said to Martha,—and had therefore asked the Cliffords. But the Cliffords could not come, and then she had declined to make any further attempt. Indeed, a new idea had struck her. Brooke Burgess, her guest, should sit at one end of the table, and Mr. Gibson, the clergyman, at the other. In this way the proper alternation would be effected. When Martha heard this, Martha quite understood the extent of the good fortune that was in store for Dorothy. If Mr. Gibson was to be welcomed in that way, it could only be in preparation of his becoming one of the family.

And Dorothy herself became aware that she must make up her mind. It was not so declared to her, but she came to understand that it was very probable that something would occur on the coming Monday which would require her to be ready with her answer on that day. And she was greatly tormented by feeling that if she could not bring herself to accept Mr. Gibson,—should Mr. Gibson propose to her, as to which she continued to tell herself that the chance of such a thing must be very remote indeed,—but that if he should propose to her, and if she could not accept him, her aunt ought to know that it would be so before the moment came. But yet she could not bring herself to speak to her aunt as though any such proposition were possible.

It happened that during the week, on the Saturday, Priscilla came into Exeter. Dorothy met her sister at the railway station, and then the two walked together two miles and back along the Crediton Road. Aunt Stanbury had consented to Priscilla coming to the Close, even though it was not the day appointed for such visits; but the walk had been preferred, and Dorothy felt that she would be able to ask for counsel from the only human being to whom she could have brought herself to confide the fact that a gentleman was expected to ask her to marry him. But it was not till they had turned upon their walk, that she was able to open her mouth on the subject even to her sister. Priscilla had been

very full of their own cares at Nuncombe, and had said much of her determination to leave the Clock House and to return to the retirement of some small cottage. She had already written to Hugh to this effect, and during their walk had said much of her own folly in having consented to so great a change in their mode of life. At last Dorothy struck in with her story.

"Aunt Stanbury wants me to make a change too."

"What change?" asked Priscilla, anxiously.

"It is not my idea, Priscilla, and I don't think that there can be anything in it. Indeed, I'm sure there isn't. I don't see how it's possible that there should be."

"But what is it, Dolly?"

"I suppose there can't be any harm in my telling you."

"If it's anything concerning yourself, I should say not. If it concerns Aunt Stanbury, I dare say she'd rather you held your tongue."

"It concerns me most," said Dorothy.

"She doesn't want you to leave her, does she?"

"Well,—yes—no. By what she said last,—I shouldn't leave her at all in that way. Only I'm sure it's not possible."

"I am the worst hand in the world, Dolly, at guessing a riddle."

"You've heard of that Mr. Gibson, the clergyman;—haven't you?"

"Of course I have."

"Well—. Mind, you know, it's only what Aunt Stanbury says. He has never so much as opened his lips to me himself, except to say, 'How do you do?' and that kind of thing."

"Aunt Stanbury wants you to marry him?"

"Yes!"

"Well?"

"Of course it's out of the question," said Dorothy, sadly.

"I don't see why it should be out of the question," said Priscilla, proudly. "Indeed, if Aunt Stanbury has said much about it, I should say that Mr. Gibson himself must have spoken to her."

"Do you think he has?"

"I do not believe that aunt would raise false hopes," said Priscilla.

"But I haven't any hopes. That is

to say, I had never thought about such a thing."

"But you think about it now, Dolly?"

"I should never have dreamed about it, only for Aunt Stanbury."

"But, dearest, you are dreaming of it now, are you not?"

"Only because she says that it is to be so. You don't know how generous she is. She says that if it should be so, she will give me ever so much money;—two thousand pounds!"

"Then I am quite sure that she and Mr. Gibson must understand each other."

"Of course," said Dorothy, sadly, "if he were to think of such a thing at all, it would only be because the money would be convenient."

"Not at all," said Priscilla, sternly,—with a sternness that was very comfortable to her listener. "Not at all. Why should not Mr. Gibson love you as well as any man ever loved any woman? You are nice-looking,"—Dorothy blushed beneath her hat even at her sister's praise,— "and good-tempered, and lovable in every way. And I think you are just fitted to make a good wife. And you must not suppose, Dolly, that because Mr. Gibson wouldn't perhaps have asked you without the money, that therefore he is mercenary. It so often happens that a gentleman can't marry unless the lady has some money!"

"But he hasn't asked me at all."

"I suppose he will, dear."

"I only know what Aunt Stanbury says."

"You may be sure that he will ask you."

"And what must I say, Priscilla?"

"What must you say? Nobody can tell you that, dear, but yourself. Do you like him?"

"I don't dislike him."

"Is that all?"

"I know him so very little, Priscilla. Everybody says he is very good;—and then it's a great thing, isn't it, that he should be a clergyman?"

"I don't know about that."

"I think it is. If it were possible that I should ever marry any one, I should like a clergyman so much the best."

"Then you do know what to say to him."

"No, I don't, Priscilla. I don't know at all."

"Look here, dearest. . What my aunt offers to you is a very great step in life. If you can accept this gentleman I think you would be happy;—and I think, also, which should be of more importance for your consideration, that you would make him happy. It is a brighter prospect, dear Dolly, than to live either with us at Nuncombe, or even with Aunt Stanbury as her niece."

"But if I don't love him, Priscilla?"

"Then give it up, and be as you are, my own, own, dearest sister."

"So I will," said Dorothy, and at that time her mind was made up.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. BROOKE BURGESS.

THE hour at which Mr. Brooke Burgess was to arrive had come round, and Miss Stanbury was in a twitter, partly of expectation, and partly, it must be confessed, of fear. Why there should be any fear she did not herself know, as she had much to give and nothing to expect. But she was afraid, and was conscious of it, and was out of temper because she was ashamed of herself. Although it would be necessary that she should again dress for dinner at six, she had put on a clean cap at four, and appeared at that early hour in one of her gowns which was not customarily in use for home purposes at that early hour. She felt that she was "an old fool" for her pains, and was consequently cross to poor Dorothy. And there were other reasons for some display of harshness to her niece. Mr. Gibson had been at the house that very morning, and Dorothy had given herself airs. At least, so Miss Stanbury thought. And during the last three or four days, whenever Mr. Gibson's name had been mentioned, Dorothy had become silent, glum, and almost obstructive. Miss Stanbury had been at the trouble of explaining that she was specially anxious to have that little matter of the engagement settled at once. She knew that she was going to behave with great generosity;—that she was going to sacrifice, not her money only, of which she did not think much, but a considerable portion of her authority, of which she did think a great deal; and

that she was about to behave in a manner which demanded much gratitude. But it seemed to her that Dorothy was not in the least grateful. Hugh had proved himself to be "a mass of ingratitude," as she was in the habit of saying. None of the Burgesses had ever shown to her any gratitude for promises made to them, or, indeed, for any substantial favors conferred upon them. And now Dorothy, to whom a very seventh heaven of happiness had been opened,—a seventh heaven, as it must be computed in comparison with her low expectations,—now Dorothy was already showing how thankful she could become. Mr. Gibson had not yet declared his passion, but he had freely admitted to Miss Stanbury that he was prepared to do so. Priscilla had been quite right in her suggestion that there was a clear understanding between the clergyman and her aunt.

"I don't think he is come after all," said Miss Stanbury, looking at her watch. Had the train arrived at the moment that it was due, had the expectant visitor jumped out of the railway carriage into a fly, and had the driver galloped up to the Close, it might have been possible that the wheels should have been at the door as Miss Stanbury spoke.

"It's hardly time yet, aunt."

"Nonsense; it is time. The train comes in at four. I daresay he won't come at all."

"He is sure to come, aunt."

"I've no doubt you know all about it better than any one else. You usually do." Then five minutes were passed in silence. "Heaven and earth! what shall I do with these people that are coming? And I told them especially that it was to meet this young man! It's the way I am always treated by everybody that I have about me."

"The train might be ten minutes late, Aunt Stanbury."

"Yes;—and monkeys might chew tobacco. There;—there's the omnibus at the Cock and Bottle; the omnibus up from the train. Now, of course, he won't come."

"Perhaps he's walking, Aunt Stanbury."

"Walking;—with his luggage on his shoulders? Is that your idea of the way in which a London gentleman goes about? And there are two flies,—com-

ing up from the train, of course." Miss Stanbury was obliged to fix the side of her chair very close to the window in order that she might see that part of the Close in which the vehicles of which she had spoken were able to pass.

"Perhaps they are not coming from the train, Aunt Stanbury."

"Perhaps a fiddlestick! You have lived here so much longer than I have done that, of course, you must know all about it." Then there was an interval of another ten minutes, and even Dorothy was beginning to think that Mr. Burgess was not coming. "I've given him up now," said Miss Stanbury. "I think I'll send and put them all off." Just at that moment there came a knock at the door. But there was no cab. Dorothy's conjecture had been right. The London gentleman had walked, and his portmanteau had been carried behind him by a boy. "How did he get here?" exclaimed Miss Stanbury, as she heard the strange voice speaking to Martha downstairs. But Dorothy knew better than to answer the question.

"Miss Stanbury, I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Brooke Burgess, as he entered the room. Miss Stanbury courtesied, and then took him by both hands. "You wouldn't have known me, I daresay," he continued. "A black beard and a bald head do make a difference."

"You are not bald at all," said Miss Stanbury.

"I am beginning to be thin enough at the top. I am so glad to come to you, and so much obliged to you for having me! How well I remember the old room!"

"This is my niece, Miss Dorothy Stanbury, from Nuncombe Putney." Dorothy was about to make some formal acknowledgment of the introduction, when Brooke Burgess came up to her and shook her hand heartily. "She lives with me," continued the aunt.

"And what has become of Hugh?" said Brooke.

"We never talk of him," said Miss Stanbury gravely.

"I hope there's nothing wrong? I hear of him very often in London."

"My aunt and he don't agree;—that's all," said Dorothy.

"He has given up his profession as a

barrister,—in which he might have lived like a gentleman," said Miss Stanbury, "and has taken to writing for a—penny newspaper."

"Everybody does that now, Miss Stanbury."

"I hope you don't, Mr. Burgess."

"I! Nobody would print anything that I wrote. I don't write for anything, certainly."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Miss Stanbury.

Brooke Burgess, or Mr. Brooke, as he came to be called very shortly by the servants in the house, was a good-looking man, with black whiskers and black hair, which, as he said, was beginning to be thin on the top of his head, and pleasant small bright eyes. Dorothy thought that next to her brother Hugh he was the most good-natured looking man she had ever seen. He was rather below the middle height, and somewhat inclined to be stout. But he would boast that he could still walk his twelve miles in three hours, and would add that as long as he could do that he would never recognize the necessity of putting himself on short commons. He had a well-cut nose, not quite aquiline, but tending that way, a chin with a dimple on it, and as sweet a mouth as ever declared the excellence of a man's temper. Dorothy immediately began to compare him with her brother Hugh, who was to her, of all men, the most godlike. It never occurred to her to make any comparison between Mr. Gibson and Mr. Burgess. Her brother Hugh was the most godlike of men; but there was something godlike also about the new-comer. Mr. Gibson, to Dorothy's eyes, was by no means divine.

"I used to call you Aunt Stanbury," said Brooke Burgess to the old lady; "am I to go on doing it now?"

"You may call me what you like," said Miss Stanbury. "Only,—dear me;—I never did see anybody so much altered." Before she went up to dress herself for dinner, Miss Stanbury was quite restored to her good-humor, as Dorothy could perceive.

The dinner passed off well enough. Mr. Gibson at the head of the table, indeed, look very much out of his element, as though he conceived that his position revealed to the outer world

those ideas of his in regard to Dorothy, which ought to have been secret for a while longer. There are few men who do not feel ashamed of being paraded before the world as acknowledged suitors, whereas ladies accept the position with something almost of triumph. The lady perhaps regards herself as the successful angler, whereas the gentleman is conscious of some similitude to the unsuccessful fish. Mr. Gibson, though he was not yet gasping in the basket, had some presentiment of this feeling, which made his present seat of honor unpleasant to him. Brooke Burgess, at the other end of the table, was as gay as a lark. Mrs. MacHugh sat on one side of him, and Miss Stanbury on the other, and he laughed at the two old ladies, reminding them of his former doings in Exeter,—how he had hunted Mrs. MacHugh's cat, and had stolen Aunt Stanbury's best apricot jam, till everybody began to perceive that he was quite a success. Even Sir Peter Mancrud laughed at his jokes, and Mrs. Powell, from the other side of Sir Peter, stretched her head forward so that she might become of the gay party.

"There isn't a word of it true," said Miss Stanbury. "It's all pure invention, and a great scandal. I never did such a thing in my life."

"Didn't you, though?" said Brooke Burgess. "I remember it as well as if it was yesterday, and old Dr. Ball, the prebendary, with the carbuncles on his nose, saw it too!"

"Dr Ball had no carbuncles on his nose," said Mrs. MacHugh. "You'll say next that I have carbuncles on my nose."

"He had three. I remember each of them quite well, and so does Sir Peter."

Then everybody laughed; and Martha, who was in the room, knew that Brooke Burgess was a complete success.

In the meantime Mr. Gibson was talking to Dorothy; but Dorothy was endeavoring to listen to the conversation at the other end of the table. "I found it very dirty on the roads to-day outside the city," said Mr. Gibson.

"Very dirty," said Dorothy, looking round at Mr. Burgess, as she spoke.

"~~But the pavement in the High Street~~ was dry enough."

"Quite dry," said Dorothy. ~~Then~~

there came a peal of laughter from Mrs. MacHugh and Sir Peter, and Dorothy wondered whether anybody before had ever made those two steady old people laugh after that fashion.

"I should so like to get a drive with you up to the top of Haldon Hill," said Mr. Gibson. "When the weather gets fine, that is. Mrs. Powell was talking about it."

"It would be very nice," said Dorothy.

"You have never seen the view from Haldon Hill yet?" asked Mr. Gibson. But to this question Dorothy could make no answer. Miss Stanbury had lifted one of the table-spoons, as though she was going to strike Mr. Brooke Burgess with the bowl of it. And this during a dinner party! From that moment Dorothy turned herself round, and became one of the listeners to the fun at the other end of the table. Poor Mr. Gibson soon found himself "nowhere."

"I never saw a man so much altered in my life," said Mrs. MacHugh, up in the drawing-room. "I don't remember that he used to be clever."

"He was a bright boy!" said Miss Stanbury.

"But the Burgesses all used to be such serious, strait-laced people," said Mrs. MacHugh. "Excellent people," she added, remembering the source of her friend's wealth; "but none of them like that."

"I call him a very handsome man," said Mrs. Powell. "I suppose he's not married yet?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Miss Stanbury. "There's time enough for him yet."

"He'll find plenty here to set their caps at him," said Mrs. MacHugh.

"He's a little old for my girls," said Mrs. Powell, laughing. Mrs. Powell was the happy mother of four daughters, of whom the eldest was only twelve.

"There are others who are more forward," said Mrs. MacHugh. "What a chance it would be for dear Arabella French!"

"Heaven forbid!" said Miss Stanbury.

"And then poor Mr. Gibson wouldn't any longer be like the donkey between two bundles of hay," said Mrs. Powell. Dorothy was quite determined that she would never marry a man who was like a donkey between two bundles of hay.

When the gentlemen came up into the drawing-room Dorothy was seated behind the urn and tea-things at a large table, in such a position as to be approached only at one side. There was one chair at her left hand, but at her right hand there was no room for a seat, —only room for some civil gentleman to take away full cups and bring them back empty. Dorothy was not sufficiently ready-witted to see the danger of this position till Mr. Gibson had seated himself in the chair. Then it did seem cruel to her that she should be thus besieged for the rest of the evening as she had been also at dinner. While the tea was being consumed Mr. Gibson assisted at the service, asking ladies whether they would have cake or bread and butter; but when all that was over Dorothy was still in her prison, and Mr. Gibson was still the jailer at the gate. She soon perceived that everybody else was chatting and laughing, and that Brooke Burgess was the centre of a little circle which had formed itself quite at a distance from her seat. Once, twice, thrice she meditated an escape, but she had not the courage to make the attempt. She did not know how to manage it. She was conscious that her aunt's eye was upon her, and that her aunt would expect her to listen to Mr. Gibson. At last she gave up all hope of moving, and was anxious simply that Mr. Gibson should confine himself to the dirt of the paths and the noble prospect from Haldon Hill.

"I think we shall have more rain before we have done with it," he said. Twice before during the evening he had been very eloquent about the rain.

"I dare say we shall," said Dorothy. And then there came the sound of loud laughter from Sir Peter, and Dorothy could see that he was poking Brooke Burgess in the ribs. There had never been anything so gay before since she had been in Exeter, and now she was hemmed up in that corner, away from it all, by Mr. Gibson.

"This Mr. Burgess seems to be different from the other Burgesses," said Mr. Gibson.

"I think he must be very clever," said Dorothy.

"Well;—yes; in a sort of a way. What people call a Merry Andrew."

"I like people who make me laugh and laugh themselves," said Dorothy.

"I quite agree with you that laughter is a very good thing,—in its place. I am not at all one of those who would make the world altogether grave. There are serious things, and there must be serious moments."

"Of course," said Dorothy.

"And I think that serious conversation upon the whole has more allurements than conversation which when you come to examine it is found to mean nothing. Don't you?"

"I suppose everybody should mean something when he talks."

"Just so. That is exactly my idea," said Mr. Gibson. "On all such subjects as that I should be so sorry if you and I did not agree. I really should." Then he paused, and Dorothy was so confounded by what she conceived to be the dangers of the coming moment that she was unable even to think what she ought to say. She heard Mrs. MacHugh's clear, sharp, merry voice, and she heard her aunt's tone of pretended anger, and she heard Sir Peter's continued laughter, and Brooke Burgess as he continued the telling of some story; but her own trouble was too great to allow of her attending to what was going on at the other end of the room. "There is nothing as to which I am so anxious as that you and I should agree about serious things," said Mr. Gibson.

"I suppose we do agree about going to church," said Dorothy. She knew that she could have made no speech more stupid, more senseless, more inefficacious;—but what was she to say in answer to such an assurance?

"I hope so," said Mr. Gibson; "and I think so. Your aunt is a most excellent woman, and her opinion has very great weight with me on all subjects,—even as to matters of church discipline and doctrine, in which, as a clergyman, I am of course presumed to be more at home. But your aunt is a woman among a thousand."

"Of course I think she is very good."

"And she is so right about this young man and her property. Don't you think so?"

"Quite right, Mr. Gibson."

"Because, you know, to you, of course, being her near relative, and the one she

has singled out as the recipient of her kindness, it might have been cause for some discontent."

"Discontent to me, Mr. Gibson?"

"I am quite sure your feelings are what they ought to be. And for myself, if I ever were,—that is to say, supposing I could be in any way interested—. But perhaps it is premature to make any suggestion on that head at present."

"I don't at all understand what you mean, Mr. Gibson."

"I thought that perhaps I might take this opportunity of expressing—. But, after all, the levity of the moment is hardly in accordance with the sentiments which I should wish to express."

"I think that I ought to go to my aunt now, Mr. Gibson, as perhaps she might want something." Then she did push back her chair and stand upon her legs, —and Mr. Gibson, after pausing for a moment, allowed her to escape. Soon after that the visitors went, and Brooke Burgess was left in the drawing-room with Miss Stanbury and Dorothy.

"How well I recollect all the people," said Brooke; "Sir Peter, and old Mrs. MacHugh; and Mrs. Powel, who then used to be called the beautiful Miss Noel. And I remember every bit of furniture in the room."

"Nothing changed except the old woman, Brooke," said Miss Stanbury.

"Upon my word you are the least changed of all,—except that you don't seem to be so terrible as you were then."

"Was I very terrible, Brooke?"

"My mother had told me, I fancy, that I was never to make a noise, and be sure not to break any of the china. You were always very good-natured, and when you gave me a silver watch I could hardly believe the extent of my own bliss."

"You wouldn't care about a watch from an old woman now, Brooke?"

"You try me. But what rakes you are here! It's past eleven o'clock, and I must go and have a smoke."

"Have a what?" said Miss Stanbury, with a startled air.

"A smoke. You needn't be frightened, I don't mean in the house."

"No;—I hope you don't mean that."

"But I may take a turn round the Close with a pipe;—mayn't I?"

"I suppose all young men do smoke now," said Miss Stanbury, sorrowfully.

"Every one of them; and they tell me that the young women mean to take to it before long."

"If I saw a young woman smoking, I should blush for my sex; and though she were the nearest and dearest that I had, I would never speak to her—never. Dorothy, I don't think Mr. Gibson smokes."

"I'm sure I don't know, aunt."

"I hope he doesn't. I do hope that he does not. I cannot understand what pleasure it is that men take in making chimneys of themselves, and going about smelling so that no one can bear to come near them."

Brooke merely laughed at this, and went his way, and smoked his pipe out in the Close, while Martha sat up to let him in when he had finished it. Then Dorothy escaped at once to her room, fearful of being questioned by her aunt about Mr. Gibson. She had, she thought now, quite made up her mind. There was nothing in Mr. Gibson that she liked. She was by no means so sure as she had been when she was talking to her sister, that she would prefer a clergyman to any one else. She had formed no strong ideas on the subject of love-making, but she did think that any man who really cared for her, would find some other way of expressing his love than that which Mr. Gibson had adopted. And then Mr. Gibson had spoken to her about her aunt's money in a way that was distasteful to her. She thought that she was quite sure that if he should ask her, she would not accept him.

She was nearly undressed, nearly safe for the night, when there came a knock at the door, and her aunt entered the room. "He has come in," said Miss Stanbury.

"I suppose he has had his pipe, then."

"I wish he didn't smoke. I do wish he didn't smoke. But I suppose an old woman like me is only making herself a fool to care about such things. If they all do it I can't prevent them. He seems to be a very nice young man—in other things; does he not, Dolly?"

"Very nice indeed, Aunt Stanbury."

"And he has done very well in his office. And as for his saying that he must smoke, I like that a great deal better than doing it on the sly."

"I don't think Mr. Burgess would do anything on the sly, aunt."

"No, no; I don't think he would. Dear me; he's not at all like what I fancied."

"Everybody seems to like him very much."

"Didn't they? I never saw Sir Peter so much taken. And there was quite a flirtation between him and Mrs. Mac-Hugh. And now, my dear, tell me about Mr. Gibson."

"There is nothing to tell, Aunt Stanbury."

"Isn't there? From what I saw going on, I thought there would be something to tell. He was talking to you the whole evening."

"As it happened he was sitting next to me,—of course."

"Indeed he was sitting next to you;—so much so that I thought everything would be settled."

"If I tell you something, Aunt Stanbury, you mustn't be angry with me."

"Tell me what? What is it you have to tell me?"

"I don't think I shall ever care for Mr. Gibson;—not in that way."

"Why not, Dorothy?"

"I'm sure he doesn't care for me. And I don't think he means it."

"I tell you he does mean it. Mean it! Why, I tell you it has all been settled between us. Since I first spoke to you I have explained to him exactly what I intend to do. He knows that he can give up his house and come and live here. I am sure he must have said something about it to you to-night."

"Not a word, Aunt Stanbury."

"Then he will."

"Dear aunt, I do so wish you would prevent it. I don't like him. I don't indeed."

"Not like him!"

"No;—I don't care for him a bit, and I never shall. I can't help it, Aunt Stanbury. I thought I would try, but I find it would be impossible. You can't want me to marry a man if I don't love him."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life. Not love him! And why shouldn't you love him? He's a gentleman. Everybody respects him. He'll have plenty to make you comfortable all your life! And then why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't know, Aunt Stanbury. I thought that perhaps——"

"Perhaps what?"

"I could not say all at once that I didn't care for him, when I had never so much as thought about it for a moment before."

"You haven't told him this?"

"No, I have not told him. I couldn't begin by telling him, you know."

"Then I must pray that you will think about it again. Have you imagined what a great thing for you it would be to be established for life,—so that you should never have any more trouble again about a home, about money, or anything? Don't answer me now, Dorothy, but think of it. It seemed to me that I was doing such an excellent thing for both of you." So saying Miss Stanbury left the room, and Dorothy was enabled to obey her, at any rate, in one matter. She did think of it. She lay awake thinking of it almost all the night. But the more she thought of it, the less able was she to realize to herself any future comfort or happiness in the idea of becoming Mrs. Gibson.

(To be continued.)

Belgravia.

THE CENTRAL-ASIAN QUESTION.*

"If we go on at this rate, Sir John," said Baron Brunow to Sir John Cam Hobhouse, at that time President of the

Board of Control, "the Cossack and the Sepoy will soon meet upon the banks of the Oxus." "Very probably, Baron," was the spirited reply of the British statesman; "but, however much I should regret the collision, I should have no fear of the result." It is now very nearly nine-and-twenty years since those diplomatic sallies were exchanged. At that time General Peroffski was supposed to be in possession of the Khanate of Khiva

* A remarkably able and suggestive pamphlet with the above title, which has been privately circulated among the leading statesmen and politicians who take an earnest and enlightened interest in the relative positions of Russia and England in Central Asia, has furnished, without any breach of confidence, the chief materials for the composition of the present essay.

while, on the other hand, it was proposed to despatch a British army into Bokhara in pursuit of Dost Mohammed. The Muscovite expedition, however, perished miserably from cold and hunger; and a similar fate befell the Anglo-Indian forces in their attempted retreat to Jelalabad. Since that disastrous epoch no advance has been made by the Sepoy towards the banks of the Oxus, though the Cossack waters his horse in its stream, and Russian gunboats are about to command its navigation. Khokan absorbed, Khiva dependent, Samarcand annexed, Bokhara submissive, and Persia subservient—these are the fruits of a persistent policy that makes time its ally, and which converts a temporary check into a permanent conquest. For these successes of the Russian arms England is told to rejoice, inasmuch as it is ordinarily “a benefit to a neighboring government for a government by a civilized state to be substituted for a barbarous government.” This country, it is added, “might even gain commercially if Russian progress were continued further;” for, though “at present the Russian system of protection excludes British goods from Central Asia,” that “prohibition is itself in some measure a political expedient, the use of which would, in that state of circumstances, have been exhausted, and it could not stand with India ready to pour its commerce across the Russian border.”*

Conceding, for argument's sake, the truth of this position, it may yet be questioned whether the commercial or the political view of Russian encroachments in Central Asia is the more important as regards the interest of British India. Military empires do not subsist by commerce alone. There is such a thing as public opinion to be taken into consideration. In the case of a dependency held under the peculiar circumstances which attach to our eastern possessions, the preservation of prestige and moral influence is certainly of not less moment than the extension of commercial relations. It should never be forgotten that the English are only encamped in India, in the same sense that the Turks are said to be encamped in Europe. The remembrance of past achievements, and

belief in our actual power, form the basis of our empire. The former, however, is fast fading away; and the latter has been seriously impaired by the rumors of blunders and disasters which were industriously circulated throughout India at the time of the Crimean war.

“In one instance, long after that war was over,” writes the author of the pamphlet already alluded to, “I was asked by a very highly-educated native to procure for him General de Todleben's account of that war. Thinking it strange that he should evince so much interest in a war some years after it was over, I inquired the cause, and was informed that, having read both the English and French accounts, he was now anxious to read the Russian account. And what was his object? viz. ‘that,’ as he stated, ‘by a comparison of all three he might form his own opinion as to which of the great Powers individually was the strongest.’ His argument was, that the natives of India felt that no Indian or Asiatic Power was strong enough to obtain the supremacy in India, and thus preserve peace and good order, and that consequently the intelligent natives were satisfied to remain under the government of a foreign Power; but he maintained that they would not feel satisfied with their present position, or have any confidence in the stability of British rule, if they believed that any other European Power was stronger than England.”

The astonishing progress of Russian arms and policy in Central Asia comes home to the Indian mind with much greater force than the story of disasters experienced in Europe, and at the hands of four allied Powers. Sebastopol may have fallen, but so also did Kars; and the Caucasus was subdued and depopulated in spite of Great Britain, though aided by France, Sardinia, and Turkey. The policy of non-intervention, which has become a political maxim in this country, is viewed by our Indian fellow-subjects and dependants as a symptom and a recognition of decay. They cannot understand how an empire founded on annexation should culminate in the repudiation of the practices by which it obtained such vast dimensions. England's supposed weakness becomes Russia's real opportunity, and the

* London Times, January 14, 1869.

"Russ" is already looked upon as the possible ruler of India, and at no very distant date.

It is sometimes urged that the princes and nobles of India would have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by a change of masters; as if it would not be the first act of an invader to proclaim the inviolability of all existing rights and privileges, supplemented by additional honors and emoluments. In other quarters the national debt of India is put forward as a barrier against foreign invasion and civil convulsion, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that not one-third of the whole amount is due to natives. The same want of confidence is displayed in their reluctance to invest money in public works. Of the eighty millions sterling expended on railways, canals, and other works of public utility, not one-eightieth part has been furnished by native subscribers. At the same time there is no doubt that, under the British Government, the natives generally enjoy personal security and material well-being to an extent that no Asiatic country has ever witnessed since the commencement of the historic era. We have freely introduced all the latest improvements of European science and experience. We have tendered the means of education to all who will accept the boon, and have labored strenuously, and even affectionately, to ameliorate the social and moral condition of all classes of the Indian community. Unfortunately, however, our manner is overbearing, supercilious, and offensive; we interfere officiously with domestic habits and usages; we legislate from a European point of view; in short, we are nothing if not English.

The income-tax was universally unpopular. "Throughout Hindostan," writes an intelligent and friendly native, "it is regarded as a national mulct for the rebellion. The mysterious wants of the State are incomprehensible to the popular understanding. As yet the Indians have not a common national mind to feel a concern for the welfare of a common State. They are busy about their own private fiscal prosperity, and indifferent to any outside calls of common interest. It never enters into their thoughts to inquire about the annual in-

come or expenditure of the State, or to care about its chronic deficits. . . . Never before was the national debt known in India, where only the whim of a despot had to be pledged for its payment. Not more is the national debt foreign to the ideas of the north-westerns than is the income-tax. The native mind must be taught to appreciate the wants of the State, to feel an interest in its well-being, before it will endorse the opinion that taxation is no tyranny."*

Municipal commissions are scarcely less odious, because of their inquisitorial character. Then, the Tenancy Bill is regarded with undisguised detestation in the Punjab not less than in Oude, and angry murmurs are heard in all quarters. "The people," said Sindiah to Colonel Daly, "are bewildered by your legislation. You coil act upon act, code upon code, with sections innumerable. You never leave them alone. I am told that your district officers have less intercourse with their ryots than formerly; there is more of system and less sympathy nowadays. In your desire to press on improvements, you overlook the vast difference between us and you." That, in truth, is the weak point in our armor. We have succeeded in commanding respect, and, until very recently, in inspiring fear; but we have never won the good-will of the people, or been regarded otherwise than as infidels and intruders. The princes and chiefs view us with no more kindly eyes than does the bulk of the population. Notwithstanding Lord Canning's admirable proclamation, which they accepted as their *libro d'oro*, they are filled with doubts and misgivings as to the honesty and good faith of the British Government. They know that the installation of the youthful Maharajah of Mysore was permitted only out of deference to repeated orders from the Secretary of State. They ask why the Nawab of Tonk should be deposed without any official inquiry into his conduct, and the Imaum of Muscat recognized, and even assisted, though he had foully murdered his own father. They are further startled by

* *The Travels of a Hindoo in various Parts of Bengal and Upper India.* By Baboo Bholanauth Chunder. Trübner and Co.

the reopening of the case of the late Maharajah of Kuppootala's will, after a lapse of sixteen years, and its absolute settlement by Lord Canning in open durbar. These and similar high-handed acts of Sir John Lawrence have excited feelings of discontent and dismay among the great feudatories of State, and caused them to watch with a dangerous interest the progress of Russia on the other side of the Hindoo-Khoosh.

An invasion of India from the north-west is, for the present, of course, quite out of the question. Many years must elapse before consolidation has succeeded to conquest. It is, however, entirely a question of commissariat. Even the *Times*, while scoffing at the panic fears of Russophobists, admits that "war is not solely a question of men." The men must be fed and clothed, and supplied with arms and ammunition. This cannot be done so long as a disaffected population intervenes between the Caspian Sea and the Khyber Pass. All these predatory tribes must be coerced into silent submission, if they cannot be converted into auxiliaries. Neutrality will not suffice; for a repulse would turn waverers into active enemies. No hostile step, indeed, will be taken until success is made nearly certain by the promise of native co-operation. In the mean time a new generation is growing up to manhood on the mountain ranges of the Caucasus; the Tatar is learning to fraternize with his Cossack kinsman; the Shah-in-Shah is every day more enmeshed in the toils of the Muscovite; and Russian gold is strengthening the hands of the ruler of Cabul. And here a few remarks may be offered on the subject of that "masterly inactivity" for which Sir John Lawrence has been so extravagantly praised by the London press.

An armed intervention in Afghanistan is a proceeding which no man in his senses would advocate; nor, indeed, has it been called for by any act of hostility on the part of the Afghan ruler or people. All that was required of the Indian Government was an expression of sympathy for an ally sorely straitened through domestic treason. Having recognized Shere Ali by a formal treaty as the legitimate successor of Dost Mohammed in the sovereignty of Afghanistan, that government was at least bound to

recognize no other competitor for the throne so long as the lawful prince was able to make head against his rival. It so happened, however, that Shere Ali met with temporary reverses, and was compelled for a time to abandon Cabul and Candahar to the victorious rebel, Afzul Khan. Without waiting to see the issue of the struggle, Sir John Lawrence hastily recognized the rebel chief as sovereign of those two cities with their surrounding provinces, and proposed that Shere Ali should be the ruler of Herat, though only a few years previously the Indian Government had expended upwards of three millions sterling to prevent a similar disrapture of the Afghan kingdom. Shere Ali, however, was little disposed to accept of a part, while there was yet a chance of recovering the whole. Afzul Khan has since fallen in battle; his brother Azim, who succeeded him, has been totally defeated; and we learn by telegraph that the same fate has overtaken Abdul Rahman. For these successes Shere Ali is believed to be in a great measure indebted to Russian gold; and it is quite certain that, in his hour of need, after his heartless and impolitic desertion by the Indian Government, he applied for assistance both to the Persian Court and to the Russian headquarters in Central Asia. It may be asked, indeed, in what manner could Sir John Lawrence have rendered any material aid without involving the Government in a second Afghan campaign? The answer is simple. A small supply of money would have enabled Shere Ali to raise a sufficient force to have crushed the rebellion in the bud, and would have bound that prince to us by the double ties of gratitude and interest. And surely, to quote Sir Harford Jones's quaint illustration, "The British territories in India are a park valuable enough to justify the proprietor in spending a little money to keep its pales in perfect repair and security."

It is every way to the advantage of British India that a strong government should be established in Afghanistan; but nothing can be less desirable than that it should be dependent on Russia, or learn to regard that power as its surest ally and protector. With Central Asia subdued and consolidated, Persia

subservient, and Afghanistan friendly and sympathetic, the invasion of India becomes perfectly practicable, though still possibly hazardous. There can be little doubt that the hope of plundering the rich cities of Hindostan would gather round the Russian banners a formidable array of fierce warriors, fond of adventure, eager for battle, and quite capable of maintaining themselves in an enemy's country. A nucleus of 50,000 Russian soldiers would find little difficulty in recruiting an equal force from Khokan, Khiva, and Bokhara. Of the Afghan soldiery, at least 100,000, armed with jezails and burning for revenge, would join the invading army, speedily to be swelled by thousands upon thousands of the border-tribes, with whom the Punjab force is so frequently engaged. Persia also might be counted upon for a large reinforcement; nor is there any exaggeration in stating that an army of 300,000 fighting-men, supported by artillery and unimpeded by baggage, could be assembled above the Afghan Passes preparatory to a sudden swoop into the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan. To oppose such a force, what are the means of resistance at the disposal of the Indian Government? In the first place, no reliance could be placed upon the Mussulmans, who already look to Russia as their protector. Neither would it be safe to denude the interior of European troops, whose presence would more than ever be necessary to hold in awe the disaffected, and to prevent risings in the rear of the frontier force. The Hindoo Sepoys, again, would be no match for either Tatar, Afghan, or mountain borderer. There would remain, then, only the Sikhs, the Goorkas, the Bhils, and perhaps a few regiments hastily levied from among the aboriginal hill-tribes. The European portion of the Indian army does not exceed 65,000 men, including artillery, of which not more than 40,000 could be spared from what may be called garrison duty. The native army, as at present constituted, numbers barely 135,000 men, including the Mohammedans, upon whom it would be unsafe to rely. No doubt, in a case of such great emergency, tempting inducements would be offered to recruits, and many thousands of adventurous spirits would come forward at the call of the Sirkar.

But undisciplined soldiers are little better than a mob of ruffians, and, owing to the false economy of the irregular system, there is not a single officer in excess of existing duties. This certain consequence of doing away with the regular system was emphatically predicted by Sir James Outram; but nothing would then go down with the public but dashing irregulars. The disasters in Bhootan, and the frightful losses sustained in the Sitana campaign, where fifty officers were killed in skirmishes and fruitless engagements, are distinctly traceable to this not only irregular but inefficient system.

To encounter an invading host of 300,000 men, it is doubtful if the Indian Government, though fully forewarned of the danger, could place in line 20,000, without appealing for help to the native princes, whom Sir John Lawrence has lost no opportunity of humiliating and offending. Had he displayed a "masterly inactivity" in that respect, he might almost have been pardoned for his cruel abandonment of Shere Ali. The forces in the pay of the different native chiefs are computed at 200,000 men, of whom a large portion would prefer the rearguard to the post of honor; though others, such as Sindiah's little army of 10,000 men, are equal to the bulk of our Sepoy regiments. Very much, of course, would depend on the attitude assumed by these princes. Their neutrality would be perilous, their hostility fatal; while their cordial support would liberate the European corps detailed to keep guard over them. Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the ablest and most long-sighted politicians India has yet produced, particularly insisted upon this point when discussing the Central-Asian question as it appeared in 1856. "England's dangers," wrote that truly great and good man, "are in India, not without. There is no danger of a Russian invasion as long as India is united, in tranquillity and contentment, under British rule." "We are safe," he continued, "while we hold our ground and do our duty. Russia may tease, annoy, and frighten us, by her money and her emissaries; she may even do us mischief; but she will never put her foot in Hindostan. Her power of doing mischief has of late been wantonly augmented by the "mas-

terly inactivity." which grudged a few lakhs of rupees to an ally contending with rebels and traitors. Even now a small annual subsidy would probably win back the good-will of the Afghan ruler, well aware that he has nothing to fear from our ambition. Above all, however, is it the duty and policy of England to conciliate her Indian feudatories by treating them with the courtesy and respect due to their high rank, their good faith in troublous times, and their influence in moulding public opinion. In like manner it would be well to cease from harassing our fellow-subjects with

innovations unsuited to their habits and modes of thought, always bearing in mind that they inherit and possess an ancient and genuine civilization, however widely it may differ from our own. With the Afghans friendly, and India contented under our supremacy, we have nothing to fear from any foreign power; but unless these conditions be fulfilled, a Russian invasion is by no means the chimerical phantasma the *Times* would have us believe, even should the present generation be permitted to revel in a fool's paradise to the last.

JAMES HUTTON.

All the Year Round.

PLAYING WITH LIGHTNING.

How many years it is since we first made the acquaintance of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, we should hardly care to say; how many years have passed without our having visited it until this present month of May, we almost forget. So many years that, as we made our way to it the other day, we had strong doubts whether our recollections of it would turn out correct, or whether it had undergone the surprising change that seems to come over everything that one has not happened to see since boyhood.

We recollect always having had our doubts, in our extreme youth, about the Polytechnic. There was an indefinable feeling as if it were not a real, out-and-out, holiday place: as if our education were in some way going on whenever we were there. Instruction, we felt, lurked behind amusement, and it was impossible to forecast, from the programme of the entertainments, exactly at what point the baleful genius of mental improvement might be expected to claim its victim. There were diverting objects to look at, doubtless, but even machinery in motion—a charming object always to any boy of a well-regulated mind—can be turned to an evil educational account. A flavor of chemicals also pervaded the building, and suggested unpleasant instructive references to hydrogen, oxygen, and other gases, satisfactory enough when combined in experiments concluding pleasantly with a bang or a flash of fire, but evil to hear about in an hour's lecture.

There were suggestive whirring straps and wheels in the entrance hall in those days, inspiring delusive hopes as to the quantity of moving machinery above. The first view of the hall itself was very pleasing. A large raised basin, or tank, filled the centre of the floor, and on its limpid waters floated absolutely maddening models of ships, steamers, life-boats, and other vessels which we felt we would have given worlds to possess. Lighthouses, piers, and docks rose at intervals around this delightful harbor, and two or three small cork sailors, illustrative of the superior merits of somebody's life-belts, floated, smiling and blue-jacketed, on its serene surface. A railway ran along the side of the tank, and its terminus at the far end was flanked by a deep green pool, into which the diving-bell, mysterious engine, was let down, full of adventurous spirits, who invariably returned to the upper air flushed and sheepish. From this pool, too, would emerge the diver, clad in that tremendous costume, specially invented, as we then supposed, expressly for our discomfiture, and after mysteriously rapping his helmet with a couple of halfpence just fished up from the bottom, would sink back into the water, a goggle-eyed monster. Twice in our very early youth we recollect arousing the echoes of the neighborhood with our shrieks at this alarming spectacle; once it was even found necessary to bear us with ignominy into Regent Street. It was long before we could feel at all comfortable in that tremendous presence.

Much more to our taste was the glass-blowing stall, whereon were exhibited ships, long-tailed birds, and other desirable objects. At these art-treasures we were never tired of gazing. The glass cases around the walls, on the other hand, we usually thought it well to avoid, as containing not unfrequent educational pitfalls, too readily lending themselves to cross-questioning. The very lectures themselves, as we remembered them, were doubtful. The darkened room for dissolving views, magic lanterns, and similar entertainments, was undoubtedly pleasant, and favorable to secret scimmages with our friends, by reason of the difficulty of ultimate detection; but even here useful knowledge was always lying in wait for us.

Our classical reminiscences have left us with the conviction that, when Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, the scene must have been, as the graphic reporter has it, "one of terrific grandeur." We pictured to ourselves the lame god and his Cyclopean assistants, hammering and forging the celestial weapons in some flaming cavern of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, amid an eternal din like that of a chain-cable factory crossed with a rolling-mill. Lurid smoke rolls heavily upward through the fiery air; the molten lava rushes forth on its work of destruction; while the lightnings, that now and again play round the top of the groaning mountain, proclaim to a trembling world the tremendous nature of the operations going on below.

Although we had inspected electrical machines, and had looked as scientific as possible at the sparks we had seen elicited from them, the grand and heroic idea of lightning-making had never left us. Consequently, when we were told that lightning was made and exhibited at certain stated hours, in the unromantic district of Regent Street, we received the statement with some incredulity; and it was to test its truth that, after many years, we came to revisit the Polytechnic. Let us endeavor to give some account of what we learn from the lucid and interesting lecture, which explained to us the extraordinary performances of the great Induction Coil.

It was discovered by Faraday, many years ago, that a coil of wire, wound loosely round a magnet, became actively

electric at the moment when the magnet was either placed within its folds or withdrawn from them, and also that a galvanic current, in passing round a conducting circuit, produces an "induced" current in another conductor that surrounds the first. A galvanic current is usually generated by what is called a galvanic battery, consisting of two dissimilar metals or other substances, technically named elements, not touching each other, but immersed in some acid fluid. Chemical action is excited, and electricity, in the form known as galvanism, is set free. If the elements are connected together, outside the acid, by a piece of wire, or any other conductor, the electricity will proceed from one element called the positive pole of the battery, and will pass along the wire to the other or negative pole, thus making what is called a circuit. If the wire be interrupted, the electricity, if present in sufficient quantity, will leap across the gap in the form of a visible spark. If the gap be filled by any substance capable of being chemically decomposed by electricity, the decomposition will take place. In all this we have only the galvanic battery, and the primary current directly proceeding from it.

Now, Faraday's discovery was that this galvanic or primary current, at the moment when it begins to flow, and again at the moment when it ceases to flow, produces a secondary or induced, and perfectly independent current, in another conductor wound around the first, but not in contact with it. At the moment when the primary current begins to flow, the induced current passes in the same direction with it; but at the moment when the primary current ceases to flow, the induced current passes in the opposite direction. Instead of being, as in the primary current, continuous, the induced current is only momentary; and, in order to produce it at pleasure, it is necessary to have some contrivance by which to cut off and to restore the primary current as often as may be desired. As often as it is cut off, the reverse induced current passes; as often as it is restored, the direct induced current passes. The instrument used for this purpose is called a break, or contact breaker. It is placed in a gap in the primary or galvanic circuit, communicating with one extremity of the gap,

and capable of being made to touch the other extremity also. When it touches, it is said to "make" contact, and, when it ceases to touch, it "breaks" contact.

Not only does the magnet, like the primary current, induce electricity, but a piece of soft iron is rendered magnetic during the passage of a primary current through a coil of wire surrounding it. If the iron be massive, it retains its magnetic quality for a few moments after the galvanic current ceases; but, if it be of small bulk, it gives up its magnetism immediately.

In the manufacture of a "coil" for the display of induced electricity, all the foregoing facts are taken into account. The centre, or core, of the coil is formed of a bundle of soft iron wire. Around this is wound the wire for the primary current, and around this again the wire for the secondary current. When the ends of the primary wire are connected with the two poles of a galvanic battery, the core of iron wires becomes a core of magnets, and hence assists the primary current in inducing electricity in the secondary wire. When the ends of the primary wire are disconnected from the battery, the core ceases to be magnetic, and the withdrawal of the magnet assists the cessation of the primary current in again inducing electricity in the secondary wire.

The largest induction coils hitherto made have been about a foot or fifteen inches in length, by about four inches in diameter. Seven miles has been about the extreme, limit of length of the secondary wire and nine inches the greatest length of spark that could be obtained. With these figures as standards of comparison, we approach the "monster coil" now under consideration.

In this, the central core of iron wires is composed of pieces each five feet long, and the thickness of knitting needles, the whole core being five inches in diameter. The primary wire is of copper, thirty-seven hundred and seventy yards in length. The secondary wire is also of copper, and is one hundred and fifty miles in length. The rods of the core are separated from one another, or insulated, by being wound round with cotton, and the primary wire is covered in a similar manner; the secondary wire is covered with silk; and all these coverings are required in order to force the current to

keep within each wire, or to pass along its length, instead of escaping from it laterally to contiguous turns of the spiral. The whole apparatus is enclosed within cylinders of vulcanite, and is mounted on strong supports, themselves similarly covered. The ends of the secondary wire issue one from each extremity of the coil, and are connected to "terminals," one of which is a point, and the other a polished disc of metal. They stand on movable columns in front of the coil; and the wires, when necessary, can be detached from the terminals, and attached to any other apparatus that may be required. When the primary wire is connected with a powerful galvanic battery, and contact is made, the core becomes a bundle of magnets, and this bundle combines with the primary wire to induce an electric current in the secondary wire. When contact is broken, the primary current ceases to flow, the core loses its magnetism, and an electric current is again induced in the secondary wire. If the terminals be not too far apart, this induced current leaps across the space between them in the form of a visible spark or flash.

There is yet another piece of subsidiary apparatus, called the condenser. This consists of a number of small sheets of insulated tinfoil, connected together, and with the primary wire, to which they form a sort of loop circuit. The condenser is supposed to afford a safety-valve, or reservoir of space for the primary current, and a security against any injury being done to the primary wire by the sudden rushing into it of a stream of electricity.

The first endeavors to work the new coil were frustrated by its own powers of destruction. It melted the platinum, and burnt up the brass of the original contact breaker. When used with a small amount of condenser surface, it burst the primary wire into fragments, and escaped from it laterally. When these difficulties were overcome, and the whole apparatus was in order, it afforded a spark, or rather a flash of lightning, twenty-nine inches in length, and apparently about a third of an inch in width. The length was measured, of course, by the distance between the terminals, and when this exceeded twenty-nine inches, no distinct flash was given. For a dis-

tance within its power to cross, it would almost seem that the electricity, like a strong leaper, makes an effort proportionate to the resistance to be overcome. When the terminals are distant, but still within the twenty-nine inch limit, the flash strikes upon the disc with a heavy shock and a loud report. When they are near together, or within two or three inches, the flash gushes forth without noise, and lazily, like a spurt of molten metal, or of dense flame; and from this "flaming spark," as it is called, the flaming portion can be blown aside by bellows, leaving the actual course of the electricity distinctly visible. Either the flaming spark or the longer one will perforate considerable thicknesses of glass, and five inches of solid plate glass have already been pierced by it. At one visit we chanced to see a remarkable illustration of the way in which metallic surfaces may serve to attract lightning. The outer covering of the coil displays the name and address of Mr. Apps, its maker, in gold letters of considerable size. In taking a long spark, the stands that support the terminals were placed nearer to the coil than usual; and the attraction of these gold-leaf surfaces was sufficient to divert the spark from its course, and visibly to break it up into portions. In the darkened theatre at the Polytechnic, the long flash lights up the room and the audience with the peculiar lurid glare so well known as an effect of brilliant lightning at night, and displays the features and action of every one present. But it is curious to note that, the flash being of instantaneous duration only, it allows no *motion* to be seen. We should think, if guided by

our consciousness alone, that the flash lasted an appreciable time; but this would be an error, due to the persistence of the impression on the eye, after the flash itself had ceased. If the room be made perfectly dark, and if the spectators all raise their arms and wave their hands to and fro as quickly as they can, the flash will display the position of the arms, but not the movements of the hands. *While the flash lasts, the hand has no time to move*, and is consequently seen, as if motionless, in the position in which the flash finds it. It is in contemplation to exhibit the same effect in a more complete way by affixing a picture to a revolving disc. When the disc revolves so rapidly that no outlines of the picture can be distinguished by means of any ordinary light, they will be perfectly seen in a darkened room by the light of the flash. It lasts so short a time, that the revolving disc does not change its position in the brief period.

It is the smallest part of the advantage expected from the new coil, that it allows all the luminous and all the destructive phenomena of chamber electricity to be exhibited, in hitherto unapproached beauty and intensity. Men of science anticipate from it new discoveries of high importance. In the intervals between the public exhibitions of artificial lightning, the effect of the coil are being closely studied by those who are best able to appreciate them; and we believe no long time will be required in order to prove that Mr. Pepper, in his ever zealous catering for the entertainment and instruction of his especial public, has laid the foundation of real and solid scientific progress.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is in compliance with a generally expressed desire that we embellish the Eclectic this month with a portrait of Prof. Huxley, the learned English naturalist. The universal interest which his scientific articles have excited in the past few years, culminating in his essay on Protoplasm which appeared in the June number of this magazine, seems to have awakened a general desire to know something of the man personally; and

we find, notwithstanding his fame, how little we really know of him. Though not a young man, and though he has long been known as connected with various branches of science, particularly Physiology, it is only in comparatively recent years that he has risen to the eminent position which he now holds officially, and in the estimation of the scientific world.

The Cyclopædias know him not; but

the readers of the *ECLECTIC* since 1860, can scarcely fail to be familiar at least with his name and the calibre of his mind. Our ablest and most popular articles on the physical sciences during these years have been, almost without exception, from his active and vigorous pen.

Thomas Henry Huxley was born about the year 1800. He seems to have been educated originally for the medical profession, but having a bent for natural history, he applied himself to its study, and eventually accepted the position of assistant surgeon in the naval service. In this capacity he accompanied Capt. Stanley's expedition to the eastern archipelago, and made observations on the natural history of the sea, particularly on the anatomy and affinities of the molluscs and medusæ, on which subjects he has since written extensively.

From the date of this expedition, his reputation as a *savant* continued to increase, until he was appointed successor to Prof. Edward Forbes in the chair of Palæontology in the government school of mines. In connection with this office he delivers an annual course of lectures on general natural history, many of which have appeared in our pages.

Mr. Huxley is also Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and member of the British Association. In addition to his official duties he contributes frequently to the English magazines, and, as a popular lecturer on science, is probably without a rival, except in Prof. Tyndall.

Inasmuch as the material which must furnish the text for any further remarks has been recently laid before the readers of the *ECLECTIC*, we might well close here; but Prof. Huxley holds a position with regard to contemporary thought which should not be overlooked even in a casual sketch of his life. He is probably the best living exponent of the relation which the physical sciences bear to the abstract, to morals and theology, and of the direction in which human thought is inevitably tending.

The phrensy and partisan heat of the struggle between young science on the one hand and theology on the other has passed away; each may be said to rest within defences which for a time at least

render it practically unassailable by the other. The wild rebound from a rigid, dogmatic creed, to atheism or rather materialism, has expended itself, and the reaction having set in, thought is seeking its centre, and the most advanced minds may be said, in esoteric questions, to suspend judgment. This is precisely the attitude of Prof. Huxley and of the school, embracing a large portion of living English thinkers, of which he may be taken as the representative. Recognising the necessary limits of human knowledge, he yet refrains from malicious attacks upon a system which professes to transcend them, and simply declines to express an opinion or to trouble himself about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing.

Perhaps we ought not to close this sketch without explaining the attitude of most scientific men toward materialism, and we can fortunately do so almost in Prof. Huxley's own words. We do this with the more readiness, as the impression that science *necessarily* leads to materialism has caused many minds to look with suspicion upon even the most vital and important discoveries, and has built up the strongest barrier which science has been compelled to surmount.

In several of his recent lectures Prof. Huxley has happily devoted himself to this very point. He says, "As surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and of law until it is coextensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom. . . .

But, after all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause

of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and 'iron' law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously, invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an 'iron' law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know and can know about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, 'a law of nature.' But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. . . .

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in

terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter,—each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic terminology, is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician, who should mistake the *x*'s and *y*'s, with which he works his problems, for real entities,—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life."

Prof. Huxley's views in education, and the improvements necessary in its method, may be seen from his article on that subject in the present number. His most important recent work is a contribution to the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he exposes the worthlessness, from a scientific point of view, of the writings upon which M. Auguste Comte and his followers propose to base a new political, social, and religious system for the world.

POETRY.

THE FLOWER.

I HEARD a young maid saying—"Sweet is the time
of Maying,
Pleasant the odors playing along the bended
grass,

When we catch the under-toning of the tender
cushat's moaning,
And the mountain winds salute us, kissing as
they pass.

"O! lovely is the viewing of the ruddy morning's
wooing,
When from out the cloudlands stealing like a
startled fawn she goeth,
Leaving grey night complaining in the path of her
disdaining,
Soft dew his soul revealing, that still follow
where she goeth.

"And beautiful to mark ere the dazzled earth
grows dark,
The conquered sun down-dying on the crimsoned
fields of day.
Like a youthful warrior fighting for the land of his
delighting,
While the evening gales go sobbing through the
blossoms of the May."

Thus, while the May-bloom seeking, I heard her
gentle speaking,
And it thrilled me with the memories of a spring-
time long ago,
When with the thorn-boughs laden I met another
maiden
Whose passing from the green earth left me win-
tered in the snow.

So she fled, like the seeming of that early youth-
time's dreaming,
A vision of deep beauty to still the soul of care;
And long after she had parted, and left me newer-
hearted,
I hear her bird-voice echoing on the rapt, impas-
sioned air.

O! wild, untutored singing, music of Love's own
ringing,
'Twas like a wind-harp sounding, murmuring as
she passed!
O! tender May-spring flower, O! life's delicious
hour,
Touched by the golden dawning, wherefore away
so fast?

GONE BEFORE.

THERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

THE HALL PORTER AT THE CLUB.

"How long, good friend, have you sat here,
A warder at the door,
To let none pass but the elect
Into the inner floor?"—
"I think 'tis thirty years at least;
I came in manly prime,
And now I'm growing frail and old,
And feel the touch of Time.

"Many's the change that I have seen
Since first I entered here;
A thousand merry gentlemen
Were members in that year.
And of the thousand there remain
Scarce fifty that I know,
And they are growing old like me,
And hobble as they go.

"Seven hundred underneath the sod,
The great, the rich, the free;—
A hundred fallen on evil days,
Too poor to pay the fee.
Fifty resigned because their wives
Forbade them to remain;—
And half a score went moody mad
From overwork of brain.

"And two committed suicide,—
One for a faithless wife,
And one for fear to face the law
That could not take his life.
But why run o'er the mournful list?
Each month that passes round,
Sees some old leaf from this old tree
Fall fluttering to the ground.

"And you, my friend, who question me,
Are young, and hale, and strong,
You'll have such memories as mine
If you but live as long!"—

"Well! well! I know! Why moralize?
Or go in search of sorrow?
Here's half a crown to drink my health;
And better luck to-morrow!"

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

O DAYS of joy and gladness! return, if but in
dreams,
That again my feet may wander beside the wild-
wood streams,

Through their dim and shadowy mazes, in fancy as
of yore—
I may forget life's changes and be a child once
more.

Most surely I am nearing the temple of life's noon,
Adown the sloping hill-side I shall be journeying
soon.

Alas! my step has changed, my voice has lost its
glee;
Never again will childhood, save in dreams, return
to me.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Italy [Florence and Venice]. By Henri Taine.
Translated by J. Durand. New York: *Leypoldt
& Holt.*

THERE are certain things, tints, emotions, senti-
ments which we feel at once can never be described,
ideas which can never be expressed, and works
which in the attempt to convey our impressions of
them dash us at once against the barriers which
mark the limitations of language. Such a work is
the "Italy" of M. Taine, and such is the most con-
spicuous impression which it leaves upon the mind
of the reader. We may say that it is one of the
most comprehensive critical works of our time, but
that is not definite enough; we may say that M.
Taine is the first foreigner who has really seen
Italy as she is, and as she was, her history, her
place in the ages, her political and social charac-
teristics, as well as her ruins, basilicas, and picture-
galleries; that he brings to his work the most
profound erudition without a taint of pedantry;
that his descriptive eloquence is unequalled in our
literature, save by Thomas De Quincey; and that
his intellect is keen as his imagination is vivid;
but all this, though true, is only a part of the truth,
and we despair of giving, within reasonable limits,
a just conception of his work as a whole.

M. Henri Taine is the president of the French
Academie des Beaux Arts, and has long been re-
cognised in France as the foremost living art-critic.
His journey to Italy, of which the present work is
the product, was made in 1864, for the purpose of
studying the art of the Renaissance and Middle
Ages; and in addition to his art criticisms, which
make even Ruskin seem obscure, transcendental,
and superficial, he gives us records of travel, de-
scriptions of cities and scenery, the results of
observation on the social and political condition of
the people, and shows how the present and future
of a nation may be eliminated from the history of
its past.

Probably the most immediate and profound im-
pression which his brief comments on art, history,
and society make upon the mind, is astonishment
at the comprehensiveness and accuracy of his in-
formation, and the unerring facility with which he
ignores details, and penetrates to the philosophy of
every object, event, or record which presents itself.
Facts in his hands are no longer facts only, nor a
picture merely an expression of the conceptions of
a single human genius; they form their appropriate
sentences in the great unwritten history which the
race has been making for itself since it learned to
subordinate nature, and the whole philosophy of

his work is to show how wholly dependent any art
is upon contemporary circumstance, and how im-
possible it is for even the greatest genius to shake
off entirely the shackles of his time. Thus, in
studying the art of the Renaissance, he gives the
pith and substance of the period which it illustrates,
and affords, we think, a clearer conception of the
direction in which the human mind first struggled
on emerging from the Dark Ages than any other
writer whatever.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the field
which he covers, his work is by no means volumi-
nous. It is entirely free from elaboration, and his
brisk, brief, sketchy paragraphs would be utterly
inadequate in the hands of a writer less thorough
in the salient points of his subject, and less a mas-
ter of the art of language. Indeed his manner is
not less remarkable than his matter. It is crisp,
lucid, and adequate, and he has, in an eminent de-
gree, the admirable directness and simplicity of
method which characterizes French criticism, and
renders it altogether unequalled of its kind.

With these preliminary remarks, which we have
designed to be suggestive rather than analytical,
we will devote the remainder of our space to quo-
tations from the book itself, selecting such para-
graphs as will serve to show its tenor, scope, and
method.

In comparing the spirit of antique with modern
art, he says that—

"In sculpture at least the only masters who perfectly
present the sentiment of beauty are the Greeks. After
them all is deviation. No other art has been able to put
the soul of the spectator in so just an equilibrium
Muscles are obliterated, the trunk is prolonged without de-
pressions or projections into the arms and thighs; there is
no effort. How strange this word sounds in our world
where one encounters nothing but effort! The reason is
that, since the Greeks, man, in developing himself, has be-
come distorted; he has become distorted all on one side
by the predominance of cerebral activity. Nowadays, he
desires too much, he aims too high, and has too much to do.

In those days after a youth had exercised in the gym-
nasium, when he had learned a few hymns, and could re-
member, when he had listened to orators in the agora, and
to philosophers in the portico, his education was finished;
the man was accomplished, and he began life complete. A
rich young Englishman of to-day, of good family, and
calm in blood, who has rowed, boxed, and raced a good deal,
who possesses healthy and precise ideas, who deliberately
lives in the country, is, in those days, the least imperfect
imitation of the young Athenian; he often possesses the
same unity of feature, and the same calm regard. But this
does not last long. He is forced to imitate too much know-
ledge, and too positive knowledge; languages, geography,
political economy, Greek verses at Eton, Mathematics at
Cambridge, newspaper statistics and documents, besides
the Bible and ethics. Our civilization overwhelms us;
man staggers under the pressure of his ever increasing
task; the burden of inventions and ideas, which he easily

born in infancy, are no longer proportioned to his strength. He is obliged to shut himself up in a little province and become special. One development excludes others; he must be either laborer or student, politician or philosopher, manufacturer or man of family, and confine himself to one thing at the expense of all the rest; he would be inadequate were he not mutilated. Hence the loss in him of calmness, and the loss in art of harmony. The sculptor, however, no longer addresses himself to a religious civic community, but to a crowd of isolated amateurs; he ceases to act in the capacity of priest and of citizen, and is only a man and an artist. He dwells on the anatomical details which are to arrest connoisseurs, and on the exaggerated expression which is comprehended by the ignorant. He is a sort of expert goldsmith desirous of gaining and of retaining public attention. He executes simply a work of art, and not a work of national art."

In speaking of some pictures by Bonifazio in the Pinacotheca of Verona, illustrating the era of Francis I., he makes some acute and just remarks on costume as an index of taste.

"Costume, in those days, is so fine that it alone affords material for pictures; in every epoch it is the most spontaneous and the most significant of the works of art; for it indicates the way in which man comprehends the beautiful, and how he desires to adorn his life; rely upon it, that, if it is not picturesque, picturesque tastes are wanting. When people truly love pictures, they begin to depict their own persons; this is why the age of dress-coats and black trousers is poorly qualified for the arts of design."

Of what Art is to be in the future, and of what constitutes for him the supremest merit in painting, he says that he admires Perugino, and artists of his period, because their inspiration comes from themselves, and not from another.

"Later, painters are to do better, but they will be less original; they will advance faster, but in a troop; they will go further, but in the hands of great masters. To my eyes, disciplined thought is not the equivalent of free thought; what I penetrate to in a work of art, as in every other work, is the state of the soul that produced it. In setting up a standard, even without reaching it, one lives more nobly and more manfully than in acquiring one he has not himself created. Henceforward, all talent is to be mastered by genius, and artists are to become less as art becomes greater."

¶ We had scored for quotation his most eloquent description of a midnight sail in the harbor of Venice, but our space will not permit, and we give instead the conclusion of his chapter on Pisa.

"The eyes, again turning upward, rest on the four structures of ancient Pisa, solitary on a spot where the grass grows, and on the pallid lustre of the marbles profiled against the divine azure. What ruins, and what a cemetery is history! What human pulsations, of which no other trace is left but a form imprinted upon a fragment of stone! What indifference in the smile of the placid firmament, and what cruel beauty in that luminous cupola, stretched, in turn, like a common funeral dais over the generations that have fallen! We read similar ideas in books, and in the pride of youth we have considered them as rhetoric; but when a man has lived the half of his career, and, turning in upon himself, he reckons up how many of his ambitions he has subdued, how much he has wrung out of his hopes, and all the dead that lie buried in his heart, the sternness and magnificence of nature appear to him as one, and the heavy sobbing of inward grief forces him to recognize a higher lamentation, that of the human tragedy which, century after century, has buried so many combatants in one common grave. He stops, feeling on his head as upon that of those gone before, the band of inexorable powers, and he comprehends his destiny. This humanity of which he is a member, is figured in the Niobe at Florence. Around her, her sons and her daughters, all those she loves, fall incessantly under the arrows of invisible archers. One of them is cast down on his back, and his breast, transpierced, is throbbing; another, still living, stretches his powerless hands up to the celestial murderers; the youngest conceals his head under his mother's robe. She, meanwhile stern and fixed, stands hopeless, her eyes raised to heaven, contemplating with admiration and horror the dazzling and deadly nimbus, the outstretched arms, the merciless arrows, and the implacable serenity of the gods."

The publishers announce that, "with the favor of the public," the present work will in time be followed by "The Philosophy of Italian Art," "The Philosophy of Art in the Low Countries," "The Philosophy of Art," and "English Literature," by the same author.

Surely the cultivated class in this country is sufficiently large to justify and even necessitate the issue of such works as these.

We, above all others, who have the material wealth and the desire to encourage the development of art, and yet can most of us have but a meagre acquaintance with the productions of its golden age, need them, and they will doubtless form a most valuable contribution to our literature.

The world is not yet so rich in profound philosophical criticism that it can afford to allow these works to slumber in the comparative obscurity of a single language.

Wonders of Heat. By ACHILLE CAZIN. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

THE importance of scientific information is becoming more and more felt as the Sciences gradually appropriate to themselves a wider space in the world of discovery and thought. Already a more or less extensive knowledge of some of its special departments is absolutely necessary to the successful pursuit of many branches of industry, and without an acquaintance with general principles and processes a large part of the most valuable modern literature is practically a sealed book to the student.

Of the place which Science must necessarily be assigned in any adequate plan of education, Prof. Huxley treats in his article in the present number, and it is not necessary for us to traverse the dicta of that eminent authority. We need only state the self-evident fact that science is exercising a most profound influence upon every department of human thought, and that upon the operation of laws, which it alone can explain, depends the very existence of the race; and then to draw the equally obvious deduction that an acquaintance with its principles is at least a most important branch of useful knowledge.

The difficulty which meets one at the outset in attempting to disseminate scientific information is that of adapting it to the average intelligence of those to whom, in an especial degree, it is essential. Many, in fact most, of the processes are occult and subtle; their application requires a capacity for logical induction; and their explanation demands the use of technical terms which are of course a new language to the average untrained reader. The understanding of the simplest experiment requires a closeness of attention and a mental effort which have alone seemed sufficient to repel the superficial, and the tendency of modern education is to produce superficiality. The only method of popularizing science which has been ordinarily successful hitherto, is that of the lecturer assisted by actual experiment.

This difficulty has in a great degree been overcome in the series of French works now being published by Scribner & Co., under the title of "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." Each volume covers a special field of science, confining itself to elementary principles and the necessary illustra-

tions, and treated in an easy, untechnical, and popular style. Of course the reader cannot gulp them down as he does Mrs. Southworth's last novel—even the nineteenth century has failed to discover a royal road to learning—but the necessity for study is reduced to the minimum, and, the interest once awakened, becomes speedily fascinating.

"Wonders of Heat," which has furnished the text for these remarks, forms the third volume of this most excellent series. It gives a summary of the laws of heat, and as heat is now recognized to be but one manifestation of that primary force which underlies all things, most of the phenomena of nature are touched upon, and, as far as possible, explained by experiments. These experiments are numerous, and many of them extremely subtle and curious; for instance, those which demonstrate the identity of light and heat, and that Light, Heat, and Sound are precisely the same in their laws of motion. Moreover, it will not be difficult with the assistance of this book to set up for a magician. With a few instruments easily made or obtained, water may be made to boil by cold, or it may be frozen in the midst of the fire, a red-hot iron may be held in the hand, gunpowder may be ignited with ice, and various other things performed which seem to suspend the laws of nature, but which are strictly in accordance with them.

It has unfortunately become the general impression that the tendency of scientific discovery is towards materialism, or at least inimical to religion. These books distinctly prove that such an impression is not justified by the facts. Many of our conceptions, it is true, will be modified; the domain of nature is seen to be wonderfully enlarged, but in thus extending the operation of natural laws we no more approach the great First Cause, than in climbing a mountain we impugn the existence of the heavens. We may clamber high, but they are above us still. M. Cazin himself says:—

"Scientific investigation fortifies within our soul the sentiment of adoration for the Divine Power, and raises us by degrees from the slavery of the physical to the freedom of the moral and spiritual world. Thus science and religion may truly be called sister spirits."

The work is profusely illustrated, the style is excellent, and for the price they are among the cheapest books in the market.

Stories in Verse. By HENRY L. ABBEY. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE most unfortunate effect of the influence which Tennyson has exercised upon contemporary thought, has been the number of more or less skilful imitators who have straggled after him into the field, into whose heads fifty years ago the idea of writing verse would probably never have entered. The Poet Laureate has such a specious facility for weaving obvious thoughts into the web of a poem, and his elaborate style is apparently so transparent and simple, that every reader of sufficient sensibility to be susceptible to the aspects of nature, or sufficient sentiment to perceive the underflow of life, naturally enough fancies that he possesses the prime requisites for success in the same pursuits.

He makes the fatal mistake of confounding susceptibility to poetic impressions with the creative faculty, and forgets that commonplace, when sub-

jected to the universal solvent of genius, is commonplace no longer. The difference between the scenes, events, and experiences of every-day life when reflected in the mind of a veritable poet, and the same scenes, events, and experiences seen through a kind of sentimental haze, is lost sight of; the manner of the poet is mistaken for the substance; and the consequence is a school of writers in whom, to quote Hazlitt, "the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry."

Among these we fear we shall have to place Mr. Abbey, and very low in the scale too. He is entirely destitute of any vigor of poetic conception, still more of any power of poetic expression, and lacks even the grace and facility which have entitled some of the school to a measure of praise; his ideas are trite and monotonous; and we really cannot see in what respect his stories differ from shambling and ill-regulated prose, except in the rather liberal use of capitals.

The astonishing ease with which verse can be made by a conscientious use of these capitals and the Numeration Table had almost betrayed us into it in reviewing Mr. Abbey's book, and we had actually written the following lines (with capitals):—

We sit before our desk and take this book,
A little book, all deftly bound in green,
And giving promise of rich store within.
"Stories in Verse," or that which at the distance
Of twenty steps or so doth look like verse,
Straggles along the pages; and in lines,
Which, after rule, lead off with Capitals,
The fates are sung of Blanche and Grace Bernard,
And him "the thick-lipped and heavy-beeled,
With woolly hair, large eyes, and even teeth."

Here, however, consideration of the space which verse necessarily occupies compelled us to fall back upon the vulgar and disreputable method of expressing ourselves which we have adopted in this paper.

In order to allow Mr. Abbey to speak for himself, and to give an illustration of the extent to which ideas and style can be copied without subjecting the writer to a charge of verbal plagiarism, we will quote the prologue to the story of Grace Bernard, which, by the way, is more entirely irrelevant to anything which follows after than can be tolerated even in a prologue:

"I know the drift and purpose of the years;
The will, which is the magnet of the soul,
Shall yet attain new powers, and man
Be something more than man. The husks fall off;
Old civilizations pass, the new come on."

If Tennyson had never written *Locksley Hall*, and no one else had ever written anything similar, this might possibly have been faintly suggestive of originality. As it is, "I know the drift and purpose of the years" is to develop in the public taste a demand for decidedly better work, even in imitators.

In general, the metaphors and comparisons which Mr. Abbey has introduced, and which he doubtless regards as the distinctly poetical portion of his work, only clog the wheels of his stories and smother their interest; but in reading the volume we scored a couple which, though fanciful, are good. A wife dies in child-birth and leaves to her husband a daughter whom he calls Coralline, for—

"to him
She was a spray of whitest coral, fount
Upon the coast where death's impatient sea
Hems in the narrow continent of life."

Again, a lover met his beloved—

"And wandered with her down magnolia lanes,
And watched, below the spray-roofed fall, the brook
That seemed a maid, who sitting at a loom,
Wove misty lace to decorate the rocks."

We cannot, however, consider his comparison of the moon to a spider a very happy one. But it is hit or miss with Mr. Abbey; generally, the latter.

We had also marked for quotation a picturesque instalment of the *Materia Medica*, liberally embellished with capitals, but we refrain. After all, Mr. Abbey has only followed the example which hundreds have set him, in putting before the public the crudities which he should have burned, or solaced himself with in private, and endeavoring to make a susceptible and receptive mind, not destitute of delicacy, perform work which requires creative vigor, if not originality.

The most hopeful thing in his book is the dedication to Richard Grant White "with gratitude for his friendship, and with admiration for his elegant scholarship;" though we should have thought that such a friend would have saved the author from publishing it.

We should say that Mr. Abbey's time would be more profitably spent in contemplating the elegant scholarship of Mr. White, and studying the method of its attainment, than in making attempts like the present at "werging on the poetical."

Our New Way Round the World. By C. C. COFFIN.
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

MR. COFFIN ("Carleton" of the *Boston Journal*) is sufficiently well and favorably known to satisfy the public that anything he produces will be at least interesting. He has the practised journalist's faculty of observation, and a brisk, decisive, sparkling way of describing what he observes, which is pleasant and stimulating even if not always in accordance with the strictest grammatical principles.

Our new way round the world is across the Isthmus of Suez by M. Lesseps' Canal, and across the American continent via Pacific Railway. Mr. Coffin begins his narrative proper with Egypt, ignoring Europe, "which has been so often described," and records his travels through that country, India, China, Japan, Malacca, and across the continent from San Francisco to New York.

He has certainly made a very interesting book, and though he too often exhibits the flippancy and superficiality which seem inevitably to be generated by journalistic experience, he is, on the whole, cautious and accurate.

One virtue which he possesses, and that probably the prime essential in what is intended to be a popular sketch of travel, is the faculty of seeing at once the salient features of his subject, and consigning details to limbo. His chapters on India and China are models of their kind, and condense a good deal of information on those countries; though we should say that if the author's studies had been less hasty, he would have hesitated before asserting that there are no monuments whatever of the Buddhist religion remaining in India, except the Caves of Elephanta. Not only do the ruins of vast temples and topes, such as Sanchi, exist in the interior, but Fergusson believes that the burial-place of the Buddha himself could be discovered by a competent party of explorers.

In a supplement to the work Mr. Coffin gives many valuable hints to those who contemplate

making the same or a similar trip. The different routes of travel are indicated with their special attractions, the distance between places, the time required for the transit, and the best and most accessible works which furnish the necessary information concerning the countries to be visited. This is one of the "modern improvements" to works of travel which will doubtless be properly appreciated by those for whose benefit it is specially designed.

The publishers have made a handsome volume of it, beautifully printed, and profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, and it is to our mind the most readable contribution to our peripatetic literature which has recently appeared.

Warwick; or, The Lost Nationalities of America. By MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH. New York: G. W. Carleton.

THIS is one of those books which the critics invariably feel called upon to condemn, and which the public (or rather a certain portion of it) as invariably feel called upon to read,—a wild attempt by a writer with neither talent nor originality, to make industry and pedantic nonsense do the work of thought, careful observation, and culture. We had thought that Miss Evans, who has the glory of standing at the head of this school, had about marked the limit in this direction, but there is no forecasting the possibilities of the human mind when once the way is pointed out. One more such effort as Warwick (provided always the cyclopædias last) and Mr. Walworth may fairly dispute the supremacy with her. In portraying what never existed "in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth," in making human nature ridiculous, and arraying polysyllables in sentences, and sentences in paragraphs, without the shadow of an underlying idea, he may justly claim equality; so also in depraving the classics, in describing "halls of dazzling light" and unimaginable luxuries; though we take it Miss Evans has gotten rather the better of him in the matter of the "Muezzin" and his "call to evening prayer." He actually respects geography enough to substitute the solemn strokes of the bell in the church-tower which strikes the hour of midnight in the wild howl of the winter gale.

It is impossible seriously to criticise a book like Warwick or St. Elmo, even if it were not useless. They are melancholy even more than they are ridiculous, for really great industry so lamentably misdirected is a spectacle which can never be simply laughable. When we recollect the cyclopædias which must have been skinned, the patience with which the polysyllables in Webster's Unabridged must have been gleaned, the time bestowed upon the literature of millinery and upholstery, even the mere labor of arranging the notes of his commonplace Book in something like order and sequence, we see the tragic side of human folly. Their *raison d'être* is that, the value of cyclopædic knowledge being conceded, they deserve credit who put it in a picturesque and therefore attractive form. Then, too, we may take into consideration the possibility of their stimulating inquiry in the minds of our romantic youth who swallow them whole.

The picture of the poor author who starves in a garret because he cannot get books published, which, judging from the sketch, would be likely to

resemble "Warwick," is too good to be true, at least in our day and generation. If it were not fictitious, "Warwick" itself would have slumbered in manuscript, and American literature saved from the shame and reproach which the ready publication and success of such books bring upon it. But who would read a fiction in which everything was not fictitious?

"The Lost Nationalities" of the title may possibly be a subtle joke, or they may have wandered beyond the reach of the antiquarian during the progress of the work; but Mr. Walworth has certainly not brought them to light, and we cannot say that we should feel altogether hopeless for the future of literature if "Warwick" should go in the same direction.

The work is dedicated "To the Editor of the Home Journal, Morris Phillips, Esq., the accomplished scholar and genial gentleman."

Mental Photographs. By ROBERT STRATTON. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt.*

THIS is a very ingenious method of getting at a man's character and characteristics, by a series of leading questions, which he is expected to answer.

It has long been a source of amusement to a limited circle, but we believe this is the first time it has been formulated and offered to the public.

The test is a crucial one, and if the questions are answered conscientiously (as they should be, or not at all), a man is writing himself out a much more reliable "certificate of character" than that which confers dignity upon Bridget. It will show what he is in his tastes, preferences, and aspirations, and what he is likely to become provided he can rise above the tyranny of circumstances; and we should say that in addition to the amusement afforded at the time, it will prove a much pleasanter memento of friends than the pictorial persecutions of the ordinary photographic album.

Our parlor wits (we had almost said writings) will find it a legitimate opportunity for the display of their verbal sharpness, and several of the queries will put the best of them on their mettle.

The questions are printed upon the page in gilt letters, and space is left for the written answer. There is also a place for the ordinary album picture.

History of European Morals. By W. E. H. LECKEY, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 2 vols.

THE elaborate and very able review of this work, which forms one of our leading articles, renders any further remarks on our part unnecessary. Perhaps we may think that the critic, in pointing out some of Mr. Leckey's deficiencies, has failed to do justice to the extraordinary merit of his work, both as a wonderful aggregation of facts, and a subtle generalization from such facts; but he probably holds with Poe, that a book can best present its own claims to consideration, and that the critic's function is to sift out the chaff.

The "History of European Morals," and Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," published by the same house, are decidedly the most remarkable philosophical works which have recently appeared in this country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Newcomes. By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Household Edition. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 551. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

Exeter Hall; A Theological Romance. New York: *American News Co.* Pamphlet, pp. 186.

The Gospel Treasury, and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists, in the words of the Authorized Version. Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS. New York: *M. W. Dodd.* 2 vols. in 1. pp. 944.

Foreign Missions, their Relations and Claims. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., LL.D. New York: *Scribner & Co.* 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 378.

The Habermeyer. A Novel. By HERMAN SCHMID. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt.* 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 379.

The Virginians. By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 542.

SCIENCE.

The Meteoric Stream.—To the Editor of the *Albion*: Sir,—For the past four years I have given much attention to the meteoric stream of 12th and 13th November and the cold days of 12th and 13th May. On the 12th May, 1866, thermometer in hand, in the fields, and noting on paper the gradual fall of the same, as the time came when the ring of meteors intercepted the rays of heat from the sun, I had the good fortune, near Prince's-park, to fall in with yourself, to whom I explained my object, and in the next *Albion* you noted the remarkable inclemency of the day. On Wednesday last, the 12th May, after a continuance, since morning, of a sky unclouded, the thermometer on Albert Pier, at 3 p. m., in shade, was 51°, and in the full sunshine only 55°. I looked into the face of the sun without feeling any inconvenience. It was unnatural to look a cloudless sun of May full

in the face and yet feel no heat. The meteoric stream was between, dissipating his rays, scattering their heat. On the following morning, in Seton-park, at 8 a.m., the thermometer in the sunshine stood at 70°, and at 3 p. m., at 82°, and 54° in the shade. The meteoric stream did not intervene. At 11:30 the same night I was waiting at the Bootle Station for the train for Liverpool, due there at 11:35. There was a very beautiful display of the aurora borealis visible; and a party who had been long waiting the train told me that some time before a bright arch of light had spanned the sky. I saw such in 1833 or 1834. I stood then at the corner of Mount-pleasant and Rodney-street. A belt of light, the breadth of the street, arched the heavens from west to east, with its keystone in the zenith. I never saw such before or since; but from what I heard on Thursday I believe the

same must have appeared again a little before I reached the station. It was a glorious illumination with which to close the first civic banquet of the new borough of Bootle. On leaving Bootle the aurora was very much more distinct in the west than in the east. All the western side of the heavens was one broad sheet of light, but in the east pillars of light only—throbbing shafts of glory, in their pulsations ebbing and flowing. Now for the remarkable change. On reaching Liverpool I had to cab it to Sefton-park. As midnight came, and the sun passed the zenith at our antipodes, the rays of the aurora rose more and more numerously to the eastward, and the western display decreased, so that by 12.30, when I reached Sefton-park, the west was in darkness. My mind is fully confirmed upon the meteoric stream being the cause of the display. About the 12th November we pass through the stream, and what meteors fall within the earth's attraction show themselves whilst burning in our atmosphere. Now, on the 12th May, at the opposite part of the circle, the stream of meteors, far away out of our atmosphere, do yet, by intervening between us and the sun, dissipate the heat from his rays. Now the greatest display of the meteors of last November was on the 13th, and the earth, like a gallant ship sailing over the broad ocean of space, did, on the night of the 13th instant, float over the meteoric mass, and the sunlight from below, playing upon its million particles, shot upwards all around her bows as she ploughed over them. I have seen the zodiacal light in the tropics often, and am more and more convinced it also is but the meteoric stream circling round our sun like the ring round Saturn. Twice a year we pass it, now through it, now over it. Yours respectfully,

ORION.

The Globe Losing Heat and Becoming Smaller.—The globe is continually, though very slowly, losing heat; it grows colder in a very small degree, and suffers contraction in the same small degree. It appears that since the days of Hipparchus, about 2,000 years have passed without any change being observed in the length of the day, and this is sometimes urged as a reason for not accepting the explanation of the depression of seas and the rising of mountains, which geologists have founded on the "refrigeration of the earth." But it only proves, what is quite well known from other considerations, that the process is very slow. The globe then is suffering contraction; it is smaller than it was: but if this were all, no important geological explanations could be made to depend on it. If the whole globe were to undergo contraction by loss of heat at the rate of the red granite of Peterhead, viz., 1-200,000th of a unit of length for each 1 degree of Fahrenheit, the diameter would change for each degree, say 7914-200,000th, about 1-25th of a mile (209 feet). The alteration of the length of the day due to such a general change of dimensions would be about four-tenths of a second of time. Two hundred and nine feet of change of radius in a globe of uniform composition would produce no sensible effect on the phenomena of elevation and depression on the surface of the earth; nor any important effect on such a globe, partly dry and partly covered by water. But in a globe subject to unequal expansion or contraction of the mass, as our semi-fluid

earth must be, the effect of even one degree of cooling could not be otherwise than very effective in producing geological change. It must not be thought for a moment that reduction of temperature has ever been or ever can be accomplished at a uniform rate through all the mass of the globe. At the epoch of solidification of the surface, with a temperature of about 2,058 degrees, isothermal zones began below the surface; as time passed on they descended lower and lower; so that at present the temperature of 2,058 degrees may be found at about twenty miles while the surface heat is about 58 degrees. The surface has been cooled 2,000 degrees; at five miles in depth 1,500 degrees; at ten miles 1,000 degrees; at twenty miles 0 degrees.

Temperature of the Sea.—Drs. Carpenter and Wyville Thomson have succeeded in establishing a remarkable physical law regarding the temperature of the sea. To the almost universal law that heat causes expansion, and cold contraction, of the particles of a body, water has long been known to constitute a striking exception. When any body of fresh water is exposed to a reduction of temperature, as the surface layer becomes colder than the remainder of the fluid, it becomes likewise heavier, and sinks, therefore, to the bottom, its place being supplied by a warmer and consequently lighter stratum. This process is repeated until the temperature has sunk to 39° Fahr., when the law ceases to act. Below this point—termed the maximum density of water—any additional reduction of temperature causes expansion, instead of contraction, and consequently the surface-layer becomes and remains the lightest, and does not sink as before to the bottom. It is obvious that, if this deviation from the regular law were not provided for in the case of water, all our lakes and rivers would begin to freeze from the bottom upwards, and would, in our climate, become ultimately entirely converted into ice. It has always been believed that what we have just stated held good for all water, whether fresh or salt; hence the statement of Sir J. Herschel that, "in very deep water all over the globe a uniform temperature of 39° Fahr. is found to prevail;" it would almost necessarily be the case if the maximum density of salt water, like that of fresh, were reached at this temperature. We now know, however, that the law must be differently stated for sea-water. By sending down thermometers attached to the sounding line, Drs. Carpenter and Thomson have proved that in certain areas—supposed to be those traversed by cold currents from the polar regions—the temperature at the bottom was as low as 32° Fahr., whilst that of the surface might be as high as 53° Fahr., a difference of more than 20°. This great difference is easily accounted for by the existence of cold polar and warm equatorial currents; whilst the very low temperature of the bottom is explained by certain experiments of Despretz, establishing beyond a doubt the fact that "sea-water, in virtue of its saline impregnation, contracts continuously down to its ordinary freezing-point, which is below 28° Fahrenheit."—*Spectator*.

Curious Discovery.—A paper was recently read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science which stated that on the southern

shore of Lake Superior, in Marquette county, Wisconsin, were found remains of long canals and dams constructed by the beavers for the purpose of transporting their cuttings, consisting of trunks of trees two or three feet long, from the places where trees had fallen to their lodges. Some of these canals were 300, 400, and 500 feet long. They were generally three feet wide, with an average depth of three feet. In order to maintain a continuous depth of water, they made dams at certain distances, and followed the Chinese plan—to whom the lock was unknown—of drawing their cargo from one level to another.

Did.—The French Academy has been listening to an elaborate paper by M. Cabasson on the effect of diet on the moral and intellectual nature of man. He has been subjecting himself to various experiments. He tried coffee, without solid food, directly he awoke, and his intellectual powers wonderfully increased, but his temper was not improved, and he became coldly egotistical and excessively disagreeable—a condition only remedied by partaking of a good breakfast, which made him much more amiable, if less profound. We believe to a considerable extent in this theory. A good breakfast does make one feel comfortable, and a good dinner expands our organs of benevolence remarkably, even if, as it is sometimes the case at Greenwich in the whitebait season, a slight obfuscation of the intellectual powers—clearly traced by philosophers to the chemical action on the tissues of new potatoes and salmon—is occasionally apparent. This philosophy of good living is a very comfortable philosophy, and we hope experiments will be made on the most liberal scale, especially selecting for the purpose some thousands of poor people who, not being accustomed to good eating and drinking, may be expected to exhibit the most interesting and satisfactory results.

The Sun.—There are at present two clusters of large spots passing towards the western limb of the sun. The largest consists of three spots. The diameter of this group, inclusive of the deep dark penumbra, which makes the whole appear almost as if it were one large spot, is at least three times the diameter of our globe. The two large spots are jagged around the edges, and of no regular form. They are said to have appeared just as if some tremendous convulsion in the body of the sun at that part had thrown the incandescent envelope aside in all directions. The other group, about some 24,000 miles distant from the former, consists of four smaller well-defined spots. These two groups will, in a few days, become smaller in appearance as they pass off on the western side. Another spot has come in sight on the eastern limb.

A Great Project.—The municipal council of Bordeaux have now under consideration a scheme which may with little hesitation be pronounced as having for its object the grandest, most important, and most economical work that has been proposed for centuries, and it is one, moreover, which especially interests the commercial world of Great Britain. The project is simply the cutting of a great ship canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean! The proposer, M. Staal de Magnan-court, estimates the cost of the work at 442,-

000,000*f.*, less than 18,000,000*l.*, and the time necessary for its completion at six years. It would form a direct line of communication with India by the Isthmus of Suez, and save the whole circuit of the Portuguese and Spanish coasts in the case of ships from England or any of the northern ports of Europe. It is probable that England might derive some benefit, commercially, from such a scheme, but it is also probable that the possession of Gibraltar might not prove as valuable as it is at present assumed to be. As regards the practicability and comparative economy of the project there cannot be a doubt. Let any one cast his eye over the map of France, and he will see that if a straight line be drawn from Bordeaux to Toulouse, it will touch the coast of the Gulf of Lyons not far from Perpignan. From Bordeaux to Toulouse the Garonne is a navigable and busy river, so that over two-thirds of the line it is only a question of widening and correcting a waterway already in existence. From Toulouse to the Gulf of Lyons there exists the Canal du Midi, and by means of these an immense traffic is carried on between the southern and western departments of France. The line of water exists already; all that is required is to deepen and straighten it: and if this could be done in half the time mentioned, at double the cost, it would be the most economical piece of work perhaps that was ever executed.—*Engineer.*

Vast ruins have been discovered in the Zulu country in South Africa—obelisks with colossal carvings, terraces, and halls of hewn stone, or cut out of the solid rock. The natives regard them with mysterious awe, and keep strangers from them, for fear that if they are approached no rain will fall for three years.

A Lost Nation.—A writer in the *Natal Mercury*, under date of the 2d of Feb., 1869, says, when treating of the ruins of Simbae:—"A day's march from Andowa, between two hills, at the end of a vast and fertile valley, are the ruins of Axum. To this day incredible flights of stone steps conduct the traveller up to the summits of the hills, in one of which are found deep grottoes and vast halls, cut out of the rock and ornamented with columns. There, according to the traditions of the country, is the tomb of the Queen of Saba. The adjoining valley, shaded by majestic trees, is filled by the remains of the city, consisting of huge blocks of stone. Very little of the *débris* reveal their former purpose. There may, however, be distinguished two groups of fourteen or fifteen obelisks, thrown down. Seven of them are covered with ornaments, and are not less than thirty-six feet in length. These masterpieces of ancient architecture reveal to us the fact of an ancient civilization in the heart of Africa, which has disappeared again thousands of years since." Niebuhr tells us of a mighty Abyssinian empire existing here, mentioning in particular Saba, and says it was so powerful that even the Roman and Parthian strength could not prevail against it. This last statement was taken from a Greek inscription found among the ruins, engraved in stone. On the reverse side is another engraving, in some ancient language, which has not yet been deciphered. The savage tribes guard these ruins with jealous care. No living animal is allowed to be

killed in them, no tree permitted to be destroyed, everything connected with them being held sacred, as belonging either to a good or evil power. A missionary, who penetrated within a short distance of the ruins, writes:—"In this country were also found some very old guns, in a hole in the mountain. We got one of the locks of these guns, and found it to have a wheel outside, with cogs or teeth; and a tradition exists that they came from these ruins. The Basutos often tell us, when asked if they acknowledge God, about the big stones in the Banyai, where all created things are to be seen, even sphinxes, pyramidal-shaped buildings, and catacombs."—Letter in the *Athenæum*.

Discovery of a Roman Tessellated Pavement.—An interesting discovery has been made within the last few days of a Roman tessellated pavement, at the corner of the Poultry, where men were excavating for the formation of the new street from the Mansion House to Blackfriars. The pavement lies about 17 feet from the surface of the ground, and, as far as can be at present ascertained, is in excellent preservation. It is evidently of some extent, and possesses an ornamental pattern indicating a design of great beauty, elaborately executed in small tesserae of various colors. It belongs to the finest class of such remains, and is only equalled by the pavements discovered in 1803 in Leadenhall Street, in 1805, under the Bank of England, those found in 1841 beneath the late French Protestant Church, Threadneedle Street, and others near the old Excise Office, to-

gether with an interesting example exhumed some two years since in excavating near the present site of the foundation of the Union Bank of London. Adjoining the pavement are the foundations of Roman walls, with other evidences of extensive buildings. The works, however, having only just commenced, it is possible that many other interesting remains of Roman works may be discovered.

The Variations of the Compass.—A paragraph appeared some time ago in the frontier papers announcing that Mr. J. H. Davies, of Colesberg, had invented an instrument for ascertaining with accuracy the variations of the compass from local attraction or other causes, which are so puzzling and sometimes dangerous to navigators. Mr. Davies is now in town, and his invention has undergone a most severe and lengthened examination at the hands of Sir Thomas Maclear and Mr. Tracy, the sailing-master of the *Raccoon*. We are glad to say that their report is most favorable, and Mr. Davies proceeds by the *Roman* to submit his invention to competent authorities in England. He is backed by a recommendation from his Excellency Sir P. Wodehouse, who has taken a warm interest in the matter. We have ourselves carefully examined Mr. Davies' models, and without dogmatically pronouncing upon the feasibility or otherwise of the invention, are happy to bear testimony to its extreme ingenuity. The idea developed by Mr. Davies is really fine, whether or no it turns out to be capable of practical application. —*Cape Argus*, April 19.

ART.

It is a singular fact that, in modern civilization, sculpture has never, even in a single instance, attained the position which it held almost without a disputant in the old. Even in England, where the last half century has seen such a prodigious development in the Fine Arts, notwithstanding the *Elgin Marbles* and other specimens of the antique which have been secured for her galleries, Sculptors have scarcely begun as yet to claim a share of the attention monopolised by the disciples of the sister art. Among us it is practically non-existent. The *Saturday Review*, in a notice of the present exhibition at the Royal Academy, says:—"Sculpture has never yet in England succeeded in obtaining equal honours with her sister art. Though the elder of the two, and by old confession the higher and the more intellectual, among us she has everywhere to yield the precedence to Painting. She hardly brings money to any of her followers, except through the prosaic practice of portraiture; her followers, with a few illustrious exceptions, are mostly untrained men, who in every point rank, and deserve to rank, below their brother painters; we must confess in sadness that they know little about her, and the British public, by a natural result, knows less. And nowhere, it is a notorious fact, has this apathy to Sculpture been more marked than it was in Trafalgar Square. The two series of cellars, and whatever, in pre-historic times, preceded them in Somerset House, are now, happily, things of the past. Those rooms,

to the uninitiated, always seemed to have been constructed on purpose to allow the works of the three or four Academical sculptors to be tolerably seen, whilst the works of all outsiders were ingeniously doomed to a kind of limbo; exhibited so far as the locality was concerned, but in every other respect worse than invisible. And when we look at certain names on the list of recent Academical sculptors, and compare their works with those which a few contemporaneous outsiders have produced, it would be absurd to wonder at an impulse which may have been only one of simple self-preservation.

However these things were, *nunc tandem redit animus*; and, in that splendid series of rooms which we owe to the wiseliberality of the present Academy, Sculpture has at least found a handsome and an accessible habitation. Yet, even here, and with a full confidence that there was every desire on the part of the building Council to do justice to this art, we cannot help observing that the more flourishing and brilliant younger sister has still contrived to maintain her social supremacy." Royalty is represented at the Exhibition by H. R. H. the Princess Louise. She exhibits a bust of her mother, Queen Victoria, which is on the whole rather favorably criticised.

It seems that the English critics have to complain of the same abuses in the management of their Academy which have so long furnished the text for accusations of our own, and which we referred to last month, viz: the appropriation of the space

to the second class work of Academicians and Associates to the exclusion of better work. One of them says of the Exhibition now in progress in London, that:—"By common consent some of the worst pictures in the Exhibition are by Academicians and Associates. Of the former there are at least seven, of the latter there are at all events two, who could have little chance of a place on the walls had they to rely on merits instead of on vested rights. It is in mercy that such works, which usurp the best places and disfigure the Exhibition, are passed quietly by without notice. The President possibly hinted at some of these sad cases when he said that it might be hoped the Academy would find itself in a position to extend charitable aid to the less successful members of the profession."

How this abuse can be accounted for we cannot understand, (of course we would not hint favoritism) except on the assumption that an Academician can do nothing ill. We fear, however, that the artists and public will fail to appreciate this until some test of admittance is adopted different from any now in use.

As intimated last month the *National Academy of Design* has entered upon a course of reform which will soon remove the most conspicuous abuses. It has amended its constitution so that Academicians and Associates may be elected from the general body of artists throughout the country, and adopted an additional section which provides that "there shall be held stated meetings of the Academy on the evenings of the second Wednesdays of November and February each year for the transaction of general business; and said meetings may adjourn from time to time as may be deemed expedient." It is also provided that the President and Vice-President shall not be elected for more than two consecutive terms; that three Academicians, not members of the Council or officers of the Academy, shall constitute the committee for selecting the works of art and arranging the exhibitions of the Academy for the year; no member of the committee to be eligible for two consecutive years; and that the officers, during their term of office, shall have the entire control of the affairs of the Academy, subject to the control of the Board of Academicians, provided that the power to mortgage or otherwise dispose of the real estate belonging to the Academy rests solely in the Academicians themselves.

The fabrication of Egyptian mummies is carried on in Paris on a very large scale. One man alone, we are told, has manufactured no less than 800 "relics" of the Ptolemaic era for provincial museums. This outdoes even Barnum in his own line. The export business in counterfeit mummies extends over half the globe, even to Egypt itself, whence they return to Europe with a

sort of guarantee of genuineness. A skull, two fillets of veal, a dog's skin, and some linen bands, suffice for all that was mortal of a Cheops, a Pharaoh, a Ptolemy, or a Cleopatra. How this takes the romance out of the lines by Horace Smith to a mummy.

And thou hast walked about, how strange a story!
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago.

THE GALAXY.

A new method of speculation has been invented in Paris, which will doubtless redound to the benefit of the artists. A gentleman of culture and taste collects a gallery of pictures by distinguished artists, throws it open to the public, has it noticed by the critics of the press, and then sells it at auction. The last two or three ventures having been eminently successful, the trick is not likely to lack imitators, either there or elsewhere.

Frank Buchser has been commissioned by the Swiss Government to paint portraits of the great men of our nation, for its capitol. He has already finished those of Wm. Cullen Bryant and General Sherman, and is now engaged on that of ex-Secretary Seward.

Count de Waldeck, of Paris, has sent to the Fine Arts Exhibition in that city, a picture representing two hundred and fifty-five persons. The venerable artist is 103 years old, enjoys excellent health, and takes vigorous walking exercise every day.

A new marble for sculpture has been discovered at Laas, Austria. It is said to resemble that of Paros, but is somewhat coarser in grain, and has a slight golden tint which artists consider preferable to the cold whiteness of the Carrara and Seravezza marbles.

Sir Edwin Landseer appeared as a witness in a London police court, recently, in a case of cruelty to animals, and made an indignant protest against the barbarous practice of cropping dogs' ears.

Sir Edwin Landseer has sold his great work in the Academy—the "Swannery invaded by Sea Eagles"—to the Marquis of Northampton, for four thousand guineas.

A London photographer, who has photographed nearly all the Royal family of England, has sold £35,000 worth of *cartes de visite* of its various members.

There are 2,452 pictures in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, besides 758 designs and sketches, and a fair display of sculpture and engraving.

Over seventy thousand people visited the French Academy on the opening day of the Exhibition this year.

VARIETIES.

Thomas Carlyle and Robert Browning recently took tea with Queen Victoria.

The grim, coarse, unpolite Trumbull of Mr. Trollope's last novel, "Phineas Finn," is said by an English Liberal organ to be a portrait of the Right Hon. John Bright. Mr. Trollope declares the assertion to be untrue and unjustifiable.

The late Lord Brougham had such an aversion to trouble about money matters that he made over everything—ex-Chancellor's pension, house and land, books, plate, furniture—to his brother William, who in turn provided for current expenses.

Branding the same man more than once, in the British army, for desertion, which had been abo-

lished by recent Parliamentary statute, has been revived since the courts-martial have been deprived of the luxury of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

The effect of this revival has been, to quote the *Pall Mall Budget*, that "several sentenced men, already indelibly branded, have been further marked with two or three additional letters, such as an extra D., as well as B. C. for 'bad character'; and with this gentle assistance towards gaining an honest livelihood have been discharged from the service, with a fair prospect of falling within the provisions of the Habitual Criminal Bill, possibly of being further tattooed by Colonel Fraser of the city police, and then, having died in prison, of presenting an appearance at the resurrection which will puzzle their celestial as much as their existence had puzzled their terrestrial guardians."

Without following the poor fellows into the next world, we should think that the War Office might devise some more humane method of maintaining the discipline of the service.

Dr. Willard Parker says :—There have died in New York within a few years three excellent clergymen, all of whom would now be alive had they not used tobacco.

The difference in the operation of tobacco and alcohol is this: while alcohol causes tangible changes in certain organs, tobacco gradually lowers the vital tone of the whole system, so that the life ends sooner than it ought to.

It is calculated that there are 235,000 smokers in New York now. At some hotel bars in the city a thousand dollars a day are spent for tobacco and rum. A "moderate smoker" uses say not over four cigars daily; and immoderate ones ten or fifteen. Cigars of good quality cost fifteen cents apiece at wholesale, and twenty-five cents at retail.

Call the price, however, only ten cents; if these 235,000 city smokers are "moderate," they are paying ninety-four thousand dollars a day for cigars, without mentioning "drinks." This is an expenditure of thirty-four million three hundred and ten thousand dollars a year for no good, but for harm.

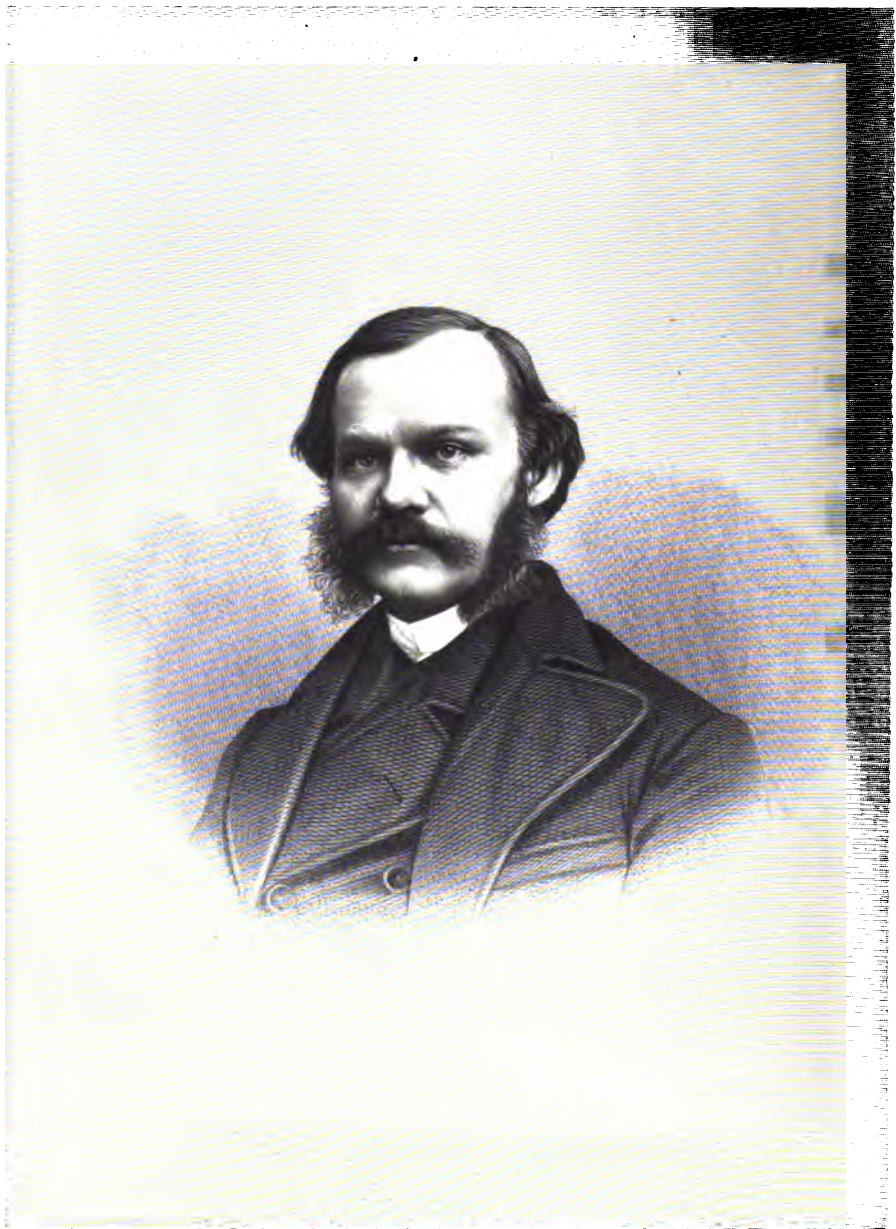
Paste Diamonds.—The more valuable an article is the more it is counterfeited, and the greater the perfection to which falsification is carried. The diamond has been so successfully imitated that he must be an expert indeed who can tell the false from the true. A method which any one can apply, or easily get applied, has been a desideratum: but the want exists no longer. If you have a doubtful stone, put it, or cause it to be put, into a leaden or platinum cup, with some powdered fluor-spar, and a little oil of vitriol, warm the vessel over some lighted charcoal, in a fireplace, or wherever there is a strong draught, to carry away the noxious vapors that will be copiously evolved. When these vapors have ceased rising let the whole cool, and then stir the mixture with a glass rod to fish out the diamond. If you find it intact, it is a genuine stone; but if it is false it will be corroded by the hydrofluoric acid that has been generated around it. A small "paste" diamond would disappear altogether under the treatment. They who profit by this receipt have to thank Signor Massimo Levi, an Italian chemist.—*Once a Week*.

Sir Henry Rawlinson has found Eden.—He maintains that the Babylonian documents in our possession will give us the whole history which is recorded in Genesis from the time of Abraham. The Garden of Eden, he asserts, is the primeval name of Babylon.

Big Bible.—Who wants to see "the largest Bible in the world?" The late Mr. John Grey Bell, of Manchester, an untiring print-collector and book-hunter, devoted many years to the illustration of the Bible by inserting in Macklin's folio edition above a thousand original drawings and photographs, and nearly ten thousand engravings, with 360 specimen-leaves of old and rare editions of the Bible. The result was sixty-three handsomely-bound folio volumes, with double the number of illustrations contained in the famous Bowyer Bible of forty-five volumes. This big Bible is now on sale.—*Athenæum*.

Burying Alive.—Great efforts have been made by scientific men to discover some rule by which death may be infallibly indicated. For years the French Government has held out a standing reward of a large amount of money to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, indicated by the skin turning to be black and blue and green, which is conclusive on the subject; but in cold weather this may not take place in many weeks, and to "keep the body" so long would be inconvenient and objectionable on several accounts. A method has recently been given to the French Government which will probably take the prize. Hold a lighted candle to any portion of a body, a blister will soon rise; if on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct, for which we offer but one reason among others: In case of actual death the blood is congealed—in a sense, there is no moisture, simply a little air; this, being rarified under a flame, raises up the skin; if there is life, the flame causes an inflammation, and nature, in her alarm, sends increased material there for repairs, a kind of glairy fluid, and this, being sent there in excess, causes the skin to rise. Inability to feel the pulse or heart beat, cold skin, or dew on a bit of glass—none of these are conclusive, as there has been life when none of these were observed.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Constancy of Woman.—There is not an accomplishment in the mind of a female more enchanting, nor one which adds more dignity and grace to her person than constancy. Whatever share of beauty he may be possessed of, whether she may have the tinge of Hebe on her cheeks, vying in color with the damask rose, and breath as fragrant—and the graceful and elegant gait of an Ariel—still, unless she is endowed with this characteristic of a virtuous and ingenious mind, all her personal charms will fade away, through neglect, like decaying fruit in autumn. The whole list of female virtues are in their kind essential to the felicity of man; but there is such beauty and grandeur of sentiment displayed in the exercise of constancy, that it has been justly esteemed by the dramatic poets as the chief excellence of their heroines.



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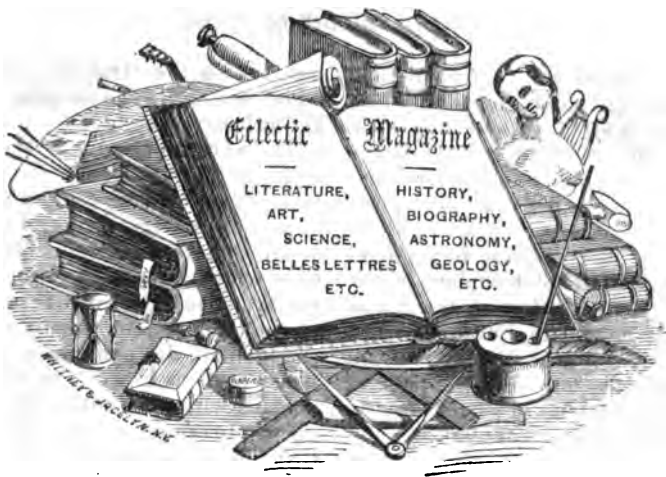
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. X., No. 3. }

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

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British Quarterly.

THE LANGUAGE OF LIGHT.*

SEPARATED by a gulf of more than ninety millions of miles in breadth, we are apt to suppose that there can be no direct means of communication between the sun and ourselves; yet the mails between London and Edinburgh, and the packets between Liverpool and New York, do not travel more regularly than do the messages between the great central orb and its little dependency, the earth. Across this huge abyss a regular "service" of intelligence has been estab-

lished, and day after day missives from the former are, without charge, delivered at our doors, or, indeed, deposited in our very brains. Not more surely do the pulsations of the invisible air suffice to convey to human ears all the varied utterances of the soul, from an infant's prayer or a whisper of love to the fiery eloquence which hurls an army to death or victory, than the vibrations of the ethereal medium around us suffice to transmit to human eyes tidings from foreign orbs and secrets from the sun which our fathers never knew and never even suspected. But these messages, streaming incessantly through space, are for the most part written in a cipher so delicate that it is no wonder if the art of interpreting it was left to be numbered amongst the world's latest acquisitions. It is, in fact, one of the most striking accomplishments of the nineteenth century. When Joseph Smith, the Latter-day prophet, found (or professed to find) the golden plates which contained the text of the Book of Mormon written in a char-

* (1.) *Kirchhoff's Researches on the Solar Spectrum and the Spectra of the Chemical Elements*. Parts I. and II. Macmillan. 1861-2.

(2.) *Philosophical Transactions*. 1861-69. Papers by Mr. HUGGINS, Dr. W. A. MILLER, Mr. LOCKYER, and others.

(3.) *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences*. 1862-68. Papers by PADRE SECCHI, MM. FAYE, JANSSEN, &c.

(4.) *Quarterly Journal of Science*. 1868-69.

(5.) *Spectrum Analysis*. Six Lectures delivered in 1864 before the Society of Apothecaries of London. By HENRY E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. With Appendices, Colored Plates, and Illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

acter utterly unknown to mortals, he discovered in the same depository (so the knave alleged) a pair of lenses or spectacles which enabled him to translate the hieroglyphics into his own native tongue. An equally simple glass instrument, far more authentic in its origin and vastly more honest in its functions, has enabled the philosophers of our day to render the celestial telegrams thus received into plain English, and to give us a real physical revelation from the skies. We are now in a condition to accept communications, in some measure, from stars and comets, from meteors and nebulae, and indeed from all the members of the heavenly host. From the sun especially—the orb to which we terrestrials naturally look with the most loyal concern as the lord of our system—despatches have been received which have not only excited the profoundest interest amongst men of science, but which cannot fail to awaken the curiosity even of those who may be disposed to regard our luminary in a more commercial spirit, as a public lamp requiring no cess for its maintenance, and a public warming apparatus needing no fuel to be paid for out of earthly funds.

At the first glance, nothing would appear more inexpressive than the characters employed in the construction of this Language of Light.

Doubtless, all our readers will have seen specimens of that enigmatical species of writing which came into vogue a few years ago, and which consisted of letters so elongated, and with their characteristic turns so mystified, that a sentence looked like an array of slender, meaningless strokes. Many of us will remember our surprise when, after examining the puzzle for a considerable time with pretty much the same result as if it had been a cuneiform inscription, a fortunate turn of the eye enabled us to seize upon its secret, and decipher it with the pride of Champollions. We were delighted to find that those fine hair-drawn lines resolved themselves into some virtuous precept like "honesty is the best policy," and even bore with complacency the discovery that they concealed a crafty advertisement of some tradesman's sewing machines.

But these spider-like characters were as intelligible as picture language com-

pared with the straight, subtle strokes which constitute the alphabet of the solar and celestial tongue.

The sun's spectrum is the horn-book employed. What that is will be best understood by supposing a strip cut out of a rainbow vertically, and fastened like a painting to the wall. The gorgeous tints which appear with such inimitable purity in the lustres on our mantel-pieces, or in the pendent prisms of our glass chandeliers, are parts of a similar spectrum, seen as it were by snatches, and varying with the position of the beholder. A white sunbeam, colorless in its entirety, may be broken up, or rather spread out like a fan, as it passes through some refracting substance like glass. Its component hues are said to vary in their refrangibility; the red being the least deflected from its path, the violet the most. To the popular eye there appear to be seven of these resulting tints, and to the philosophical eye of Newton their number was the same. But Sir David Brewster reduced them to three primaries—red, yellow, and blue—out of whose mixture by super-position the rest were composed; whilst other inquirers, like Professor Clerk Maxwell, have declared in favor of red, green, and blue as the factors of the whole.* Upon this point, however, science has not yet definitely pronounced; for as the chromatic distinctions in the spectrum are arbitrary, each hue melting insensibly into its neighbor, there seems to be no reason why we should not admit the existence of countless colors, if the power of undergoing separate refraction is to be regarded as the test of a separate tint. But whatever science may have to say ultimately upon this question, most fortunate is it for mankind that the sun's light is not homogeneous; for if it had been incapable of division, either by reflection or refraction, the world would have been almost as dull of aspect and barren of loveliness as an arctic landscape when sheeted with snow. The solar spectrum may, in fact, be called our Charter of Beauty, as the great bow which God set in the clouds may be regarded as his illuminated covenant of promise with man.

* "On the Theory of Compound Colors." Phil. Trans. v. 150, p. 77.

Neglecting all considerations of the calorific as well as of the chemical influences which are so wonderfully associated with the luminous principles in this "Manual of Light," let us proceed to examine the A B C of the new celestial language.

On scrutinizing the spectrum minutely, it will be seen that a number of dark lines are ruled straight across the illuminated strip. Some are fine and faint, others bolder and more distinct; whilst not a few, again, are so closely clustered that they seem to compose one solid bar. They follow each other in no regular order: there are parts of the chromatic field, as for instance a space in the yellow portion (the most luminous of all), where a single line or two only may be perceived; there are others where they appear in bewildering succession. Fraunhofer drew a map of the spectrum in which he laid down about 570 of these objects; but Sir D. Brewster prepared another, which comprehended more than 2,000! Some portions of this latter were executed with such extraordinary precaution, that the observer used a telescope lined with black velvet to stifle any reflected light, and washed the cornea of his eye to cleanse the lubricating fluid. It is a chart which a reader may best appreciate if he will imagine a park railing stretching for hundreds of yards, with the palisades varying in breadth from a straw to a milestone, and inserted at all kinds of intervals in a perfectly upright posture, but in such an eccentric way that, whilst the designer appeared anxious to keep out all intruders at certain places, he did not care what gaps he left at others. To distinguish these lines for the purpose of reference, Fraunhofer divided the spectrum into compartments, to each of which a letter of the alphabet was allotted, and when numbers were afterwards attached to the bars according to their position, an observer knew where to look for A 48 or C 83 with almost as much ease as a librarian would find the volumes correspondingly labelled on his shelves.

One important fact was soon ascertained, namely, that these remarkable lines, however irregularly distributed throughout the solar spectrum, were unalterable in their position. A 48 or C 83 was always to be discovered precisely

in the same prismatic color, and precisely at the same part of that color, so that the relative distances and groupings of the strokes were religiously maintained. Under whatever circumstances witnessed, whether on the top of a mountain or at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean, any particular line, if visible at all, was certain to occupy the same place, just as any given rail in a park-fence does whether seen through a clear sky or dimly discerned through a mass of fog. Professor Piazzi Smyth, when bivouacking above the clouds on his visit to the Peak of Teneriffe, found that the spectrum was not only greatly extended, but that certain bars, which at the sea-level appeared nebulous, lost all their mistiness at a height of 10,000 feet, and were "clearly resolved into their component lines," whilst others, similarly indistinct in their character, came into view in the prismatic space beyond.

How these streaks were produced was, of course, a question which no observer could well fail to ask. Were they due to some defect in the solar light itself, and did every golden beam that emanated from our luminary carry not less than 2,000 blemishes upon its brightness? Or did they indicate that portions of the ray had been absorbed or arrested in their passage through the atmosphere of the sun on the one hand, or of the earth on the other? Possibly they might arise from the interference of certain waves of light, which, neutralizing each other, as waves of light are known to do in various phenomena, would produce unilluminated intervals? But to these questions no satisfactory reply could then be given, and the black lines, which have since proved to be the rudiments of the great star-language, were at first noted as a curious but apparently insoluble puzzle in optics.

The sun, however, is not a monopolist in the matter of light. Other spectra may be had from other sources; and a comparison of these might perhaps serve to clear up the mystery, or, at any rate, to suggest some meaning in those enigmatical lines. Accordingly, in experimenting upon various artificial flames, it was discovered that their spectra presented peculiarities which, if not so complex, were yet as marked and persistent as those of the solar beam. These were

found to be of three classes. There is, first, a continuous prismatic strip which exhibits no special streaks, either of a dark or a bright description, the rainbow tints following each other in unbroken gradation; or, secondly, the spectrum may consist of a few bright bands separated from each other by dark intervals; or, thirdly, as in the case of the sunbeam, it may be composed of a colored field, with dark lines traversing it, and interrupting the continuity of its light. But in all these cases, whatever species of spectrum a given substance in a given state may affect, its characteristics are invariable, and its lines, whether bright or dark, make their appearance at the same part of the field, and at the same relative distance, with a precision which is infallible.

Now, on collating the spectra afforded by sundry artificial flames with the spectrum exhibited by the sun, it was perceived that numerous correspondences existed. When sodium was burned, for instance, it gave out a double line, which exactly answered to the line lettered D in the solar alphabet; and as no other substance was found to yield the same signature, and as sodium persisted in maintaining this cognizance under all circumstances, was it not a pardonable, though an extremely romantic, supposition that the line D in the case of our great luminary might indicate the existence of that metal in the Fountain of Light itself?

In drawing this inference, the reader will probably be disposed to consider that the inquirer was "jumping to a conclusion." He was taking one of those little speculative "leaps" to which Bacon refers as inevitable when the explorer has forced his way to the boundary of facts, and suffers his imagination, pardonably, because naturally, to make a slight sally into the region of surmise. But there were features in the case which soon rendered this inference almost mathematically imperative. Kirchhoff ascertained that not in one instance only, but in several, there was a complete coincidence between certain sets of lines exhibited in the solar spectrum and those which characterized sundry substances, such as magnesium, chromium, potassium, nickel, and iron. The latter metal, for example, when

vaporized, yields about 460 lines, and on comparing these with the prismatic sunbeam, a corresponding system is found to exist. Let it be observed that the question is not as to the disposal of 460 lines in regular measured succession. The ruling in one page of a book may tally exactly with that on another; but those 460 lines are stationed at varying intervals, they are arranged in diversified groups, and they differ considerably in breadth and distinctness. If two books should be found—a large one in London and a small one in Paris—with lines irregularly and capriciously ruled, page 25 in each having only half the usual number, page 34 having some of double thickness, page 90 having a set of blue or yellow ones, page 150 exhibiting either an entire blank or blanks of equal breadth, and so on throughout, every peculiarity in the lesser volume being repeated at the corresponding page in the larger, it would be in vain for us to designate this as an accidental resemblance; we should be compelled to assume that there was some community, or indeed identity of cause involved. But if in each of the chief capitals of Europe a book were discovered with a differing set of lines, and yet each page finding its representative in the great London ledger, that inference would become absolutely irresistible. Kirchhoff computed the probabilities of a casual coincidence in the case of the iron spectrum compared by him with the solar image as a solitary unit to millions of millions; what must they be where the ruling of several spectra finds an exact analogy in the answering pages of the great solar ledger?

But in the progress of inquiry, one very important and, as it has proved, very helpful distinction was detected. We have seen that spectra are broadly divisible into three classes. Those which afford a simple prismatic picture, untraversed by lines either dark or bright, constituting the first class, were found to proceed from glowing solid or liquid bodies. A ball of iron, platinum, or lime, heated to such a degree as to throw off white light, would yield a chromatic ribbon unbroken by any of the dark bars which streak the face of the decomposed sunbeam; but if by means of the electrical current or other

wise that substance were raised to a state of incandescent vapor, a magical change would ensue; a number of bright bands would start into existence, colored according to their position in the spectral field, but separated by obscure intervals, as if the greater part of the prismatic image had been suppressed, and a background of darkness substituted for the purpose of displaying those tinted stripes to the utmost advantage.* The same element, therefore, which yields a spectrum of the first class whilst *solid*, presents one of the second species when converted into the gaseous or vaporized condition. But in so doing, it supplies a criterion of wonderful range and potency; for if a body situate at the distance of millions of miles should, when prismatically examined, deliver its light in the first form, we should be entitled to pronounce it a solid, or perhaps liquid, mass; whereas, if the light came to us as tinted bars traversing a darkened field, we should as certainly be entitled to declare it the product of incandescent gas. We have only to whisper the word comet (of which more anon) to suggest the force as well as application of such a distinction.

There is the third class, however—namely, that in which the prismatic colors are striped by dark lines, as we have seen is the case in the solar spectrum. Now, since the tinted bands produced by certain elements like sodium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, iron, were found to be represented in the solar beam by black bars, it seemed an obvious conclusion that some agency existed which suppressed the light precisely at the points where it might be expected to appear. How could this be explained? At a very early stage of inquiry, Sir D. Brewster had tried a suggestive experiment; for, having interposed some nitrous acid gas between the prism and the sun or a lamp, it was observed that the number and breadth of the lines were greatly increased. Rays, therefore, appeared to have been stifled in their passage through the acid fumes. But it was not until more extended researches

had been made that the fact transpired, that when the light from any highly-heated solid traversed a gas or vapor, the latter seemed to absorb or strike out those very lines which it was its function to produce—those very lines, in fact, which constituted its own peculiar signature. Thus, for instance, if when the vapor of sodium had written down the double line known as D, which may be called its initials, light from some intensely-heated solid, like lime, were sent through it, and then dispersed by the prism, that double line would be changed from yellow into dark. So strontium wrote down its name in letters which were partly red, partly orange, partly blue; but when treated in a similar fashion, this gay autograph was put into mourning, and came out in deep black. In short, with whatever tinted inks a volatilized element might subscribe itself in its own spectrum, the introduction of a commanding light from a second source, under the circumstances just mentioned—or the transmission of its own light through a layer of the same vapor in a cooler and non-luminous condition—darkened the characters as if they were written in the best japan.

But why does this erasure or reversal take place? In studying the laws of heat, we find a theory known as the theory of exchanges. This was initiated by Prevost, of Geneva, and has been ably extended in our own country by Dr. Balfour Stewart. Its fundamental principle is, that bodies are always radiating caloric to each other until an equilibrium is established, and that, consequently, any given substance which wishes to maintain a constant temperature must receive back as much as it disburses. The same principle has been applied to light.

"An incandescent gas," says Professor Roscoe in his admirable treatise, "which is giving off only certain kinds of light,—that is, whose power of emission is finite for light of certain definite degrees of refrangibility—must have the power of absorbing those kinds of light, and those kinds only. This is what we find to be the case with the luminous sodium vapor: it has a very high power of emission for the D rays, and it has a proportionately high power of absorption for that kind of light; but for it alone. And we see that every substance which emits at a given temperature certain kinds of light, must pos-

* There is only one known exception (in the case of solid erbium) to the principle, that where bright bands appear, there the spectrum is discontinuous.

sess the power at that *same temperature* of absorbing the same kinds of light. Now, we know that the same kind of law holds good with the other vibrations known to us—the vibrations of the air, which we call *sound*. We are all acquainted with what is called *resonance*. When we sing a particular note in the neighborhood of a piano, that same note is returned to us. The particular vibrating string which can emit that note has the power also of absorbing vibrations of that particular kind, when proceeding in a straight line, and emitting them again in all directions. We are not, therefore, without analogy in the case of sound, for the absorption and emission of the same kind of undulation by the same substance."

Let us now see what position we have reached. It is ascertained that each substance, when volatilized and in a luminous condition, exhibits certain bright lines or combinations of bright lines in its spectrum, and that these constitute its trade-mark, which, unlike our human cognizances, is never (so far as is known) pirated by others. If two materials should be mechanically mixed, or a chemical compound should be burnt in the same flame, both elements will force their ciphers into the prismatic field: thus, when a single grain of lithium was vaporized in conjunction with thousands of sodium, the distinctive red and yellow lines of the former were ticked off as certainly as those of the latter. When brass is similarly treated, the zinc discloses itself in bright streaks of red and blue, whilst the copper (the other constituent) tells its own tale in letters of brilliant green. We have also seen that these luminous lines are convertible into dark stripes under certain circumstances, and that in several cases the colored characters evolved by terrestrial substances find their equivalents in the great solar spectrum. Further, we have secured a test by which it can be ascertained whether the body yielding light is in a solid or a gaseous condition; and with such resources placed at our disposal, it is manifest that spectrum analysis may reveal to us many things which have hitherto been hidden both in the heavens and on the earth.

As our business lies more with the celestial than the sublunary applications of this power, let us simply observe, in reference to the latter topic, that some new and unsuspected elements have al-

ready been discovered by its means. In 1860, Bunsen detected a strange metal, which he christened *cæsium*, in consequence of the appearance of two splendid blue lines in the prismatic field. In 1861, from information received from the same source, he captured another lurking element, bearing, like the former, so much resemblance to that singular substance, potassium, as to render them, in some respects, perfectly undistinguishable. In the same year, a magnificent green spectral line, appropriated to no known substance, led to the unearthing of a third metal, thallium, by Mr. Crookes, and this proved of so soft and leaden a character that it could easily be cut with a knife. Subsequently, a blue and violet line gave notice of the existence of a fourth new metal, on which the name indium has been conferred, and indications of another stranger have very recently been announced by Mr. Sorby.*

But in dealing with old-established elements, a single fact will illustrate the potency of the new art of analysis. An instrument which could reveal the presence of the thousandth part of a grain of sodium in a given flame would prove of marvellous merit; but here is one which has actually detected the hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain. Under circumstances where there was not the smallest reason to suspect the existence of that substance or any of its salts, its spectral autograph has appeared, to the surprise of the observer, and shown him that it steals into innumerable flames, and infests the atmosphere with startling ubiquity. Speaking of lithium, a substance which previously held no rank amongst chemical bodies, on account of its rarity and apparent insignificance, Professor Roscoe observes that it now proves to be one of the most widely diffused of the elementary bodies. "Lithium not only occurs in very many minerals, but also in the juice of plants, in the ashes of the grape, in tea, coffee and milk, in human blood, and in muscular tissue. And who knows what part this hitherto rare substance may not play even in the animal economy? It has been also found in meteoric stones, in the water of the Atlantic ocean, as well as in

* From specimens of Zircon. "Chemical News," xix., p. 121.

that of most mineral springs and many rivers. It is present in the ashes of tobacco, and, if we hold the end of a cigar in the colorless flame, we may always notice the red lithium line when the light is examined with a spectroscope." To what numerous uses, then, in the laboratory or the workshop this new creature of science may be applied, it would be impossible to predict; but in matters of analysis, in the detection of poisons, in questions of adulteration, and in various chemical and manufacturing processes, it must prove of prodigious utility. Whilst iron, for example, is undergoing conversion in the Bessemer apparatus, lines come and go, as the operation advances, and from these the workman can tell at what particular moment the blast should be stopped. "The apparition of a group of lines, and of an isolated line in the violet-blue portion of the spectrum, marks a particular reaction, during which the soft iron is being formed, and these lines disappear sooner than all the others; their appearance and disappearance seem, therefore, to indicate the termination of the process." *

In physiological questions, too, it is impossible to say what services may be extracted from this instrument; for Professor Stokes has shown how it may be employed to detect differences in the blood, and Mr. Sorby has proved that the thousandth part of a grain of the red matter in a blood-stain may be readily recognized by its means.

Now, on discovering the great fact that each element had its own prismatic signature, as each human being has his own peculiar handwriting, it became a matter of intense curiosity to ascertain, by collation of spectra, what materials were prevalent in the sun. Sodium, as we have seen, was speedily detected, for the coincidence of its spectral lines with those in the solar light had long ago been noticed by Fraunhofer. How extensively this substance is employed on our globe will be understood, when it is remembered that its salts are amongst the most useful we possess. One of them, chloride of sodium (common salt), is, perhaps, the most popular and universal condiment known amongst men; and though there are

some savages, the Damaras, Bathurst Islanders, &c., who are said to have no liking for the article, yet the instinct of the race seems to have led to its consumption all over the planet. Its prodigious importance in the waters of the ocean is only of secondary consequence to its value upon the land. Sodium, in fact, is so wonderfully diffused that we cannot brush a coat, or dust a book, or stamp on a carpet without raising a sufficient quantity to make itself discernible by means of a sensitive spectroscope. Then, too, magnesium, calcium, aluminium, barium, and manganese have been revealed in the solar atmosphere. Some of these are familiar constituents of our terrestrial rocks; and when we think of the part which lime plays on our globe—of our chalk cliffs and marble quarries—we feel as if a strong mineralogical tie were established between the sun and ourselves. Hydrogen seems to be the only gas whose presence is unequivocally proved. Oxygen and nitrogen have not been detected, though, says Professor Ångström, "we have no right to pronounce definitely upon the absence of these two bodies." Chromium, cadmium, strontium, cobalt, titanium, have been inventoried as part of the sun's chemical furniture; and we find indications of copper, zinc, and nickel, all metals of excellent character and eminent utility amongst us mortals. Better still, as we have seen, iron appears in splendid profusion. In our sublunary latitudes, the value of this ore is beyond the power of computation. Here it is the king of metals. Used for the construction of our homeliest domestic and agricultural implements, it also composes the largest part of our manufacturing automata, and, in the shape of the steam-engine, gives body and limbs to the potent vapor which constitutes the soul of machinery. It can be applied in such a number of forms—cast iron, steel, wrought iron—and under such exquisite modulations of temper, that it is fit for the most varied duties—whether we wish it to serve as an anchor to hold a ship, or as a delicate spring to drive a watch. Locke might be a little too enthusiastic when he asserted that, if this substance were annihilated, "mankind would be reduced in the course of a few ages to

* "Quarterly Journal of Science" (1869), No. 17, p. 111.

the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage American;" but who will not agree with him, when he describes the man who first made known the use of the mineral as the "father of arts and the author of plenty." We can almost suppose that the ancient Britons had some presentiment of its national importance when they wore iron rings, as modern Britons wear rings of gold; and is there not something very significant in the fact, that this metal is an ingredient in our very blood? It is as if Nature had said to us: "Neither of the noble metals, my children, as you call them, are worthy of being introduced into your veins; but iron has so many honorable offices to fulfil in the economy of your globe, and is such a human sort of mineral withal, that we will domesticate it in your frames, and make it part and parcel of yourselves." "The French," says Dr. Lankester, "after burning their friends, take the ashes, and extract the iron, and convert it into a mourning ring, which they wear in memory of their dead friends."

One fearful deficiency, however, we are bound to mention. There is no gold! There is no silver! So far as can be ascertained, neither of these precious substances appears to exist in the atmosphere of the sun. Just imagine the effect which such an announcement would produce upon some of our inveterate mammon worshippers! The first question these gentlemen would put, if an astronomer were playfully to ask them to emigrate thither, would doubtless be, "How are the inhabitants off for gold?" If told that there was good reason for supposing it to be paved with the shining metal, as was the case with London streets in the days when young provincials were allured to the capital by the fame of its boundless wealth, many a miser would begin to speculate upon the possibility of reaching the opulent orb. But when told the truth by the spectroscopic, it is easy to figure the look of consternation, nay of positive disgust, which would settle upon his face. "Excuse me," he would say, "I have a great respect for iron. I am thoroughly alive to the virtues of that valuable ore. In point of practical worth, it certainly transcends the more glittering metals for all homely purposes. For spades and ploughshares, for hammers and fire-

irons, it is of matchless utility. We cannot, I know, have our pumps made of silver, or our boilers of beaten gold; but a world where the coinage is all copper, or the guineas are no better than brass farthings, is no place for a mortal who believes in a genuine circulating medium, and who has profound faith in nuggets from Ballarat and dust from the valley of the San Sacramento. Pardon me if I say I am not the man for such a sphere. It might answer for an old Spartan of the Lyncurgan dispensation, who was contented to be paid in iron cash when he had anything to receive; but, I consider, an orb in which there is no gold (not even in the shape of gold leaf), and no silver (not even sycee or otherwise), is quite a disgrace to the heavens, and I must decline being banished to such a worthless world, for I should regard it as the Botany Bay of the Universe."

Far more fatal, however, is another hiatus which occurs in the solar spectrum. There are no signs of water—none of moisture! One short, withering sentence, from the pen of M. Janssen, who made the prismatic indications of aqueous vapor his special study for some years, seems to sound the death-knell of an orb which we naturally regard as the capital of our system, and would fain find endowed with properties in harmony with its metropolitan splendors. "*Dès aujourd'hui (says he) je puis annoncer que cette vapeur ne fait pas partie de l'atmosphère solaire!*"* For a waterless world, so far as we terrestrials can conceive, there seems to be no hope—absolutely none! Can we do otherwise than think of that terrible M. Janssen as the representative of the fourth angel, who emptied his vial into the sun, power having been given him to scorch and destroy?

Upon one point, therefore, the spectroscopic telegrams have conveyed dismal tidings, as they have communicated delightful intelligence upon others. They have dispelled the idea that the sun could be the habitation of creatures bearing any substantial resemblance to the denizens of our earth. The heat which could vaporize iron, copper, and other refractory elements, must be pro-

* "Comptes Rendus" (1866), vol. lxxiii. p. 294.

digious. We can scarcely imagine an Armstrong gun melting into air, a Nasmyth hammer floating as a cloud, or a bronze statue rising like an exhalation from its pedestal. But as the solar spectrum exhibits a forest of dark lines, it is obvious that there must be an inner source of light, glowing with such intense fervor that the atmosphere, which is hot enough to keep even metals in their volatilized condition, is yet cool in comparison. If the solar light came from the photosphere, the spectrum would exhibit bright bands, and the body of the sun, shielded by some intermediate envelope, might still be a fit theatre for beings constituted in some measure like ourselves. But the *corpus* of our luminary must presumably be of such a fierce temperature that the greatest marvel is to conceive how any materials can support the heat without flashing into vapor. "The most probable supposition (says Kirchhoff) which can be made respecting the sun's constitution is, that it consists of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to the temperature of the brightest whiteness, surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature." Much, therefore, as we may feel disposed to deplore this conclusion, we must remember that by banishing existence from the central orb, we do not destroy the dignity of its functions. It is still the giver of light and life to a large retinue of worlds; for there is not a blade that grows, or an animal that breathes, or a muscle that works, or a brain that thinks, or a physical event that transpires within the limits of the System, which does not owe its force or vitality in some degree to the beneficent emanations from the sun. And, after shining on for ages in unselfish splendor, it is no unfair presumption that a body so richly stored with elements like our own may become the seat of intelligent existence, just as our earth is supposed to have passed through a long apprenticeship to fire before it became a fit receptacle for organized life.

Not the least mysterious event which marked a total eclipse of the sun was the sudden appearance of certain red prominences, which seemed to flash out like flames from the rim of one or other of the meeting orbs, as if in anger at the

rencontre. Often seen, but never pointedly scrutinized till 1842, they were reported upon by several astronomical detectives who watched the splendid obscuration which occurred in that year. Baily, in particular, made use of the few precious moments allowed on such occasions to note their peculiarities, and compared them to "mountains of prodigious elevation," tinged with a peach-blossom hue, and looking like Alpine peaks when their snows are colored by the rising or setting sun. Nor was this simile supposed to be without substantial foundation, for, long before, Flamsteed had pronounced them genuine mountains, and unhesitatingly rooted them on the border of the moon. But when, in a subsequent eclipse (1851), one of these excrescences was found to be shaped like a Turkish scimitar, with one of its edges of a rich carmine color, as if just dipped in infidel blood—or, to use the figure of Professor Airey, seemed to be curved like a boomerang—it was clear that no solid hills (at least none of terrestrial make) could maintain such an unstable and unnatural form. When, too, it was calculated that the same protuberance must be from 40,000 to 70,000 miles in height, if it grew out of the body of the sun (and the "great horn" seen in the eclipse of 1860 was rated at 90,995 miles), it became necessary to give up all faith in the existence of such monster mountains. Besides, there appeared to be some reason for suspecting that these masses were not altogether motionless, but changed their shapes or attitudes, even during the short time allowed for observation, in a manner quite unexampled amongst our Alps or Andes. Still more, when one of these objects, a triangular body, was observed to be quite detached from the sun's disk, it was impossible to believe that any solar Skiddaw or Mont Blanc could be capable of floating like a balloon in the air.

What, then, could be the meaning of these mysterious projections, which showed themselves in some parts as single prominences, in others as long serrated ridges; which had been compared to pyramids, volcanic cones, tongues of flame, sabres, sickles, boomerangs, dogs' tusks, and the teeth of a saw, and which were so gorgeously

tinged that they were variously described as appearing in pink, peach-blossom, crimson, carmine, blood-red, rose-colored, or splendid scarlet attire?

Before the arrival, however, of another celestial field-day, as these grander eclipses may be styled, astronomers were prepared to deal with the phenomenon upon more satisfactory terms. The art of photography had been applied to other purposes than those of furnishing fops with their *cartes* in twenty different postures, and of stocking albums with likenesses of our friends smiling benignantly at things in general. Portraits of the sun and moon had been taken; why, therefore, should not these prominences be pinned down to some sensitive plate, and studied at leisure, instead of surveyed with a hurried and excited glance? Accordingly, when the eclipse of 1860 arrived, Mr. Warren De La Rue took off a set of impressions from the two bodies whilst their interview was in progress, and these, especially when collated with others obtained by the Padre Secchi at a different station, settled the question as to the orb to which the protuberances belonged. Appearing at first on the eastern edge of the sun when the moon's disk became coincident with that edge, they vanished as the obtruding body advanced; whilst similar excrescences came into view on the opposite rim, and gradually increased in size as the darkened intruder rolled on its way. In other words, roughly illustrating the point, if we slide over the face of a watch a piece of cardboard of commensurate dimensions, moving it from right to left, the figures, eight, nine, and ten (or still better, the minute lines beyond) will of course be eclipsed as it advances, whilst, by virtue of the same motion, the opposite figures, three, four, and five, with their projecting minute lines, will come into sight. It was, therefore, obvious that these peculiar projections were solar, not lunar appendages; and equally so, that if really attached to a body situate at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, it would be impossible for us to regard objects of such prodigious altitude as solid eminences on its surface. A mountain is a mere pimple on the horizon when the first distant glimpse is obtained. And not only were the mys-

terious prominences thus photographed, but others which were not visible either to the naked eye or by the aid of a glass were detected in these novel *cartes de visite*; they were caught in the camera, though undiscovered in the telescope.

Again, in August, 1868, the astronomers were on the alert. Another state eclipse was on hand, and vessels were freighted with *savants* and scientific instruments to do full justice to the event. But amongst these instruments was one of far more wonderful power than the magic glasses, into which the old sorcerers professed to look in order to discover the secrets of the universe, and upon this potent implement the observers now relied to afford them some information respecting the excrescences in question.

Nor were they wholly disappointed. The bright lines which appeared in the instrument showed that the prominences were composed of gas, and of gas in a state of incandescence. Far from being mountain masses, built, like our own peaks, for the express recreation of Alpine Club-men, those ridges and pinnacles were found to be vapor instead of solid matter, and glowing with flame instead of carpeted with snow.

But was this gas one of our home-bred productions, or some peculiar element unknown to our sublunary chemists? Upon this point, unfortunately, the results were far from decisive, the various observations differing so considerably with regard to the positions of the lines, that no safe conclusion could be deduced.

Meanwhile, the question had been asked, Why tarry for such rare and transitory transactions as total eclipses of the sun? Those fantastic excrescences could not be dependent upon the interposition of a distant body like the moon; they are not meteor-flags hoisted in honor of the event, but may always be flying, just as the stars are ever glowing over our heads, though their scintillations are drowned in the splendors of the day. The difficulty was, of course, to bring the rosy protuberances into view, instead of suffering them to be overpowered by the sun's lordlier rays. It is always easy to produce an artificial eclipse, choosing your own time and place, without the trouble of going to

Spain or India; but though a crown-piece might suffice to cover the whole body of the sun if held at a due distance from the eye, it would not occasion any notable obscuration of the light diffused throughout the heavens at large. What was wanted was a dark background, which would enable the delicate radiance of the rose-colored prominences to make its way to the observer in spite of the illumination proceeding from the sun's disk, and of that which is scattered through our atmosphere.

Acting upon this impression, Mr. Norman Lockyer began to "fish" round the sun's edge in 1868 with his spectroscope, in the hope of detecting the prominences. But in this coasting expedition he was unsuccessful, as his instrument was not equal to the duty required. One of more competent calibre was procured after considerable delay, and on the 20th October, 1868, four days after its arrival, he obtained his first decisive communication respecting the nature of those gaseous mysteries. "Not without excitement" was it received; for how could a person be calm when opening a telegram from the sun with news so long expected, so long delayed. "Three beautifully-colored lines of light were visible: one a glorious red, stretching away from the line designated C in the spectrum of the sun's edge; another, a delicate yellow one, corresponding to no visible dark line; and still another, a green line, almost in prolongation of the line F."

There could be no doubt as to the true position of these lines, for the observer was enabled to compare them with the spectrum proceeding from the sun's proper light, so that both the cipher and the key were spread out at once before his eye.

Now, what do the lines C and F denote in the spectral alphabet? They indicate the existence of hydrogen, and of hydrogen in a state of incandescence. The colored prominences previously ascertained to consist of gas were proved to be composed of the lightest and in some respects one of the subtlest and most active elements we have in our chemical repertory. But the solution of one mystery in science is only the suggestion of another—so boundless are the wonders of creation, and so unfathomable the skill of Him who built the universe. What

could be the meaning of protuberances formed of one of the most restless and volatile of gases? It was impossible that they could be fixed and persistent excrescences upon the sun. It might be difficult to note the changes in their shape during the few moments allowed for observation whilst an eclipse was in progress; but now that they could be examined on leisurely terms (however indistinctly), any alterations would certainly become perceptible. Accordingly, it was found that their figures were fickle and unsteady, and that they must be regarded as great gushes of hydrogen, the gas being projected to a height which indicated forces and activities far beyond any terrestrial agencies with which we are familiar.

Most people are fond of noticing coincidences (some of manufacturing them), but it is certainly a striking fact that, on the very day on which Mr. Lockyer's discovery was communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a notification of a similar character was received from a perfectly independent source. Thousands of miles away, the same idea had presented itself to the mind of that terrible M. Janssen, one of the French scrutineers in charge of the eclipse of August, 1868. Three bright lines produced by a solar prominence exhibited themselves to his view during the transaction, and the observer having asked himself why he should not enjoy the pleasure of seeing those lines on ordinary as well as on state occasions, and having been able to discover no satisfactory reply, resolved to force a repetition of the phenomenon at his leisure. Most successful was M. Janssen. For the next seventeen days he compelled those ghostly things to come and go in his prism almost at command, dealing, in fact, with them as if he had prolonged the eclipse for more than a fortnight. That Mr. Lockyer was entitled to priority in conception as well as experimentation, there can be no doubt, but that M. Janssen had arrived at the same results by an original route is equally certain; and to both, therefore, must be ascribed the credit of having conducted one of the most delicate and finely imagined investigations of the age. Nor does it at all detract from their merits that the same three expressive lines were witnessed in

August, 1868, by the Eclipse Commissioners who had been despatched to India; the force of the discovery lay in the compulsory measures they had applied to the prominences, just as we should set him down as a clever man who could point out a proceeding by which we could bring all, or any of the stars into view at noonday.

But this was not the whole of the information Mr. Lockyer obtained. In cruising round the sun's border, outside what is called the photosphere, he observed that there was a region which always yielded the same spectrum as that of the prominences, and that this appeared to be part of a continuous envelope. In other words, it became necessary to conclude that the great luminary was encompassed by a shell or atmosphere of hydrogen several thousands of miles in depth, resting on the true photosphere; and that the red protuberances "were heapings up" of this gas, or vast outbursts of the fiery element. To this region Mr. Lockyer has applied the title of chromosphere, as it is the quarter in which all the "various and beautiful colored phenomena of the sun" are exhibited. The probable existence of some such envelope had, indeed, been faintly foreshadowed by Professor Grant and M. Le Verrier, but its actual presence and its precise constitution had not been ascertained. Mr. Lockyer may therefore be regarded as "the first who ever burst into that silent sea." And a noble subject for speculation does that flaming ocean present, with its restless waves, and its billows rolling more than mountains high. "Souvent en quelques minutes," says Janssen, "ces immenses masses gazeuses se déforment et se déplacent." In ten minutes Mr. Lockyer saw one of these huge forms vanish, though it could not be less than 27,000 miles in length.

But if the spectroscope can thus reveal the hieroglyphics inscribed on the sun's disk, and even in its chromosphere, ought it not to afford us some information re-

specting the fixed stars, though immeasurably more remote? Distance should not drown their story, since, as their rays penetrate to us, they speak alike the same language of light. The first telegrams received through the interpreting instrument showed that they were suns also, each in his own particular sphere, and therefore possessed spectra as definite as that of their brother who pilots our own fleet of planets through the voids of space. They exhibited a many-hued prismatic field, striped with dark bands and clustered groups of lines. Dr. Miller and Mr. Huggins experimented upon that imperial orb, Sirius, once noted for its ruddy aspect, now for its almost silvery splendor. They found the spectrum furrowed from end to end with lines of considerable delicacy. Amongst these were some of a more emphatic character. The star obviously possessed an atmosphere which was flushed with a variety of substances in a vaporized condition. Sodium was unmistakably present, for the well-known double bar appeared. So was magnesium, for the three green lines which denote this body were plainly written down in the despatch. Our best metallic friend on earth, iron, showed itself by sundry familiar signs. Amongst the more conspicuous streaks were two, F and C, which indicated hydrogen, and this with more intensity than the corresponding characters in the solar alphabet. But the telegram also spoke of elements for which we have no recognized analogues upon earth; two marked lines in the violet especially being undecipherable by any solar or terrestrial key. When that brilliant and honorable orb, Aldebaran, was examined, evidences of many minerals—mercury, bismuth, antimony, tellurium—were discovered in addition to the sodium, magnesium, calcium, and iron which are so popular in the chemistry of the stars; gold, even, has been suspected—indeed, the atmosphere of this star appears to be a perfect treasury of valuable elements.

(To be concluded.)

Fraser's Magazine.

POACHING ON MONT BLANC A DOZEN YEARS AGO.

AFTER spending one of the hottest July days that I can remember in roaming about the gardens and galleries of Ver-

sailles, I returned to Paris in time to dine with an old friend and start in his company by the night mail to Dijon and

Dôle on our way to Geneva. At 4.30 a.m. we were stepping into the *malle-poste* which in 1857 afforded the swiftest means of reaching our destination. The little vehicle could only take three passengers, but was urged along all day at the full speed of four horses, which were never allowed to walk even in the steepest parts of the ascent. Now I am not going to act the part of a Conservative *laudator temporis acti*, so far as to deny the advantages of railways over coaches in general; but I have no hesitation in asserting that those who now wriggle over the rails through dark tunnels and profundities from Ambérieux to Geneva can have no kind of conception of the marvellous treat which awaited those who approached it over the summit of the Jura. Our only companion was a very agreeable and cultivated Frenchman, who turned out to be the préfet of the department through which we were passing. From Les Rousses the horses were kept at an ambling trot up the long slopes of the mountain: the appearance of the country was very dull and monotonous, but we could see that we had attained a considerable height; presently the gentle trot upwards was exchanged for full speed, and our French friend said, "Regardez maintenant, vous allez voir quelque chose."

The préfet was right. We flew round a corner, and in an instant saw, as it were by enchantment, a new and more beautiful world. The whole Lake of Geneva, with its more than fifty miles of length, lay stretched out before us and beneath, a vast crescent of sky-blue shining under the cloudless canopy of heaven. At our feet were the green slopes and picturesque villages through which lay the remainder of our road; and, far across the lake, high above the intervening ranges of Savoy, Mont Blanc and his attendant peaks rose in spotless beauty through the deep blue sky. In no part of the world have I ever seen so sudden a transition from absolute dullness to indescribable perfection; but as the railroad keeps far away, it is highly probable that what we saw will never more be beheld by the speed-loving generation of tourists. With a sensation as of having seen heaven opened before our eyes, we rapidly descended to Geneva and arrived there at four o'clock.

Mont Blanc was our destination, and the following evening found us at Châmoûni, where we were welcomed as old friends at the Hôtel de Londres by M. Édouard Tairraz and his good-tempered wife. The Hôtel d'Angleterre had not yet flaunted its banners and its balconies over the surrounding buildings: and comparative simplicity was the order of the day. But amidst this comparative simplicity there existed one enormity, which we were resolved to resist: the extortionate tariff and tyrannical code of the guides cried aloud for redress, and we had come with the secret purpose of striking at least one blow at the system, and anticipated no small amusement from the attempt. The guides had established a kind of trade's union in its most objectionable form; good and bad were all equally inscribed on the roll, and those who wanted their services must take them in order as they came. It was of no avail to plead old acquaintance with one whom you knew by past experience to be in every way a superior man; in vain did the best men complain that their better education, their greater linguistic or scientific knowledge was thrown away: they were all levelled by the obdurate roll, and you must take whoever was pointed out by that detested document. The men who could thus tyrannize over one another and over the public in one way could of course do so in other ways, and they established a system of charges which was outrageous enough to be ridiculous if it had not been too annoying to laugh at. By this Draconian code every traveller who wished to go up Mont Blanc was obliged to take four guides, and if the party consisted of two or three friends they must take eight or a dozen guides as the case might be. Each of these men received one hundred francs, so that every traveller had to pay 16*l.* to begin with, besides extravagant charges for feeding the party and numerous extras which were sure to be tacked on at the end. On the whole it may be considered that 25*l.* apiece, the usual total, was rather a large payment for a couple of days' amusement in the ascent of what is after all the easiest of the very high mountains of the Alps: at all events it was eight times as much as we had paid in the previous year for the much more difficult ascent of Monte

Rosa. We knew that a party of plucky Englishmen had lately discovered a new route from St. Gervais, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain without the assistance of guides beyond the top of the Aiguille du Goûté. The regulations of Chamouni were not binding upon the inhabitants of St. Gervais; but we wished to do something towards bringing the old route more within the reach of the aspiring public, especially on account of the great advantages offered by the hut of the Grands Mulets over the cold and dreary halting-place upon the somewhat formidable Aiguille. We spent the first day in a leisurely ascent of the Brevent, which enabled us to study "the monarch" for several hours with our telescopes, and gave our legs the first stretching after a long imprisonment in London. The next day we increased the good effect upon our own limbs, and saved two Americans a certain number of francs by undertaking to be their amateur guides to the Jardin. This was good practice, and we then began the preparations for our main undertaking.

A man named Bossoney held what in diplomatic language would be called the portfolio of guide-chef; that is to say he sat behind a table in a little room called the Bureau des Guides, where he was engaged in the perpetual study of the book of the roll, like Buddha absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. He was a hard man, one who would like to reap without sowing; and we knew that poaching in his preserves would be considered an unpardonable offence. Nevertheless the thing was to be done; and, as Englishmen are rightly taught to study the means by which their forefathers obtained liberty, so ought the rising generation of mountaineers to know and appreciate the difficulties gone through by their predecessors before the complete establishment of the right by which they are now enabled to break their necks as they please, and in such company as they may select for themselves.

We knew that any revelation of a wish to ascend Mont Blanc accompanied by any amount of supplication would be perfectly useless with M. Bossoney; we therefore had recourse to subtlety and throwing dust in his tyrannical eyes. We

walked quietly into the lion's den with a "Bonjour, monsieur Bossoney." "Bonjour, messieurs," he replied.

We proceeded to tell him we had an idea of going to the Grands Mulets, but we had heard that the tariff was higher than we liked paying—

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to pay.

He told us, as we knew well enough, that we must have four guides between us, and pay them forty francs each. "But, my dear Monsieur Bossoney, you know we have both had some experience of the high mountains; we have both made the ascent of the great and terrible Monte Rosa; surely you will allow us to make such an expedition as that to the Grands Mulets with a smaller number of guides than if we were raw novices who had never been beyond the Montanvert."

We might as well have spoken to the winds. The inexorable Bossoney replied that such was the *règlement*, and though he might perhaps have wished if possible to make an exception in our favor, yet there was nothing but to submit. It was like the Mussulman repeating, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Pretending to be convinced of the propriety of his reasoning, we shifted our ground and asked who would be the guides whom the tender mercies of the roll would intrust with our preservation. He saw that we were knocking under, and with a gracious smile upon his unprepossessing face he looked into the mystic scroll, and informed us that the favored individuals would be Zacharie Cachat, Jean-Pierre Payot, Michel Simond, and Pierre-Tobie Simond. It so chanced that my companion had on a former occasion been satisfied with the last of these men, and I knew by repute that Cachat was one of the best men in Chamouni. So we submitted with apparent reluctance, and said something corresponding to "what must be, must."

The next thing to be done was to order Zacharie Cachat, as the leading man, to come to the hotel for instructions for the morrow. For fear of anything going wrong, we took good care not to let M. Édouard, the landlord, have an inkling of our scheme; and even the faithful Auguste Balmat, though an independent friend, was kept in equally total darkness. In due time Cachat was confronted in the

bureau of the hotel with ourselves and M. Édouard, who was in his normal state of slight confusion, arising from a superabundance of champagne. He was alive to business, but he preferred that his wife should sit down at the desk and do duty as scribe. Hearing that our intention was to go to the Grands Mulets next day, and to take a fitting amount of food for the occasion, he looked very solemn; and, waving his hand with much dignity to his better half, he said, "Écrivez donc, madame." Pondering for a moment, as if he were going to dictate terms of peace to a conquered nation, he told her to begin the list with two chickens, two bottles of St. George, four bottles of Beaujolais. The worthy man was evidently getting into the regular swing, but we saw he was starting from false premises: it was quite evident that the supply proposed by him would be altogether inadequate for the refreshment of the party during the two days which would be required for the fulfilment of our scheme. I stopped him therefore by remarking that we did not intend to return the same day; that, in fact, our great object was to see the sun set from the Grands Mulets; and that, as we could not recross the glacier after dark, we should be obliged to spend the night there and have the additional satisfaction of seeing the sunrise next morning. In fact we should want provisions for two days instead of one.

"Ah! vous voulez coucher là-haut?" said M. Édouard. "Eh bien! donc, madame, mettez le double." So the provision list started afresh with four chickens, four bottles of St. George, eight bottles of Beaujolais, and so on, tapering off with the usual additions of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., which, being charged at fabulous prices in proportion to the amount supplied, form very profitable though humble items in a Chamouni bill. It was lucky, however, that we had given no sign about Mont Blanc, as everything would have been doubled again.

Business over, we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves for the evening; and after dinner wandered out into the flowery fields to watch one of those magnificent sunsets which are so deeply impressive among the mountains. Darkness was fast approaching in the valley when the summit of Mont Blanc was still

glorious with the last light of its rosy crown; and it was with no small pleasure that we looked with confidence for fine weather in the morning. It was intensely interesting to watch this splendid object, and to think of the delightful excitement which we hoped to derive from it in the coming day. If we succeeded in reaching the summit, and if old Bossoney spied us with his telescope, how great would be his wrath, and how great would be our satisfaction in laughing at his beard!

Next morning, about ten o'clock, we made a very quiet start, carefully avoiding the rather ostentatious death-or-victory kind of appearance which used frequently to characterize mountaineering parties in the days when transcendents of Le Mont Blanc were sufficiently rare to have their names inscribed on shields against the wall of the hotel. We let the men straggle out of the village, and followed them at our leisure, feeling our tendency to inward chuckling slightly tempered by the knowledge that the enemy might still anticipate our intentions and spoil our sport. We were not quite easy at the sight of a fifth man having joined our four guides; he might be an emissary of the detested Bossoney sent to frighten our men from playing any tricks with the supreme government of extortioners. Cachat's explanation that it was a porter hired by the guides themselves to assist them in carrying up wood and provisions restored calm to our troubled mind, and we began to feel as poachers must be supposed to feel when they have successfully dodged the game-keepers. So we go happily over the well-known path, twining through the rich shade of the fir-trees, cheered by the ripple of lively streams, and climbing between beds of pink rhododendrons, till we begin to leave all vegetation behind, and the last few straggling scraps of half-dead pines warn us to pick up sticks while we can, if we have any wish for hot supper and warm feet that night on the Grands Mulets.

Each one was now condemned, like the mythical Man in the Moon, to carry his own faggot, as we filed round the narrow path which leads towards the Pierre de l'Échelle and the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. Reaching the former in about three hours after leaving Chamouni, we prepared for an early dinner on the

mountain-side. Up to this moment we had not allowed a word or a sign to give the slightest indication to our guides that there was anything behind the scenes: we were only supposed to be quietly going to the Grands Mulets, the situation of which, at about 10,000 feet above the sea, I presume to be pretty generally known. But, as the simple feast drew to a conclusion, and the guides looked merry over the red wine, we thought the hour had come for revealing our aspirations, and we asked them whether they would go with us to the summit of Mont Blanc, in defiance of Bossoney and all his works. Old Simond's rather dry face relaxed in a moment; Zacharie's sagacious eye twinkled with delight: and the younger men tossed their hats in the air with shouts of satisfaction. We then found that we were not the only members of the party who had been enjoying the possession of a secret. The guides, who knew that we had both had tolerable experience among the mountains, came to the conclusion that we could not be going to content ourselves with the Grands Mulets, and had secretly supplied themselves with all that would be required for the ascent of the monarch himself.

This was so far highly satisfactory, and loud was the laughter as each man of the company produced his contribution of hidden stores. Tobie Simond was, I think, the man who brought from within the lining of his coat a canvas-sided lantern, which folded up flat, but which when set into proper form would be invaluable for examining crevasses in the early morning. Others had packed long snow-gaiters under chickens and bread, and one had brought a packet of prunes, knowing that at great altitudes nothing is so comforting to the mouth as the continual sucking of their stones. Seeing that all due precautions had been taken, we proceeded to draw up a solemn treaty. It was agreed that if the four men liked to go with us to the summit we would pay them each the conventional hundred francs, though nothing would have induced us to take eight men, according to the rules, on the same terms. They wanted us at first to promise to pay any fines that might be imposed upon them for breaking the rules, but we absolutely refused, remarking that they could easily do that out of the difference be-

tween a hundred francs and the forty which would be their pay to the Grands Mulets only. We carried the day upon this point, and were thinking what should be settled next, when old Simond, the Nestor of the party, who seemed deeply pondering, suddenly brought down his hand with a violent slap upon his knee, and with the energy of a sudden inspiration, proceeded to unfold a scheme, the ingenuity of which was worthy of a better cause.

"Listen to me," said he in effect, "I will show you in a moment what should be done; follow my advice, and neither the gentlemen nor ourselves will have to pay fines. *Voyez donc!* We are seven men in all, is it not so? Two gentlemen, four guides, and one porter. Well, my friends, suppose that one guide remains at the Grands Mulets to keep the porter company, while the two gentlemen and the other three guides go to the top of Mont Blanc. Ha! do you not see? Depend upon it that Bossoney and other people will be looking out to-morrow morning, and with their telescopes they will count *five* men upon the summit, but there is no telescope in Chamouni that can make them see the *difference between one man and another* at such a distance as that. We will return home in the evening, and we will tell all the world that one of the gentlemen ascended the mountain in company with the full number of four guides, but that the other gentleman was ill and remained at the Grands Mulets, with the porter to take care of him. So shall we not have to pay fines at all. Is it not so, my friends? Have I not spoken the words of wisdom?"

The wily orator "paused for a reply;" his proposition was received with the hearty applause of his comrades, but we were obliged to remark that though he might have spoken the words of wisdom, they were certainly not the words of truth. We could have nothing to do with lying, and they must boldly take their chance of the consequences of discovery. *Magna est veritas.* Besides, our special object was to show the absurdity of the rules, and we wished to tell everybody that we had proved it by making a successful expedition without obeying them. Another very sufficient reason for rejecting the old fellow's proposal was the recollection that Bossoney, in spite of

other shortcomings, was not such a fool as to believe the story. It would have been very difficult for myself and my friend to decide who should play the part of the "malade imaginaire," for Mont Blanc puts a brand as of a red-hot iron upon the faces of those who invade his noble head.

The little congress broke up in a very happy frame of mind: we had all made up our minds to ascend the mountain, and we felt that the delight of the expedition would be doubled by its illegality. Everybody knows that "stolen joys are sweetest." So the knapsacks and the fagots were picked up again from their stony bed, a rickety ladder was found and dragged forth from its usual hiding-place under the Pierre de l'Échelle, and away we went across the glacier. It was in a terribly torn and broken condition, and a novice would have been puzzled as to how he should get upon it at all: a series of vast blocks and melting pinnacles of ice at the edge of the glacier seemed to separate us from the smoother region beyond, but Cachat soon solved the problem by marching up to one of the thinnest of the obstructions, in which the melting process had formed a sort of central window. This was widened by a few blows from his axe, and we safely passed through this eye of an ice-needle, which led us to the well-known and magnificent route across the glacier. We were sometimes picking our way along a white ridge with a deep blue chasm on each side of us, beautiful to behold; sometimes scrambling among blocks of ice at the bottom of a crevasse into which they had tumbled, and looking carefully upward to see if any more were ready to follow their example and alight upon our heads; finally, when all other means of progression failed, we had to appeal to the ladder as the only means of clearing an otherwise impassable obstruction.

So far, so good. The scrambling was to us only an additional charm in the day's adventure, but a far more serious difficulty was suggested by the appearance of the weather. Wild ugly clouds, which at first contented themselves with sailing far over our heads, began now to show unmistakable signs of coming to close quarters; and presently we found ourselves pelted by an unmerciful mixture of hail and rain. The hail, however

was a good symptom; in a short time the air grew cooler and brighter: and as we labored up the last snow slopes to the hut upon the Grands Mulets, we could see the rain-drops on the edge of the roof glittering like diamonds in the restored sunshine. The sunset was glorious, as the sky was by that time perfectly clear. Of the thousands who have watched from below the magnificent spectacle of departing day among the high Alps, comparatively few can have experienced the sensation of forming, as it were, a part of the rosy-tinted picture. It is, however, an experience well worth the making. The sun was still above the horizon for us, while the shades of evening were fast closing around Chamouni in the depths of 6,500 feet below the wild rocks where we were sitting. Presently the sun made its last grand expiring effort: the gloom beneath us increased, but our airy perch was glowing with deep rosy light, and nothing could be more marvellous than the contrast presented by the dull gray upon one side of every rock, and the flush which warmed the other side with transcendent glory.

The dark shadow crept up the mountain towards our feet; extinguishing the last glow upon the Grands Mulets, it passed upwards to the summit of Mont Blanc, and the night of death reigned upon the cold white mountain. I know of few things so deeply impressive as the sudden transition from the red glow upon a lofty mountain at sunset to the ghastly white which immediately succeeds it: it is painfully suggestive of the strong man subdued by him who rides upon the pale horse.

Well, let the dead bury their dead: one day was gone, and we had not much time to prepare for the next, which we naturally expected would be one of the most interesting and exciting in our lives. *Le jour est mort. Vive le jour!* We prepared supper in the hut after a very primitive fashion; a fire was already burning in the little stove, over which was an iron bowl, stuffed full with snow as a preliminary to soup. We and our guides sat upon the floor, doing justice to the landlord's cold meat and chickens, and throwing at intervals into the seething cauldron, not exactly "liver of blaspheming Jew," but goodly drumsticks, with lumps of mutton and bread. Somebody

suggested the addition of wine, and a bottle of Beaujolais was instantly poured into the broth. In due time this rather singular mixture was boiled into a warm and comfortable nightcap, and I doubt if any production of the Palais-Royal was ever more thoroughly enjoyed. The stars were shining in fullest splendor when we took a last peep at the weather; and the moon, though hidden from us by the intervening masses of the Monts Maudits, lighted up the opposite Dôme du Goûté like a wall of silver. About half-past nine o'clock we lay down upon the boards with knapsacks for our pillows; one guide at a time sitting up to whittle at the sticks and feed the fire. Under the combined influences of hard beds and excitement, neither I nor my companion contrived to get a moment of sleep. We knew, however, that a good deal of rest and strength is derived from the mere fact of lying still, listening to the guides breaking up wood and snoring alternately by the weird light of our little fire. At last our chief cook gave vent to a snore of such astonishing and almost superhuman force that with one loud laugh all the rest of the party gave up the pretence of sleep, and, finding that midnight was near at hand, began to prepare for departure.

Coffee and eggs were cooked, long woollen gaiters were produced, and the lantern was set in order among many a lively jest about our enemy Bossonney, who was slumbering in the valley, and, like charity, thinking no evil as to what might be taking place so far above his head. About half-past twelve everything was ready: one by one we filed out of the hut, fastened together about three yards apart by the rope round our waists, the first man carrying the lantern and keeping a sharp look-out for crevasses. The search became very interesting now and then, when near the base of the Dôme we found ourselves among cavernous clefts imperfectly covered with snow, and requiring some care to avoid what would at all events have been a disagreeable smothering in the cold hours of the morning. We passed steadily upwards to the Petit Plateau, hurriedly crossed the débris of fresh avalanches of ice from the séracs of the Dôme, and about four o'clock found ourselves among the vast sublimities of the Grand Plateau

just as the summit of Mont Blanc full in front of us was tinged with the first touches of that glorious rose-color which generally promises a successful day. It was a moment of the purest delight. There was no difficulty in choosing a place for our temporary camp: we were on a huge plain of spotless snow, in as firm and excellent condition as could be desired. So down went knapsacks, and squatting round them in a ring, we proceeded to breakfast upon part of their contents. The pipe of contemplation followed, during which we leisurely looked over the work before us. How magnificently rose the mountain, still 5,000 feet over our heads, glistening under the deep blue sky, and now of a certainty within our grasp!

The whole party being in very lively spirits, we began to think that as the expedition had commenced with illegality it might as well conclude with irregularity. Why should we go up by the ordinary safety-seeking route of the Corridor, when the long-deserted slope of the Ancien Passage tempted us to the excitement of following a track which we heard had never been pursued since that day in 1820, when Dr. Hamel's guides were killed in attempting it? What says Cachat to this proposal? He makes a careful observation with the telescope, and then delivers an oracle to the effect that the snow up there to the right of the Rochers Rouges, is in such good condition that we may try the experiment without fear of avalanches. Any one at all conversant with the general view of Mont Blanc will know that the route we proposed is far more direct to the summit, though considerably steeper than the ordinary one. It was only abandoned in consequence of the danger of avalanches from such a highly inclined slope. Little did we then care for extra steepness; and, with the sage Cachat's opinion against any present danger from the state of the snow, we resolved to go up by the Ancien Passage, and complete the tour by returning down the Mur de la Côte and the Corridor.

The greater part of our provisions were here left behind in knapsacks, only a small store for a treat being taken with us to the summit. We went straight across the Grand Plateau in a line for the mountain, and soon began a steady

climb up a slope of firm snow. The inclination was at first moderate, but it soon became steeper, and the comfortable snow was exchanged for so hard a surface that step-cutting was necessary. Before long, the slope grew steeper, the ice harder; we had to make much deeper steps for safety, and began to think of old saws about the unprofitableness of short cuts. The progress was slow, and hours were passing; still, whenever we raised our heads, there were the same vast blocks of ice about the summit of the Rochers Rogues, looking scarcely nearer or larger than when we had selected them as landmarks from the plain below. At length, however, we approached the base of an enormous buttress of ice which presented a perpendicular wall of glistening blue to the height of nearly 100 feet. We had calculated on being able to pass to the left of this splendid obstacle, and steps were accordingly cut slantingly, with great care, up the surface of a slope which we found with a good instrument to have an inclination of 60° . As the guides, however, knew no more than we did of the route we were taking, it was less surprising than disappointing to find on laboriously reaching the left corner that we were cut off from that side by inaccessible profundities of ice. Meanwhile a severe north wind had been rapidly increasing, and most of us began to feel the bitterness of severe cold in a situation where it was impossible to quicken our movements or to trust our feet out of the steps. Cachat himself seemed particularly suffering and anxious. However, as all progress was cut off on the left, we were compelled to turn to the right, and he began to make the best of the way. The situation was peculiar, and rather calculated to try the nerves of a man who knew that he was frost-bitten and falling below the mark. He led the way, hoping to warm himself by the hard work of cutting steps horizontally along the base of the wall. We followed him cautiously, all taking the utmost care of the rope; our left shoulders touched the vertical blue ice, while, on our right down went the slope which, beginning at an angle of 60° , swept clean away to the Grand Plateau, nearly 4,000 feet beneath. Presently he turned round to me, and asked for a drop of brandy

from my flask. This I gave him, and he cut a few more steps, but he then turned round again and said sorrowfully, "Je n'en peux plus."

Payot was next behind me in the line, so he went to the front; but it required all our care and steadiness to untie him from his own place and pass him forward to the front of the discomfited Cachat. Once there, he soon finished the task: we passed the obstacle safely with the aid of a few more steps; and, turning its corner, soon reached a moderate slope which brought us to the Petits Mulets, a small rocky point near which our route meets the ordinary one from the Corridor. Here we halted for a while and examined the case of poor Cachat: he took off his boots and stockings and found both his feet completely frost-bitten. He said he could go no farther, but would stay behind on the sheltered side of the rock, and rub his feet with snow while we completed the ascent of the mountain.

The sky was now cloudless, and our faces were fast burning with the light of a July sun upon the snow; but the cold of the furious north wind was terrific. Its penetrating power may be inferred from the fact that when I took out my thermometer at this point, it stood at 12° below freezing point, though it was in a wash-leather case and had been all the morning in the inside breast-pocket of a strong coat buttoned close to my body. Leaving our chief in the snugest place to be found among the rocks, we pushed upwards, with the comfortable knowledge that we had no further difficulties to contend with, if only we could keep ourselves from being blown away into space. The upper slopes of Mont Blanc are easy enough: we had nothing to do but to go ahead independently of one another, and the wind was our only enemy. My companion had a fur cap, with sides to protect his ears and tie under his chin. I tied my wide-awake on my head with a handkerchief; and while one hand held the alpenstock, the other was employed to keep my coat, waistcoat, and shirt from the fate of being scattered to the winds. It was useless to speak to one another; even a shout could not be heard easily amid the terrible noise of the wind, roaring over ridgy snow and driving countless pieces of detached ice over its hard and irregular surface. My

feet were perfectly insensible by reason of the cold; but, as I was otherwise in such good condition as to feel no difficulty or inconvenience in the ascent, I found that I could dispense with the ordinary use of my alpenstock and turn it to considerable profit in another way. Carrying the friendly pole with the iron point uppermost, I made a vigorous thrust with the wooden end at each foot as it came in turn to the front. This is a device which I recommend with the utmost confidence to those who may find themselves in similar situations. Small changes delight those who suffer from monotony; prisoners love to watch the evolutions of a spider; and so I found a distinct interest in hammering my own feet during the least agreeable part of the expedition. There was a certain amount of sport in the uncertainty of hitting or missing, and there was much comfort when at length a slightly stinging sensation announced returning life. The only drawback was that a few days afterwards my feet appeared covered with bruises to attest the accuracy of my aim; but amongst communities who are in the habit of wearing shoes and stockings it will be admitted that such a consideration is a "trifle light as air."

In this fashion I steadily pushed up the *calotte* of the mountain till, lifting my eyes for a moment, I found that no one was in front, no one was near me. Looking back, I was horrified to see my friend some distance below, lying on his back with the guides standing over him. I ran down to him as fast as I could against the wind, and was not a little glad to find that he was only suffering from a sudden fit of that strange vertigo which is occasionally experienced at high altitudes. A few drops of brandy and a few moments' rest completely restored him to his normal strength and activity. We made a vigorous rush, and presently were brought to a stand-still by finding that there was nothing more to climb. Our feet were on the summit of Mont Blanc, and our eyes ranged over the plains and mountains of North Italy. An attempt to stand in such a wind on the highest crest of snow would have involved the probability of some of the party being blown over the precipices of the *P'teret*; so we crept cautiously down a few feet on the southern side, and seated

ourselves comfortably on the snow. We were facing the sun, and completely sheltered from the wind. It was peace after the noise and uproar of a battle,—a battle waged against the noisiest and most turbulent of the spirits of the air.

Ah! how pleasant it was to pile arms by sticking our alpenstocks into the snow, to empty the provision-knapsacks, and to sit down upon them with our backs to the sunny side of the dazzling crest! The only casualty was poor Zacharie Cachat, whom we had been obliged to leave far below us, kicking his frozen feet against the rocks. He had started with such a complete appreciation of the fun involved in a poaching expedition, that we were very heartily sorry to miss his ruddy face when in the hour of triumph we drank the health of the guide-chef with the liveliest of ironical cheers. We fastened the thermometer facing the sun; but though it was now ten o'clock on a cloudless July morning, the mercury did not rise above 24° Fahr. during the half-hour which we spent upon the summit of the mountain. The terrible *vent du Nord* made itself felt, even though we were sheltered from its direct violence. Only a few feet over our heads we could hear at short intervals the hissing, crackling noise caused by volumes of dry snow and loose pieces of ice being driven by the blast in those long white streamers which, seen against the dark blue sky, are described in the valley by the expression—"Le mont Blanc fume sa pipe." The wind seemed irritated by our having escaped from its grasp, and by the gayety and happiness which prevailed in our little party as we proceeded to smoke our pipes also on the sheltered side of the snow-roof. It began to throw out skirmishers with the object of turning our flank; and one of them, coming round the corner with a savage puff, succeeded in blowing down my alpenstock, which at once began to roll over the steep snow-slope at our feet. In an instant I jumped forward to catch it before it could make a fatal leap over the boundless precipices which form the southern side of the mountain; but one of the guides stopped me with a scream of terror, and then made it sufficiently plain that it was better for me to lose my alpenstock than to run the risk of breaking my neck in an attempt to recover it.

There seemed much reason in this line of argument; so, though I felt a little sulky at being interrupted in what I intended for a rather brilliant dash, I resigned myself to the fate of my trusty weapon in the same way as some people are said to resign themselves to the misfortunes of their animate friends. It had only a few yards to roll: then it clicked against a rocky edge; and in the next moment was out of sight, bounding from crag to crag until perhaps its iron spike acted as a skewer to one of "those few sheep" which nibble the wilderness at the base of the Peteret, many thousands of feet below.

I did not allow myself to be seriously disturbed by the prospect of descending without this customary assistant to the human legs: we were engrossed in utter enjoyment of the situation. Let us think about this matter for a while: for, depend upon it, whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, it is well worth while to spend a scrap of one's earthly life upon the summit of Mont Blanc. Those who have been there are not likely to forget the spectacle revealed to them: and to those who have not been there, or in some similar situation, it is almost useless to attempt description. I would rather confine myself to an analogy. Doubtless most people must at some time or other have watched one of those majestic clouds, gray below and turret-clad with white above, rising almost to a point in the clear summer sky; and wondered what would be the sensation of riding on the highest summit among the celestial blue: the top of Mont Blanc will probably explain it to them. The height is sufficient to present the eye with a panorama of about two hundred miles in every direction, so it is easy to take a map and calculate what may be seen in favorable weather, though it is impossible to describe how marvellously the various objects are transfigured by the effects of atmosphere and distance. The principal phenomenon to be recorded on this occasion was one that I never saw before or since during a considerable experience of the High Alps. The sky was cloudless, so that we could delight ourselves with observing range after range of snowy mountains, and tracing deep valleys leading to the Italian plains; but everything in the marvellous landscape

was tinged with a delicate shade of pink, as if we were looking upon a wonderful world through the medium of a rosy gauze. Others must decide if we were right, but we arrived unanimously at the conclusion that this unusual and almost mysterious appearance must be connected with the fact that the air around us was charged with infinitely fine spicula of powdery snow, flying wildly before the wind.

Before leaving our magnificent throne it may be worth while to examine for a moment the position of those worthy but most misguided individuals who apply the *cui bono* principle to mountains, and ask with solemn air, "Did the ascent repay you?" To ask such a question of a true mountaineer is simply to insult him, as completely as we should insult a pious man by asking him whether, after all, he really thought it worth while to go to heaven. Repay? Repay for what? We were neither sick nor sorry. We had not been fatigued or uncomfortable, and if time had permitted we should have liked to remain all day where we were, in the enjoyment of a happiness that was perfect. It must be admitted that the wind was very cold: this, however, was no serious inconvenience, and may be dismissed as trivial. Though the barometer stands at sixteen inches on the summit of Mont Blanc, representing an abstraction of nearly half the atmosphere, yet we were not conscious of any effect whatever from the rarefaction of the air. We had not felt any desire to halt in the upper regions of the mountain, but went steadily up; and, as I have said before, were astonished at finding ourselves so easily on the topmost ridge with nothing in Europe above us.

So at least we thought at that time. A touch of sorrow might have mixed with our satisfaction if we could then have dreamed that in these latter days a generation would arise to blaspheme the supremacy of Mont Blanc in Europe, and to declare with trumpet sound that the Caucasian Kasbek and Elbruz shall reign in his stead. There was something cruel in this part of the excellent work done by our three Alpine brethren; but on the other hand it is very comforting to find that they have done something towards dispelling another delusion. In recording the fact that at a height of three

thousand feet above the highest of the Alps, they found no more inconvenience from the rarefaction of the air than if they had been upon the Rigi, they tend to establish a hope that properly trained and healthy men may some day reach far greater altitudes than have yet been touched on the Himalaya and the Andes. Even if Mount Everest and Kinchinjunga may remain invincible, surely some one will be found to complete Humboldt's work on Chimborazo, or to look down upon Bolivia from the heights of Sorata and Illimani. As the modest nature of our expedition was inconsistent with champagne, we had no opportunity of testing the statement that all the contents of the bottle would fly away in a fountain as soon as the cork was removed: and as we had no pistol with us, we were not able to prove that the noise made by firing it would be almost, if not quite, inaudible: but we satisfied ourselves that, as we could detect no change in the force of our voices, the pistol would in all probability have produced its customary sound.

And now for the descent. After nearly three quarters of an hour's enjoyment of the situation, we jumped to our feet and remounted the short snow-crest which had formed our sheltering wall. The old enemy was waiting for us; and as one by one we rose above the ridge, the savage wind swept torrents of highly dried snow and fine spikes of ice into our devoted faces. This was of no consequence, however, on such a summit as Mont Blanc, the *calotte* of which is entirely free from dangerous places: we had nothing to do but to shut our mouths, keep our clothes on our backs, and rush down as fast as we could to the rocks of the Petits Mulets. There we found poor Zacharie Cachat in much worse plight than we had expected, and it was probable that it would have been wiser if he had kept in motion by going on with us. All his efforts to restore circulation to his feet had failed, though he had been rubbing them with snow in the most sheltered spot that he could find, and he now looked pale, and seriously alarmed. We were of course very anxious about him; but his courage rose to the occasion, and he determined to meet a grand danger with an heroic remedy. He packed up his boots and stockings, and declared

that he would go down the mountain barefoot, as the only way of saving his feet! Such a proceeding could not but remind me of the Irish reptiles disappearing before St. Patrick, when

The snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.

But Zacharie was firm, and we started.

From this moment we turned away from our route in the morning; and, instead of descending by the long icy slopes which we had found so difficult in the Ancien Passage, we now made for the head of the Mur de la Côte, with the object of returning by the regular route, and so completing an interesting circuit of the Rochers Rouges. The state in which we might find the surface of the famous Mur was a matter of some importance to us. Cachat's barefooted state, and my divorce from my alpenstock, would have been awkward drawbacks if we had been obliged by hard ice to cut our steps down an incline which averages about 45°. Fortunately, this was not necessary. We found a good coating of snow half-way up to our knees; and, after a little caution in the steepest part of the slope, we finished this stage of our descent with a laughing run down into the entrance to the Corridor. We were in another climate. The white streamers of snow in the blue sky showed how the north wind was furiously rushing and charging over the slopes where we had so lately fought and beaten him; but now we were in perfect peace. The masses of the Monts Maudits and the Tacul barred us completely from the north and east; the sun was beaming intensely upon all the spotless white around us; the air was perfectly still, our faces began to burn, and we found ourselves transported, as it were, from the Arctic regions into the soothing temperature of a hot-house.

As we had ascended by another route, there was no track to guide us on the way down: by some mistake we got too far to the right, and found ourselves entangled among some of the most gigantic masses of ice that I have ever seen, separated by caves and crevasses of the purest blue. To have such a sight was a full reward for the annoyance of losing our way for about half an hour: presently, by dint of some gymnastic efforts,

we emerged from the glacial chaos somewhere nearer to the Grands Mulets than we ought to have been, at the head of a long steep slope, leading straight down to the Grand Plateau, on the further side of which we could see with a telescope the little heap which we had made with our knapsacks in the early morning. There was a question among the party as to whether we should at once descend the snow-slope, and take our chance of what we might find at the bottom. Cachat was naturally rather out of spirits; but Payot, after a few minutes' inspection, sat down on the edge, and lifting his feet in orthodox fashion, was seen sliding over the snow at a pace which soon landed him safely on the plateau. We could guess how far he had descended by the smallness of his apparent size at the bottom, and then we all started off joyously in the same fashion. A few moments of that sensation, which is caused by a dream of flying down a staircase of everlasting length, were sufficient to place us by his side; and a few moments later, we were all camping happily on the snow round the provisions which had been left below in the knapsacks. Then we put the rope on once more, and quickly descended over the long snow-slopes which were fast melting under the heat of a blazing, grilling sun; and the consciousness of excruciating pain conveyed to poor Cachat the happy intelligence that his feet were returning to life, though much scarified by the ice. We paid a brief visit to the hut on the Grands Mulets, packed up our snow-gaiters and remaining possessions, found the ladder by the side of the great crevasse, and safely re-crossed the Glacier des Bossons. The excessive heat was melting the ice-pinnacles at a rate which made great care necessary as we picked our way among their overhanging crests, and occasionally we had to insure quickness and accuracy of foot as we passed the most threatening places; but, as usual, a reasonable amount of precaution succeeded in landing us on terra firma, where rhododendrons and gentians welcomed our return. Cachat exhibited the horny soles of his feet, scored by the ice into a state resembling that of the crackling of roast pork, and resumed his boots and stockings with a grim remark that the heroic remedy had been in some degree

successful. At the first convenient spot we made a halt to take stock of the party.

My companion and myself were in perfect order, but it now appeared that Payot and Tobie Simond were partially blind, especially the former. Old Simond was the only one of the four who was in as good condition as when he started: nothing seemed to hurt his wiry frame. Some goats were browsing near us, and he at once led a party to capture some of them; milking them upon the palm of his hand, he rubbed the milk into the eyes of his suffering companions, declaring that to be the best of all possible remedies. In spite of everything, however, we were obliged to lead Payot down for the remaining three hours which separated us from Chamouni. The unusual severity of the wind in the upper regions had greatly added to the effect of the burning glare experienced for so many hours upon the spotless snow: the two men had to spend the next day in a dark room, with no light beyond that which may have been contributed by their pipes. Cachat afterwards informed us that, still persisting in heroic remedies, he had occupied much of the same time with his feet in a pail of ice and water: in a day or two he recovered so completely that he was able to accompany us for the next six weeks in a constant round of mountain adventures, during which he seldom felt any pain in his feet, except when he was more than usually warm and snug in his bed. So there was no great harm done, and general hilarity was in the ascendant.

As we had anticipated, the telescopes of Chamouni had suddenly revealed the fact that a party of men had, in opposition to all notions of propriety, and in defiance of the puissant laws of the locality, dared to present themselves on the summit of Mont Blanc. We had left in a perfectly quiet and unobserved fashion on the previous day: the whole village turned out to look at the offenders when they appeared about seven o'clock in the evening. Groups of surly-looking men, representing the inferior majority of the Chamouni trade's union, glared and growled at us as we crossed the bridge; but we soon had the satisfaction of being shaken by the hand and heartily congratulated by several of the best and most educated of the fraternity, who, as

is generally the case in similar circumstances, objected to being put on a level with inferior men, and welcomed those who would do anything to emancipate them from tyranny by helping to break through the code which enforced it. The landlord and his wife, who certainly owed us no great gratitude for taking steps by which we accomplished our expedition at less than half-price with about a third of the usual provisions, showed the most generous satisfaction at our success, and supplied us and our guides with abundant libations of gratuitous champagne. That night we held high festival till a late hour; and next morning, with the small exception of badly burnt faces, found ourselves all the better for Mont Blanc.

Our chief guide was punished by the guide-chef with the loss of two or three turns on the rôle; but as we employed him till near the end of the season, this infliction had no effect upon his serenity. The others were fined twenty or twenty-five francs each, which left them with quite sufficient margin to be happy. We lodged a formal protest with the intendant at Bonneville, which, though it produced no immediate redress, must have served as one nail in the coffin of the ancien régime, which was soon after successfully attacked by the president of the Alpine Club, with the powerful aid of D'Azeglio, and mountaineers were relieved from the most oppressive and ridiculous of the Chamouni rules. The process reminds one of an African picture, in which an elephant is assaulted with spears till his body presents the appearance of a porcupine, and he yields beneath the force of constantly irritating wounds.

Only one thing remained to complete our happiness before quitting Chamouni at the end of a week or ten days, which were spent in a succession of delightful excursions upon the glaciers and general defiance of the obnoxious rules. We wished to bid a fitting adieu to our chief enemy, M. Bossoney. With this object we walked one rainy morning into the Bureau des Guides, and found him in a circle of admiring friends. His gloomy

countenance looked eminently surly as we greeted him in a cheery fashion, and told him that we understood it was the custom to present a certificate to those who had made the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamouni.

"Non, messieurs," he replied; "on ne donne pas un certificat qu'à ceux qui ont fait l'ascension selon les règles."

We declared that we had seen a copy of the certificate in question, and knew that it must be given upon requisition to those who had gone up the mountain from Chamouni, though not to those who had ascended from another quarter. He was as obstinate as a mule; but the rain poured down pitilessly, and we had plenty of time to dispute the point. We prevailed by reason of our importunity, and compelled him to give each of us a magnificent document which we shall keep to our dying day. It consists of half a sheet of large paper, crowned with a fancy picture of the top of the mountain, and a group of men in every conceivable attitude, shouting with delight. Bossoney was obliged to fix his own sign manual to a statement that we had made the ascent, and he gave it with an air expressive of his intense desire that it might poison us. With stately mockery, we wished him the compliments of the season, and retired from his august presence.

Think not that because a mountain has been previously ascended, perhaps full many a time, it thereby loses all its charm for the next comer. The first pioneer doubtless has a particular kind of pleasure which is all his own; but let us never forget the truth that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Try your muscles and bronze your face upon the snow-fields and precipices of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa, and as years creep on you will not repent of your exertions. Those who have been among the glories of the High Alps will carry with them a fund of sunny memories which will serve to brighten up many a dull day and cheer their hearts as they warm ancient toes over a wintery fire.

St. Paul's.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

If one could create an expurgated edition of history, one might put Madame

de Pompadour out of sight; but alas! the eighteenth century, and even the French

Revolution, cannot be understood without taking her into consideration. She was possessed of greater power in Europe than any woman of modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Elizabeth of England, and Catharine of Russia. She was the Sultana of France for twenty years, with the Sultan in leading-strings. Therefore history, with a blush, is obliged to chronicle the doings of the Pompadour.

The President Hainault,—who was one of the little coterie of friends who formed the consolation of the deserted Marie Leckzinska,—met this destructive creature first in 1742.

"I found at Madame de Montigny's," he writes to Madame du Deffaud, "one of the prettiest women I ever saw, Madame d'Etiolles; she knows music perfectly; she sings with all possible gayety and taste; she has composed a hundred songs, and acts the comedies at Etiolles on a stage as good as that of the Opera."

Destiny seems to have marked her out from her cradle and educated her for the sultana form of existence. She was, as is well known, originally a Mademoiselle Poisson by birth, Jeanne Antoinette Poisson. Her mother was beautiful, but depraved. Her nominal father, M. Poisson, was the son of a peasant. M. Poisson became chief clerk to the famous speculators,—the brothers Paris Davenney,—who, as contractors for the army, had accounts with the French War Office which were found fraudulent. M. Poisson was fixed upon as the chief culprit, and condemned to be hung, a fate which he escaped by flight, and he was hung only in effigy, and lived to get his pardon by intercession with the authorities. He was a cynical, intemperate, vulgar person, who would naturally never have attracted the notice of posterity but for the notoriety of his nominal daughter. She took care to keep him as far away from Versailles as possible; where, however, he would come sometimes, and put her elegance to the blush. On such occasions, however, she always treated him with respect, and, moreover, she paid his debts, gave him one estate, and got him another.

He took little notice of Jeanne Antoinette, however, till her strange fortune was made; but left her, and his wife, and a boy who bore his name, and became

the Marquis de Marigny, to the charge of M. le Normant de Tournhem, the veritable father of Jeanne Antoinette, a rich fermier-général, who took every pains, and spared no expense, in educating the little Poisson;—for Jeanne Antoinette was one of the most graceful and charming of blonde-haired children, and already full of intelligence, wit, and vivacity. Her mother from the first styled her "un vrai morceau de roi," and was enchanted with the possession of so bewitching a daughter; and this the more, as when Jeanne was at the age of nine, a fortune-teller, one Madame Lebon, prophesied that she should become mistress of Louis XV. There can be no doubt about the fact, for in Madame de Pompadour's accounts there exists the record of a pension granted to one Madame Lebon, for having predicted her future elevation. M. de Tournhem gave his protégée an education in which nothing was neglected but morality. She had the very best of masters for every accomplishment suitable to a royal Thais or Aspasias. Jelyotte, of the Opera, instructed her in singing and the harpsichord; Guibaudet, in dancing; Crébillon and Lanoue, in belles-lettres and declamation. She was taught to be a most graceful and accomplished horse-woman, and to draw and engrave on copper and stone. Her playing and singing were such, even as a girl, as to excite veritable enthusiasm; so that in society on one occasion, when Madame de Mailly, the first mistress of Louis XV., was present, the reigning favorite rushed at her and clasped her in her arms with admiration. Such are the strange contrasts which destiny loves to exhibit,—the present and the future mistress of Louis XV. embracing each other!

How beautiful she was may still be seen in her portraits by La Tour, Boucher, and others. She was tall, voluptuously and finely made, with the whitest and smoothest of skins; her eyes were brown and brilliant; her teeth were white and small; her arms round and perfect; her hands beautiful and fine; her blonde hair, which she wore only half-disguised with powder, rippled beyond her white temples in the freshest of little waves; and her small mouth was closed with delicate lips, which had an infinitive cherry-like freshness and fullness, till they became pale and withered

with the convulsive bitings which the never-ending affronts and agitations of her Versailles life produced. Her enemies, male and female, at Versailles, in later days, watched the daily withering of these lips, and the gradual emaciation of the round lines of her once-blooming cheek, and found comfort. We must add to these charms of person her taste for dress and for elegance of all kinds, which was exquisite for the time. In matters of this nature she was accepted as sole arbitress; for no porcelain vase, no sedan-chair, no pen, no slipper, nothing noticeable in dress or furniture, comes from those days without speaking of the Pompadour. Notice in the portrait of La Tour, at the Louvre, the serried rows of light lilac bows of ribbon, called in those days "*nœuds de parfaits contentements*," which are arranged across the little low bodice over one of the most graceful of bosoms, with the lace-trimmed, flowered satin body of her dress cut and scalloped away on either side, and think of what the Pompadour must have been when she was dressed.

Such charms at nineteen were sufficient to turn the head of the nephew of M. de Tournehem, M. le Normant d'Etiolles, and he wanted to marry her; but his parents held the immoral reputation of the Poisson couple in such loathing, that they refused to hear of the match. Nevertheless, their scruples were overcome, as such scruples are too often overcome, by money. M. de Tournehem was very rich, and offered to give half his property at once to the young couple, and to settle the other half on them, and the marriage was made.

This was Mademoiselle Poisson's first promotion in life,—a step which made her subsequent elevation possible. As Mademoiselle Poisson, she could hardly hope ever to become reigning mistress of Louis XV., but as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles, with the entrée into the gilded salons of the great financial people,—her husband was a *fermier-général*, as was her uncle,—she felt sure of gaining a reputation as one of the most charming women of Paris, and of making her name reach the king's ears;—for to be royal mistress, and nothing else, was the object of her ambition. It seems strange that when so many great and beautiful ladies, constantly under the eye of the king, were aiming at this position with-

out success, that this little bourgeoisie should have set her heart upon it, and have succeeded without much difficulty; but there seems to have been a most wonderful conspiracy of destiny, of chance, of all occult and evil influences, to make the Pompadour succeed, and she did succeed. And yet, leaving morality aside, her position as Madame le Normant d'Etiolles was infinitely superior to that for which she longed. She was respected, and might have been adored, by the most distinguished men in France. Her husband was not handsome, but he was passionately devoted to her, and was an upright, honorable man. She had a fine town house, and a splendid country house at Etiolles, near Corbeil. Diplomats and men of letters crowded to her salons. She was fêted and incensed without a thought of self-interest in those days by such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Bernis, and Maupertuis. During the three or four years that she lived with her husband she had two children; one of whom died, indeed, an infant, but the other, a daughter, was full of grace and promise. On all this her ambitious spirit looked with contempt. Without a thought for the man she had married, she was scheming to break up forever his life of domestic prosperity and happiness, and to deliver him over to the loves of opera-girls, while she herself should mount to a throne of illicit glory,—where her soul should be devoured by daily and hourly jealousy, anguish, fear, and despair, and be subject to never-ending horrible agitations, to agonizing tensions and clenchings of the nerves, to devouring of the lips and convulsions of the heart,—all in the presence of malignant, envious, and triumphant eyes.

She began to play for her stake very soon after her marriage. As often as the French king went to hunt in the forest of Sénart, near Corbeil, he was sure to be met by a ravishing creature, either on horseback or in a pony carriage, dressed in the most fairy-like fantasies of blue and rose hunting dresses. But these were the passionate times of the royal favor of Madame de Châteauroux, with whom Louis was then too deeply engrossed to allow him to take much notice of the devices of Madame d'Etiolles. However, Madame d'Etiolles' little stratagems

were not unnoticed by the Châteauroux, for one evening, in her apartments, when the Duchesse de Chevreuse asked the king if he had seen la petite d'Etiolles, Madame de Châteauroux walked up to her and stamped with her red heel so fiercely on Madame de Chevreuse's foot, that the poor duchess fell down in a faint; and shortly after, at the motion of Madame de Châteauroux, notice was sent to la petite d'Etiolles that she had better desist from appearing at the king's hunting parties at all.

Destiny, however, removed the superb Châteauroux, with her haughty graces and her domineering airs, out of the way of Madame d'Etiolles. The duchess died the tragic death we all know of in the Rue du Bac, just as she had arrived at the very zenith of her ambition. And not long after, at a grand masked opera ball, in Paris, a lady in a blue domino excited the curiosity of the king, with witty and caustic speeches, and when pressed to unmask, showed him the sprightly features of the lady of the forest of Sénart. She withdrew at once, however, into a circle of friends, contriving to let fall her handkerchief, which the king picked up and threw after her,—upon which, of course, the universal mot was, "*Le mouchoir est jeté.*" Madame d'Etiolles happened,—destiny again!—to have a relative in the palace, one Binet, in the very handy situation of valet de chambre to the king, and through Binet's mediation, Madame de d'Etiolles became very shortly lodged in the Palace of Versailles, in the very apartments of Madame de Mailly, the enthusiastic admirer of her harpischord performances, and was supping with the king, and the Duchesse de Lauraguais, the Marquise de Bellefonds, the Ducs of Ayen, Richelieu, and Boufflers, in the little cabinets.

Before, however, Madame d'Etiolles had effected her purpose of getting lodged in Versailles as titled mistress, there was necessarily a preliminary period of seduction and negotiation, during which she had got her husband invited away into the country, to the house of a M. de Savalette. When the poor man was about to return to Paris, his uncle, M. de Tournehem, came and found him, and broke the news to him that his wife was now the mistress of the king. At this M. de Etiolles fell down in a faint.

As soon as he returned to his senses, his desperation was so great that it was feared he would commit suicide. For some time all weapons were taken out of his way, and the inconsolable husband at last, after vainly threatening to go to Versailles and tear her away out of the arms of the king, wrote a suppliant letter, begging her to return, with all the energy of affection and despair. Madame de Pompadour, whose heart must have been made of rock-crystal, had the brutality to show this letter to the king; but Louis XV. disappointed her by saying coolly, "Madame, you have a husband of excellent principles." Nevertheless, it was thought advisable to remove M. de Etiolles from Paris, which it was easy to do, since he was a fermier-général, and provincial employment in the south was given him. After being seriously ill with grief, he ultimately succeeded in entirely curing himself of all love for a heartless woman, and in a year and a half he returned to Paris. Madame de Pompadour had been a wife to him for about four years. Of their two children, the son died in infancy, and the daughter lived only to the age of eleven. Madame de Pompadour had taken the precaution of having a separation deed drawn out at the Châtelet, on the 15th of June, 1745, immediately after her instalment in the château of Versailles.

During the absence of her husband in the south, Madame d'Etiolles had become, by letters patent, the Marquise de Pompadour, and it was during this journey that, at one of the provincial dinner-tables to which the fermier-général, in consequence of his position, was a frequent guest, he was observed by a country gentleman, who had noticed the civility with which the stranger had been everywhere treated, and had asked his neighbor who he was. "*Pouvez-vous l'ignorer?*" said his neighbor; "*c'est le mari de la Marquise de Pompadour.*" The simple country gentleman knew nothing of either M. d'Etiolles or the newly-created Madame de Pompadour, but wishing to be civil to a stranger, seized the opportunity of a moment's silence to rise, glass in hand, and address M. d'Etiolles thus:—"Monsieur le Marquis de Pompadour, voulez-vous bien me permettre d'avoir l'honneur de saluer votre santé?"

Not, perhaps, in all history can be found an example of such a domination as that which Madame de Pompadour established over Louis XV. He was really her superior in knowledge of affairs and of men, and in capacity. For Louis XV. was by no means an ordinary man. He had great talents, and was capable of energy in emergencies. What, then, was the secret of Madame de Pompadour's power over him? It was this. He was governed by his indolence, his ennui, and his sensuality;—and she undertook to govern these. If he was her superior in capacity, she was his superior in will, and he was only too happy to give up to a mistress the power he would never have confided to a minister. But to make her hold on him secure, she had to study his character, and to humor his weakness, to a degree which has never, perhaps, been surpassed. All her energies, all her quickness of perception, were watchful day and night to keep him in her bonds, and to this she sacrificed every dignity and delicacy of woman. For it was not only for the king that she had to play daily and nightly the parts of Circe and of Scheherazade. She had to defend herself day by day against the contrivances of her enemies, who were incessantly scheming to force a new mistress on the king. Many, and painful, and long were the agonies she had to endure on this score. Not that there was one pang of jealousy mixed up with such agonies! They were the mere convulsions of ambition on the brink of destruction. The beautiful Madame de Coislin gave her many a bitter hour; but her most dangerous rival was the Duchesse de Choiseul Romanet,—who, indeed, extracted from Louis a promise that the Pompadour should be dismissed. But Madame de Choiseul Romanet was betrayed by her own cousin, M. de Stanville, afterwards the Duc de Choiseul; for which service the Pompadour took charge of his advancement, and ultimately made him prime minister. After incalculable pangs and fears of this kind, Madame de Pompadour devised the most ignoble system for attaching the king to her, which it ever entered into the head of a woman to adopt towards a lover. Conscious that the king's passion for herself had faded away, and that she was in no position to recall it, she determined to

provide herself other mistresses for the king, but mistresses from whom she would have nothing to fear. A great lady might become a rival, and oust her from her place; but she took care that the small houses of the *Parc aux Cerfs* should not have for inmates any dangerous rivals. Yet still the Pompadour had to be on her guard. Even here a too-fascinating creature, younger than herself, and of superior beauty, might step in. And though she was thus defended, the ladies of the court were still dangerous to her. Should a true rival turn up, adieu to all the splendors of Versailles, to her *loge grillée* at the theatre, where she sat alone with the king,—adieu to the seats for herself and suite in the royal gallery of the chapel of Versailles,—adieu to the crowd of daily worshippers, *grands seigneurs*, duchesses, and others who crowded to her antechamber every morning, in attendance on the goddess of fortune, whom one turn of the wheel would throw into the mire from which she sprang,—adieu to the long days with the king at La Muette, at the Trianon, at Choisy, at Marly, where, like a veritable queen, she sat by her royal lover and talked with him for hours in face of the whole court,—adieu to the splendid gifts of New Year's Day, to ivory tablets jewelled with diamonds, marked with the arms of France, and containing notes of 50,000 francs, and to other presents, like that of the great diamond of the Duchess of Orleans, valued at 80,000 livres,—adieu to the gorgeous household state which she maintained,—when once the royal exchequer should be closed against her! Her groom of the chamber was a Chevalier d'Henin, a gentleman of one of the best families of Guienne, who unblushingly waited in her antechamber, and when she went out walked by the side of her sedan-chair with her mantle on his arm. Her waiting maids were two ladies of good birth. Her steward was a lawyer who wore the cross of Saint Louis. Even the very footman who waited behind her chair at table was a chevalier de Saint Louis; and her yearly expenses have been calculated at one million livres at the least. The most dangerous rivals, however, she ever had to fear at court, in her capacity of prime enchantress to the king, were the king's own daughters. The king began to find a charm in their

society, which menaced the influence of Madame de Pompadour. The whole royal family naturally detested her, with the exception of the queen, who was too good natured to detest anybody; and the daughters of Louis,—Loque, Coque, Chiffe, and Graille,—made a desperate attempt to be as amusing as Madame de Pompadour, and to supplant her by drinking champagne most jovially at the royal supper-tables; but Madame de Pompadour managed to render all these little stratagems nugatory by forestalling the princesses in the occupation of an apartment at Versailles, which placed her in closer communication, by a secret staircase, with those of the king.

The king, indeed, with the exception of the time he gave to hunting, and to his visits to the Parc aux Cerfs, passed nearly his whole life with his sultana. He went into her apartments early in the morning, was present at her toilette, remained with her till the hour of mass, came back with her after chapel, then took soup or a cutlet with her, and did not withdraw till six in the evening. On hunting days he was away, of course, but he supped with her. All Madame de Pompadour's talents of conversation, all the devices of an inventive mind, were put in action to amuse her sultan; all the little tittle-tattle of Paris and Versailles, all the scandal of the time, came rippling from her fluent tongue into the ears of a king who was the greatest conceivable lover of gossip, and most curious of every small detail of private life;—one of whose greatest pleasures, indeed, was the perusal of private letters, selected and unsealed for him in the cabinet noir of the Paris post-office. The king, as is well known, was so much at a loss for occupation, that at one period of life he took to needle-work and tapestry, at another to wood-turning with a lathe; and at Madame Pompadour's, when he had nothing better to do, he would have a delinquent domestic of his mistress's household called up before him for cross-examination, and on one occasion he cross-questioned a footman for two hours, who was accused of having stolen some lace. After talk and scandal, the marquise fell back on her musical accomplishments, and with that perfect grace she possessed, sang and played to the king on various instruments. She had especially the tact

of applying herself to the royal humor, of being gay when he was gay, and being serious when he was serious. On these latter occasions it was, however, sometimes not so easy for her to go wholly with the royal caprice. On one occasion, when the king's humor, as often was the case, took a gloomy semi-devotional turn, he entered her apartments with a volume of Bourdaloue in his hand, and expounded to her the serious reflections which the reading of the sermon had called up, and proposed to re-read the sermon in company with her. The marquise naturally had a frightful dread of any signs of reformation in the king, and she refused to hear the discourse most energetically, and tried to change the subject of conversation, upon which Louis went off to his own apartments, saying, "Eh bien, je m'en vais donc chez moi continuer ma lecture," leaving the marquise in a state of tears and inexpressible anxiety.

The astonishing favor with which the mistress was regarded naturally created crowds of enmities and jealousies. The royal family was, of course, among those most hostile to the Pompadour. As for the queen, she had long given up all hope of reclaiming her husband, and she was as content to see her place occupied with the Pompadour as by anybody else. Indeed, Madame de Pompadour did all she could, by every kind of forethought and attention, to conciliate Marie Leckzinska, and the queen was touched by her humility, and thought that she might be better off thus than with a haughtier rival.

Marie Leckzinska's good-will was a wonderful protection for the mistress, who made use of the amiability of the queen to fortify her position as much as possible. She got permission to ride in one of the queen's carriages when the court changed its residence, which gave the favorite a position in the eyes of the public very different from that she would otherwise have held; and Marie Leckzinska made no objection to her seat at chapel in the royal gallery. In matters of religion, however, the queen's conscience did not permit her to be so lenient. She refused to allow her husband's mistress to carry one of the church vessels in the ceremony of the Cène, or to be one of the quêtesuses on Easter Sunday.

Marie Leckzinska too, in one instance, showed some pleasant malice in her way

of receiving Madame de Pompadour, which proved that she was not so resigned as she appeared to be outwardly. Madame de Pompadour entered her apartment one day, before her little court, to pay her respects. She bore a large basket of flowers in her fine hands and arms, without gloves, as etiquette required. As she stood in front of the queen, after making her obeisance, the latter, in a cool way, out loud, and with measured voice, proceeded to make a running commentary on the beauties of the marquise, as though the Pompadour were a statue or work of art, which justified the taste of the king. Her complexion, her eyes, her fine arms, were all the subject of a praise which could not be taken as flattering from the superiority of tone in which it was administered; and finally the queen requested the favorite, as she stood in that awkward attitude, with her basket on her arm, to sing something. It was vain to refuse. The queen insisted, to the surprise of the company. Madame de Pompadour sang forth, with all the force of her fine voice, a monologue from Glück's "Armida": "Enfin il est en ma puissance." Marie Leckzinska changed color at this audacious outburst, and her whole court hardly knew what attitude to assume. But the poor queen was too used to humiliation to show any resentment; and not long after she made a visit to Madame de Pompadour at her château at Choisy, at the invitation of the king, who had never been seen to be so attentive to her as on that evening;—which so delighted Marie Leckzinska that she was heard to say, "Je ne m'en irai d'ici que quand on me chassera."

Not so pleasant, however, were the relations of the favorite with the younger members of the family. The young Dauphin, when obliged to give her the accolade of etiquette, thrust out his tongue at her on one occasion, and was banished from court for some time in consequence. All the royal children sought to mortify her as much as possible,—as on one occasion, when they rode in the same carriage to a hunting party with her, and never addressed her a word during the whole ride. But Madame de Pompadour revenged herself fully in her quiet way; for, as the Dauphin grew up, and naturally wanted to assist in the advancement of his friends and attendants,

he found Madame de Pompadour before him at every step. She was informed of every vacancy, every office at court, in the army, or in the administration, to be given away, and when the Dauphin applied to the ministers for a protégé, he was always informed that it had already been promised to a relative or dependent of Madame de Pompadour; and on one occasion, when a protégé of the Dauphin cried out at the injustice of a nomination over his head, he was, in spite of M. le Dauphin and his protestations, sent off to cool his indignation to the state prison of For l'Evêque.

Once or twice only did the Dauphin and the princesses manage to score a point against her. Madame de Pompadour had, however, to put up with an occasional checkmate from the fine spirit of raillery of some of the old noblesse, who refused to pay court to this bourgeois mistress. The Prince de Conti and she were always at war. She hated the prince because he directed the secret diplomacy of Louis XV., into which she could gain no initiation. The Prince de Conti was, moreover, one of the most capable and honest men in the kingdom, but would do nothing to conciliate the favorite. He was obliged to visit her, nevertheless, one day on the king's business, when she omitted to offer him a seat. The interview was in her bedroom, so the prince coolly seated himself on her bed, saying, "Voilà, madame, un excellent coucher." The marquise behaved just the same to another great seigneur, M. de Beaufremont, who on the occasion tranquilly stretched himself in an arm-chair. The most audacious repartees of this kind, however, came to her from the Marquis de Souvré, one of the most witty courtiers of the time. The marquis, in an easy way, seated himself on the arm of her own chair till he had concluded his conversation. Madame de Pompadour complained to the king, who spoke about the matter to M. de Souvré. "Sire," replied he, "j'étois diablement las, et ne sachant où m'asseoir, je me suis aidé comme j'ai pu." Louis, who was always good-natured and loved a joke, laughed loudly at the reply; and the marquise could get no redress on M. de Souvré. As for smaller people who offended her, it is well known she filled half the Bastille and other state prisons in Paris.

Everybody has heard of Latude and his attempted escape from the Bastile, where he was shut up for forty years at the original motion of Madame de Pompadour; but it is not so well known that his heirs, in 1793, brought an action for damages against the family of Madame de Pompadour for the imprisonment of their father, and that they obtained a verdict in their favor, condemning their opponents to the payment of 60,000 livres, only 10,000 of which, however, were paid.

It may be said that all the world, both within Versailles and without it, were the enemies of Madame de Pompadour,—excepting only they who were attached to her by some obligation past, or the hope of some favor to come; and at the slightest cloud of disfavor her enemies raised their heads and redoubled their endeavors to oust her from her position. To retain a hold upon the king was in itself sufficient occupation for the energies of any ordinary woman, but beyond this she had to be ceaselessly on the watch to guard against the contrivances of the world without; and when we add to all these occupations that of ruling the ministers, making foreign alliance and treaties, and governing or misgoverning the country, it must be conceded that her office was no sinecure.

It is a matter of history that no minister was, in the long run, able to hold his place against her, and she disposed of the first dignities of state and the command of armies just as it suited her caprices. Orry, the Contrôleur-Général, accustomed to the frugal administration of the Cardinal Fleury, having remonstrated against the fresh burst of prodigality of the king towards his new mistress, was replaced by M. de Machault d'Arnouville, a creature of her own;—who, however, having fallen under her suspicions at the time of the Damiens assassination, was then also dismissed. The Marquis d'Argenson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, having put her out of patience by stammering, was sent into exile. His brother, the Comte d'Argenson, the Minister of War, a more obsequious character, having opposed the Austrian alliance, was dismissed after some years of service. But the greatest difficulties she had to encounter were in the resistance of the Comte de Maurepas, the chief minister, and the Duc de Richelieu, the first gen-

tleman of the chamber. Maurepas, relying upon the support of the rest of the royal family, his own facilities for making work come easy to the king, and the general elasticity and caustic frivolity of his character, believed he was a match for the Pompadour, and would make no advances or concessions to secure her favor. Indeed, she attributed to him, and apparently with reason, some of the worst Poissonades which circulated about Versailles. The king, indeed, had a real affection for the frivolous Maurepas; but the minister was soon obliged to give way, and to acknowledge the slippery nature of the ground on which he stood. Louis being all day with the Pompadour, the minister was necessarily obliged to seek the monarch in her apartment to confer with him on matters of pressing importance; but the favorite always contrived so to engross the attention of the infatuated monarch, that he barely gave M. de Maurepas the slightest sign that he was listening to him. If at any time Maurepas contrived really to interest the king, the Pompadour cried out, "Allons donc, Monsieur de Maurepas; vous faites venir à Sa Majesté la couleur jaune. Adieu, Monsieur de Maurepas." On another occasion she insisted on M. de Maurepas' annulling a certain lettre de cachet which he had signed. "Il faut, madame, que Sa Majesté l'ordonne." "Faites ce que madame veut," rejoined the king. Maurepas, in his light way, turned these unpleasant scenes into ridicule, and revenged himself by the bitter sarcastic verses which he had an especial talent for writing; and they followed in swift succession, each one more bitter than another. There came forth at last an epigram whose point turned on a malady of the favorite. She bounded into fury and exasperation, and went off to Maurepas herself to demand the names of the authors of the chansons. "Quand je le saurai, madame, je le dirai au roi." "Vous faites peu de cas, monsieur, des maitresses du roi." "Je les ai toujours respectées, madame, de quelque espèce qu'elles fussent." After this the Pompadour was determined on his dismissal at any cost. She affected to believe that Maurepas intended to poison her, for there had been a silly report that Maurepas had poisoned Madame de Châteauroux. She slept always with her phy-

sician, Quesnay, in the next room, and with antidotes near to her. She would never eat or drink at table till the dishes or wines had been previously tasted before her; and after wearying the king for some time with such affectations, the weak monarch gave way, and exiled Maurepas to Bourges. It was not so easy for her to get rid of the Duc de Richelieu, who himself, with his libertine, light, courtier air, was almost as indispensable to the king as the Pompadour. Nevertheless, on one occasion when the Duc de Richelieu, as first gentleman of the chamber, had opposed the whims of the Pompadour, the king said to him at his débotté, "M. de Richelieu, combien de fois avez-vous été à la Bastille?" "Trois fois, sire," said Richelieu, with a fallen face. She was not able to prevent Richelieu from obtaining some of the most important military commands; but whenever he met with any such success, she prevented the king from giving him the gracious reception he expected. Thus when he returned all glorious after the taking of Minorca, all that Louis said to him was, "Maréchal, vous savez la mort de ce pauvre Landsmalt,"—one of the royal huntsmen;—and he added, "Les figures de Minorque, sont-elles bonnes?"

Madame de Pompadour, to say the truth, made the less opposition to a command being given to Richelieu, since she hoped some great failure would bring about his disgrace. "M. de Richelieu, il est assez fanfaron pour vouloir se charger de cela. Il mettra autant de légèreté à prendre une ville qu'à séduire une femme; cela serait plaisant. Il lui faudrait quelque bonne disgrâce pour lui apprendre à ne douter de rien." The miseries and reverses which the incapable creatures of Madame de Pompadour, who were made ministers and generals, brought upon France, are marked in the history of France in characters of blood and shame. The people of France and of Paris knew well enough the authoress of all these calamities, and if she could have been caught at times in the capital, they would have torn her to pieces. In the days of her parasite Machault, there were printed papers distributed about the streets of Paris,—"*Rasez le Roi, pendez Pompadour, rouez Machault.*" And as for the Poissonades, as the bitter verses were called which were written

against her, both Versailles and Paris were flooded with them.

To console her, however, somewhat for these violent pasquinades, Madame de Pompadour could have recourse to a large collection of verses of an opposite character, composed by her friends, men of letters and others. At the head of these was Voltaire, who burnt a good deal of coarse incense at her shrine, and was rewarded by being made historiographer of France, an académician, and gentleman ordinary of the chamber.

The Pompadour, indeed, never forgot the pleasant hours she had owed to men of letters before her arrival at her anomalous place of power, and she was willing to befriend any writer when she could. She would have done something for Rousseau, the Genevese owl, as she called him, had not his savage independence repelled her; though the letter which is commonly attributed to him, on the subject of a hundred louis rejected with indignation, is spurious. Marmontel, however, was her great favorite, and every Sunday he, in company with the Abbé de Bernis,—afterwards Cardinal de Bernis,—and Duclos, paid her visits at her toilette at Versailles, and he was indebted to her for his seat in the Academy. She gave Piron, the author of the "*Métromanié*," "*qui ne fut jamais rien*," a pension of 1,000 francs.

Montesquieu was indebted to her for some acts of considerate kindness. Her protection of the publication of the "*Encyclopédie*" is well known. Musicians, sculptors, painters, architects, and artists of all kinds found in her liberal support. She was herself a clever draughtswoman, and engraved in a mediocre way on copper. On her former talent Voltaire made the best lines he ever wrote for her; they contain a "*divin*" or a "*divine*," of course:—

"Pompadour, ton crayon divin
Devrait dessiner ton visage:
Jamais une plus belle main
N'aurais fais un plus joli ouvrage."

A good many of her engravings are preserved at the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris.

Madame de Pompadour had barely been mistress of the king for two years when she began, like Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV., to despair of her resources for amusing an unamusable king,

and called in the theatre to her assistance. She remembered the success which she had achieved on the stage at Etioilles, and she proposed to establish, and succeeded in establishing, the theatre in the château, known as the "Théâtre des Petits Cabinets." To obtain a place among the audience, was one of the great objects of ambition at Versailles. The owners of the greatest names were refused, and the Maréchal Duc de Noailles, in consequence of a refusal, retired for some time in disgust from Versailles. Naturally, therefore, the honor of playing in the troupe was still more solicited. A certain Marquis de V—— gave an important place to a dependant of Madame de Pompadour, on the sole condition that he should play the part of exempt de police in one of Molière's pieces. If we may trust accounts, the acting was universally good, not only in farces, vaudevilles, pastorales, &c., but in high comedy; and finally a tragedy of Voltaire's, "Alzire," was triumphantly performed.

At the inauguration of this theatre, Madame de Pompadour not only sang and played in several parts, but encountered audaciously the perils of the ballet; and at the end of the performance, on one occasion, Louis said, enraptured, "Vous êtes la femme la plus charmante qu'il y ait en France."

The cost of this theatre was something frightful! In one year the accounts of the Duc de la Vrillière reached 230,203 livres. The king,—who, after the first novelty had worn off, often yawned horribly at these performances,—at last suppressed the theatre at Versailles, and it was transported to the château of the marquise at Bellevue.

The effect of the accounts of the performances on the public mind raised apprehensions, and it was supposed the monarch was influenced in his decision by the following passage, in a pamphlet of satirical sketches, after the fashion of Labruyère;—

"*Lindor, trop gêné dans sa grandeur pour prendre une fille de centimes, se satisfait en prince de son sang.—on lui bâtit une grande maison, on y élève près un théâtre où sa maîtresse devient danseuse en titre et en office; hommes entêtés de la vanité des sauteuses lauderelles, ne pensez pas que le dernier les Gygès soit mort en Lydie.*"

But the theatrical extravagances of
NEW SERIES.—Vol. X., No. 3.

Madame de Pompadour were nothing in comparison with the millions and millions she squandered away in buying estates, in altering or decorating old châteaux, in constructing new ones. Her largest château was at Crecy, but she had others at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Saint Ouen, Montretent, La Celle Saint Cloud, at Bellevue, two at Versailles, two or three at Paris, of which one was the palace known as the Elysée. Her last acquisition was the vast estate belonging to the Marquis de Menars, and she even contemplated purchasing the principality of Neuchâtel from the King of Prussia, as a place of retirement in case of disgrace or the death of the king. The furniture of all these châteaux was of course of the most expensive kind. She was a mine of gold for the tapisseries of the time; and the fêtes she got up at her various residences for the amusement of a blasé king, cost fabulous sums. Every effect that bright illuminations, fireworks, artificial water, gondolas and barges, mummeries and masquerades in silk and satin, and silver-spangled gauze and feathers, could produce, was tried upon the king, and very frequently without success.

She founded, however, two institutions, both of which have been beneficial to France. Of the first, the whole credit of invention and execution is due to herself,—the manufacture of porcelain at Sèvres. The other institution was the military school of the Champs de Mars.

The public hatred against the favorite increased with the duration of her reign, and rose to an alarming intensity during the disasters of the Seven Years' War, in spite of all the pains she took to increase the number of her partisans and flatterers. Madame de Pompadour now spoke of retiring to her estates. Even she felt overwhelmed with the public detestation. She never travelled at this time except well accompanied, and in her journey from Choisy to Versailles went in the middle of a squadron of horse-patrol. Louis himself began to feel a little. He exclaimed querulously, "On me nommait ci-devant le Bien-aimé; je suis aujourd'hui le Bien-haï." He made no attempt at reform, however, though the state of the public mind was such that he no longer ventured to cross Paris, and had a road made by which he might

go to Compiègne without going through the capital. The road was called the *Chemin de la Révolte*, and still bears its name.

To console the marquise, she was allowed ducal honors at court, the tabouret in the presence of the queen, the ducal mantle to her coat of arms, and the velvet hammercloth to her carriage. The public execrations had their effect upon her, however; for she endeavored to change her position in respect to the king, and towards the court. She desired now to maintain only innocent relations with the sovereign, but had no thought of resigning her position as confidential friend and prime minister in petticoats, with her magnificent monopoly of state patronage. She wished, in fact, to preserve all the golden fruit of her immorality, and to have all the honor due to immaculate virtue.

She put in play an immense deal of hypocrisy and double-dealing to achieve her purpose, and, after one first great repulse, she partially succeeded. Her chief aim was to be named by the queen as one of her ladies of honor, after which the world could have nothing to say to her residence at Versailles. She made this request, but the queen naturally replied that she could not receive her, as she lived apart from her husband and never took the Communion. With every protestation of repentance, and of an intention to lead a devout life in future, Madame de Pompadour applied to a confessor,—no ordinary one,—but a confessor of the order from which the kings and queens of France were wont to select their spiritual advisers,—a Jesuit,—le Père de Sacy. But the Père de Sacy was inflexible. He refused to give her absolution. He declared that however innocent might be her actual relations with the king, yet her very presence at Versailles was a scandal on religion and on morality. Madame de Pompadour was irritated against the confessor and his order, and dismissed him; and hence arose one of the causes of grievance which induced her to support Choiseul in the expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

However, in the end, she accomplished all she wished; for the first objection any confessor would make to her would be that she had left her husband. She

contrived, by a hypocritical letter of repentance to M. d'Etiolles, and an offer to return, to extract a refusal from him to receive her. It is true she had him warned beforehand, by M. de Soubise, that the king would be much displeased if he accepted her offer; but this did not operate at all with M. le Normant d'Etiolles, who, since he had been driven by her conduct to sanction illegitimate connections, had become passionately attached to a lady of the Opera. M. d'Etiolles said he wholly forgave his wife, but could not possibly receive her back. Madame la Marquise was now a triumphant, repentant creature. She had done all she could to repair her little sins, and, with all the confidence of rejected virtue, she secured a more convenient confessor, who gave her absolution and the sacrament, and the queen was outwitted;—for the only two objections she could make to the Pompadour's request were thus answered. She was presented, consequently, to the queen, after her nomination to a place in her household, in 1756. But the next year she was in a greater danger than ever of losing her position, on the occasion of the wound received by the king from the hands of the assassin *Damiens*.

She expected every moment to receive orders to start, for she knew the king had a horror of dying in a state of mortal sin. She was deserted by all the world but her brother, who had become through her influence the Marquis de Marigny, Madame du Hausset her *femme de chambre*, and the Abbé de Bernis. Machault, the *garde des sceaux*, who owed his advancement entirely to her, observed that the king never mentioned her name, and took care to avoid her until he received word from the king to give commands to Madame de Pompadour to leave forthwith.

Her agitation was horrible. Orange-flower water was given her, to soothe her, in a silver cup; for her teeth clenched together so convulsively that she would have crushed a glass. Another hour, and Versailles and its splendors and the golden millions of France would exist no more for her. Her part was played out. No marvel so ambitious a nature ground her teeth in nervous desperation. Nevertheless, in this agony of grief, her trunks had to be packed up. The carriages

were ordered, and the coachmen were on the boxes, when la petite maréchale, —the wily, little, unscrupulous Maréchale de Mireport,—the bosom-friend and confidante of the Pompadour,—she who is said to have taken cherry-stones from the Pompadour's mouth as she ate cherries one day in her carriage, to save the favorite's gloves, entered, and cried, "What's all this? What do these trunks mean? . . . Qui quitte la partie la perd." And the marquise remained to triumph once more over all her enemies.

A comment on this crisis of the Pompadour's career is to be found in the correspondence of the Cardinal de Bernis with M. de Choiseul,—both her creatures, and both afterwards prime ministers by her choice. The virtuous indignation of the ecclesiastic at the enmity of the court to his patroness is edifying:—

"Le roi a été assassiné, et la cour n'a vu dans cet affreux événement qu'un moment favorable de chasser notre amie. Toutes les intrigues ont été déployées auprès du confesseur. Il y a une tribu à la cour qui attend toujours l'extrême-onction pour tâcher emprunter son crédit. Pourquoi faut-il que la dévotion soit si séparée de la vertu? *Notre amie ne peut plus scandaliser que les sots et les fripons. Il est de notoriété publique que l'amitié, depuis cinq ans, a pris la place de la galanterie. C'est une vraie cagoterie de remonter dans le passé pour l'innocence de la liaison actuelle: elle est fondée sur la nécessité d'ouvrir son âme à une amie éprouvée et sûre, et qui dans la division du ministère est le seul pont de réunion. Que d'ingrats j'ai vus, mon cher comte, et combien notre siècle est corrompu!*"

But such agonizing emotions,—the intense anxiety and watchfulness of her daily life, the never-ending fatigue and weariness which the necessity of being, at every moment, "up to the mark," which her position required, was daily telling frightfully on the marquise. She herself said that her life was terrible,—*"C'est un combat."* She was, in fact, from morning to night, dancing the tight-rope over a fall to her as horrible as that of Niagara; and the rope, too, might be cut at any moment. She gave way sometimes, and sank down in floods of tears before her brother or Madame du Hausset. She was, however, resolved to die game; and if we can admire spirit and a defiant independence, minus morality, the Pompadour has a right to be admired.

The faded favorite became so ill at last that she was a pitiable object. All the fine lines of her form, the childlike roundness and softness of her limbs, the infantine freshness of her features had passed away. She was a mere skeleton,—all elbows, and shoulder-blades, and collar-bones; and her smooth, pure cheek and forehead were channelled by care, fatigue, and pain, with hideous wrinkles, which she tried to conceal with a thick crust of artificial white and red. All that remained of her old beauty was to be found in her fine brown eyes, which grew larger and more brilliant with the decay of her person and the emaciation of her face. Alarming symptoms followed close on each other with increasing gravity. The palpitation of the heart became so violent that she had fits of suffocation, till at last her energetic will could no longer support her enfeebled, diseased form, and on a visit to Choisy she was obliged to give way and take to her bed. Louis XV., to do him justice, did not show himself unfeeling as long as she lived. On the contrary, he paid her every attention, and consulted her on public affairs up to the last; and after he had left Choisy for Versailles, the duty of the first gentleman of the chamber was to bring him news of the health of the dying favorite. It was only after she was dead that he made the unfeeling speech which has been recorded of him; and, bad as the man was, it is clear he often said worse things than he meant out of sheer cynical bravado.

The doctors who were called in gave her a slight respite, during which stage of amelioration she was brought to her apartment at Versailles; but everybody and, with others, she herself knew that her case was hopeless. She met death with great courage, regarding it after all as a deliverance from a life which it was impossible to continue; while her presence of mind and her head for business never failed her up to the last. She received her friends graciously as long as she had breath; and made one of them a present of a gold snuff-box, engraved with verses she had composed a day or two before. On the very morning of her death, being warned of her approaching end, she read over her long will and codicils attentively, and dictated a fresh codicil with a number of additional lega-

cies to friends. She had named the Prince de Soubise, her unfortunate general in the Seven Years' War and closest male friend of twenty years' standing, her executor. After this she had herself dressed, had some rouge put on her cheeks, and prepared to receive death as she would have received the king. The Chief Master of the Post-Office, who daily made reports to her of secret correspondence, came and was received as usual,—*"pour travailler avec elle."*

On the departure of the gentleman from the Post-Office, the curé of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Évêque, at Paris, was introduced. She accounted herself his parishioner, since her hôtel was in his neighborhood. She talked cheerfully to him for some moments, and, as he was about to go, detained him with a smile, saying, *"Un moment, Monsieur le Curé; nous nous en irons ensemble."* She died very shortly after this pretty speech, at the age of forty-two years and six months.

As for Louis XV., the queen wrote to the President Hainault, a few days after, *"Au reste, il n'est non plus question ici 'de ce qui n'est plus,' que si elle n'avait jamais existé. Voilà le monde; c'est bien la peine de l'aimer."* Indeed, the king had long ceased to think of her as anything else than an encumbrance. He was tired of her, but had not had the courage to send her away, convinced that a dismissal would be to her a death-blow. He had wept himself ill for Madame de Vintunille, and had wept also for Madame de Châteauroux and Madame de Mailly; but he had not a tear for the Pompadour. Perhaps he reproached her for having made him what he was,—the most despised king in Europe; and this he certainly would not have become under the management of either of his former mistresses,—for all the Nesles had some grandeur of soul. The property of Madame de Pompadour, all with the exception of the legacies, went to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who was the most estimable member of her family, and who died childless; after which it went to a relative who had

formerly been a drummer in the army, but for whose advancement she had provided in her lifetime. The quantity of furniture she left was so enormous that the sale of it lasted a year, and the auction-room where it was sold was the great sight of Paris during all that time. *"It seemed,"* says a writer, *"that all the regions of the earth had paid tribute to the extravagance of the marchioness."*

The body of the worn-out favorite was deposited in a vault at the church of the Capuchins in the Place Vendôme, which she had purchased from the great family De la Trémouille, where she had then lived, to have herself buried alive if the king should leave her. She had already deposited there her mother and her daughter; and, as the Princess de Talmont said, the great bones of the La Trémouille family must have been astonished at finding themselves, in company with the fish-bones,—*les arêtes*,—of the Poissons. Many pretty epitaphs were made for her, of course, and some, indeed, of a character not presentable in the present day, notwithstanding their drapery in Latin hexameters. It would be unjust even to the memory of a light woman to leave out of account that part of the mental agony which wore her to a skeleton, arising undoubtedly from remorse at the ill-success of her political schemes, and for the calamities of the Austrian alliance, and the Seven Years' War which she brought upon her country. And it would be unjust not to state that in later years she strung the whole forces of her nature to endeavor to repair some of the mischief she had done, and to open a career of victory for France. But as she had exiled all the most capable advisers of the crown from the Government, and was served only by the servile and the incapable, her own maceration was of little use to her country. England, however, owes a great deal to Madame de Pompadour, for Chatham had free play over the whole world with the Pompadour as petticoat minister of France.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE EVER-WIDENING WORLD OF STARS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.,

AUTHOR OF "SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM," &c., &c.

As the science of astronomy has advanced, the ideas men have formed respecting the extent of the universe have gradually become more and more enlarged. In far-off times, when astronomers were content to judge of the conformation of the universe by the appearances directly presented to their contemplation, the ideas formed respecting the celestial bodies were singularly homely. We read that Theophrastus looked upon the Milky Way as the fastening of the stellar hemispheres, which are "so carelessly knitted together, that the fiery heavens beyond them can be seen through the spaces." Anaximenes believed the heavens to be made of a kind of fine earthenware, and that the stars are the heads of nails driven through the domed vault formed of this material. And even Lucretius, whose views of nature were so noble, has referred without disapproval to the bizarre theory of Xenophanes that the stars are fiery clouds collected in the upper regions of air.

While the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was accepted there were no means of forming any trustworthy views respecting the extent of the stellar universe. If the earth were ever at rest we could never know how far the stars were from us; and therefore the old astronomers were free to invent whatever theories they pleased as to the scale on which the sidereal scheme is constructed. It was only when the earth was set free by Copernicus from the imaginary chains which had been conceived as holding it in the centre of the universe that it became possible to form any conception of the distances at which the stars lie from us. Indeed Tycho Brahé immediately pointed this out as an overwhelming objection against the new theory. "Are we to suppose," he argued, "that the stars are placed at such enormous distances from us as to seem wholly unchanged in position while the earth sweeps round the sun in an orbit millions of miles in diameter? If this amazing theory were true, the stars

would be hundreds of millions of miles from us, a view which is utterly monstrous and incredible."

But strange as this new view appeared, it gradually gained ground. It became presently so well established that when Cassini discovered that the earth travels in a much wider orbit than Tycho Brahé had supposed—so that the stars were at once thrown many hundreds of millions of miles farther from us—astronomers still held to the new order of things. "With Briarean arms," as Humboldt has described their labors, the fellow-workers of Cassini thrust farther and farther away "the heaven of the fixed stars," until the immensity of the universe grew so beneath their labors, that new modes of expressing its dimensions had to be adopted. They were not satisfied with the obvious circumstance that the stars seem to remain unchanged in position as the earth sweeps round the sun. They tested this apparent fixity of position with instruments of greater and greater power,—yet always with the same result. They made observations ten, twenty, even fifty times more exact than Tycho Brahé's, and the fact that they still detected no change of position signifying nothing less than that the universe of the fixed stars is ten, twenty, even fifty times farther from us than Tycho Brahé had imagined.

Thus when Sir W. Herschel began the noble series of researches amid the stellar depths which has rendered his name illustrious, the world of stars was already one of inconceivably enormous extent. Yet so widely did he increase our appreciation of the vastness of the universe, that it has been thought no exaggeration to say of him, that, "he broke through the barriers of the heavens." "Cælorum perrupit claustra," says his monument at Upton, and every student of astronomy who has carefully examined Herschel's labors, understands the justice of the expression. For consider what Herschel did. When he began his survey of the heavens, astronomers had proved indeed that the nearest of

the fixed stars lie at enormous distances from us, and some of the more advanced thinkers had begun to form noble speculations respecting the relations of the stars which lie beyond the sphere of those visible to us. But it was reserved to Sir W. Herschel to apply exact observations to the unseen star systems. He literally gauged the celestial depths. With a telescope whose light-gathering power probably extended the range of vision to about eight hundred times its natural limit, he swept every part of the northern heavens. He estimated the depth of the system of stars in every direction by a simple and natural process. For, like all great thinkers, he struck out modes of inquiry which, the moment they were presented to the world, seemed so obvious, that the wonder was how they remained so long undetected. He said that precisely as the quantity of water passed through by the sailor's lead-line marks the depth of the sea, so the number of stars which can be seen when a telescope of given power is turned towards any part of the heavens is a measure of the depth of the sidereal system in that direction. In individual cases, indeed, the law may not be true, just as the sailor's lead-line may light on the peak of some sunken rock, and so give no true measure of the general depths of the sea in the neighborhood. But when the average of a great number of such "star-gaugings" is taken, then we may feel tolerably certain that on applying the simple rule devised by Herschel we shall form no inaccurate estimates of our system's extent in any direction.

Thence arose his great theory of the stellar system. He showed that our sun is but one of an immense number of suns, distributed in a region of space resembling a cloven disc in figure. When we look along the thickness of the disc we see the enormous beds of stars, which lie around us in that direction as a cloud of milky light, which so comes to form a cloven ring round the heavens. But when we look out towards the sides of the disc, where the stars are less profusely scattered, we see between them the black background of the sky.

Then Herschel extended his researches to those strange objects called the nebulae. He showed that where astrono-

mers had reckoned tens of these objects there were in reality thousands. And he found that a large proportion of the nebulae can be resolved into stars. He held that these, therefore, may be looked upon as external universes, resembling that great system of stars of which our sun is a member. We need not, at this point, dwell upon the distinction which Herschel drew between nebulae of this sort, and those objects which he held (and as we now know, justly) to be true clouds, formed from some vaporous substance, of the actual nature of which he forbore to express an opinion. Let it suffice to remark that in whatever mode those vaporous nebulae might be supposed to be formed, it was clear to Herschel that they cannot be held to lie *necessarily* beyond the system of the fixed stars, as he held to be certainly the case with the stellar nebulae.

Since Herschel's day a multitude of important discoveries have been made. His son, the present Sir John Herschel, carried the system of star-gaugings over the southern heavens, having first trained himself to the work by verifying Sir William's northern star-gaugings. The eminent astronomer Struve and others have applied a series of tests to the basis of Herschel's theory of the universe. Increased telescopic power has been applied to the examination of the nebulae. And lastly, a mode of research more wonderful than the boldest pioneers of science had ventured to hope for has been applied to determine what the stars and nebulae really are, nay even the very elements of which they are constituted.

Therefore we stand in a position so far in advance of that to which it was in Herschel's power to attain, that the attempt to modify his theories need no longer be thought to savour of undue boldness. Half a century does not pass without bringing a vast extension of knowledge, and certainly the last half century has been no exception to this rule; inasmuch that could the great astronomer take his place again among us, and become cognizant of the vast strides which his favorite science has made since he left us, he would be the first to point out that many of his views required to be modified or even to be wholly abandoned.

For instance, let us consider the meaning of the following observation made by

the younger Herschel. While "sweeping" the southern heavens, this eminent astronomer noticed occasionally the existence of faint outlying streamers belonging to the Milky Way, yet not only irresolvable into stars, but so exceedingly distant that he could scarcely speak of them as really visible. He was *sensible* of their existence, but when the eye was turned directly upon them they vanished, inso-much that, he says, "the idea of illusion has repeatedly arisen subsequently," yet when he came to map down the places where these phantom star-streams had been detected, he found that they formed regular branches of the galactic system.

Now these outlying star-streams prove first of all that the star-system is not disc-shaped, but spiral in figure. Between the stars which form the ordinary streams of the Milky Way, and those which form the phantom streams there must lie regions in which stars are either altogether wanting or strewn with much less profusion than in either the nearer or the farther stream.

But this is not the only nor the chief conclusion which may be drawn from the existence of the almost evanescent star-streams. According to Herschel's views the stars which compose those streams are only faint through enormity of distance. They may be as large as our sun, many of them perhaps far larger. And between them there may yawn distances as large as those which separate us from Arcturus or Aldebaran. Now this being so, the outlying parts of our own sidereal system being removed so far from us as to be all but evanescent in Herschel's splendid reflector—how much greater ought to be the faintness of the sidereal systems which lie outside ours! If the nebulae are really such systems, and made up of suns like our own, then not only ought Herschel's great reflector to fail in rendering them visible, but even Lord Rosse's noble mirror would require to be increased a hundred-fold in power before we could see them. For clearly the nebulae, which appear as mere tiny specks upon the vault of heaven, must be very much farther away than the confines of our system, if they are comparable with it in size.

Therefore we must have "of two things one." Either the confines of our sidereal system are constituted very differently

from the parts in our neighborhood; or the nebulae are constituted very differently from the sidereal system. We say, of two things one, meaning that one of the two views *must* be true; but it is plain that there is nothing to prevent both being true.

We may next come to the inquiry whether these views are severally supported by any special evidence.

Now as to the first, it happens that the southern heavens surveyed by the younger Herschel afford evidence such as Sir William Herschel was not possessed of. The former has seen places in the southern skies where the outline of the Milky Way is so sharply defined, that even in the telescope the sudden change from a background of black sky to the sprinkled light of the galaxy is not lost. One half of the field of view will exhibit the former aspect, the other the latter. Now if we consider a cloud, or a dense flight of birds, or any cluster of objects exhibiting a well defined outline, we see at once what that well defined outline means. It signifies that the eye is directed along the edge or surface of a distinct cluster of objects—in one case globules of water, in another birds, and so on—and the idea is at once precluded that the eye is *within the cluster* of whatever sort that cluster may be. Therefore the theory that the sun forms one of a system of stars spread pretty uniformly over a disc-shaped space must be given up; for were it true, the approach to the Milky Way would always be gradual.

When we add that in the southern skies the Milky Way presents the most fantastic configuration, here expanding into fan-shaped masses, there winding about in a multitude of strange convolutions, here suddenly narrowing into a bright neck or isthmus, there exhibiting a nearly circular vacancy, it becomes clear that the galaxy cannot have the figure assigned to it by Sir W. Herschel. It must consist of streams and sprays of stars at different distances. Such streams by their fantastic convolutions serve to explain all the peculiarities of the galaxy's structure.

And next, have we any evidence that the nebulae are not really beyond the galaxy, but are mixed up with the sidereal system? It appears to me that we have.

Sir William Herschel noticed that there are places where the nebulae are much more densely crowded than elsewhere, and he was disposed to suspect that precisely as the stars by their aggregation form the zone of the Milky Way, so there is a zone of nebulae. But when Sir John Herschel had completed the survey of the heavens it was found that a very different law of distribution made its appearance. Instead of being collected in a zone or band around the heavens, the nebulae are arranged in two distinct but irregular clusters, separated by a well-marked zone almost entirely free from nebulae. *And this zone coincides almost exactly with the Milky Way.*

What are we to understand by so special an arrangement as this? A modern astronomer says it clearly proves that the nebulae do *not* belong to the star-world; but I can see no escape from an exactly opposite view. A simple illustration will serve to exhibit the nature of the case. Suppose a person found a space of ground on which gravel was arranged in the form of a ring, and that rough stones were thickly spread over the whole space except the gravel ring, would he conclude that there was *no* association between the arrangement of the gravel and the arrangement of the stones, because few stones were to be found on or near the gravel? Would he not rather find in this peculiarity distinct evidence that there *was* some association? He would, we think, argue that the gravel had been collected into one place and the stones into another, in pursuance of *some one particular scheme*. The corresponding conclusion in the case of the stars and nebulae would clearly be that the stars had been drawn together in one direction and the nebulae in another, out of a common world of cosmical matter. In other words we should look on the nebulae as members of the same system or scheme that the stars belong to.

And here it may be asked how the conclusion thus deduced from the arrangement of stars and nebulae can be said to tend to enlarge our views of the world of stars. On the contrary, it might be urged, the views which had prevailed before, presented us with nobler conceptions of the universe. For we were able to recognize in the thousands

of nebulae which fleck the dark background of the sky, sidereal systems as noble as that of which our sun is a member; and in the existence of countless star-systems we had a spectacle to contemplate before which the human intellect was compelled to bow in its utter powerlessness and insignificance: whereas it seems as though the new views would reduce the scope of our vision to a single galaxy of stars, unless some few members of the nebular system may still be looked on as outer star-schemes.

But on a closer inspection of the views I have been maintaining, it will appear that they largely enhance our conceptions of the scale on which the world of stars is constructed. Until now it has been held that the telescopes which man has been able to construct enable us to scan the limits of our sidereal system, and to pass so readily beyond those limits as to become sensible of the existence of thousands of other schemes as noble as our own or nobler. But if the new views should be established, we should be compelled to recognize in the world of stars a system which our most powerful instruments are not fully able to gauge. The clusters of stars, whose splendor has so worthily excited the admiration of the Herschels, the Rosses, the Struves, and the Bonds, must be looked upon as among the glories of our own system, and indicative of the multiplied forms of structure or of aggregation to be found within its boundaries. As of late, our conceptions of the wealth of the solar system have been enhanced by the discovery of numberless new objects and new forms of matter existing within its range, and co-ordinating themselves in regular relations with the earlier known members of the system, so we seem now called on to recognize in the stellar world an unsuspected wealth of material, a hitherto unrecognized variety of cosmical forms, and an extension into regions of space to which our most powerful telescopes have not yet been able to penetrate.

But now I would call attention to a peculiarity of the southern skies which, while apparently affording conclusive testimony in favor of the new views, has unaccountably (in my opinion) been urged as an argument tending in quite another direction. There are to be seen

in those skies two mysterious clouds of light, which were called by the first Europeans who sailed the southern seas the Magellanic clouds, and are now commonly spoken of by astronomers as the Nubeculæ. Examined by the powerful telescope of Sir John Herschel, these objects have been found to consist of small fixed stars and nebulae, grouped together without any evidence of special arrangement, but still obviously intermixed,—not merely seen projected on the same field of view.

These strange objects have given rise to many speculations; and among the definite views put forward respecting them is one recently expressed in a most valuable communication to the Royal Astronomical Society from the pen of Mr. Cleveland Abbe, an astronomer who has labored in the sound school of the Poulkova Observatory. Having recognized in the peculiar arrangement of stars and nebulae above referred to, an argument that the nebulae lie beyond our system, Mr. Abbe suggests that the Magellanic clouds are two of the nearest of the nebular systems, which thus exhibit larger dimensions than their fellow-schemes.

The basis of this, which may be termed the positive theory of the Nubeculæ, is the hypothesis which may be termed the negative theory. Whatever these objects may be, astronomers have said, they are quite distinct from the sidereal system, nor are the nebulae seen within them to be looked upon as fellows of the other nebulae. For in the Nubeculæ we see what we recognize nowhere else, the combination namely of clustering groups of stars and freely scattered nebulae. It is the characteristic (still I am quoting the theory) of the sidereal system that where its splendors are greatest nebulae are wanting; it is the characteristic of nebular aggregation that it withdraws itself in appearance from the neighborhood of clustering star groups. But in the Magellanic clouds neither of these characteristics is to be recognized; therefore these objects are distinct from either system.

Nor has another argument been wanting to indicate the distinction that exists between the Magellanic clouds and the other splendors of the celestial vault. Sir John Herschel, sweeping over their

neighborhood with his 18-inch reflector, was struck with the singular barrenness of the skies around them. With that expressive verbiage which gives so great a charm to his astronomical descriptions, he forces on our attention, again and again, the poverty of the regions which lie around the Nubeculæ. "Oppressively barren" he describes them in one place; "the access to the Nubeculæ on all sides is through a desert," he says in another. And this peculiarity thus established by the certain evidence of an observer so able and trustworthy, has been held by many to imply in the clearest and most distinct manner that there is no connection between the Nubeculæ and the stellar system.

To me the evidence afforded by the barrenness of the regions round the Magellanic clouds points irresistibly in the opposite direction. Why should some outer system, free as is assumed of all association with our own, occupy that peculiarly barren space which so attracted the attention of Sir John Herschel? But if we look on the coincidence as striking in the case of one, how much more remarkable will it appear when the only two outer systems of the sort thus brought within our ken are associated in this way with the most singularly barren region in the whole heavens! Surely the more natural conclusion to be drawn from the phenomenon is that the richness of the Magellanic clouds and the poverty of the surrounding districts stand to each other in the most intimate correlation. Is there not reason for concluding that those districts are poor because of the action of the same process of aggregation which has attracted within the Nubeculæ a larger share than usual of stellar and nebular glories?*

It need hardly be mentioned that the former argument, on which the distinction between the Nubeculæ and other celestial objects has been founded, is disposed of at once if we recognize the stellar and nebular systems as in reality forming but a single scheme. Not only

* Sir William Herschel has recorded a peculiarity respecting nebulae which is worthy of mention in connection with the facts above considered. "I have found," he says, "that the spaces preceding nebulae were generally quite deprived of stars, so as often to afford many fields without a single star."

so, but the Nubeculæ afford a striking argument in favor of the latter view. To return to the somewhat homely illustration made use of above. Our conceptions of the original association between the stones and the gravel arranged in the manner indicated would certainly be strengthened, or would even be changed into absolute certainty, if we perceived in a part of the ground two heaps in which stones and gravel were intermixed. When I add that there are two distinctly marked nebular streams leading towards the Nubeculæ, as well as several well-marked star-streams tending in the same direction, the evidence of association seems irresistibly strengthened.

If these views be accepted, we shall have to look upon the world of stars as made up of all classes of clustering aggregations, besides strange wisps and sprays

extending throughout space in the most fantastic convolutions. Then also, while dismissing the idea that the nebulae as a class are external systems, we may accept as highly probable the conclusion that some of the spiral or whirlpool nebulae really lie far beyond the confines of our system. For we see in these objects the very picture of what the new views show our sidereal system to be. *There* are the spiral whorls corresponding to the double ring of the Milky Way; there are faint outlying streamers corresponding to the phantom star-streams traced by Sir John Herschel; there also, are bright single stars and miniature clusters,—nay, there also may even be recognized large knobs or lobes of clustering stars, forming no inapt analogue of the Magellanic clouds.

London Society.

SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Soon we shall have no social superstitions, I suppose. They are destined, no doubt, to disappear with political superstitions and religious superstitions—or what people are pleased to consider as such—in the natural course of the abolition of most things. How many have gone in our own time!—or in a time within the experience of men and women still among us, and familiar at least in a reflected light.

The superstitions to which I refer, are not very important perhaps, but they mark changes in manners, and changes in manners mark changes in a great many other things. A great number have gone, as I have said. The superstitions observance of the custom of getting drunk after dinner, for instance, is among the disappearances. A great many people still get drunk, it must be confessed; but they usually pay the homage which intoxication owes to sobriety, and deny or conceal the fact. There used to be a superstition among a certain class of fine gentlemen that it was “bad form”—or whatever was the equivalent phrase of the period—to be able to do anything for one’s-self, and that a state of utter apathy and indifference to things in general was the surest mark of good breeding. There may be such men about now, but they are very

carefully cut, I should think; and a negative condition of mind and body would certainly not in these days be considered a sign of *bon ton*. There was a superstition once in favor of snuff-taking. Long since the days when a snuff-box was as necessary an appendage to a gentleman as his shoe buckles, the habit of putting it to use was still general, and it has disappeared only in the present generation. During the rule of snuff, smoking was the exception; and though the latter had many votaries, the “vice” was a secret one—to be indulged only in out-of-the-way places. A stable or a harness-room was thought quite good enough, and the tap-room at a low tavern most appropriate.* When rooms were set apart for the purpose at clubs they were always the worst in the house; and up to so late a period as to be called the other day there was no smoking-room at one of the leading clubs in London. Now, not only are smokers in clubs luxuriously provided, but every house of sufficient size and pretensions—in the country at any rate—has an apartment available for the weed; and in connection with billiards ladies endure it with a charming docility—developed in some cases, so scandal declares, into the most practical expression of tolerance. In the old times only the most hardened offend-

ers would venture to smoke in the streets or public places. I need scarcely say how this superstition has been disposed of in these days, when Royal Princes lead the way, and a Royal Duke may be seen on most mornings on Constitution Hill in company with an enormous regalia.

There was a superstition prevalent for many years that a gentleman could not be properly costumed unless half strangled in an enormous stock. This machine was wonderfully and fearfully made, with a slight pretence of elasticity, but intended evidently to keep the head up, and promote an appearance of dignified apoplexy in the wearer—with the occasional effect of a divergence from appearance into reality. The custom originated through the "most finished gentleman in Europe" not being proud of his neck; and it became so rigorous as to ruin any man who refused to follow it. There is only one known instance of such hardihood, however, and that is in the case of Lord Byron. It is generally supposed that society set its face against the poet because he was supposed to be an immoral man, to ill-treat his wife, and exhibit a vicious tendency in his writings. I believe nothing of the kind. Society at the time made pets of men who were far worse than Byron was even supposed to be, who got on no better with their wives, and who set quite as vicious an example in their lives as Byron was alleged to set in his writings. Society cut Byron because he turned down his collar, and that is the whole fact of the matter. Had he worn a stock he would have been one of themselves, and they would have forgiven him as they did other people.

Stocks are seldom seen now, except in the army, where, in a certain but not sufficiently modified degree, they are still the rule; at the discretion, however, of commanding officers, who may allow them to be dispensed with if they think the relaxation necessary or desirable. Nobody, in fact, wears a stock in these days unless he is obliged to do so, except a few fogies who cling to the superstition as a link to life.

"What do you think of my uncle?" asked a man not long since of his friend, with whom he was walking in Pall Mall. They had just met the gentleman in question.

"Think of him!" was the contemptuous reply; "why he wears a stock and buckles it behind—that's what I think of him."

You see by this little incident the kind of feeling that stocks excite in the present day.

If there are superstitions among men there are superstitions among women, you may be sure, and among the latter as among the former there have been a great many that are now exploded. As regards dress and deportment there was one connected with the ideal of a lady which seems to have no believers in these times. A lady was supposed to be arrayed in the plainest manner—to wear robes of the soberest colors and the simplest cut. Anybody who deviated from the rule was supposed not to be a lady; and the French, who set the fashions then as they do now, were far in advance of the English in this respect. That this superstition no longer prevails need scarcely be pointed out. The change in the present direction has been accompanied too by some incidental superstitions which have also come to an end—or very nearly so. One was that ladies in order to attain elegance in skirts must be encased in a steel cage, absurdly—considering the derivation of the word—called a crinoline. Another was founded upon the idea that a lady could not appear out of doors without wearing upon her head a preposterous contrivance, which, had it been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, or in some such place, without any indication of the use to which it was applied, would have been a mystery to succeeding ages, and remained perhaps a puzzle to antiquarians up to the present time. The thing I mean was called a bonnet.

What a monstrosity it was! It stood alone in creation. Nature never produced anything like it in her wildest and most colonial moods. Art could never have conceived such an object. For the bonnet was like our old friend Topsy, according to that young person's idea of her origin. It was never born of the fancy of any one man or woman—"I guess it growed." You could not indeed resemble it to anything else. It was not like a coalscuttle, to which some of its varieties have been flatteringly compared, for it would not stand on its end, if in-

deed it had an end to stand on; and for similar reasons among others it could not be supposed to be intended for a coffeepot, a breadbasket, a card-tray, a toast-rack, a mousetrap, or a warming-pan. It was certainly not like a hat; for though it contained a place where you could put part of a head, there was nothing to indicate—in the absence of previous information—that such an uncomfortable receptacle was meant for such a use. The coincidence was altogether insufficient. You may put your head into a bag or a portmanteau, but nobody would guess those useful articles to be head-dresses on that account. The bonnet, in its ultra days at any rate, was as shapeless a monster as the *Piedvère*, first described by Victor Hugo, and since made familiar to us in collections of aquaria; with bows and flowers for “feelers,” turning up in arbitrary and unexpected places. Had we—innovent of it ourselves—found it in use among the Cherokee Indians, we should have fancied it connected with some religious rite, since it would be difficult to suppose that anybody would voluntarily wear such a thing for its own sake. That it is an exploded superstition among civilized nations is a fact for which everybody blessed with eyesight ought to be grateful. The present substitute is called by the same name; but nobody, seeing the two things together, would guess that they were put to the same use. The bonnet of the period is a charming little decorative arrangement, which may be quite useless as far as shelter is concerned, but is scarcely more so than its predecessor, which was ineffectual against sun or rain, and had not the excuse of being ornamental instead.

Another superstition of the past was the corset. I am not quite sure that I shall be allowed to allude to such a subject, but must take my chance. I will be content, however, to observe that the garment—it can scarcely be called a garment though; what am I to call it?—the article?—the machine? The machine will do. It was a point of faith that this machine was indispensable to the female kind, or at any rate that it ought to be, and it was worn when not wanted as a distinction of the sex. One need not be the oldest inhabitant of any place to remember these curious contri-

vances of which wood or steel, and whalebone inevitably, formed such important features. Such things may exist in the present day; but they could never have been necessities; for the interesting wearers of the modified mysteries now in use under the same name do not seem to suffer from the absence of their predecessors. On the contrary, they evidently flourish the more for the change, look a great deal better, and must feel a great deal better if they can feel at all.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulation of wedding cards and wedding cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose—that of marking the feeling towards old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them in paying congratulatory visits. Now, under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble, they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period—determined in the end perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling—where you actually want to see the people—has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and adding the attraction of tea, which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social treadmill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard perhaps to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude

known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions that which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are frequently no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardor. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after the evil naturally cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.

Apropos to dinners I may mention a very old superstition which gave the palm to English dinners over all other dinners in the world. "Foreign kick-shaws," compared with them, were held in contempt as unwholesome abominations. And an English dinner, when well cooked, is no doubt a very fine thing, and better for people leading an active life than, say, a French one, as a continuous arrangement. But it is the old story still—our dinners come from a sacred, our cooks from a profane source. To cook an English dinner well a person ought to be capable of cooking a French one. The principles are the same, and the ornate variations, in the latter case, are mere matters of special attainment, easily acquired from prescribed formulæ. But the popular delusion with the common run of cooks is, that an English dinner, in order to have "no nonsense about it," should be essentially solid, and leave digestibility an open question. Any suggestion of an advance upon these conditions is met by the response that Mary Jane does not profess to understand foreign cookery; and an intimation, if she is disposed to be candid, that she considers "plain English" entitled to the preference in every respect. She can

never be made to understand that food prepared in the English fashion is not necessarily crude, comfortless, and injurious. Her main idea is that everything English ought to be substantial, that is to say, heavy; and in pursuance of this I have known her send up such a thing as suet pudding with particular joints. The accompaniment is well known in schools, where it is accepted as part of the discipline of the establishment—but surely nobody ever ate suet pudding as a free agent! This is perhaps an aggravated instance of infatuation, but it is quite within the compass of common "plain cooks," who minister to the middle classes of society. How the poor fare, who are their own cooks, is a sad consideration. That they eat at all is a marvel; and it is a still greater marvel, considering the savage character of their meals, that they do not drink twice as much as they do.

The superstition which exalts bad cookery and calls it English is less strong than it was, and among the educated classes is rapidly passing away. But unhappily the greater part of the population are not educated—even to an appreciation of the commonest comforts—and are still willing victims to a delusion unknown in any other civilized country.

The popular delusion in the matter of wines, which has endured for more than a hundred years, has a greater chance of being dispelled; and if the mass of the wine-drinking population—so largely increased of late—still cling exclusively to port and sherry, it is surely not for want of other wines being suggested equally to their palates and their pockets. Port is now favored by only two classes of persons—the few who will pay fabulous sums for the little that can be got of the best kind, and the many who are not yet influenced by the light wine movement, and still incline themselves—from superstitious motives—to any concoction called by the name. The former need not be converted. Their taste is entitled to the highest respect, and I trust that they will long enjoy the means to gratify it. The latter are being converted by degrees, if we may believe in statistics; for the consumption of port which comes from Portugal has sensibly decreased of late years, and it is not to be supposed that the production of the spurious article

can have increased in the face of the increased facilities for obtaining the real one. The wines of all other wine-producing countries are now largely consumed in this country; and the natural conclusion is beyond a doubt—that the majority of habitual or occasional drinkers of wine do not drink port, while the minority drink it in less proportion than formerly. Sherry has made a firmer stand, and is still considered a necessary wine, whatever be the other wines which find a place in the public favor. There is a competition, too, in the market between sherry and sherry—that is to say, between sherry as usually prepared for English consumption, and sherry as it is in its natural state; and other Spanish wines which are not sherry, but which have the same character, are also entering the field of opposition. The “natural” wines, as the merchants call them, have a hard fight for it at present; for the mass of wine drinkers undoubtedly prefer the old fiery mixtures. But there is a demand for the “dry” qualities rapidly spreading, and palates educated to these—dreadfully doctored as they commonly are—will find out in time that they can be better gratified by unadulterated vintages, or vintages which are at least not deprived of their original character. Between Spanish wines as they ought to be and French wines as they are—to say nothing of Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, which are making their way—the time is probably not far distant when the superstition which gave exclusiveness to port and sherry will be known to more.

Port is associated with prejudice; and prejudice of many kinds is breaking down with port. I allude especially to English prejudice—to be classed with superstition—in reference to things continental. There was an old belief that one Englishman was always able to beat three Frenchmen. That delusion must surely have exploded; and I may mention, as a matter of personal experience, that I once made the experiment with only two of our lively neighbors—and signally failed. But the superstitious sense of superiority on the part of our travelling countrymen on the Continent still prevails to a great extent; the principal exception being the members of the gentler sex, who have thrown off their traditional reserve in a remarkable man-

ner, and dash about in out-of-doors diversions with an affability which is a wonder, not to say a scandal, and utterly confutes the stock caricatures, which, in Paris especially, still represent the *blonde misses* of Albion as embodiments of prudish affectation—wearing green veils and actual bonnets, and regarding the social freedom of France as *shocking*, quite in the old style. There has, to be sure, been lately opened a rival vein of satire, represented in periodicals like the *Vie Parisienne*, which gives the English girl in her gushing, hatty, high-heeled aspect, and has just begun to understand the joke about “the period;” but this development is quite recent—the *blonde misse* still holds her own in the shop windows, and it will be years before she is accepted in her new character.

I am not quite sure that the English superstition as regards our relations towards our lively neighbors has been dissipated with unmixed advantage—as far as the gentler sex is concerned. But it must be admitted, that whether through French or other influence, English women—including English girls of course—dress a great deal better than they did, and—except when they make caricatures of themselves—cannot be accused of failing to set off their beauty to the best advantage.

The mention of dress, again, suggests that an old superstition concerning costume has just exploded. I mean that which made it *de rigueur* for gentlemen, unless in some kind of uniform, to go to court in the habits as they lived of our forefathers in the middle of the reign of George III. The dress was both uncomfortable and incongruous, and nobody liked it; and the change has at least this advantage—that it enables a man to wear in the presence of his sovereign a dress of the shape to which he is accustomed in common life. But innovation begets innovation, and now we find certain levellers condemning the court dress worn by ladies as a superstition. Why, they ask, cannot ladies go to the drawing-rooms in morning dresses with high bodies? These agitators, would, it seems, get rid of the “feathers, blonde-cappets, and diamonds,” and all the rest of it, at one fell swoop, on the ground that full dress happening in these days to be rather scanty, ladies who go to draw-

ing-rooms are apt to take cold. The agitators may depend upon it that some stronger reason than this must be discovered before the ladies concerned will join the agitation, even if such a simplification would ever be permitted by the milliners. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a social decree submitted to more philosophically than is the fate of most legal decrees. And if those who wear court dresses are content to suffer in one way, you may be sure that those who make them will not be content to suffer in another. So the question, I fancy, may be safely left at rest between the two.

Among superstitions which still survive, may be mentioned the belief in some apocryphal period known as the "palmy days of the drama." When these days existed, and what they were like, is not easy to determine. For we find no contemporary evidence of their existence; it has never been handed down to us that people have said, "These are the palmy days of the drama; I am content with the condition of the stage." On the contrary, from the earliest times of which we are able to take anything like a near view, the cry has always been that the regular drama was neglected whenever there were counter attractions in the form of French dancing girls, performing dogs or monkeys, or even such exhibitions as puppet shows. Nobody seems ever to have heard of the palmy days of the drama until they had passed away, and then the praises had a suspicious appearance of being rung for the *tempora acti* in the abstract. Great actors and actresses have lived no doubt before the Agamemnons of our own time, and their Homers have kept their fame alive; but it must be doubted if the drama—that is to say the regular drama—has had such great days for its own sake as has been made out. The days of which we have the most distinct idea are those comparatively early in the century, when enthusiastic people used to go to the pit door of Drury Lane, and wait from two o'clock in the day to see Mrs. Siddons, or the Kembles, and later still the elder Kean—buy a bill in the street, and struggle for the attainment of three hours' intellectual ecstasy. One may suppose that the reward was greater than could be gained now by a similar process—supposing the process to be neces-

sary; but the fact was due to exceptional circumstances; and if the public taste was high, it had not so many invitations as it has in the present day to become low. If there were better actors there were certainly worse, and the same may be said of the pieces which obtained popularity—the inferior class of which would not be listened to now, as has been proved by occasional experiments. There in a larger public in these times; but even making allowance for the fact, a larger proportionate amount of money is spent upon the drama than used to be spent, dramatic authors make larger profits, and dramatic performers are better paid. It is true that plays of a low class, and players of a low class, sometimes succeed, as well as plays and players of a higher class—sometimes better, indeed, when a thorough hit is made. But this has always been the case; and they do not fail *because* they are of a high class. When such pieces are unsuccessful it is because there is something wrong about them—because they are cumbrous, dull, and unfitted for the stage. A great deal of false sentiment would once pass for real, and a great many situations which we have discovered to be clap-trap were accepted by our forefathers in good faith. On the whole, judging by the number of theatres we have, and the number of pieces that fill them, and the standard of excellence demanded by most of the audiences, it must be a mistake to suppose that the drama has declined or is declining. Therefore the belief in the palmy days, as compared with our own—which, however, is far weaker than it was—must be ranked among the superstitions.

An alleged cause of the supposed decline of the drama is the late hour at which most of us dine. It has become later and later in the course of the last few years, and we seem rapidly arriving at the fashionable point said to have been attained by a late American president, who was such a great man that he never took his dinner until the next day! But it is made later, and worse than later because less certain, by a superstitious custom which prevails of the host fixing one time and the guests assembling at another. The inconvenience was pointed out the other day in a morning journal, and it is one which decidedly

demands reform. Everybody understands that a little grace is allowed beyond the quarter-past seven, quarter to eight, or eight, set down in the invitation; but nobody knows exactly how much, unless well acquainted with the custom of the particular house. And as few choose to incur the embarrassment of being too early, a great many run the hazard of being too late. The consequence is an amount of confusion and annoyance which is felt equally by host and guest. There is only one way of destroying this monstrous delusion, and saving the enormous amount of time and temper which it wastes in the course of the year; that is, to issue invitations for the exact hour at which the party is expected to be assembled, with a special provision as to punctuality until the rule becomes generally understood.

While on the subject of dinners, I may mention a custom which is surely founded upon superstition, and ought to be banished forever from civilized society—the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbor from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough. But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, “the most delicate lady,” manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with European manners. The natives of the East, and semi-civilized people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity. I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted—and they are not wanted, nor used, for many dishes—why should we be made to use

a murderous weapon? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable tempers, exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life. But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get to a little knife after a large one—it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray—and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.

There are a few superstitions in connection with our language which may be pointed out in this place. There have been a great many in most times; but some have disappeared while others have arisen, and there are not many now remaining. Among them I will note only some peculiarities in pronunciation. We still call Derby Darby and Berkeley Barkeley, Pall Mall Pell Mell, not to add other instances. Contractions, too, are not unfrequent. Thus we cannot ask if the Marquis of Cholmondeley is at home, giving the syllables their legitimate sound, without running the risk of being told by a facetious servant that he will refer us to some of his people. If we ask for the Marquis of Chumley we shall be treated at least with respect. Again, we must not say Leveson Gower, but Leuson Gore, unless we wish to be supposed out of the pale of society; and Mr. Marjoribanks would consider us a Goth if we called him anything but Marchbanks. These are only some of the cases that might be cited. Are they not founded upon superstition?

There are other superstitious observances in social life to which I might refer; but I daresay I have cited illustrations enough, and the rest may suggest themselves to your mind without my assistance.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

Fraser's Magazine.

MARIE DE MEDICIS; A QUEEN'S DEATH.

"GRANDEUR is shattered by the will of Time,
The crude magnificence of kings must fade,
All high emprise be drowned in Lethe's stream,
And glory vanish like the morning dew.
The peasant's pillow is the sweetest rest
Wide Earth can give—a crown a nest of thorns,
From which the tomb procures a blest release;
A soul once happy needs no other crown,
But failing this is martyred to the grave."

Thus spake a penitent bewailing sin,
Mingled with circumstance of hideous wrong,
Erewhile the shadows lengthened in the eve
Across the porch, and through the solemn aisles,
Of the cathedral pile of old Cologne.
Forth from the wall the faces of sad saints,
With melancholy musing on their brows,
Peered in eternal reticence of stone,
Yet soothed by silence where the living voice
Had fretted into anger. Long she knelt,
That suppliant on whose lineaments were stamped
The light of genius and the mould of grace.
Yet there was wreck of wondrous beauty, too,
That once enthralled the princes of her land,
And all the peoples which had gazed on it.
She had been loved and happy, rich and great,
But now the bird upon the parapet,
That built its nest between the shelving stones,
And warbled out its little life in song,
Appeared to mock her in her loneliness,
And twit her with its freedom from the care
That preyed upon her and consumed her life.

The western sun dropped from the sky of fire,
And Evening spread her mantle of sweet peace
About the world, enticing it to rest:
Footsore and weary, covetous of ease,
And wasting for a season of soul-calm,
The worshipper before the altar knelt,
And made her last obeisance; then she turned,
And passing outwards met her only friend,
Good Father Francis, who within her ear
Low murmured, "All is lost!" Down to the earth
She sank, exclaiming, "Lord, how hard art thou!"
The Father thought her dead, but chafed her hands,
And pour'd cool water 'tween her bloodless lips,
Till once again she oped her fistless eyes
(From which the light of joy had ever fled)
And gaining strength set forth to reach her home.
Yet trouble met her on the threshold there—
And pointed to her doom: a missive sealed,
Lay on the humble table, superscribed,
"For Marianni," which she seized in haste,
And read—"Hope thou no more, for all is lost!
Cinq-Mars is prisoner, and De Bouillon's fled,
The treaty with the King of Spain is known,
And Richelieu, whose spies discovered all,
Is greater in the State than heretofore,
And plays the King, who now his subject is."
Frenzied she crushed the letter in her grasp,
And hissing out, "I am not conquered yet,"
Fell senseless in a swoon upon the ground.

A month had passed, one short but fearful month,
 And on the morning of a sunny day,
 When Nature revelled in a glorious life,
 The shrieks of Marianni rent the air,
 With bitter lamentations interspersed.
 The neighbors, who in kindly offices
 Had oft been faithful, burst the unyielding door,
 And saw her raving o'er her thousand wrongs.
 "Back, back, thou ugly phantom!" she exclaimed;
 "Thy robe is steeped in blood, thy hands, thy head,
 Thy self entire imbued. I curse thee, knave!
 A wife's, a woman's, ay, a mother's curse
 Shall weigh thee down to deepest, blackest hell.
 Away, away, thy touch pollutes my soul.
 Again I curse thee in the name of God,
 And find delight in cursing as I die!"

"Who is this woman?" quoth the magistrate,
 Desirous to make entry of her death.
 To whom good Father Francis made reply:
 "Her heirs are Henry, mighty Lord of France,
 The Duc d'Orleans, brother to the King,
 And Henrietta, Queen of England's isle.
 Here lieth dead Marie de Medicia,
 The Queen of France, the widow of a King,
 And mother of our present Sovereign liege!"

Thus died a beggar France's proudest queen,
 Illustrious, noble, beautiful, and pure,
 A very monarch by decree of Heaven,
 And yet degraded past the meanest slave.
 Such tricks doth fickle Fortune interpose
 Between the infant's cradle and the grave.
 The "Flower of Florence" blasted with the wind
 Of sad misfortune! She around whose path
 The angels seemed to walk and bring her joy:
 She whose rich dowry far outshone the wealth
 Of many kings; she who espoused the arts,
 With Malesherbes took counsel, and who urged
 The matchless Rubens on to excellence:
 She who endowed a convent for the poor,
 Had yet no pillow for her aching head:
 Who built the palace of the Luxemburg,
 And in a hovel died despised and spurned.

The mystery of suffering is here:
 One is to pleasure, one to anguish born,
 And who decides the share of happiness?
 Yet will we mourn with those who aye must weep,
 And trust, as we would trust for this great Queen,
 And though the elements may dash their bark
 Upon the rocks, and deeps upon them gape,
 Some broken spar may bear them safe to land.

GEORGE SMITH.

Intellectual Observer.

A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

IN THREE PARTS.—I PART.

THE present century has been remarkable for the progress which has been made in all departments of astronomy. Within the solar system, within the sidereal or galactic system, and within the yet wider range ascribed to the nebular system, discoveries of the most important character

have been effected. There is a singular contrast, however, between the amount of positive knowledge which has been deduced from observational labors within the solar domain, and the somewhat vague ideas which astronomers are content to hold respecting the sidereal space.

I shall endeavor to exhibit the fulness of this contrast, and then to point out some of the more remarkable consequences which seem to flow from modern observations within the stellar and nebular domains.

At the end of the last century astronomers recognized in the solar system a mechanism of a uniform and symmetrical character. Around a central orb they saw revolving a family of dependent globes, vast in their absolute dimensions, but minute in comparison with the massive globe which sways their movements. Amongst these bodies they saw several attended upon by yet smaller globes, forming secondary systems, which resemble in many respects the great system of which the sun is the controlling centre. The late discovery of Uranus had led them to recognize the possibility that beyond the known planets there may exist others, perhaps by no means the least important members of the solar system. Little was known, however, that differed in kind from what had been known to Aratus, Hipparchus, or Ptolemy. When we have named the ring of Saturn and a few periodic comets, which were looked on rather as accidental solar attendants than as forming a normal feature of the system, we have mentioned all that the three last centuries had revealed which differed in character from what had been recognized for two thousand years.

Very startling is the contrast when we turn to consider the views at present held respecting the solar domain. We no longer see a system which, however complex, might yet be very adequately represented by human mechanisms. We recognize, within a sphere exceeding manifold in diameter the orbit of distant Neptune, a variety and complexity of formation of which the human mind is unable to form adequate conceptions.

The increase in the number of primary attendants upon the Sun, though far from being the most remarkable discovery which has been made during the present century, is well worth dwelling upon for a moment. We have lately heard of the detection of the 98th asteroid, and yet it was but on the opening day of the century that the first of these bodies was discovered. In these new members of the solar system we recognize characteristics

which had not hitherto been presented to the notice of astronomers. We see a series of bodies, primaries of the planetary system, which yet, instead of travelling in distinct and widely separated orbits, revolve in paths closely interwoven. Even when but forty had been discovered it was truly said that if each orbit were represented by a hoop, it would be impossible to lift any one of these hoops without lifting the whole set. We may fairly assume that for each discovered asteroid there are to be reckoned tens, perhaps hundreds, which will remain forever undiscovered.

It has been found, also, that there exist within the solar system myriads of dependent comets. Revolving around the Sun in orbits of the most varied figure, differing among themselves in size and character, and presenting—some of them—the most singular phenomena that have ever rewarded astronomical observation, these objects remain among the mysteries of science. The only two which have as yet been submitted to the searching analysis of the spectroscope are found to consist of a gaseous nucleus attended by a coma which probably shines by reflected light; but whether this is the case with all or even the generality of comets it would be assuming too much to assert.

The most remarkable feature of modern astronomical discovery remains yet to be mentioned. A phenomenon which men had long been in the habit of looking upon as a meteorological one has been at length recognized in its true light, and has been found wonderfully to enhance our appreciation of the complexity of the systems which exist within the solar domain. Meteors, shooting-stars, and aerolites have taken their place among the attendants of the Sun; and, in several instances, the orbits they have followed before they reached the Earth have been approximately determined.

But it is rather as members of systems than as individual bodies, that these objects acquire their chief interest and meaning. There was not much, perhaps, to attract attention to them when they were supposed to form one or two rings occupying a position in space very nearly coincident with that of the earth's orbit. But it has now been placed beyond a doubt that the earth encounters fifty-six systems, at least, of these small

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have been effected. There is a singular contrast, however, between the amount of positive knowledge which has been deduced from observational labors within the solar domain, and the somewhat vague ideas which astronomers are content to hold respecting the sidereal space.

a tendency to present themselves as tangent-planes to this imaginary cone.”* But when we consider cometic orbits more closely, we find abundant evidence of a tendency amongst those comets which are nearest to the Sun to aggregate around the medial plane of the solar system. There are some twenty comets which have been recognized as travelling within the orbit of Saturn. Among these there are only two whose orbits are inclined more than fifteen degrees to the medial plane of the solar system. Now there is no reason whatever for supposing that there are not multitudes of undetected comets whose perihelia lie far nearer to the Sun than any yet discovered. On the contrary, we have distinct evidence of a rapid increase in the number of perihelia, with decrease of distance down to and within the neighborhood of the Earth’s orbit ;† and, remembering the probability that comets whose perihelia lie nearer to the Sun would escape observation altogether, we have every reason for supposing that this

* This tendency has been pointed out by one of our most distinguished modern astronomers. As it seems impossible to suggest any rational explanation of so remarkable a peculiarity—for we have to explain, not merely the fact that the orbit-planes show no tendency to coincidence with the medial plane, but also the fact that the medial plane should be connected, in any way, with cometic orbits—one seems permitted to question whether the peculiarity is real or only apparent. Now, if we remember that, *ceteris paribus*, the greater the inclination of a comet to the plane of the ecliptic (virtually coincident with the medial plane of the solar system) the greater the antecedent probability that the comet will be detected, we may recognize a cause for the observed peculiarity, independently of any real peculiarity in the arrangement of cometic orbits. A gradual diminution in the number of orbits as we leave the plane of the ecliptic, in combination with this gradual increase in the probability of detection, might very well lead to such a result as we have specified. According to the law of decrease or increase respectively, the variation in the numerical distribution of observed cometic orbits might point to the existence of a maximum at any assigned inclination to the ecliptic.

The tendency in question is so far from being strongly marked that this consideration may, for the present, be held to be a sufficient explanation.

† Thus out of one hundred observed comets, fifty-eight have perihelia between forty millions and a hundred millions of miles from the Sun, twenty have a less perihelion distance, and four only have a perihelion distance exceeding one hundred and sixty millions of miles.

law of increase is continued—as why should it change?—right up to the immediate neighborhood of the Sun. And further, we may confidently assume that that obedience to planetary laws which, as we have seen, begins to be exhibited by comets within the orbit of Saturn, becomes yet more marked among comets nearer to the Sun. Therefore, it seems highly probable that cometic orbits, and especially those which are nearest to the Sun, show a marked tendency towards aggregation near the medial plane of the solar system.

A celestial phenomenon, of which we have not hitherto spoken, appears to gain a far easier explanation from the considerations above adduced, than from the theories ordinarily adopted respecting it. The zodiacal light has been accounted for in three ways. There are some who hold that it is an atmosphere of the sun ; others that it consists of a ring of cosmical particles, travelling around him in a nearly circular orbit ; and others that it consists of a lenticular disk of cosmical dust, each portion of which travels in a nearly circular orbit. The remarkable phenomena presented by the zodiacal light, its strangely fluctuating figure, its varying position, and the singular increase and diminution noticed in its distinctness, are not accounted for by any of these theories. But if we recognized in the zodiacal light merely the effect of the above-considered aggregation among the cometic or meteoric systems which exist within the solar domain, the variations I have mentioned become readily explicable. A multitude of bodies travelling in orbits of every degree of ellipticity and magnitude, but with a marked aggregation in the neighborhood of the Sun, and with a yet more marked aggregation in the neighborhood of the medial plane of the solar system, would, in the first place, exhibit precisely such an appearance as the zodiacal light ; and, in the second place, the general illumination resulting from the congregated comets would be liable to continual variation. Comets would be continually arriving within and passing away from the region within which their light would assist in forming the appearance we are considering. At one time the press of arrivals would temporarily increase the density of co-

metic aggregation; at another, the reverse would hold for a while, and the zodiacal light would wax and wane accordingly, precisely as it is observed to do. So also its figure and apparent position would be liable to changes corresponding to those which are actually presented. Therefore, without denying positively that the zodiacal light is caused by the existence of a multitude of minute bodies travelling in orbits of small eccentricity around the sun, we hold that the phenomena correspond far more closely with those which would be presented if there is in the neighborhood of the Sun a great increase in the density with which cometic and meteoric systems are congregated together in the neighborhood of the medial plane of the solar system. And this correspondence becomes a strong argument in favor of such an increase of density when it is remembered that, as we have seen, there exist independent reasons for believing an aggregation of this sort to be not only possible, but highly probable.

But whatever opinion we may form on this and kindred questions, there is no dubiety whatever about the general results which have been presented above. Our conceptions of the solar domain are different, indeed, from those formed of old. "There was true prophecy," as has been well remarked by the late Professor Nichol, "in the exclamation of Laplace, who, although knowing more of the celestial mechanism than any man then living, said earnestly, on his death-bed, 'That which we know is little; that which we know not is immense.'"

When we turn to examine the views which were held respecting the sidereal system at the commencement of the present century we find that they are distinguished by no very marked points of difference from those at present entertained. Yet have many important discoveries been made in the interval, which seem to suggest a modification, in many respects, of the views which have so long held their ground. What these are we proceed to point out.

So soon as the Copernican theory had become thoroughly established, and had been supplemented by adequate conceptions of the dimensions of the Earth's orbit round the Sun, it became manifest that the stars must be placed at an enor-

mous distance from the solar system. That the motion of the Earth in an orbit one hundred and eighty millions of miles in diameter, should produce no appreciable effect on the configuration of the constellations, could be explained in no other way than by supposing that an orbit of these dimensions, viewed from the nearest fixed star, would scarcely present appreciable proportions. And when the nicest observation with the most accurate instruments which were then procurable, showed that any parallactic displacements which might exist among the stars, were insensible, or, at any rate, fell short of recognized instrumental errors, astronomers were compelled yet further to extend their conceptions of the immensity of the interval which separates the Sun from the nearest fixed star.

Accordingly, the notion that each visible star may be a Sun, in magnitude and splendor equal to, or perhaps excelling our own, was early recognized by astronomers as not merely reconcilable with the apparent minuteness of the stars, but as suggested by a comparison of the brilliancy of their light at the enormous distance we have referred to, with the splendor of the great luminary of our system. And it was seen that the great variety of lustre which is observed among the stars is no evidence of any corresponding variety in their real magnitudes, but may be readily explained by the supposition that the stars are placed at different distances from the Sun. Perhaps astronomers in this respect fell into the opposite error, and were too ready to assume diversity of distance as the sole, or almost the sole, explanation of difference of lustre. "The supposition," says a modern writer, "has been usually adopted; and we accordingly consider the stars to derive their variety of lustre *almost entirely* from their places in the universe being at various distances from us." Here we may apply the first lesson which is taught us by a consideration of the solar system; and, from the analogy of that system, with the infinite diversity of magnitude presented among its various members, we may learn to expect a corresponding diversity among the components of the great sidereal system.

When the considerations which had

been applied to the scattered stars visible either to the naked eye or with the telescope, came to be extended to that vast irregular annulus of nebular light called the galaxy, or Milky Way, the most startling conceptions were suggested of the enormous extent of the sidereal system. This remarkable zone had from the earliest ages engaged the attention of astronomers. Long before Galileo had resolved portions of it into stars, Democritus had maintained just views respecting its structure. Manilius also suggested—

"An major densâ stellarum turba coronâ
Contextit flammas, et crasso lumine candet,
Et fulgore nitet collato clarior orbis."

Regarded, however, as a *zone of suns*, this phenomenon acquired a new and astounding significance. If we could suppose a multitude of suns resembling our own to be so closely compacted together as the component stars of the Milky Way appear to be, there must result an inconceivable splendor in those far-distant regions; if, on the other hand, the orbs which seem to lie in such close order are in reality separated by distances comparable with those which separate the Sun from the nearest fixed star, how inconceivably distant must they lie from us, that such intervals as these should be diminished to evanescence! The last supposition has been the one universally accepted by astronomers. Of the two it clearly accounts best for the observed appearance of the galaxy. I shall presently have occasion to show the probability, if not the certainty, that neither view represents the relations which actually subsist among the stellar components of the Milky Way.

The phenomena presented by this zone of nebulous light are intimately associated with the remarkable researches of Sir William Herschel among the fixed stars. This eminent astronomer, in whom were presented all the qualifications required to constitute a first-class observer, side by side with that power of systematic reasoning on observed facts which so seldom accompanies the highest observing powers, was early fired by the bold ambition to gauge the depths of our sidereal system. He cast aside the notion, which had been held, almost unquestioned, till his day, that the stars of that system extend on every side to an

infinite distance. He saw that the existence of a Milky Way affords evidence that the sidereal system has definite bounds; and he quickly grasped at the only method which is available for the determination of its figure. "This great, inspired, and cautious observer," says Humboldt, "first cast the plumb-line into the depths of heaven, to determine the boundaries and the form of the separate cluster of stars which we inhabit." It has been said of him that "he broke through the barriers of the heavens (*coelorum perrupit claustra*)," and we shall presently see in what sense these words have been used. But it must not be forgotten that to his labors and to those of his son are due the ideas we at present hold of what those barriers are. He was at once the Romulus and the Remus of astronomy; he marked out the limits of our system, and he showed how man might boldly venture beyond those limits into the domain of the illimitable.

Herschel's method of gauging the sidereal heavens has been long and deservedly the theme of admiration. The boldness and originality of the conception, and the unwearying perseverance with which the laborious processes involved were carried out—by the elder Herschel over the northern hemisphere and by the younger over the southern—are unexampled in the history of observational astronomy. Assuming a certain approach to uniformity in the distribution of the stars, and also (for this is very important) that there is no such law of extinction of light in traversing great distances as would prevent a telescope of great power from penetrating the full depths of the system in every direction, it is clear that a very simple process will serve to indicate the relative distance of the observer from different parts of the system's exterior surface. This method and its results have already been discussed in the pages of the "Intellectual Observer." We have seen that the labors of the two Herschels seem to show that the stellar system forms a flat-tish disk of stars, whose central plane corresponds with that of the Milky Way. In one direction this disk is cloven, and those parts of the heavens which lie opposite the two divisions of the stellar disk are occupied by a double stream of milky light.

We have seen also that Herschel soon recognized a complexity in the structure of the sidereal system, which prevented him from regarding the figure of a cloven disk as any save the roughest representation of the galactic system. He saw that in portions of the Milky Way the stars exhibit a tendency to form themselves into clustering groups, and he saw that a tendency of this sort would be quite sufficient to vitiate, not merely those gauges which were made in the direction of the clustering stars themselves, but also those made in neighboring regions; for where the stars were clustering together, the star-gaugings would indicate a depth not really presented by the sidereal system in that di-

rection, and the regions in which stars were more sparsely strewn, owing to the influence of neighboring aggregations, would also give false evidence, but of an opposite kind, respecting the depth of the system.

Other peculiarities militating very strongly against the idea of uniform distribution, and sufficing largely to enhance the complexity of the problem which the Herschels have striven to solve, must be reserved for Part II., in which I shall complete the discussion of accepted theories, leaving for Part III. the presentation of the new views which seem to be suggested by modern discoveries.

(To be continued.)

Temple Bar.

LE CHATEAU DE VIMERET.

WHOEVER has seen the fine bay of St. Valéry only in sunshine and in calm, when the waters overspread its wide surface, and the blue heavens are reflected in its sleeping tide, can form but an imperfect idea of the wild havoc the sea makes when it rushes in, with all the force of a south-west wind driving it fiercely up the channel, full into the bosom of the bay.

It would require a skilful pilot to bring a ship safe into port in such weather, even in the daylight; but at the time we are about to write of, it was night. Before the sun had gone down, sudden gusts of wind had lashed up the waters; and now, when darkness covered in both sea and sky, the tempest broke loose from the ominous quarter.

The moon had risen, but remained hid behind huge masses of cloud; only at long intervals a bright ray would pierce a luminous path across the troubled sea. One of these fleeting radiances discovered, in momentary distinctness, the outline of a small vessel; her trim masts, notwithstanding the violence of the gale, carrying a press of sail. She rose on the waves with a buoyancy that showed she was no heavily laden craft. The situation, however, was far from encouraging. The waters were whirling in contending currents amongst the numerous sandbanks which nearly block up the entrance of the bay. A dense mist near the shore blotted out the lights of the town. Not a landmark was to be seen,

and everything seemed against her getting into St. Valéry that night, if such was the intention of her commander, who, standing on the deck of his little vessel, peered anxiously into the darkness. His grave and almost sombre air showed he was a prey to melancholy thoughts and sad forebodings. However, he kept his vessel gallantly to its course, as one well acquainted with the bay.

And now, when all looked most gloomy and desolate, two vivid lights suddenly appeared high up on the headland which runs out into the sea. The sailors crossed themselves with superstitious awe. The more hopeful thought they were twin meteors heaven sent to help them in their hour of greatest need; others declared that they could see a gigantic figure, with fiery eyes, looming indistinctly through the darkness, and waiting for their destruction; but most agreed that it boded no good, and that when strange lights were seen at sea, disaster was at hand.

Certainly very different was the reality from these conjectures. A splendid fête was in progress at the Château de Vimeret, a fine old building, surrounded by moats and escarpments, which had formed part of the defences of the town which had been so often and so hotly assailed and taken and retaken by our countrymen, in those days when the battles of Agincourt and Cressy made all that country resound with the fame of the

soldiers of England and their heroic leaders.

The château stood on the summit of the headland; the fury of the winds had no power against its solid walls. It had been, till lately, uninhabited for a long time, but on this same night a gay crowd was assembled there; dancing was going on with great spirit in the centre hall, which was brilliantly illuminated. Its two large windows, through which the light shone out into the darkness, were the mysterious twin meteors that had been seen so far out at sea.

The fête was given by the "Châtelaine," as she liked to call herself, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Leslie. Weary of vibrating between Paris and London, and hearing the château was to let, she had taken it without reflection. There was neither furniture nor society to be had in the neighborhood, it is true, but both could be easily imported from Paris.

In a short time she succeeded even beyond her expectations. The "gentleman" who was sent, at her request, from Messrs. Sauvrezzy et Cie., condescended to supply taste and carpets, and all was done in splendid style. The honorable lady did not trouble herself about the expense; she never meant to pay; she never paid for anything if she could help it—it bored her. Visitors came fast enough. Some liked the change; some liked Carry, the pretty daughter of the hostess, especially as she was a reputed heiress; but above all, some liked the cook, a first-rate artiste. Still, when October set in, "Madame la Châtelaine" found it began to be difficult to amuse her guests. Old General Descamps, who had made the Russian campaign, dreaded the autumnal blasts, and shrank from encountering equinoxes; and Monsieur Adolphe, the Paris exquisite, was heard murmuring that things were very frigid at the château—both the weather and the demoiselle.

The Châtelaine found she must do something to keep the party together. A grand idea occurred to her. She would give a fête in honor of her nephew. His birthday would be on the 20th of that month; nothing could be more à propos. Her nephew was George Leslie, now Lord Kinsdale. He had succeeded to the title about a year before, and had been abroad ever since.

The late earl, Mrs. Leslie's brother-in-law, being obliged to winter in the south for his health, and being never so well as when at sea, would spend much of his time cruising in his yacht off the coasts of France and Spain. He generally took George Leslie with him, in whom, though so young, he placed great confidence, and would leave him in command for weeks together while he stayed on shore. He had left George and his yacht at Nice the last time he returned to Scotland to transact, as he said, some important business; but he died suddenly a few days after his arrival, without having had time to accomplish it.

Mrs. Leslie did not forget that, when last together, George and her daughter had seemed attached to each other; but then his prospects were very uncertain, and of course she had set her face against the intimacy. Now matters wore a different aspect, and she was desirous he should come and see them on his way to England. She had this in view when she proposed the fête in his honor. She had sent letter after letter to the ports at which he was supposed to touch, but as yet she had received no answer. Carry had once written a few lines saying, if he did come to St. Valéry on his birthday, she wished he would bring her a little Maltese cross. The one he had given her years before was broken.

Soon a letter came for her. It looked large and consequential, with the usual unnecessary weight of paper with which English people are wont to enrich the post-office at the expense of their friends. It was terrible overweight. The postmark was Brest; it had no date or signature; but Carry did not doubt for a moment from whom it came. The contents were short.

"You shall have your cross. I promise to put it myself in your hand on the day you mention, at St. Valéry. You may depend on me."

And that was all; but it was more than sufficient for Carry's mother, who had caught sight of the letter, and obtained possession of it by some ladylike stratagem.

The preparations went on with greater vigor, and the day arrived, though Lord Kinsdale did not; but the "Châte-

lin" almost forgot the individual in the preparation to do him honor. The evening came, and how few knew or thought of the wild raging of the storm without. The sound of the tempest could not be heard for the gay music. Mrs. Leslie, resplendent in jewels that ought to have been real, sailed from room to room, doing the honors with much dignity and grace.

Carry danced and sang, and did all her mother required of her; but her heart ached as the evening wore on as day had done, and no cousin came to lay the little cross in her hand. Worn out with expectation and fatigue, she made her escape from amongst the dancers, and, passing through a corridor which traversed the house, took refuge in a small drawing-room which she called her own. She felt that even the damp atmosphere of that dismal night would be a relief, after the crowded ball-room and the pent-up feelings which oppressed her; so, opening the glass-door, she stepped out on the terrace.

At this moment a dark figure approached on the gravel walk; a man wrapped in a cloak, walking heavily, as one weary and exhausted. He was passing by without looking round, when an exclamation from Carry caused him to start, and then stop opposite to her.

"George, is that you at last?" she said, and sprang forward to meet and welcome him. He did not speak, but she took his hand, and made him come in at the open door. Her gay and festive dress, as the lights in the room shone down upon it, seemed to impress him disagreeably.

"How did you get into the bay, with the sea so wild—are you wet, are you tired?" He answered her questions gloomily and shortly.

"See," she said, touching the white moss-roses in her hair, "your favorite flowers! I wore them in honor of your arrival. I knew you would come, and yet I had almost given up all hope, it is so late, nearly twelve o'clock."

Her eagerness and joy had carried her on, but there was no response from George to echo back her kind and joyous words.

"I am quite unfit to come here," he said, "where you are all keeping holiday. I am too weary. Cannot I get to my

room out of the way of this glare and glitter?"

"You will change your things and come down again?" asked Carry, considerably chilled, but not doubting that such was his intention.

"No. You had better not mention to any one that I am here. I meant to have got in quietly, only you saw me. But if I cannot be alone here to-night, I will go down to the Basse Ville again."

"As you like," said Carry, haughtily, and opening the door into the corridor. "That is your way; the servants will light you to your room and assist you."

Her cousin was passing on with an abstracted air, but he stopped, turned round, and going up to Carry took her hand, and said, "Carry, there is your cross. I never break a promise."

In another moment she was alone; but the cross was in her hand, attached to a little gold chain of beautiful workmanship. There was, as on the former cross, her initials intertwined with his. Perhaps she ought to have put it away indignantly, so completely had its donor disappointed her in this strange meeting. But she passed the little chain round her neck, and the cross was pressed against a heart full of doubts she could not solve, and affection she could not conquer. To her the events of the night were over, and all its interest centred in these last few minutes.

While these gayeties were going on at the château, a very different scene was being enacted on the beach below.

About ten o'clock the storm was at its height, the waves were beating high up on the embankment which protects the town from the sea. The wash of waters was so great that it was feared the waves would overleap the unfinished dyke, and flood the newly planted ground behind, and perhaps carry away some of the houses of many hues, decked out with balconies, which form the broken street running along the base of the hill. Suddenly a roar of waters made itself heard inside the *digue*; and a foaming torrent, carrying everything before it, came dashing over the embankment. A little fanciful-looking cottage lay exactly opposite the opening made by the fury of the waves. It stood for a short time the brunt of their attack; but they encircled the small tenement, and danced round it

in wild eddies. They sapped the foundations, and the tottering walls crumbled and fell inwards. One piercing cry rose above the din of the elements. Then the waters rushed in over the ruins, the falling of timber, the crash of the simple furniture, and all was over in a few minutes.

The tide was on the turn, it was the last effort of the receding waves, they came no higher, nor ever came so high again. Yet what had they not done? The neighbors came running towards the spot to offer help; but when they saw the state of the cottage, they dared not enter lest they should be crushed by the fall of the remaining portions of the wall. As they stood alarmed and hesitating, a young man, evidently an Englishman, hurriedly making his way through the group, seized one of the torches held by the night-watchers, and clambering over the broken wall, sprang down into the midst of the ruins.

The young mistress of the little dwelling, whom all in La Ferté believed to be a widow, calling her "*Rénée la belle veuve*," was lying without life by the bed of her only child, a boy of six years old—there, where she had so often sat counting her beads, or telling him wonderful tales of some giants or saints. The deep wound across her chest and shoulders told how she had died. It needed but one look to see that for her all hope was over. But the boy, the inmate of the little bed, was he crushed—dying—dead?

The young Englishman raised the flickering torch which threw a yellow gleam across the scene of desolation; its wavering light fell on the face of the boy—white, immovable, but, as if by a miracle, uninjured. The broken rafter which had fallen against the bed had acted as a protecting bulwark, and had screened him from the brickwork which lay around. Quickly, yet tenderly, a strong hand released him from his perilous position. The heart still beat; the delicate frame, the soft limbs, were unhurt. The young man lifted him up, and wrapping him in his cloak stepped lightly over the broken masses and carried him out in safety.

A cheer broke from the people when they saw him, but it was soon changed to a low wail, for in a few words he told them of the sad fate of the poor mother; then, without faltering one instant in the

rescue of the child, he bore him at his utmost speed up the steep hill-side to the farm de la Métairie. He went in; a quiet-looking woman was sitting by the fire, which was still burning. He stopped before it, and opening his cloak laid the boy on her arms.

Her eyes fell on the pale, motionless face; she saw the hands clenched and the limbs rigid.

"Ah, sir!" she said, "our dearest boy is dead! he was here this morning full of life and joy. How is this! *Hélas, hélas!*" and she sobbed aloud. The startled inhabitants of the farm gathered round. Some brought her coverings, some chafed the little feet, some sprinkled essences and holy water on the child's temples. The young Englishman looked on with the deepest anxiety and distress; but now his face brightened, for he was sure the hand which still lay in his made a slight movement. The lips, too, parted, and a half-sigh escaped from between them. The white eyelids quivered; another effort, and the beautiful eyes looked wonderingly forth.

At this moment other shadows darkened the threshold. Some of the men who had remained near the cottage had summoned up courage enough to fetch the body of poor *Rénée* out from the ruins. They had been afraid of risking themselves to save the living, but their faith forbade them to leave the dead unburied; so they hastily formed a "brancard" as best they could, and laying the poor mother on it bore her through wind and storm up the winding path, where she and her boy had so often gathered violets under the high trees, to the Métairie, her sister's house; and now they were about to enter.

"Stand back, for God's sake: the child must not see his mother thus!" exclaimed the Englishman, as the eyes of the boy, just recovered from his death-like swoon, turned to the doorway. But the warning came too late. There on the brancard lay "*la belle Renée*," her face uncovered; her chest and white shoulders crushed in; her black hair falling on each side of her pain-struck face. The child half-raised himself, and gazed on his mother for a moment, with bewildered eyes, through which pierced suddenly a gleam of fatal intelligence; then fell back with a shiver.

The bearers passed on into an inner chamber, and there they laid the dead *Rénée*; and the curé, who had followed them to the farm, knelt down by her side and said prayers for her soul.

The morning following that night of storms was cheerful and sunshiny. The grounds round the chateau were gay with autumnal flowers. All nature looked joyous and glad. Every branch and twig was wet with dew; and every dewdrop glistened in the sun's rays. The bay, "one while a lake, the next a waste of sand," lay with its tranquil waters unconscious of all change. A few fishermen's boats, with their white sails spread, were hovering about in the sunshine like a flight of butterflies. General Descamps and Monsieur Adolphe were walking up and down the long avenue behind the chateau, waiting for breakfast, and smoking their cigars.

"And so you really proposed last night to the *jeune demoiselle*?" the General asked, laughing, and turning to his friend.

"Proposed! Who told you so?"

"Oh! everybody."

"Everybody is wrong then," answered Monsieur Adolphe, eagerly. "I do not commit myself in that way. I may have said something to '*la maman*.'"

"Ah, well!" said the General. "English girls are not like French, whose parents settle everything. You had better ask her; but you will not succeed. *Mademoiselle* will refuse you."

"Refuse me!" M. Adolphe tried to look tall at the idea. It was not easy; for he was but five feet six inches, in very high-heeled boots. His face was handsome, so was his figure, according to French notions; large in the shoulders, a wasp-like waist, with hands and feet like a woman's. "Refuse me!" he repeated; and cast a triumphant look downwards over his person. "No one will refuse me. No '*petite Anglaise*.'"

"Stop!" said the General. "The '*petite Anglaise*' is charming. She has refused better men than you. She will be a countess before the year is out. But here she comes."

"And not alone," said M. Adolphe. "Who can that rough-looking fellow be, who is with her? These young English girls like a stroll with a man as much as any of our '*bourgeoisie*' out on a holiday."

Even the General looked a little surprised.

"She seems quite wrapped up in him too—at least, in his cloak," added Adolphe, sneeringly.

There was truth in this observation, for as they came out of the shelter of the house, the cold wind made her shiver; and her companion, taking off his cloak, drew it round her; not without some little care not to disturb a Maltese cross which hung by a gold chain round her throat. They went on a few steps without seeing that they were observed; then turned to sit down on the old stone seat under the tall fir tree, and seemed to talk earnestly. Carry was saying:

"You left the chateau again last night, after I saw you? You did not sleep there; you only returned when *Celestine* came with the eggs and milk from the *Métairie*?"

George looked down, puzzled and hesitating.

"I did not find what I wanted, what I came for, last night. Did any one see me but you?"

"No, I believe not; but what, then, did you come for, since it was evidently not to see us?" asked Carry, with something of mortification in her tone.

"I had ordered letters to be sent here for me. I was very anxious to find one."

"And did you?"

"No, not the one I wanted."

"So you went away again; and where to?"

"Do not question me," he said interrupting her, "I am in no mood to bear it."

"Unkind and selfish," began Carry, warmly. "How changed you are since —"

"Forgive me, Carry," he said, taking her hand; "but my mind is much harassed. If you knew all I wish to say, and dare not, you would not be surprised that I have brought you here to ask you one question. My peace of mind depends on it. It is in your power to—"

He paused; he pressed her hand within his. She was silent, but her breath came quick, and her heart beat double tides.

"Carry, we have been friends since the days when we were children. No one seemed to me so good, so sweet as

you." He stopped, Carry's little hand trembled, but she did not speak.

"Now we have been parted for some time, but I find you unchanged. No, I am wrong; you are dearer to me than ever. I look to you to help me in the path that lies before me. I, like my boat, have been sadly beat about by contending waves, and I cannot see my way alone. Will you consent to be my pilot?"

Again her hand trembled; her head drooped forward, and the gossamer veil fell over her agitated face. She could not muster courage to speak; she dare not let him guess the ecstasy of her spirits, as the conviction grew strong in her heart that all her aching fears and doubts were over—that he loved her, that he was asking her to be his wife.

At this moment the General and Adolphe, who had been watching the tête-à-tête from a distance, came forward. Monsieur Adolphe, who thought the rough-dressed man had enjoyed too much of the company of the "honorable mees," stepped up, and looking significantly at her companion, "hoped she had enjoyed her morning stroll in pleasant society?"

George sprang up, and brushed by the Frenchman, leaving Carry to her perplexities. But while she was still uncertain what to do or say, the breakfast-bell, which usually rang out a decorous peal, began to clamor violently. All the guests at the château assembled at the door, headed by the Châtelaine dressed most becomingly in white muslin and Valenciennes.

"My dear!" said she, rushing up to her daughter, "the whole town has been carried away in the night. The inhabitants are houseless—naked; no, not that; but you understand what I mean. They have lost all, and suffer hunger. We are leaving our breakfast to go to them en masse. General, will you be our guide?" and, taking his arm, she and her companion led the way down to La Ferté.

When they arrived on the shore, they were much amazed to find that all looked as it had done the day before. They stared at the people; the people stared at them, until an old sailor pointed onwards, and, passing some trees and turning a corner, they came in view of poor

Rénée's cottage, or at least of what was left of it; and so desolate did the miserable ruins look, that even the hardest-hearted of the party, who we may fairly say was Mrs. Leslie herself, burst into tears, and wept most becomingly; then smoothed her ruffled brow, and looked about her, the picture of woe and wonderment.

"Mais voyez donc," said Adolphe, in a low voice, to the General. "There is our friend of la haut—our pilot! I know he is one, for I heard him say something to Mees Cary just now about being one. See, there he is in the midst of the ruins. What can he be doing?"

It certainly was the same "pilot." He was evidently looking for something, and was too intent upon his search to notice the arrival of the party from the château. But he now apparently succeeded in his object, for he pulled out of a crushed "bureau" a curiously carved box, with initials in silver on the lid. The General called out to him, in an authoritative tone, to come out of that dangerous place, if he did not want to be buried alive. "You seem," he added with a look at the box, "to care more for your pocket than your life."

But the "honorable miladi" no sooner caught sight of him, as he issued from the ruins, than she rushed at him, with a little scream of joy; and, kissing him heartily on both cheeks, introduced him to her friends as her dear nephew—the hero of last night's fête—the young Lord Kinsdale.

This theatrical announcement seemed to be agreeable to no one. M. Adolphe turned yellow, then red, shrugged his shoulders, cast a look of profound disgust around him, and whispering an adieu to the General, who looked provokingly knowing, walked off like a man who had been ill-treated, and took the first train back to Paris; bearing ever after a decided antipathy to English girls in general, and to Mees Carry in particular.

George seemed almost as much surprised as Adolphe himself, though he did not go off in a solitary state. He received the salutations of the company with a constrained air; then turning to Carry, who took the arm he offered, he led her up the path to the Métairie, leaving Mrs. Leslie lost in astonishment

at his sudden appearance, and equally sudden departure. But he had taken Carry with him, so she contented herself with a French excuse to French people, "Lord Kinsdale is English, therefore he must be eccentric."

Meanwhile George walked on in silence with Carry, looking pale and agitated; and she, remembering their last interview, did not like to be the first to speak. When they came to the *Métairie*, he took her into and across the wide room.

"Carry," he said, "I owe no explanations to your mother; but you at least must know the truth;" and drawing aside the curtains of a little bed, which stood in an alcove, he pointed to the beautiful child of poor *Rénée*, who lay there in a deep slumber.

"Look at that poor suffering child. He is to be the future Lord Kinsdale."

Carry started. There was both consternation and reproach in her voice as she exclaimed, "Then he is your son; and you must have been married all these years and have not told us. Can *Rénée* have been your wife?"

"Good heavens! Carry, how have I led you to imagine such a thing? Surely you know that I love you, and you only. How could I have married *Rénée*? she was the late Earl's wife, and this is their son. The rightful heir, instead of me. I was informed of this in a letter written to me the day before he died, but which was only lately found in his papers, and sent on to me. His object in going to Scotland was to prepare everything for acknowledging his marriage; but all his plans were frustrated by his sudden death. He had left *Rénée* and his son in the south of France, provided with every comfort, and promising to return shortly; but they heard of him no more. After waiting some months they found their way to St. Valéry, to be near her family, who live here at the *Métairie*."

"And have you the proofs of this marriage?"

"Yes. I only wanted a few indispensable papers which *Rénée* had with her, and which were in the box I sought for, and found just now in the ruins."

"Then you have risked your life, not only to save the child, as I was told by the people down there, but also to secure these papers, which will deprive you of rank and fortune?"

"I lose more than rank and fortune, Carry; I lose you. Your mother would have given you to Lord Kinsdale; she will never allow you to marry your cousin, when he is only George Leslie again."

"Yet when you came to me this morning—" Carry hesitated.

"Did I not tell you my path was beset with difficulties, and you alone could be my pilot? I must go to England to place all these documents in the hands of our family lawyers. I must relinquish everything I hold most dear. But I could not do this without seeing you—without some token from you that you thought me right. And before I start on my solitary path, let me hear you wish me God-speed."

"Oh, George," she answered, "all you have decided on is most right, most honorable. But though this morning, when I thought you were Lord Kinsdale, I dared not own how much I loved, now I can—I do. You need not relinquish me because you are only George Leslie once more. I will be yours whenever you will claim me."

Her words rekindled the hopes he had put aside forever, and at once broke down his resolution to give her up. With most earnest and devoted love they plighted their troth, and sweet words came apace. Still the time for his departure had arrived; his yacht had to be at sea with the next tide, but before he went he claimed from her one solemn promise: for pity, for justice' sake, to guard the child from all harm. For how deeply would his honor be stained if any evil should befall him while under his keeping! The promise was given, and George was gone.

Carry felt her heart bound up in her little charge. For the two following days she was constantly with him. On the morning of the next, the day of his mother's funeral, she went down early, taking him some flowers he had asked for the night before. She found him lying, apparently in a sort of torpor. He took no notice, except to hold out his hand for the flowers, and utter a few broken words. She stayed with him until the family returned from the funeral, and then left him with *Celestine*, poor *Rénée*'s sister. In the evening she went again, and found *Celestine* had

quitted her post by the bed, and had shifted her seat to the fire. The night was cold, and she had felt shivery and chilly after the funeral.

"And the child?" asked Carry.

"Oh! he had been moaning and murmuring for a long time, something about his mother, and their taking her away. Then he fell into a deep sleep, and so, I think, did I."

"Then stay here and warm yourself," said Carry; "I will sit by him for a while." She went to the bed, and, putting aside the curtains, advanced her hand quietly to feel if the little fellow's head was hot. A terrible outcry startled Celestine. Carry sprang towards her, white as death.

"Oh, Celestine! the child!"

"Is he dead, mademoiselle?"

"He is gone!"

She seized the light: a moment's search showed he was not in the room. All the doors were fastened, except the one which opened out towards the church, by which she had entered.

"The churchyard!" cried Carry, almost with a scream. "He knows all. He has gone there to his mother."

Her woman's instinct was right. The two girls dashed along the path, Carry far outstripping Celestine. A woman met her coming from the churchyard. "Have you seen any one there—a little child?" asked Carry.

"Don't go on, mademoiselle," said the woman; "Rénée la belle was buried there to-day, and her ghost is sitting on the new-made grave with flowers in its hand, and moaning piteously."

"It is no ghost; it is her child," said Carry, and she flew on, hoping to find the miserable little wanderer. But when she came to the stone stile which opened into the churchyard, the white crosses were all she could see.

"Oh, mademoiselle," said Celestine, running up, "I have just met the sexton's little daughter! She says she saw him, and spoke to him, and begged him to go home. But he only cried more bitterly, and said, 'His mother was not in the churchyard; the waters had washed her away. He must find her and lay the flowers in the deep wound in her chest;' and he ran on towards the sands. He must have quite lost his senses."

"To the sands!" said Carry. "Then we must, indeed, follow him quickly. You run round by the street and I will go straight on," and she continued her way down to the river-side.

There was a light, and some sailors near it.

"Had they seen a little boy?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, one had come, maybe a quarter of an hour before, and had said his mother was waiting for him out there on the other side, and had asked them to row him across, and they had done as he wanted."

"He has no mother," said Carry. "I must go to him. Pray take me across after him." They did so willingly, but cautioned her not to loiter on the sands, as the tide was coming in.

She had hardly gone many steps when she caught sight of him at some distance from her. He seemed hesitating which way to go; but before she could get near him, the sound of the waves which were rolling in with the coming tide struck upon his ear. He turned and fled along the sands, with a speed which the growing darkness made it impossible for Carry at once to overtake him. A terrible panic came over her. The sea was on her track, closing in upon her with its relentless tide. She was now amongst the dissected fragments of land which border the bay, always unsafe, but now channelled in and out with water. She found herself almost surrounded. One way alone was still open towards firm ground; but on the other side, away where the sea had already invaded the land more rapidly, she saw the white gleaming figure of the poor boy.

Turning from the only path which led to safety, she crossed the dangerous eddies which separated them, and reached the place where he stood. His limbs, paralyzed with cold, could barely support him. He saw her, and stretched out his hands toward her. "Ma mère, c'est toi?" he whispered, and his cold lips were pressed to hers. She would not undeceive him; it was a moment of ecstasy for him. But poor Carry felt the sea splashing round them; one moment more and the waves, washing over them, carried them away. Her last effort was to clasp the child to her bosom. The drowning girl could only

raise one despairing cry, and the stifling waters closed over her.

But happily, before she sank, one bent upon saving her was close at hand with a small boat and two strong rowers; guided by her cry, he had been able to reach the spot in time to catch her by her white garments, as she floated by on the dark waters, and to draw her and her now, alas! lifeless burden into the boat. The oars glanced like lightning through the waters as they bore them back to the town.

George Leslie, on arriving at Dover, had received a hurried note from the Châtelaine, saying that, as all her friends were going, she intended to leave St. Valéry at once, and would be glad if he would meet her in London.

Not knowing what might happen to the child he had intrusted to Carry if her mother took her away, he thought it best to return immediately and make fresh arrangements; so leaving his yacht at Dover he recrossed, and hastened on by train to St. Valéry. He had just arrived, and was on his way to the Métairie, when he met Celestine full of terror and dismay, from whom he learnt all that had happened.

He instantly realized the danger Carry and the child were in. Scattering money and promises, he obtained instant help. And well it was he made no delay, or Carry would have been lost to him forever. As for the little child, the object of so much solicitude, this time he was doomed. All the efforts of the courageous girl had failed to save him.

The little spirit must have departed with the first waves which washed over them. But her self-devotion was not altogether useless; for her kisses were on his lips, and intense joy was in his heart, and he believed he was with his mother. This must have been his last sensation; and many tears were shed by loving friends as they laid him in the little grave by her side.

Six months after a carriage drove up to Kinsdale Castle; a lady and gentleman got out; they entered quietly and silently. The young wife—for a golden circlet glistened on her left hand—leant on her husband's arm, who looked down upon her with unspeakable tenderness. It was George Leslie, whom all now justly recognized as the Earl of Kinsdale, and Carry his wife. They had been married some few weeks, and were now coming home. But as in their first days of sorrow, so now still a shadow would often pass over their enjoyment. They could not forget "*Rénée la belle*" and her beautiful boy, and their untimely deaths. But no one knew of the secret tie which had bound them to the late Earl; it was no longer necessary to divulge it.

The Châtelaine knows but little of what really took place. She declares to her friends that she is almost as well pleased as if she had been a countess herself. She plumes herself on her wonderful sagacity, and says her daughter would never have been one but for her and her fête at the Château de Vimerêt.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM has had a wonderful history. It was "the city of the Great King" where God recorded His name and manifested His presence and glory in the shechinah. As the sacred historic centre of the world in Bible lands Jerusalem must always be a place of surpassing interest to all readers and students of the ancient records. Men of high eminence in Church and State and in the world of science have become deeply interested in the researches and explorations in Palestine, and especially in Jerusalem, and have formed an association in London for the purpose of carrying them on, or in other words to disentomb ancient

Jerusalem from its grave of centuries. Having spent some time in Jerusalem in the spring of 1867, soon after these explorations were begun, we have felt a growing interest in their progress and expected results. More recently we have spent some time in the Palestine exploration office, No. 9 Pall Mall, London, examining the reports and charts, which has added so much to our interest, that we hope to perform an acceptable service to our readers by extending the information on the pages of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*. We think the subject can hardly fail of interest to preachers of the Gospel and other students of the sacred

records. We propose to lay before the readers of the *ECLECTIC* brief sketches and reports of the explorations and discoveries by the officers of the company, in a few successive numbers, such as may be of interest concerning ancient Jerusalem buried for so many centuries from human view.—*ED. ECLECTIC.*

LONDON, June, 1869.

A short sketch of the topography of Jerusalem may aid those who are not familiar with the subject in understanding the accompanying report. Jerusalem is a mountain city. It was pre-eminently so to the Jew; for, with the exception of Samaria and Hebron, the other great cities within his ken, those of Egypt and Mesopotamia, Damascus, Tyre, Gaza, Jezreel, Jericho, were emphatically cities of the plain. The Temple pavement stood some 2,400 feet above the Mediterranean, distant 25 miles as the crow flies; some 3,700 feet above the Dead Sea, distant 12 miles. The Bible, indeed, teems with allusions to this local peculiarity of its site as a mountain city. The plateau on which the city stands is of tertiary limestone; the strata are usually nearly horizontal, and the landscape shows generally a succession of plateaux and flat-topped hills, broken here and there by deep narrow gullies, and generally a marked resemblance can be traced to the characteristic scenery of parts of the limestone districts of our own country.

At a point where the city stands a tongue of land is enclosed between two of these ravines, and on this the modern, like the ancient city, is built. The easternmost of these ravines, the valley of Jehoshaphat or of the Kedron, has a course nearly north and south; the westernmost, the valley of Hinnom, after running a short distance to the southward, makes a bold sweep to the east, and forming the southern limit to the tongue of land above mentioned, joins the valley of the Kedron, not far from the Beer Eyub, or Well of Joab. Both ravines commence as a mere depression of the ground, but their floor sinks rapidly, and their sides, encumbered as they are now with the accumulated *débris* of centuries, and the ruins of buildings thrown down by successive invaders or domestic factions, are still steep and difficult of access. In ancient times the bare rock must have shown itself in many places, and in more

than one place the researches of Mr. Warren have shown that the natural difficulties of the ground were artificially increased in ancient times by the scarping of the rock surface. Hence we find Jerusalem to have been at all times, before the invention of gunpowder, looked upon as a fortress of great strength; on three sides—the east, the south, and the west—the encircling ravines formed an impregnable obstacle to an assailant; the attack could only be directed against the northern face of the city, where, as we are informed by Josephus, the absence of natural defences was at the time of the famous siege by Titus supplied by three distinct lines of wall. To determine the actual course of these walls is, notwithstanding the detailed description of them in Josephus, one of the most difficult problems before us.

Besides these two principal ravines a third ravine of less importance splits the tongue of land into two unequal portions. This is the Tyropæon valley, the valley of the cheesemakers, or, as some would have it, of the Tyrian merchants. A marked depression of the ground runs from north to south through the midst of the modern city from the Damascus gate to a point in the Kedron valley somewhat north of its junction with the valley of Hinnom, forming in its course the boundary between the Mahometan, and the Christian and Jewish quarters of the modern city. At one part of its course it forms the western boundary of the Haram es-Shereef. This depression has generally been identified in its whole course with the Tyropæon valley of Josephus, though Dr. Robinson and others would place this latter along the line of a depression of the ground running between the western or Jaffa gate and the Haram es-Shereef. All, however, are agreed in identifying the lower portion which runs under the west wall of the Haram, and thence to the Kedron, with the Tyropæon; and Mr. Warren's researches have shown that in ancient times this valley was much deeper than at present, and that its ancient course was to the eastward of its present course. It is filled up with *débris* 30 feet, 50 feet, and even 85 feet in depth.

The city being thus split in the midst into two ridges by this valley, it may be observed, by a reference to the Ordnance

Map of Jerusalem, that the western ridge is the most elevated and most important. Most authorities are agreed in placing on some portion of this ridge the original city of Jebus, captured by King David, and the Upper City of Josephus. All again are agreed in fixing Ophel on the end of the tongue of land on which stands the Haram es-Shereef, and in making the site of the Temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod, and of the castle of Antonia, either coincide with or occupy some portion of the Haram itself.

But here all agreement may be said to stop. There are differences of opinion whether we should fix the Mount Zion of the Bible and the Mount Zion of the writers of Christian times on the same or on opposite hills, whether the name is to be identified with the eastern or the western ridge. The exact position of the Temple is matter of controversy; the site of the Acra of Josephus, and the Acra of the Book of Maccabees, of Bezetha, the fourth quarter and last added suburb of the city; the position of the Towers Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, and of the Tower Psephinus, which if determined would go far to settle the disputed question of the course of the second and third walls of Josephus; the exact extent of the city in the time of our Saviour—are matters of keen dispute, which can only be settled by patient and systematic burrowing into the *débris* produced by many successive demolitions of the city at those points where the absence of inhabited houses renders it possible to excavate at all. And upon the decision eventually arrived at on these points depends the settlement of what is the most difficult, as it must be by far the most interesting, problem to us all—viz., whether the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre does or does not cover the true sepulchre of our Saviour; if not, whether the true site can yet be recovered; and if so, in what quarter we should look for it. The manner in which the settlement of the points in dispute affects this last question, and the various

opinions which have been advanced as to them, is too large a question to be entered upon now. Our subscribers will find most of the opinions held noticed in Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," the Rev. G. Williams's "Holy City," and Mr. Fergusson's paper on the "Topography of Jerusalem," in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

Suffice it to say, that Mr. Williams and his followers regard the present site of the Holy Sepulchre as genuine; Mr. Fergusson considers the octagonal-domed building in the middle of the Haram, known as the Kubbet es-Sacra, to be the Church of the Anastasis, built by Constantine, over what he believed to be the site of the Sepulchre; while Dr. Robinson, agreeing with Mr. Fergusson in discrediting the present traditional site, is not prepared to point out a substitute. Again, the Temple of Herod is identified by Monsieur de Vogüé with the whole of the present Haram enclosure, the castle of Antonia being placed on the north, where the modern Turkish barracks stand; Mr. Williams places the Temple around the Kubbet es-Sacra, which he considers to be the site of the high altar, regarding the southern portion of the enclosure as of later date. Mr. Fergusson places the Temple on a square of 600 feet, of which the southern and western sides respectively would be formed by a length of wall extending for 600 feet east and north of the present south-west angle of the Haram, and Antonia immediately to the north of it. Amidst all these conflicting theories on these and other points, systematic inquiry into facts by competent and independent parties is urgently needed, and such are the agents and such the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

It is most gratifying to find that the labors of Lieutenant Warren are not only properly valued on the other side of the Atlantic, but that they are also likely to meet with solid assistance, as well as sympathy.

Quarterly Review.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT.*

Two conflicting systems of philosophy

* The Human Intellect; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

are at the present day hotly contending for the mastery, both in Great Britain and America, and it is a matter of no small moment which of the two shall

have the greatest share in cultivating the mind and shaping the thinking of the next generation. The influence of these schools reaches, directly or indirectly, every man of intellectual culture, and their practical outgoings penetrate the lower strata of human society. There is no denying that the influence of Mill and his followers and fellow-laborers is at present in the ascendant in England, not because the balance of truth is on their side, but because talent has turned the scale. The school is represented by a formidable phalanx of men, who, though unintentionally, yet have most effectually co-operated in establishing the predominance of sensational philosophy. Their thoughts are bold and vigorous, and their exposition of principles lucid and fascinating. This ascendancy has become more marked since Mr. Mill's dexterous attack, which was directed with so much marked force and acuteness against the weak and vulnerable portions of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy; by which, in the opinion of many, the latter was dethroned from the proud position of being the leader of philosophic thought. All that the disciples and followers of Sir W. Hamilton have done, has been to defend their chief with reference to a few of the positions assailed; but no attempt has been made to correct, corroborate, and complete the whole system. We, therefore, greatly rejoice at the publication of the present volume, which surveys afresh the whole field, and aims at placing old truths on a more secure foundation, completing what, by its predecessors, was left defective, and correcting what was erroneous. The author freely admits the merits of his opponents and the errors of his friends. To account for the form, as well as for much of the matter of the present work, it is necessary to keep in mind that it was prepared primarily and directly, as a textbook for colleges and high schools, and, secondarily, as a manual for more advanced students of psychology and speculative philosophy.

France and Germany abound in manuals of mental philosophy, representing every system and standpoint; America has several of considerable merit; but in England the only one embodying anything like a complete summary of the latest results of speculative thought is

Professor Bain's "Compendium of Psychology and Ethics," written exclusively from the sensational point of view, and expressly adapted for examinations in these subjects. Yet nowhere is such a work more needed, as far as the intuitive school is concerned. The important contributions to mental science of Morell, Mansel, and McCosh, are very fragmentary. Sir W. Hamilton never undertook fully to digest his views into a system, and to arrange them into one orderly and connected whole. They are contained in articles contributed to reviews, in learned and elaborate notes and appendices, in numerous memoranda written at widely-different intervals, and in early and hastily-composed lectures, with which later developments and modifications were never incorporated. It is not only to be regretted that neither of these, nor all put together, present us with an outline of his system, but that from the circumstances under which they were prepared, they contain many inconsistencies, and even contradictions, which confound the tyro and almost defy the most skilful to disentangle. While we consider Hamilton's contributions as invaluable in themselves, yet, taken as a system of mental science, they are singularly incomplete. For these and other reasons, we regard the volume before us as rendering a most important and timely service.

A manual of philosophy should neither go beyond the capacity of ordinary students at this stage of their studies, nor fall below their demand, through lack of thorough and scientific treatment; it should present as far as possible the science of mind in its completeness and symmetry, and should include the latest scientific results. It should make the student acquainted, not simply with the different systems and doctrines, but also with their authors and history. In arrangement, it should be methodical and lucid, and in style concise and perspicuous. We are happy to say that the present work possesses these qualifications in an eminent degree, and very successfully endeavors to meet the wants of students at all stages of their study.

As regards matters of detail, we have space only to indicate the author's opinions on some of the points, with reference to which different schools and systems

divide and diverge. And, first, with respect to the origin of our notions, ideas, and beliefs—do they come wholly from experience, or are there among them, prior to and independent of all experience of the world without, any springing up from the structure of the mind itself, and necessarily assumed in all its processes? On this point the author most emphatically declares himself on the side of Hamilton, against Mill and the Associational School. Among the original furniture of the mind, he classes the reality of the distinction of substance and attribute; of the causative relation; of time and space, and the relations they involve; of uniformity in the indications and operations of nature; and of the adaptation of the beings and powers of nature to a certain end. These several points are elaborated with great skill and acumen. Dr. Porter clearly shows how and where Sir W. Hamilton went astray. A second landmark between the different systems is the theory of perception. The question is, are we, in an act of perception, cognizant of the object itself directly and immediately, or only of the sensations produced in us by the object? Sir W. Hamilton holds the former, and J. S. Mill the latter. Here Professor Porter, although opposed to the sensational school, takes important exceptions to Hamilton's doctrine. He draws a distinction, not simply between sensation and perception, but also between what he calls the non-egos of perception, of which there are three, viz., "the not-body, as distinguished from the body and soul united; the body, as distinguished from the soul; and the sensorium, as distinguished from the soul as pure spirit." He admits an immediate perception of the last, or intra-organic alone, but holds that our perception of the others, or the extra-organic, is acquired by combining the muscular and tactual perceptions. For the clear and elaborate statement of the doctrine and its uses, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

A third point of contention is the theory of causation. Here, again, there are vital differences. Causation, according to Mill, does not imply any essential dependency, efficiency, or force, but simply uniform succession or constant conjunction, and is the result of associ-

ation. According to Hamilton, it implies more than is involved in constant conjunction; it springs, however, "not from any power, but from the impotency of the mind"—from its inability to conceive either the absolute commencement of anything, or its infinite non-commencement. Our author subjects both doctrines to the most destructive criticism, and clearly exposes the unsoundness of the reasoning on which they are sustained. He points out that Sir W. Hamilton's theory is only a particular instance of the more general "principle of the conditioned," and is to be traced ultimately to the same fundamental error. He shows, by an exhaustive treatment, that the law of causation arises out of the *positive* necessity of the mind, and meets all the criteria of necessity, certainty, and universality. With reference to the unconditioned, he first of all exposes the confusion and inconsistencies in the writings of Hamilton and Mansel, as regards the meaning and application of the terms infinite, absolute, and unconditioned; and the fatal error of placing faith and reason in perpetual conflict. Then, having defined what the *absolute* is *not*, he asserts that the absolute and the infinite *is knowable by a finite mind*; and, against Spencer, he affirms not only that such a mind can know *that it is*, but that it can know *what it is*; that our knowledge of the absolute is real and proper, though not adequate and exhaustive; and that in both the finite and infinite there is a common mystery.

The last subject that we shall enumerate at present is the doctrine of design or final cause. Professor Porter, having examined the nature and given a detailed history of the doctrine, maintains that the proposition affirming final cause is a first principle, an intuitive truth; that it is not in any sense dependent on observation, but is an original and necessary belief or category; that, so far from being derived from induction, it is the necessary ground on which induction itself depends for its validity and application. This view is enforced with a power and acuteness which, to say the least, render it worthy of the most careful consideration.

There are several other subjects of equal importance, to which we can only refer our readers, *e. g.*, the admirable

analysis of consciousness and its functions, the exhaustive investigation of the logical operations of the mind, and the masterly handling of the so-called primary and secondary qualities of matter.

This volume of 700 pages (which, if printed throughout in ordinary type, would more than double its present size) is most clear and methodical in its arrangement. It begins with an introduction on psychology and the soul; then follows the treatise on the human intellect, divided into four parts, viz., presentation, representation, thought, intuition. Being primarily designed for a textbook, its leading definitions, propositions, and arguments are stated in large type and in carefully-numbered sections. This portion is intended for class-room purposes. Under each section are placed, in smaller type, concrete illustrations and practical applications of the most important topics of each section; and under these again, in a type still smaller, is given a large amount of historical, critical, and controversial matter; and this we regard the most valuable of all. It contains condensed comprehensive summaries of the most important systems, their authors, history, and criticism. To this portion of the work the mature philosopher will gladly turn, to freshen his memory and test his knowledge. It will also be of immense service to the student who is widely and deeply read in the different schools and systems, but is unable to determine their exact relations to each other and the

fundamental principles on which they rest. Having read these *summaries*, they will no longer stand in isolation, but will assume their essential order in the development of thought. Indeed, we feel that the present work will take the proper place of a manual, which is not suited so much to the beginner as to one who has made considerable progress. Its use is to present the reader with a conspectus of results rather than to furnish him with all his details.

This volume, we are informed, is the fruit of thirty years' patient and painstaking labor; and we believe that this labor has not been thrown away. It is evidently written with supreme reverence for truth, and is a work pre-eminently calculated to inform the mind, provoke thought, and challenge criticism; and, above all, to foster a nobler and more elevated feeling by the candor, generosity, and Christian spirit which characterize the whole. We had jotted down some criticisms, but, in view of the transcendent merit of the work, we gladly pass them by. We trust that Professor Porter intends at no distant period to present us with a similar treatment of the emotions and the will, a field in which there is more ample scope for improvement, and for rendering still higher service to the truth. We sincerely hope that the favorable reception of the present work may hasten the appearance of another, comprising the remaining powers of the human mind.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "FULL MOON" AT ST. DIDDULPH'S.

THE receipt of Mrs. Trevelyan's letter on that Monday morning was a great surprise both to Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse. There was no time for any consideration, no opportunity for delaying their arrival till they should have again referred the matter to Mr. Trevelyan. Their two nieces were to be with them on that evening, and even the telegraph wires, if employed with such purpose, would not be quick enough to stop their coming. The party, as they knew, would have left Nuncombe Putney before the arrival of the letter at the parsonage of St. Did-

dulph's. There would have been nothing in this to have caused vexation, had it not been decided between Trevelyan and Mr. Outhouse that Mrs. Trevelyan was not to find a home at the parsonage. Mr. Outhouse was greatly afraid of being so entangled in the matter as to be driven to take the part of the wife against the husband; and Mrs. Outhouse, though she was full of indignation against Trevelyan, was at the same time not free from anger in regard to her own niece. She more than once repeated that most unjust of all proverbs, which declares that there is never smoke without fire, and asserted broadly that she did not like to be with

people who could not live at home, husbands with wives, and wives with husbands, in a decent, respectable manner. Nevertheless the preparations went on busily, and when the party arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, two rooms had been prepared close to each other, one for the two sisters, and the other for the child and nurse, although poor Mr. Outhouse himself was turned out of his own little chamber in order that the accommodation might be given. They were all very hot, very tired, and very dusty, when the cab reached the parsonage. There had been the preliminary drive from Nuncombe Putney to Lessboro'. Then the railway journey from thence to the Waterloo Bridge Station had been long. And it had seemed to them that the distance from the station to St. Diddulph's had been endless. When the cabman was told whither he was to go, he looked doubtfully at his poor old horse, and then at the luggage which he was required to pack on the top of his cab, and laid himself out to his work with a full understanding that it would not be accomplished without considerable difficulty. The cabman made it twelve miles from Waterloo Bridge to St. Diddulph's, and suggested that extra passengers and parcels would make the fare up to ten and six. Had he named double as much Mrs. Trevelyan would have assented. So great was the fatigue, and so wretched the occasion, that there was sobbing and crying in the cab, and when at last the parsonage was reached, even the nurse was hardly able to turn her hand to anything. The poor wanderers were made welcome on that evening without a word of discussion as to the cause of their coming. "I hope you are not angry with us, Uncle Oliphant," Emily Trevelyan had said, with tears in her eyes. "Angry with you, my dear;—for coming to our house! How could I be angry with you?" Then the travellers were hurried up-stairs by Mrs. Outhouse, and the master of the parsonage was left alone for a while. He certainly was not angry, but he was ill at ease, and unhappy. His guests would probably remain with him for six or seven months. He had absolutely refused all payment from Mr. Trevelyan, but, nevertheless, he was a poor man. It is impossible to conceive that a clergyman in such a parish as St.

Diddulph's, without a private income, should not be a poor man. It was but a hand-to-mouth existence which he lived, paying his way as his money came to him, and sharing the proceeds of his parish with the poor. He was always more or less in debt. That was quite understood among the tradesmen. And the butcher who trusted him, though he was a bad churchman, did not look upon the parson's account as he did on other debts. He would often hint to Mr. Outhouse that a little money ought to be paid, and then a little money would be paid. But it was never expected that the parsonage bill should be settled. In such a household the arrival of four guests, who were expected to remain for an almost indefinite number of months, could not be regarded without dismay. On that first evening, Emily and Nora did come down to tea, but they went up again to their rooms almost immediately afterwards; and Mr. Outhouse found that many hours of solitary meditation were allowed to him on the occasion. "I suppose your brother has been told all about it," he said to his wife, as soon as they were together on that evening.

"Yes;—he has been told. She did not write to her mother till after she had got to Nuncombe Putney. She did not like to speak about her troubles while there was a hope that things might be made smooth."

"You can't blame her for that, my dear."

"But there was a month lost, or nearly. Letters go only once a month. And now they can't hear from Marmaduke or Bessy,"—Lady Rowley's name was Bessy,—"till the beginning of September."

"That will be in a fortnight."

"But what can my brother say to them? He will suppose that they are still down in Devonshire."

"You don't think he will come at once?"

"How can he, my dear? He can't come without leave, and the expense would be ruinous. They would stop his pay, and there would be all manner of evils. He is to come in the spring, and they must stay here till he comes." The parson of St. Diddulph's sighed and groaned. Would it not have been almost better that he should have put his pride in his pocket, and have consented to take Mr. Trevelyan's money?

On the second morning Hugh Stanbury called at the Parsonage, and was closeted for a while with the parson. Nora had heard his voice in the passage, and every one in the house knew who it was that was talking to Mr. Outhouse, in the little back parlor that was called a study. Nora was full of anxiety. Would he ask to see them,—to see her? And why was he there so long? "No doubt he has brought a message from Mr. Trevelyan," said her sister. "I dare say he will send word that I ought not to have come to my uncle's house." Then, at last, both Mr. Outhouse and Hugh Stanbury came into the room in which they were all sitting. The greetings were cold and unsatisfactory, and Nora barely allowed Hugh to touch the tip of her fingers. She was very angry with him, and yet she knew that her anger was altogether unreasonable. That he had caused her to refuse a marriage that had so much to attract her was not his sin;—not that; but that, having thus overpowered her by his influence, he should then have stopped. And yet Nora had told herself twenty times that it was quite impossible that she should become Hugh Stanbury's wife;—and that, were Hugh Stanbury to ask her, it would become her to be indignant with him, for daring to make a proposition so outrageous. And now she was sick at heart, because he did not speak to her!

He had, of course, come to St. Didulph's with a message from Trevelyan, and his secret was soon told to them all. Trevelyan himself was up-stairs in the sanded parlor of the Full Moon public-house, round the corner. Mrs. Trevelyan, when she heard this, clasped her hands and bit her lips. What was he there for? If he wanted to see her, why did he not come boldly to the parsonage? But it soon appeared that he had no desire to see his wife. "I am to take Loney to him," said Hugh Stanbury, "if you will allow me."

"What;—to be taken away from me!" exclaimed the mother. But Hugh assured her that no such idea had been formed; that he would have concerned himself in no such stratagem, and that he would himself undertake to bring the boy back again within an hour. Emily was, of course, anxious to be informed what other message was to be conveyed to her;

but there was no other message—no message either of love or of instruction.

"Mr. Stanbury," said the parson, "has left something in my hands for you." This "something" was given over to her as soon as Stanbury had left the house, and consisted of cheques for various small sums, amounting in all to £200. "And he hasn't said what I am to do with it?" Emily asked of her uncle. Mr. Outhouse declared that the cheques had been given to him without any instructions on that head. Mr. Trevelyan had simply expressed his satisfaction that his wife should be with her uncle and aunt, had sent the money, and had desired to see the child.

The boy was got ready, and Hugh walked with him in his arms round the corner, to the Full Moon. He had to pass by the bar, and the barmaid and the potboy looked at him very hard. "There's a young 'ooman has to do with that ere little game," said the potboy. "And it's two to one the young 'ooman has the worst of it," said the barmaid. "They mostly does," said the potboy, not without some feeling of pride in the immunities of his sex. "Here he is," said Hugh, as he entered the parlor. "My boy, there's papa." The child at this time was more than a year old, and could crawl about and use his own legs with the assistance of a finger to his little hand, and could utter a sound which the fond mother interpreted to mean papa; for with all her hot anger against her husband, the mother was above all things anxious that her child should be taught to love his father's name. She would talk of her separation from her husband as though it must be permanent; she would declare to her sister how impossible it was that they should ever again live together; she would repeat to herself over and over the tale of the injustice that had been done to her, assuring herself that it was out of the question that she should ever pardon the man; but yet, at the bottom of her heart, there was a hope that the quarrel should be healed before her boy would be old enough to understand the nature of quarrelling. Trevelyan took the child on to his knee, and kissed him; but the poor little fellow, startled by his transference from one male set of arms to another, confused by the strangeness of the room,

and by the absence of things familiar to his sight, burst out into loud tears. He had stood the journey round the corner in Hugh's arms manfully, and, though he had looked about him with very serious eyes, as he passed through the bar, he had borne that, and his carriage up the stairs; but when he was transferred to his father, whose air, as he took the boy, was melancholy and lugubrious in the extreme, the poor little fellow could endure no longer a mode of treatment so unusual, and, with a grimace which for a moment or two threatened the coming storm, burst out with an infantile howl. "That's how he has been taught," said Trevelyan.

"Nonsense," said Stanbury. "He's not been taught at all. It's Nature."

"Nature that he should be afraid of his own father! He did not cry when he was with you."

"No;—as it happened, he did not. I played with him when I was at Nuncombe; but, of course, one can't tell when a child will cry, and when it won't."

"My darling, my dearest, my own son!" said Trevelyan, caressing the child, and trying to comfort him; but the poor little fellow only cried the louder. It was now nearly two months since he had seen his father, and, when age is counted by months only, almost everything may be forgotten in six weeks. "I suppose you must take him back again," said Trevelyan, sadly.

"Of course, I must take him back again. Come along, Louey, my boy."

"It is cruel;—very cruel," said Trevelyan. "No man living could love his child better than I love mine;—or, for the matter of that, his wife. It is very cruel."

"The remedy is in your own hands, Trevelyan," said Stanbury, as he marched off with the boy in his arms.

Trevelyan had now become so accustomed to being told by everybody that he was wrong, and was at the same time so convinced that he was right, that he regarded the perversity of his friends as a part of the persecution to which he was subjected. Even Lady Milborough, who objected to Colonel Osborne quite as strongly as did Trevelyan himself, even she blamed him now, telling him that he had done

wrong to separate himself from his wife. Mr. Bideawhile, the old family lawyer, was of the same opinion. Trevelyan had spoken to Mr. Bideawhile as to the expediency of making some lasting arrangement for a permanent maintenance for his wife; but the attorney had told him that nothing of the kind could be held to be lasting. It was clearly the husband's duty to look forward to a reconciliation, and Mr. Bideawhile became quite severe in the tone of rebuke which he assumed. Stanbury treated him almost as though he were a madman. And as for his wife herself,—when she wrote to him she would not even pretend to express any feeling of affection. And yet, as he thought, no man had ever done more for a wife. When Stanbury had gone with the child, he sat waiting for him in the parlor of the public-house, as miserable a man as one could find. He had promised himself something that should be akin to pleasure in seeing his boy; but it had been all disappointment and pain. What was it that they expected him to do? What was it that they desired? His wife had behaved with such indiscretion as almost to have compromised his honor; and in return for that he was to beg her pardon, confess himself to have done wrong, and allow her to return in triumph! That was the light in which he regarded his own position; but he promised to himself that let his own misery be what it might he would never so degrade him. The only person who had been true to him was Bozzle. Let them all look to it. If there were any further intercourse between his wife and Colonel Osborne, he would take the matter into open court, and put her away publicly, let Mr. Bideawhile say what he might. Bozzle should see to that; and as to himself, he would take himself out of England and hide himself abroad. Bozzle should know his address, but he would give it to no one else. Nothing on earth should make him yield to a woman who had ill-treated him—nothing but confession and promise of amendment on her part. If she would acknowledge and promise, then he would forgive all, and the events of the last four months should never again be mentioned by him. So resolving he sat and waited till Stanbury should return to him.

When Stanbury got back to the parsonage with the boy he had nothing to do but to take his leave. He would fain have asked permission to come again, could he have invented any reason for doing so. But the child was taken from him at once by its mother, and he was left alone with Mr. Outhouse. Nora Rowley did not even show herself, and he hardly knew how to express sympathy and friendship for the guests at the parsonage, without seeming to be untrue to his friend Trevelyan. "I hope all this may come to an end soon," he said.

"I hope it may, Mr. Stanbury," said the clergyman; "but to tell you the truth, it seems to me that Mr. Trevelyan is so unreasonable a man, so much like a madman indeed, that I hardly know how to look forward to any future happiness for my niece." This was spoken with the utmost severity that Mr. Outhouse could assume.

"And yet no man loves his wife more tenderly."

"Tender love should show itself by tender conduct, Mr. Stanbury. What has he done to his wife? He has blackened her name among all his friends and hers, he has turned her out of his house, he has reviled her,—and then thinks to prove how good he is by sending her money. The only possible excuse is that he must be mad."

Stanbury went back to the Full Moon, and retraced his steps with his friend towards Lincoln's Inn. Two minutes took him from the parsonage to the public-house, but during these two minutes he resolved that he would speak his mind roundly to Trevelyan as they returned home. Trevelyan should either take his wife back again at once, or else he, Stanbury, would have no more to do with him. He said nothing till they had threaded together the maze of streets which led them from the neighborhood of the Church of St. Diddulph's into the straight way of the Commercial Road. Then he began. "Trevelyan," said he, "you are wrong in all this from beginning to end."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. If there was anything in what your wife did to offend you, a soft word from you would have put it all right."

"A soft word! How do you know what soft words I used?"

"A soft word now would do it. You have only to bid her come back to you, and let bygones be bygones, and all would be right. Can't you be man enough to remember that you are a man?"

"Stanbury, I believe you want to quarrel with me."

"I tell you fairly that I think that you are wrong."

"They have talked you over to their side."

"I know nothing about sides. I only know that you are wrong."

"And what would you have me do?"

"Go and travel together for six months." Here was Lady Milborough's receipt again! "Travel together for a year if you will. Then come back and live where you please. People will have forgotten it;—or if they remember it, what matters? No sane person can advise you to go on as you are doing now."

But it was of no avail. Before they had reached the Bank the two friends had quarrelled and had parted. Then Trevelyan felt that there was indeed no one left to him but Bozzle.

On the following morning he saw Bozzle, and on the evening of the next day he was in Paris.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HUGH STANBURY SMOKES ANOTHER PIPE.

TREVELYAN was gone, and Bozzle alone knew his address. During the first fortnight of her residence at St. Diddulph's Mrs. Trevelyan received two letters from Lady Milborough, in both of which she was recommended, indeed tenderly implored, to be submissive to her husband. "Anything," said Lady Milborough, "is better than separation." In answer to the second letter Mrs. Trevelyan told the old lady that she had no means by which she could show any submission to her husband, even if she were so minded. Her husband had gone away, she did not know whither, and she had no means by which she could communicate with him. And then came a packet to her from her father and mother, despatched from the islands after the receipt by Lady Rowley of the

melancholy tidings of the journey to Nuncombe Putney. Both Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were full of anger against Trevelyan, and wrote as though the husband could certainly be brought back to a sense of his duty, if they only were present. This packet had been at Nuncombe Putney, and contained a sealed note from Sir Marmaduke addressed to Mr. Trevelyan. Lady Rowley explained that it was impossible that they should get to England earlier than in the spring. "I would come myself at once and leave papa to follow," said Lady Rowley, "only for the children. If I were to bring them, I must take a house for them, and the expense would ruin us. Papa has written to Mr. Trevelyan in a way that he thinks will bring him to reason."

But how was this letter, by which the husband was to be brought to reason, to be put into the husband's hands? Mrs. Trevelyan applied to Mr. Bideawhile and to Lady Milborough, and to Stanbury, for Trevelyan's address; but was told by each of them that nothing was known of his whereabouts. She did not apply to Mr. Bozzle, although Mr. Bozzle was more than once in her neighborhood; but as yet she knew nothing of Mr. Bozzle. The replies from Mr. Bideawhile and from Lady Milborough came by the post; but Hugh Stanbury thought that duty required him to make another journey to St. Diddulph's and carry his own answer with him.

And on this occasion Fortune was either very kind to him,—or very unkind. Whichever it was, he found himself alone for a few seconds in the parsonage parlor with Nora Rowley. Mr. Outhouse was away at the time. Emily had gone up-stairs for the boy; and Mrs. Outhouse, suspecting nothing, had followed her. "Miss Rowley," said he, getting up from his seat, "if you think it will do any good I will follow Trevelyan till I find him."

"How can you find him? Besides, why should you give up your own business?"

"I would do anything—to serve your sister." This he said with hesitation in his voice, as though he did not dare to speak all that he desired to have spoken.

"I am sure that Emily is very grate-

ful," said Nora; "but she would not wish to give you such trouble as that."

"I would do anything for your sister," he repeated, "—for your sake, Miss Rowley." This was the first time that he had ever spoken a word to her in such a strain, and it would be hardly too much to say that her heart was sick for some such expression. But now that it had come, though there was a sweetness about it that was delicious to her, she was absolutely silenced by it. And she was at once not only silent, but stern, rigid, and apparently cold. Stanbury could not but feel as he looked at her that he had offended her. "Perhaps I ought not to say as much," said he; "but it is so."

"Mr. Stanbury," said she, "that is nonsense. It is of my sister, not of me, that we are speaking."

Then the door was opened and Emily came in with her child, followed by her aunt. There was no other opportunity, and perhaps it was well for Nora and for Hugh that there should have been no other. Enough had been said to give her comfort; and more might have led to his discomposure. As to that matter on which he was presumed to have come to St. Diddulph's, he could do nothing. He did not know Trevelyan's address, but did know that Trevelyan had abandoned the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. And then he found himself compelled to confess that he had quarrelled with Trevelyan, and that they had parted in anger on the day of their joint visit to the East. "Everybody who knows him must quarrel with him," said Mrs. Outhouse. Hugh when he took his leave was treated by them all as a friend who had been gained. Mrs. Outhouse was gracious to him. Mrs. Trevelyan whispered a word to him of her own trouble. "If I can hear anything of him, you may be sure that I will let you know," he said. Then it was Nora's turn to bid him adieu. There was nothing to be said. No word could be spoken before others that should be of any avail. But as he took her hand in his he remembered the reticence of her fingers on that former day, and thought that he was sure there was a difference.

On this occasion he made his journey back to the end of Chancery Lane on the

top of an omnibus; and as he lit his little pipe, disregarding altogether the scrutiny of the public, thoughts passed through his mind similar to those in which he had indulged as he sat smoking on the corner of the churchyard wall at Nuncombe Putney. He declared to himself that he did love this girl; and as it was so, would it not be better, at any rate more manly, that he should tell her so honestly, than go on groping about with half-expressed words when he saw her, thinking of her and yet hardly daring to go near her, bidding himself to forget her although he knew that such forgetting was impossible, hankering after the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and something of the tenderness of returned affection,—and yet regarding her as a prize altogether out of his reach! Why should she be out of his reach? She had no money, and he had not a couple of hundred pounds in the world. But he was earning an income which would give them both shelter and clothes and bread and cheese.

What reader is there, male or female, of such stories as is this, who has not often discussed in his or her own mind the different sides of this question of love and marriage? On either side enough may be said by any arguer to convince at any rate himself. It must be wrong for a man, whose income is both insufficient and precarious also, not only to double his own cares and burdens, but to place the weight of that doubled burden on other shoulders besides his own,—on shoulders that are tender and soft, and ill adapted to the carriage of any crushing weight. And then that doubled burden,—that burden of two mouths to be fed, of two backs to be covered, of two minds to be satisfied, is so apt to double itself again and again. The two so speedily become four, and six! And then there is the feeling that that kind of semi-poverty, which has in itself something of the pleasantness of independence, when it is borne by a man alone, entails the miseries of a draggle-tailed and querulous existence when it is imposed on a woman who has in her own home enjoyed the comforts of affluence. As a man thinks of all this, if he chooses to argue with himself on that side, there is enough in

the argument to make him feel that not only as a wise man but as an honest man, he had better let the young lady alone. She is well as she is, and he sees around him so many who have tried the chances of marriage and who are not well! Look at Jones with his wan, worn wife and his five children, Jones who is not yet thirty, of whom he happens to know that the wretched man cannot look his doctor in the face, and that the doctor is as necessary to the man's house as is the butcher! What heart can Jones have for his work with such a burden as this upon his shoulders? And so the thinker, who argues on that side, resolves that the young lady shall go her own way for him.

But the arguments on the other side are equally cogent, and so much more alluring! And they are used by the same man with reference to the same passion, and are intended by him to put himself right in his conduct in reference to the same dear girl. Only the former line of thoughts occurred to him on a Saturday, when he was ending his week rather gloomily, and this other way of thinking on the same subject has come upon him on a Monday, as he is beginning his week with renewed hope. Does this young girl of his heart love him? And if so, their affection for each other being thus reciprocal, is she not entitled to an expression of her opinion and her wishes on this difficult subject? And if she be willing to run the risk and to encounter the dangers,—to do so on his behalf, because she is willing to share everything with him,—is it becoming in him, a man, to fear what she does not fear? If she be not willing let her say so. If there be any speaking, he must speak first;—but she is entitled, as much as he is, to her own ideas respecting their great outlook into the affairs of the world. And then is it not manifestly God's ordinance that a man should live together with a woman? How poor a creature does the man become who has shirked his duty in this respect, who has done nothing to keep the world going, who has been willing to ignore all affection so that he might avoid all burdens, and who has put into his own belly every good thing that has come to him, either by the earning of his own hands or from the bounty and industry of others! Of course

there is a risk; but what excitement is there in anything in which there is none? So on the Tuesday he speaks his mind to the young lady, and tells her candidly that there will be potatoes for the two of them,—sufficient, as he hopes, of potatoes, but no more. As a matter of course the young lady replies that she for her part will be quite content to take the parings for her own eating. Then they rush deliciously into each other's arms and the matter is settled. For, though the convictions arising from the former line of argument may be set aside as often as need be, those reached from the latter are generally conclusive. That such a settlement will always be better for the young gentleman and the young lady concerned than one founded on a sterner prudence is more than one may dare to say; but we do feel sure that that country will be most prosperous in which such leaps in the dark are made with the greatest freedom.

Our friend Hugh, as he sat smoking on the knife-board of the omnibus, determined that he would risk everything. If it were ordained that prudence should prevail, the prudence should be hers. Why should he take upon himself to have prudence enough for two, seeing that she was so very discreet in all her bearings? Then he remembered the touch of her hand, which he still felt upon his palm as he sat handling his pipe, and he told himself that after that he was bound to say a word more. And moreover he confessed to himself that he was compelled by a feeling that mastered him altogether. He could not get through an hour's work without throwing down his pen and thinking of Nora Rowley. It was his destiny to love her,—and there was, to his mind, a mean, pettifogging secrecy, amounting almost to daily lying, in his thus loving her and not telling her that he loved her. It might well be that she should rebuke him; but he thought that he could bear that. It might well be that he had altogether mistaken that touch of her hand. After all it had been the slightest possible motion of no more than one finger. But he would at any rate know the truth. If she would tell him at once that she did not care for him, he thought that he could get over it; but life was not worth having while he lived in this shift,

dubious, and uncomfortable state. So he made up his mind that he would go to St. Diddulph's with his heart in his hand.

In the mean time, Mr. Bozzle had been twice to St. Diddulph's;—and now he made a third journey there, two days after Stanbury's visit. Trevelyan, who, in truth, hated the sight of the man, and who suffered agonies in his presence, had, nevertheless, taught himself to believe that he could not live without his assistance. That it should be so was a part of the cruelty of his lot. Who else was there that he could trust? His wife had renewed her intimacy with Colonel Osborne the moment that she had left him. Mrs. Stanbury, who had been represented to him as the most correct of matrons, had at once been false to him and to her trust, in allowing Colonel Osborne to enter her house. Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse, with whom his wife had now located herself, not by his orders, were, of course, his enemies. His old friend, Hugh Stanbury, had gone over to the other side, and quarrelled with him purposely, with malice prepense, because he would not submit himself to the caprices of the wife who had injured him. His own lawyer had refused to act for him; and his fast and oldest ally, the very person who had sounded in his ear the earliest warning note against that odious villain, whose daily work it was to destroy the peace of families,—even Lady Milborough had turned against him! Because he would not follow the stupid prescription which she, with pig-headed obstinacy, persisted in giving,—because he would not carry his wife off to Naples,—she was ill-judging and inconsistent enough to tell him that he was wrong! Who was then left to him but Bozzle? Bozzle was very disagreeable. Bozzle said things, and made suggestions to him which were as bad as pins stuck into his flesh. But Bozzle was true to his employer, and could find out facts. Had it not been for Bozzle, he would have known nothing of the Colonel's journey to Devonshire. Had it not been for Bozzle, he would never have heard of the correspondence; and, therefore, when he left London, he gave Bozzle a roving commission; and when he went to Paris, and from Paris onwards, over the Alps into Italy, he

furnished Bozzle with his address. At this time, in the midst of all his misery, it never occurred to him to inquire of himself whether it might be possible that his old friends were right, and that he himself was wrong. From morning to night he sang to himself melancholy silent songs of inward wailing, as to the cruelty of his own lot in life; and, in the mean time, he employed Bozzle to find out for him how far that cruelty was carried.

Mr. Bozzle, was, of course, convinced that the lady whom he was employed to watch was—no better than she ought to be. That is the usual Bozzlian language for broken vows, secrecy, intrigue, dirt, and adultery. It was his business to obtain evidence of her guilt. There was no question to be solved as to her innocence. The Bozzlian mind would have regarded any such suggestion as the product of a green softness, the possession of which would have made him quite unfit for his profession. He was aware that ladies who are no better than they should be are often very clever,—so clever as to make it necessary that the Bozzles who shall at least confound them should be first-rate Bozzles, Bozzles quite at the top of their profession,—and, therefore, he went about his work with great industry and much caution. Colonel Osborne was at the present moment in Scotland. Bozzle was sure of that. He was quite in the north of Scotland. Bozzle had examined his map, and found that Wick, which was the Colonel's post-town, was very far north indeed. He had half a mind to run down to Wick, as he was possessed by a certain honest zeal, which made him long to do something hard and laborious; but his experience told him that it was very easy for the Colonel to come up to the neighborhood of St. Diddulph's, whereas the lady could not go down to Wick, unless she were to decide upon throwing herself into her lover's arms,—whereby Bozzle's work would be brought to an end. He therefore confined his immediate operations to St. Diddulph's.

He made acquaintance with one or two important persons in and about Mr. Outhouse's parsonage. He became very familiar with the postman. He arranged terms of intimacy, I am sorry to say, with the housemaid; and, on the third

journey, he made an alliance with the potboy at the Full Moon. The potboy remembered well the fact of the child being brought to "our 'ouse," as he called the Full Moon; and he was enabled to say, that the same "gent as had brought the boy backards and forrards," had since that been at the parsonage. But Bozzle was quick enough to perceive that all this had nothing to do with the Colonel. He was led, indeed, to fear that his "governor," as he was in the habit of calling Trevelyan in his half-spoken soliloquies,—that his governor was not as true to him as he was to his governor. What business had that meddling fellow Stanbury at St. Diddulph's?—for Trevelyan had not thought it necessary to tell his satellite that he had quarrelled with his friend. Bozzle was grieved in his mind when he learned that Stanbury's interference was still to be dreaded; and wrote to his governor, rather severely, to that effect; but, when so writing, he was able to give no further information. Facts, in such cases, will not unravel themselves without much patience on the part of the investigators.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRISCILLA'S WISDOM.

On the night after the dinner party in the Close, Dorothy was not the only person in the house who lay awake thinking of what had taken place. Miss Stanbury also was full of anxiety, and for hour after hour could not sleep as she remembered the fruitlessness of her efforts on behalf of her nephew and niece.

It had never occurred to her when she had first proposed to herself that Dorothy should become Mrs. Gibson, that Dorothy herself would have any objection to such a step in life. Her fear had been that Dorothy would have become over-radiant with triumph at the idea of having a husband, and going to that husband with a fortune of her own. That Mr. Gibson might hesitate, she had thought very likely. It is thus, in general, that women regard the feelings, desires, and aspirations of other women. You will hardly ever meet an elderly lady who will not speak of her juniors as living in a state of breathless anxiety to catch husbands. And the elder lady will speak of the

younger as though any kind of choice in such catching was quite disregarded. The man must be a gentleman,—or, at least, gentleman-like,—and there must be bread. Let these things be given, and what girl won't jump into what man's arms? Female reader, is it not thus that the elders of your sex speak of the younger? When old Mrs. Stanbury heard that Nora Rowley had refused Mr. Glascock, the thing was to her unintelligible; and it was now quite unintelligible to Miss Stanbury that Dorothy should prefer a single life to matrimony with Mr. Gibson.

It must be acknowledged, on Aunt Stanbury's behalf, that Dorothy was one of those yielding, hesitating, submissive young women, trusting others but doubting ever of themselves, as to whom it is natural that their stronger friends should find it expedient to decide for them. Miss Stanbury was almost justified in thinking that unless she were to find a husband for her niece, her niece would never find one for herself. Dorothy would drift into being an old maid, like Priscilla, simply because she would never assert herself,—never put her best foot foremost. Aunt Stanbury had therefore taken upon herself to put out a foot; and having carefully found that Mr. Gibson was "willing," had conceived that all difficulties were over. She would be enabled to do her duty by her niece, and establish comfortably in life, at any rate, one of her brother's children. And now Dorothy was taking upon herself to say that she did not like the gentleman! Such conduct was almost equal to writing for a penny newspaper!

On the following morning, after breakfast, when Brooke Burgess was gone out to call upon his uncle,—which he insisted upon doing openly, and not under the rose, in spite of Miss Stanbury's great gravity on the occasion,—there was a very serious conversation, and poor Dorothy had found herself to be almost silenced. She did argue for a time; but her arguments seemed, even to herself, to amount to so little! Why shouldn't she love Mr. Gibson? That was a question which she found it impossible to answer. And though she did not actually yield, though she did not say that she would accept the man, still, when she was told that three days were to be al-

lowed to her for consideration, and that then the offer would be made to her in form, she felt that, as regarded the anti-Gibson interest, she had not a leg to stand upon. Why should not such an insignificant creature, as was she, love Mr. Gibson,—or any other man, who had bread to give her, and was in some degree like a gentleman? On that night, she wrote the following letter to her sister:—

"The Close, Tuesday.

"DEAREST PRISCILLA,

"I do so wish that you could be with me, so that I could talk to you again. Aunt Stanbury is the most affectionate and kindest friend in the world; but she has always been so able to have her own way, because she is both clever and good, that I find myself almost like a baby with her. She has been talking to me again about Mr. Gibson; and it seems that Mr. Gibson really does mean it. It is certainly very strange; but I do think now that it is true. He is to come on Friday. It seems very odd that it should all be settled for him in that way; but then Aunt Stanbury is so clever at settling things!

"He sat next to me almost all the evening yesterday; but he didn't say anything about it, except that he hoped I agreed with him about going to church, and all that. I suppose I do; and I am quite sure that if I were to be a clergyman's wife, I should endeavor to do whatever my husband thought right about religion. One ought to try to do so, even if the clergyman is not one's husband. Mr. Burgess has come, and he was so very amusing all the evening, that perhaps that was the reason Mr. Gibson said so little. Mr. Burgess is a very nice man, and I think Aunt Stanbury is more fond of him than of anybody. He is not at all the sort of person that I expected.

"But if Mr. Gibson does come on Friday, and does really mean it, what am I to say to him? Aunt Stanbury will be very angry if I do not take her advice. I am quite sure that she intends it all for my happiness; and then, of course, she knows so much more about the world than I do. She asks me what it is that I expect. Of course, I do not expect anything. It is a great

compliment from Mr. Gibson, who is a clergyman, and thought well of by everybody. And nothing could be more respectable. Aunt Stanbury says that with the money she would give us we should be quite comfortable; and she wants us to live in this house. She says that there are thirty girls round Exeter who would give their eyes for such a chance; and, looking at it in that light, of course, it is a very great thing for me. Only think how poor we have been! And then, dear Priscilla, perhaps he would let me be good to you and dear mamma!

"But, of course, he will ask me whether I—love him; and what am I to say? Aunt Stanbury says that I am to love him. 'Begin to love him at once,' she said this morning. I would if I could, partly for her sake, and because I do feel that it would be so respectable. When I think of it, it does seem such a pity that poor I should throw away such a chance. And I must say that Mr. Gibson is very good, and most obliging; and everybody says that he has an excellent temper, and that he is a most prudent, well-dispositioned man. I declare, dear Priscilla, when I think of it, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a man should want me to be his wife.

"But what ought I to do? I suppose when a girl is in love she is very unhappy if the gentleman does not propose to her. I am sure it would not make me at all unhappy if I were told that Mr. Gibson had changed his mind.

"Dearest Priscilla, you must write at once, because he is to be here on Friday. Oh, dear; Friday does seem to be so near! And I never shall know what to say to him, either one way or the other.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"DOROTHY STANBURY.

"P. S.—Give my kindest love to mamma; but you need not tell her unless you think it best."

Priscilla received this letter on the Wednesday morning, and felt herself bound to answer it on that same afternoon. Had she postponed her reply for a day, it would still have been in Dorothy's hands before Mr. Gibson could

have come to her on the dreaded Friday morning. But still that would hardly give her time enough to consider the matter with any degree of deliberation after she should have been armed with what wisdom Priscilla might be able to send her. The post left Nuncombe Putney at three; and therefore the letter had to be written before their early dinner.

So Priscilla went into the garden and sat herself down under an old cedar that she might discuss the matter with herself in all its bearings. She felt that no woman could be called upon to write a letter that should be of more importance. The whole welfare in life of the person who was dearest to her would probably depend upon it. The weight upon her was so great that she thought for a while she would take counsel with her mother; but she felt sure that her mother would recommend the marriage; and that if she afterwards should find herself bound to oppose it, then her mother would be a miserable woman. There could be no use to her in taking counsel with her mother, because her mother's mind was known to her beforehand. The responsibility was thrown upon her, and she alone must bear it.

She tried hard to persuade herself to write at once and tell her sister to marry the man. She knew her sister's heart so well as to be sure that Dorothy would learn to love the man who was her husband. It was almost impossible that Dorothy should not love those with whom she lived. And then her sister was so well adapted to be a wife and a mother. Her temper was so sweet, she was so pure, so unselfish, so devoted, and so healthy withal! She was so happy when she was acting for others; and so excellent in action when she had another one to think for her! She was so trusting and trustworthy that any husband would adore her! Then Priscilla walked slowly into the house, got her prayer-book, and returning to her seat under the tree, read the marriage service. It was one o'clock when she went up-stairs to write her letter, and it had not yet struck eleven when she first seated herself beneath the tree. Her letter, when written, was as follows:—

"Nuncombe Putney, August 25, 186—.

"DEAREST DOROTHY :

"I got your letter this morning, and I think it is better to answer it at once, as the time is very short. I have been thinking about it with all my mind, and I feel almost awe-stricken lest I should advise you wrongly. After all, I believe that your own dear sweet truth and honesty would guide you better than anybody else can guide you. You may be sure of this, that whichever way it is, I shall think that you have done right. Dearest sister, I suppose there can be no doubt that for most women a married life is happier than a single one. It is always thought so, as we may see by the anxiety of others to get married; and when an opinion becomes general, I think that the world is most often right. And then, my own one, I feel sure that you are adapted both for the cares and for the joys of married life. You would do your duty as a married woman happily, and would be a comfort to your husband;—not a thorn in his side, as are so many women.

"But, my pet, do not let that reasoning of Aunt Stanbury's about the thirty young girls who would give their eyes for Mr. Gibson, have any weight with you. You should not take him because thirty other young girls would be glad to have him. And do not think too much of that respectability of which you speak. I would never advise my Dolly to marry any man unless she could be respectable in her new position; but that alone should go for nothing. Nor should our poverty. We shall not starve. And even if we did, that would be but a poor excuse.

"I can find no escape from this,—that you should love him before you say that you will take him. But honest, loyal love need not, I take it, be of that romantic kind which people write about in novels and poetry. You need not think him to be perfect, or the best or grandest of men. Your heart will tell you whether he is dear to you. And remember, Dolly, that I shall remember that love itself must begin at some precise time. Though you had not learned to love him when you wrote on Tuesday, you may have begun to do so when you get this on Thursday.

"If you find that you love him, then say that you will be his wife. If your heart revolts from such a declaration as being false;—if you cannot bring yourself to feel that you prefer him to others as the partner of your life,—then tell him, with thanks for his courtesy, that it cannot be as he would have it.

"Yours always and ever most affectionately,

"PRISCILLA."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR GIBSON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"I'll bet you half-a-crown, my lad, you're thrown over at last, like the rest of them. There's nothing she likes so much as taking some one up in order that she may throw him over afterwards." It was thus that Mr. Bartholomew Burgess cautioned his nephew Brooke.

"I'll take care that she shan't break my heart, Uncle Barty. I will go my way and she may go hers, and she may give her money to the hospital if she pleases."

On the morning after his arrival Brooke Burgess had declared aloud in Miss Stanbury's parlor that he was going over to the bank to see his uncle. Now there was in this almost a breach of contract. Miss Stanbury, when she invited the young man to Exeter, had stipulated that there should be no intercourse between her house and the bank. "Of course, I shall not need to know where you go or where you don't go," she had written; "but after all that has passed there must not be any positive intercourse between my house and the bank." And now he had spoken of going over to C and B, as he called them, with the utmost indifference. Miss Stanbury had looked very grave, but had said nothing. She had determined to be on her guard, so that she should not be driven to quarrel with Brooke if she could avoid it.

Bartholomew Burgess was a tall, thin, ill-tempered old man, as well-known in Exeter as the cathedral, and respected after a fashion. No one liked him. He said ill-natured things of all his neighbors, and had never earned any reputation for doing good-natured acts. But

he had lived in Exeter for nearly seventy years, and had achieved that sort of esteem which comes from long tenure. And he had committed no great iniquities in the course of his fifty years of business. The bank had never stopped payment, and he had robbed no one. He had not swallowed up widows and orphans, and had done his work in the firm of Cropper and Burgess after the old-fashioned safe manner, which leads neither to riches nor to ruin. Therefore he was respected. But he was a discontented, sour old man, who believed himself to have been injured by all his own friends, who disliked his own partners because they had bought that which had, at any rate, never belonged to him;—and whose strongest passion it was to hate Miss Stanbury of the Close.

"She's got a parson by the hand now," said the uncle, as he continued his caution to the nephew.

"There was a clergyman there last night."

"No doubt, and she'll play him off against you, and you against him; and then she'll throw you both over. I know her."

"She has got a right to do what she likes with her own, Uncle Barty."

"And how did she get it? Never mind. I'm not going to set you against her, if you're her favorite for the moment. She has a niece with her there,—hasn't she?"

"One of her brother's daughters."

"They say she's going to make that clergyman marry her."

"What;—Mr. Gibson?"

"Yes. They tell me he was as good as engaged to another girl,—one of the Frenches of Heavitree. And therefore dear Jemima could do nothing better than interfere. When she has succeeded in breaking the girl's heart—"

"Which girl's heart, Uncle Barty?"

"The girl the man was to have married; when that's done she'll throw Gibson over. You'll see. She'll refuse to give the girl a shilling. She took the girl's brother by the hand ever so long, and then she threw him over. And she'll throw the girl over too, and send her back to the place she came from. And then she'll throw you over."

"According to you, she must be the

most malicious old woman that ever was allowed to live!"

"I don't think there are many to beat her, as far as malice goes. But you'll find out for yourself. I shouldn't be surprised if she were to tell you before long that you were to marry the niece."

"I shouldn't think that such very hard lines either," said Brooke Burgess.

"I've no doubt you may have her if you like," said Barty, "in spite of Mr. Gibson. Only I should recommend you to take care and get the money first."

When Brooke went back to the house in the Close, Miss Stanbury was quite fussy in her silence. She would have given much to have been told something about Barty, and, above all, to have learned what Barty had said about herself. But she was far too proud even to mention the old man's name of her own accord. She was quite sure that she had been abused. She guessed, probably with tolerable accuracy, the kind of things that had been said of her, and suggested to herself what answer Brooke would make to such accusations. But she had resolved to cloak it all in silence, and pretended for awhile not to remember the young man's declared intention when he left the house. "It seems odd to me," said Brooke, "that Uncle Barty should always live alone as he does. He must have a dreary time of it."

"I don't know anything about your Uncle Barty's manner of living."

"No;—I suppose not. You and he are not friends."

"By no means, Brooke."

"He lives there all alone in that poky bank-house, and nobody ever goes near him. I wonder whether he has any friends in the city?"

"I really cannot tell you anything about his friends. And, to tell you the truth, Brooke, I don't want to talk about your uncle. Of course, you can go to see him when you please, but I'd rather you didn't tell me of your visits afterwards."

"There is nothing in the world I hate so much as a secret," said he. He had no intention in this of animadverting upon Miss Stanbury's secret enmity, nor had he purposed to ask any question as to her relations with the old man. He had alluded to his dislike of having secrets of his own. But she misunderstood him.

"If you are anxious to know——" she said, becoming very red in the face.

"I am not at all curious to know. You quite mistake me."

"He has chosen to believe,—or to say that he believed,—that I wronged him in regard to his brother's will. I nursed his brother when he was dying,—as I considered it to be my duty to do. I cannot tell you all that story. It is too long, and too sad. Romance is very pretty in novels, but the romance of a life is always a melancholy matter. They are most happy who have no story to tell."

"I quite believe that."

"But your Uncle Barty chose to think,—indeed, I hardly know what he thought. He said that the will was a will of my making. When it was made I and his brother were apart; we were not even on speaking terms. There had been a quarrel, and all manner of folly. I am not very proud when I look back upon it. It is not that I think myself better than others; but your Uncle Brooke's will was made before we had come together again. When he was ill it was natural that I should go to him,—after all that had passed between us. Eh, Brooke?"

"It was womanly."

"But it made no difference about the will. Mr. Bartholomew Burgess might have known that at once, and must have known it afterwards. But he has never acknowledged that he was wrong;—never even yet."

"He could not bring himself to do that, I should say."

"The will was no great triumph to me. I could have done without it. As God is my judge, I would not have lifted up my little finger to get either a part or the whole of poor Brooke's money. If I had known that a word would have done it, I would have bitten my tongue out before it should have been spoken." She had risen from her seat, and was speaking with a solemnity that almost filled her listener with awe. She was a woman short of stature; but now, as she stood over him, she seemed to be tall and majestic. "But when the man was dead," she continued, "and the will was there,—the property was mine, and I was bound in duty to exercise the privileges and bear the responsibilities which the dead man had conferred upon me. It was Barty, then, who sent a low at-

torney to me, offering me a compromise. What had I to compromise? Compromise! No. If it was not mine by all the right the law could give, I would sooner have starved than have had a crust of bread out of the money." She had now clenched both her fists, and was shaking them rapidly as she stood over him, looking down upon him.

"Of course it was your own."

"Yes. Though they asked me to compromise, and sent messages to me to frighten me;—both Barty and your Uncle Tom; ay, and your father too, Brooke; they did not dare to go to law. To law, indeed! If ever there was a good will in the world, the will of your Uncle Brooke was good. They could talk, and malign me, and tell lies as to dates, and strive to make my name odious in the county; but they knew that the will was good. They did not succeed very well in what they did attempt."

"I would try to forget it all now, Aunt Stanbury."

"Forget it! How is that to be done? How can the mind forget the history of its own life? No,—I cannot forget it. I can forgive it."

"Then why not forgive it?"

"I do. I have. Why else are you here?"

"But forgive old Uncle Barty also!"

"Has he forgiven me? Come now. If I wished to forgive him, how should I begin? Would he be gracious if I went to him? Does he love me, do you think,—or hate me? Uncle Barty is a good hater. It is the best point about him. No, Brooke, we won't try the farce of a reconciliation after a long life of enmity. Nobody would believe us, and we should not believe each other."

"Then I certainly would not try."

"I do not mean to do so. The truth is, Brooke, you shall have it all when I'm gone, if you don't turn against me. You won't take to writing for penny newspapers, will you, Brooke?" As she asked the question she put one of her hands softly on his shoulder.

"I certainly shan't offend in that way."

"And you won't be a Radical?"

"No, not a Radical."

"I mean a man to follow Beales and Bright, a republican, a putter-down of the Church, a hater of the Throne. You

won't take up that line, will you, Brooke?"

"It isn't my way at present, Aunt Stanbury. But a man shouldn't promise."

"Ah me! It makes me sad when I think what the country is coming to. I'm told there are scores of members of Parliament who don't pronounce their h's. When I was young a member of Parliament used to be a gentleman;—and they've taken to ordaining all manner of people. It used to be the case that when you met a clergyman you met a gentleman. By-the-by, Brooke, what do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Mr. Gibson! To tell the truth, I haven't thought much about him yet."

"But you must think about him. Perhaps you haven't thought about my niece, Dolly Stanbury?"

"I think she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"She's not to be nice for you, young man. She's to be married to Mr. Gibson."

"Are they engaged?"

"Well, no; but I intend that they shall be. You won't begrudge that I should give my little savings to one of my own name?"

"You don't know me, Aunt Stanbury, if you think that I should begrudge anything that you might do with your money."

"Dolly has been here a month or two. I think it's three months since she came, and I do like her. She's soft and womanly, and hasn't taken up those vile, filthy habits which almost all the girls have adopted. Have you seen those Frenches with the things they have on their heads?"

"I was speaking to them yesterday."

"Nasty sluts! You can see the grease on their foreheads when they try to make their hair go back in the dirty French fashion. Dolly is not like that;—is she?"

"She is not in the least like either of the Miss Frenches."

"And now I want her to become Mrs. Gibson. He is quite taken."

"Is he?"

"Oh dear, yes. Didn't you see him the other night at dinner and afterwards? Of course he knows that I can give her a little bit of money, which always goes for something, Brooke. And I do think it would be such a nice thing for Dolly."

"And what does Dolly think about it?"

"There's the difficulty. She likes him well enough; I'm sure of that. And she has no stuck-up ideas about herself. She isn't one of those who think that almost nothing is good enough for them. But——"

"She has an objection."

"I don't know what it is. I sometimes think she is so bashful and modest she doesn't like to talk of being married, —even to an old woman like me."

"Dear me! That's not the way of the age;—is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"It's coming to that, Brooke, that the girls will ask the men soon. Yes,—and that they won't take a refusal either. I do believe that Camilla French did ask Mr. Gibson."

"And what did Mr. Gibson say?"

"Ah;—I can't tell you that. He knows too well what he's about to take her. He's to come here on Friday at eleven, and you must be out of the way. I shall be out of the way too. But if Dolly says a word to you before that, mind you make her understand that she ought to accept Gibson."

"She's too good for him, according to my thinking."

"Don't you be a fool. How can any young woman be too good for a gentleman and a clergyman! Mr. Gibson is a gentleman. Do you know,—only you must not mention this,—that I have a kind of idea we could get Nuncombe Putney for him? My father had the living, and my brother; and I should like it to go on in the family."

No opportunity came in the way of Brooke Burgess to say anything in favor of Mr. Gibson to Dorothy Stanbury. There did come to be very quickly a sort of intimacy between her and her aunt's favorite; but she was one not prone to talk about her own affairs. And as to such an affair as this,—a question as to whether she should or should not give herself in marriage to her suitor,—she, who could not speak of it even to her own sister without a blush, who felt confused and almost confounded when receiving her aunt's admonitions and instigations on the subject, would not have endured to hear Brooke Burgess speak on the matter. Dorothy did feel that a person easier to

know than Brooke had never come in her way. She had already said as much to him as she had spoken to Mr. Gibson in the three months that she had made his acquaintance. They had talked about Exeter, and about Mrs. MacHugh, and the cathedral, and Tennyson's poems, and the London theatres, and Uncle Barty, and the family quarrel. They had become confidential with each other on some matters. But on this heavy subject of Mr. Gibson and his proposal of marriage not a word had been said. When Brooke once mentioned Mr. Gibson on the Thursday morning, Dorothy within a minute had taken an opportunity of escaping from the room.

But circumstances did give him an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Gibson. On the Wednesday afternoon both he and Mr. Gibson were invited to drink tea at Mrs. French's house on that evening. Such invitations at Exeter were wont to be given at such short dates, and both the gentlemen had said that they would go. Then Arabella French had called in the Close and had asked Miss Stanbury and Dorothy. It was well understood by Arabella that Miss Stanbury herself would not drink tea at Heavitree. And it may be that Dorothy's company was not in truth desired. The ladies both declined. "Don't you stay at home for me, my dear," Miss Stanbury said to her niece. But Dorothy had not been out without her aunt since she had been at Exeter, and understood perfectly that it would not be wise to commence the practice at the house of the Frenches. "Mr. Brooke is coming, Miss Stanbury; and Mr. Gibson," Miss French said. And Miss Stanbury had thought that there was some triumph in her tone. "Mr. Brooke can go where he pleases, my dear," Miss Stanbury replied. "And as for Mr. Gibson, I am not his keeper." The tone in which Miss Stanbury spoke would have implied great imprudence, had not the two ladies understood each other so thoroughly, and had not each known that it was so.

There was the accustomed set of people in Mrs. French's drawing-room;—the Crumbies, and the Wrights, and the Apjohns. And Mrs. MacHugh came also,—knowing that there would be a

rubber. "Their naked shoulders don't hurt me," Mrs. MacHugh said, when her friend almost scolded her for going to the house. "I'm not a young man. I don't care what they do to themselves." "You might say as much if they went naked altogether," Miss Stanbury had replied in anger. "If nobody else complains, I shouldn't," said Mrs. MacHugh. Mrs. MacHugh got her rubber; and as she had gone for her rubber, on a distinct promise that there should be a rubber, and as there was a rubber, she felt that she had no right to say ill-natured things. "What does it matter to me," said Mrs. MacHugh, "how nasty she is? She's not going to be my wife." "Ugh!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury, shaking her head both in anger and disgust.

Camilla French was by no means so bad as she was painted by Miss Stanbury, and Brooke Burgess rather liked her than otherwise. And it seemed to him that Mr. Gibson did not at all dislike Arabella, and felt no repugnance at either the lady's noddle or shoulders now that he was removed from Miss Stanbury's influence. It was clear enough also that Arabella had not given up the attempt, although she must have admitted to herself that the claims of Dorothy Stanbury were very strong. On this evening it seemed to have been specially permitted to Arabella, who was the eldest sister, to take into her own hands the management of the case. Beholders of the game had hitherto declared that Mr. Gibson's safety was secured by the constant coupling of the sisters. Neither would allow the other to hunt alone. But a common sense of the common danger had made some special strategy necessary, and Camilla hardly spoke a word to Mr. Gibson during the evening. Let us hope that she found some temporary consolation in the presence of the stranger.

"I hope you are going to stay with us ever so long, Mr. Burgess?" said Camilla.

"A month. That is ever so long;—isn't it? Why I mean to see all Devonshire within that time. I feel already that I know Exeter thoroughly and everybody in it."

"I'm sure we are very much flattered."

"As for you, Miss French, I've heard so much about you all my life, that I felt that I knew you before I came here."

"Who can have spoken to you about me?"

"You forget how many relatives I have in the city. Do you think my Uncle Barty never writes to me?"

"Not about me."

"Does he not? And do you suppose I don't hear from Miss Stanbury?"

"But she hates me. I know that."

"And do you hate her?"

"No, indeed. I've the greatest respect for her. But she is a little odd; isn't she, now, Mr. Burgess? We all like her ever so much; and we've known her ever so long, six or seven years,—since we were quite young things. But she has such queer notions about girls."

"What sort of notions?"

"She'd like them all to dress like herself; and she thinks that they should never talk to young men. If she was here she'd say I was flirting with you, because we're sitting together."

"But you are not; are you?"

"Of course I am not."

"I wish you would," said Brooke.

"I shouldn't know how to begin. I shouldn't indeed. I don't know what flirting means, and I don't know who does know. When young ladies and gentlemen go out, I suppose they are intended to talk to each other."

"But very often they don't, you know."

"I call that stupid," said Camilla.

"And yet, when they do, all the old maids say that the girls are flirting. I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Burgess. I don't care what any old maid says about me. I always talk to people that I like, and if they choose to call me a flirt, they may. It's my opinion that still waters run the deepest."

"No doubt the noisy streams are very shallow," said Brooke.

"You may call me a shallow stream if you like, Mr. Burgess."

"I meant nothing of the kind."

"But what do you call Dorothy Stanbury? That's what I call still water. She runs deep enough."

"The quietest young lady I ever saw in my life."

"Exactly. So quiet, but so—clever. What do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Everybody is asking me what I think of Mr. Gibson."

"You know what they say. They say

he is to marry Dorothy Stanbury. Poor man! I don't think his own consent has ever been asked yet;—but, nevertheless, it's settled."

"Just at present he seems to me to be,—what shall I say?—I oughtn't to say flirting with your sister; ought I?"

"Miss Stanbury would say so if she were here, no doubt. But the fact is, Mr. Burgess, we've known him almost since we were infants, and of course we take an interest in his welfare. There has never been anything more than that. Arabella is nothing more to him than I am. Once, indeed; but, however; that does not signify. It would be nothing to us, if he really liked Dorothy Stanbury. But as far as we can see,—and we do see a good deal of him,—there is no such feeling on his part. Of course we haven't asked. We should not think of such a thing. Mr. Gibson may do just as he likes for us. But I am not quite sure that Dorothy Stanbury is just the girl that would make him a good wife. Of course when you've known a person seven or eight years you do get anxious about his happiness. Do you know, we think her,—perhaps a little,—sly."

In the meantime, Mr. Gibson was completely subject to the individual charms of Arabella. Camilla had been quite correct in a part of her description of their intimacy. She and her sister had known Mr. Gibson for seven or eight years; but nevertheless the intimacy could not with truth be said to have commenced during the infancy of the young ladies, even if the word were used in its legal sense. Seven or eight years, however, is a long acquaintance; and there was, perhaps, something of a real grievance in this Stanbury intervention. If it be a recognized fact in society that young ladies are in want of husbands, and that an effort on their part towards matrimony is not altogether impossible, it must be recognized also that failure will be disagreeable, and interference regarded with animosity. Miss Stanbury the elder was undoubtedly interfering between Mr. Gibson and the Frenches; and it is neither manly nor womanly to submit to interference with one's dearest prospects. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Miss Frenches had shown too much open

ardor in their pursuit of Mr. Gibson. Perhaps there should have been no ardor and no pursuit. It may be that the theory of womanhood is right which forbids to women any such attempts,—which teaches them that they must ever be the pursued, never the pursuers. As to that there shall be no discourse at present. But it must be granted that whenever the pursuit has been attempted, it is not in human nature to abandon it without an effort. That the French girls should be very angry with Miss Stanbury, that they should put their heads together with the intention of thwarting her, that they should think evil things of poor Dorothy, that they should half despise Mr. Gibson, and yet resolve to keep their hold upon him as a chattel and a thing of value that was almost their own, was not perhaps much to their discredit.

"You are a good deal at the house in the Close now," said Arabella, in her lowest voice,—in a voice so low that it was almost melancholy.

"Well; yes. Miss Stanbury, you know, has always been a staunch friend of mine. And she takes an interest in my little church." People say that girls are sly; but men can be sly too sometimes.

"It seems that she has taken you so much away from us, Mr. Gibson."

"I don't know why you should say that, Miss French."

"Perhaps I am wrong. One is apt to be sensitive about one's friends. We seem to have known you so well. There is nobody else in Exeter that mamma regards as she does you. But, of course, if you are happy with Miss Stanbury that is everything."

"I am speaking of the old lady," said Mr. Gibson, who, in spite of his slyness, was here thrown a little off his guard.

"And I am speaking of the old lady too," said Arabella. "Of whom else should I be speaking?"

"No;—of course not."

"Of course," continued Arabella, "I hear what people say about the niece. One cannot help what one hears, you know, Mr. Gibson; but I don't believe that, I can assure you." As she said this, she looked into his face, as though waiting for an answer; but Mr. Gibson had no answer ready. Then Arabella

told herself that if anything was to be done it must be done at once. What use was there in beating round the bush, when the only chance of getting the game was to be had by dashing at once into the thicket. "I own I should be glad," she said, turning her eyes away from him, "if I could hear from your own mouth that it is not true."

Mr. Gibson's position was one not to be envied. Were he willing to tell the very secrets of his soul to Miss French with the utmost candor, he could not answer her question either one way or the other, and he was not willing to tell her any of his secrets. It was certainly the fact, too, that there had been tender passages between him and Arabella. Now, when there have been such passages, and the gentleman is cross-examined by the lady, as Mr. Gibson was being cross-examined at the present moment,—the gentleman usually teaches himself to think that a little falsehood is permissible. A gentleman can hardly tell a lady that he has become tired of her, and has changed his mind. He feels the matter, perhaps, more keenly even than she does; and though, at all other times he may be a very Paladin in the cause of truth, in such straits as this he does allow himself some latitude.

"You are only joking, of course," he said.

"Indeed, I am not joking. I can assure you, Mr. Gibson, that the welfare of the friends whom I really love can never be a matter of joke to me. Mrs. Crumbie says that you positively are engaged to marry Dorothy Stanbury."

"What does Mrs. Crumbie know about it?"

"I dare say nothing. It is not so;—is it?"

"Certainly not."

"And there is nothing in it;—is there?"

"I wonder why people make these reports," said Mr. Gibson, prevaricating.

"It is a fabrication from beginning to end, then?" said Arabella, pressing the matter quite home. At this time she was very close to him, and though her words were severe, the glance from her eyes was soft. And the scent from her hair was not objectionable to him as it would have been to Miss Stanbury. And the mode of her head-dress was not dis-

pleasing to him. And the folds of her dress, as they fell across his knee, were welcome to his feelings. He knew that he was as one under temptation, but he was not strong enough to bid the tempter avant. "Say that it is so, Mr. Gibson!"

"Of course, it is not so," said Mr. Gibson—lying.

"I am so glad. For, of course, Mr. Gibson, when we heard it we thought a great deal about it. A man's happiness depends so much on whom he marries;—doesn't it? And a clergyman's more than anybody else's. And we didn't think she was quite the sort of woman that you would like. You see, she has had no advantages, poor thing! She has been shut up in a little country cottage all her life;—just a laborer's hovel, no more;—and though it wasn't her fault, of course, and we all pitied her, and were so glad when Miss Stanbury brought her to the Close;—still, you know, though one was very glad of her as an acquaintance, yet, you know, as a wife,—and for such a dear, dear friend —" She went on, and said many other things with equal enthusiasm, and then wiped her eyes, and then smiled and laughed. After that she declared that she was quite happy—so happy; and so she left him. The poor man, after the falsehood had been extracted from him, said nothing more; but sat, in patience, listening to the raptures and enthusiasm of his friend. He knew that he had disgraced himself; and he knew also that his disgrace would be known, if Dorothy Stanbury should accept his offer on the

morrow. And yet how hardly he had been used! What answer could he have given compatible both with the truth and with his own personal dignity?

About half an hour afterwards, he was walking back to Exeter with Brooke Burgess, and then Brooke did ask him a question or two.

"Nice girls those Frenches, I think," said Brooke.

"Very nice," said Mr. Gibson.

"How Miss Stanbury does hate them," says Brooke.

"Not hate them, I hope," said Mr. Gibson.

"She doesn't love them;—does she?"

"Well, as for love;—yes; in one sense,—I hope she does. Miss Stanbury, you know, is a woman who expresses herself strongly."

"What would she say, if she were told that you and I were going to marry those two girls? We are both favorites, you know."

"Dear me! What a very odd supposition," said Mr. Gibson.

"For my part, I don't think I shall," said Brooke.

"I don't suppose I shall either," said Mr. Gibson, with a gravity which was intended to convey some smattering of rebuke.

"A fellow might do worse, you know," said Brooke. "For my part, I rather like girls with chignons, and all that sort of get-up. But the worst of it is, one can't marry two at a time."

"That would be bigamy," said Mr. Gibson.

"Just so," said Brooke.

[To be Continued.]

Temple Bar.

YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

THE most beautiful period in the life of human beings is that just following marriage, when the frenzy and anxiety of courtship is all over, and love reaches the peaceful Lotus-land, in which there is no more climbing up the climbing wave—no more worry and jealousy, and heartbreaking uncertainty. In a previous article we ventured to counsel young people not to eat their cake too soon—to make good use of that extended time of alternate joy and despair, quarrelling and peace-making, regret and happy

anticipation, which precedes marriage. "The cruel madness of love," which most people suffer during that perplexing period, is in itself a sort of "liberal education," begetting an enlarged sympathy with all other forms of human ill. But the extraordinary contrast presented by the year before marriage and the year after marriage would almost lead one to recall the advice, and beg young people to escape at once from alternate cat-scratching and ringdove-cooing into the sober and beautiful and happy calm

of post-nuptial life. The small jealousies are for ever gone. The right of absolute possession confers a certain sense of superiority which is generous in its allowances and interpretations. Harry no longer feels a prodigious qualm of anger and aversion if he sees from afar off his Emily seated in conversation with that offensive captain, who has a habit of leering at women, and who, as Harry knows, was requested by the secretary to withdraw his name from the member-list of a certain club some few days ago. There is no longer any fear that some slight cause of quarrel may arise just as the evening draws to a close, and send these two young people to their respective homes with a frightful load of misery upon their hearts. Explanations, when explanations are required, are not now difficult to make; and there is no longer necessary that tiresome hunt for an opportunity. Above all, the young people are not dependent on others for the chances of being brought together. It is well known what a terrible amount of boring our young men and women are compelled by society to suffer before they can get to speak quietly together. Harry, who hates the theatre and all its ways, pretends to have an inordinate love for all the new pieces which are being brought out, so that Emily may be induced to ask her elder sister and her mamma to go with her and him. Emily, who takes picture-exhibitions to be the duller things in this unhappy world, is forced to cultivate a spurious artistic taste, that so she may have an excuse for walking round one or two hushed rooms in Harry's company. In either case they may not be able to exchange above half-a-dozen sentences relative to their own particular secret, and yet for that gratification one or other has to suffer hours of social martyrdom. Then look at the frightful amount of hypocrisy which this period demands. To ward off suspicion great attention has to be paid to the person or persons who accompany Emily. The inevitable dragon has to be pacified. The clumsy and obvious way in which some boys when in love endeavor to conciliate the dragon are extremely amusing. Young man, it is not necessary to make love to her. Doesn't she know that your pretty speeches are tortured out of you, in order that she may

be lenient, and allow you and some other fatuous young person to sit unmolested for ten whole minutes on a seat behind the top screen, when there are only two other people in the exhibition-room, and they are fast asleep? It has been our great good fortune to know a number of dragons, of divers hues and temperaments. As a rule, they are the kindest of human beings; and in more than one instance with which we are acquainted they have been quite as desirable and agreeable companions as the young ladies who were protected by their sheltering wing. Young man, if at the moment when you are so hypocritically anxious to convey to the mind of your particular friend's dragon that she, the dragon, is an angel, and the descendant of angels, you would for a second seriously ask yourself whether the term might not, in sober earnest, be as fitly applied to her as to your mutual and youthful friend—if you would seriously ask yourself whether, in wit, and graceful manner, and pleasant looks, and easy conversation, the dragon might not, after all, be put up as a perpetual model for her whom alone you are then considering—if you would seriously ask what special graces they are which you suppose to exist in this other young creature, and which render the uncomplaining dragon's society a plague and a pest—you might gain some wisdom by the comparison, and perhaps be led to act upon its direct conclusions. But then you are young; and, as a writer remarked the other day, while a man over twenty-one is probably a fool, a man under twenty-one is certain to be a fool.

All that time of perplexity, trouble, and hypocrisy, is now at an end.

"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love
no longer meet

The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove."

For the young wife is now herself a matron, in a small way. She has little airs of patronage for her girl-friends. She is anxious to give them the result of her large experience of her wedded life, extending over a couple of months, perhaps, in order to counsel them in their love affairs. She is delighted to become the repository of love-secrets, and assumes, in the most innocent fashion, a motherly air of

caution and profundity in advising her young friends. She is inexhaustibly talkative at this time—talkative to old gentlemen about the sanitary effects of country air, and eager to acquire knowledge on the subject of water-rates—talkative to elderly ladies upon furniture, the dire cost of table-linen, and the difficulty of keeping the silver bright—talkative to middle-aged ladies upon the incurable curse of servants, and how to pacify a surly gardener—talkative to girls of her own age on the advantages of getting married.

"My dear, you must marry," she says, with an air of profound and patronizing wisdom, to some poor girl who is already engaged to one suitor, and pestered by three or four others, but who does not think of marrying any the more for that.

"I suppose I must, *some time*," says the girl wickedly.

"But, my dear, you don't know—you don't know. You go on tormenting yourself and all these poor young men to no purpose. You are losing the best part of your life in aimless flirtation."

"Oh, cousin Kate, how can you say so?" protests the young hypocrite, who is at the same moment profoundly conscious that a young gentleman is studying her profile and the delicate *pose* of her arm and fan.

"You are scattering your attentions on so many, when you ought to devote them to making one man supremely happy,"

"When I marry, cousin Kate," she retorts, "I expect my husband to devote himself to making me supremely happy."

"My dear, you will soon acquire a notion of the duties of a wife when you marry; and you will find your best pleasure in fulfilling them."

"Cousin Kate, how long have you been married, that you begin to talk like my grandmother already?" says the young princess, moving off in petulance and pride to receive the homage and admiration of her three or four too obedient suitors.

Sometimes, of course, the example of the young wife, if she be given to proselytizing, has a prodigious effect upon her circle of feminine acquaintance. You will sometimes see a whole bevy of girls smitten with the marrying mania, and all arising from the fact that the prime spirit

among them has suddenly taken a husband. It is very difficult to get a sheep to jump over a ditch; but once you have got the first over, the rest of the flock need little inducement to follow.

There is scarcely any prettier sight to be seen in modern society than when you happen to walk into a drawing-room where a number of people are dancing, and find the young husband and the young wife dancing together. There is something so unusual in the sight of a husband and wife seeking each other's society in public, as if they could not be sufficiently together, that one naturally regards the spectacle as a sort of phenomenon. Of course society forbids a husband to dance with his wife; or to take her in to supper, or to pay her any attention whatever when other ladies are present; but you may chance to see the young husband and wife snap their fingers at these understood laws. Married as they are, they are still the boy and the girl who were busy courting some few weeks or months ago. At that time did he care a straw for dancing with any human being in the world except one? Did not he dance with her out of all proportion to the number of the dances and the wishes of the other partners? We may assume that in more temperate measure she also preferred to dance with him above all other people. Why, he asks himself now, should that ceremony of some few weeks ago debar him from one of his old pleasures? You find him whirling her along the room in a mad gallop, her face flushed and happy with excitement, her long train sweeping the shiny shoes of the wall-flowers. They are, as we say, boy and girl once more. The young wife has entirely lost that odd assumption of matronly wisdom she has been laboring to acquire and attain; and it is her sweetheart she is dancing with. Perhaps she forgets all the attendant and recent circumstances, and is possessed with a vague consciousness that she must dance much and enjoy herself now he is here, for at a certain advanced period of the evening he will be going home to his dull bachelor-chambers, and she will be retiring to her solitary room, to spend a wakeful hour or so in calculating the mighty chances of the future. These young people who are whirling there are as much lovers as they were in the days when

they studied the whims of dragons, and thought earth had but one supreme bliss—a sea-side cottage in summer-time, with honey-suckle, and sweet-brier, and wild roses round the porch, with an utter absence of watchful friends, and the full, uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society. They are still in the idyllic period. He still regards her as his beautiful and bountiful lady, who stepped down from her high estate and presented him with the white rosebud of her love. Existence is full of joy to them, for they are always near each other, and they are their own masters. He is still to her tender, and respectful, and assiduously attentive; and she still repays him with gracious looks, and hidden smiles, and all the nameless telegraphy of affection. In short, life is at its very apex. Never before has it been so beautiful; never afterwards shall it be so full of enjoyment. Look at a young husband and wife a month or two after their marriage; and—if they have “married for love,” and are otherwise worthy young people—you catch life just at its flower.

Now, regarding the whole matter from a utilitarian point of view, we counselled lovers to protract the “engaged” period as long as possible. In like manner, and much more emphatically, we would have this beautiful time that follows a happy marriage carried as far into the remainder of life as possible. What is it that cuts it short? Why do people naturally look for a marked and perceptible difference in the relations between husband and wife after they have been a little time—say a year or two—married? There are a great many causes which may tend, more or less directly, to this very unsatisfactory result; and we shall look at one or two of them.

In the first place, the young wife sets out with an idiotic determination to be matronly all at once. This is very pretty for a time, while the natural girlishness shines through the amiable hypocrisy, and while its only effect is to alternately amuse and embarrass the young husband. We happen to know, for example, a young creature who, some few years ago, married a clergyman in the north of England. His living was not a very brilliant one; but, on the other hand, it was not a poor one; and certainly it was sufficient to keep them

both decently dressed. However, nothing would do for the young wife but that she must needs make all her husband's clothes; and if anything could have reconciled one to an arrangement which made him a perpetual guy, it was the good-humor with which he wore the wondrously-shaped garments, and the innocent and garrulous pride she betrayed in talking of them. We say, this determination to be superhumanly matronly—to anticipate the current of years, and become prematurely practical—is very pardonable while it is only a pretty affectation; but, unfortunately, it constantly tends to produce the actual change which is at first only assumed. The girl does become prematurely practical; and in her haste to fit herself for her new duties she flings for ever behind her that charm of girlishness, that novelty and freshness of character, which was once her principal attraction. The husband, who is inclined to be amused by the superior airs of practical wisdom exhibited by his young wife, begins to be aware of the fact that she is growing to be what she would be. He discovers, in short, that he has married, not a wife, but a housekeeper. In time, the only ground on which they meet in common is that of domestic affairs. She considers the household to be so exclusively her sphere of occupation, and she so religiously limits herself to that sphere, that a certain marked line begins to separate them. He confines himself to his own business or avocations; she, in the plenitude of her virtuous resolutions, occupies herself solely with the practical necessities of every-day life; and so they drop down into the ordinary routine of marriage, as it is exemplified in nine-tenths of common-place lives.

The fatal blunder lies in the primary notion apparently possessed by most girls, that in entering the sphere of marriage they must surrender themselves entirely to certain paramount duties, and that these duties demand the sacrifice of all the graceful little occupations which lent a charm to their not very dramatic or picturesque lives during the period of girlhood. Lady-moralists, inveighing against the undomesticated habits and uselessness of the modern young gentlewoman, have pushed their theories to such an extreme that a notion seems to

have got abroad that marriage sets a death-seal upon all the pretty accomplishments and occupations of young-ladyhood. Men marry, we are told, in order to get good dinners cooked. They seek a wife that she may sew on buttons, look after the servants, sit up at night, and hold her tongue. Why, Mrs. Poyser had a nobler theory of marriage when she suggested that "what a man wants in a wife mostly, is to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise." If it comes to be argued upon that ground, our lady-instructors may be informed that a bachelor can get a much better-cooked dinner at his club than his wife is ever likely to provide for him at home; and that the expense of keeping up an establishment for a wife would more than cover the wages of the most experienced housekeeper that could be found. However, a large number of women seem to fancy that it is their proper business after marriage to sink into the position of a housekeeper. Very well. The husbands accept the arrangement. And then, of course, one is not expected to chat much with one's housekeeper; nor is one expected to stay in of an evening in order to please her. Perhaps this consideration may explain a good deal of the phenomena exhibited in certain households.

Heaven forbid that we should suggest to any girl that her chief occupations in married life should be playing the piano and stitching beads on useless pen-wipers for a bazaar. The determination on the part of many young gentlewomen to amend their ways and alter their habits upon becoming wives betrays a praiseworthy and proper consciousness of the valueless character of their lives as girls. They feel that they must do something to redeem themselves from insignificance and uselessness; and that they must look out for some worthier employment than the trivial, and rather tiresome, routine of small pleasures in which they have been accustomed to spend their time. But why fly to the other extreme? The man who marries expects to find a companion who shall share his intellectual pleasures as well as his dinners; who shall be able to read and pass her opinion on the last new volume of poems, as well as deliver a dictum on the color of window-curtains; who shall be able to snatch

time from her domestic duties to accompany him to this or that picture-exhibition, instead of spending all her leisure in calling upon people for whom she doesn't care a straw, or in planning big entertainments for a lot of remarkably ungrateful and critical guests. On entering the gateway of marriage, the young neophyte need not throw behind her her slight acquaintance with modern poets, her slender acquirements in foreign languages, her interests in pictures, or whatever other intellectual preferences may have so far idealized her previous life. There is nothing incompatible with the character of a wife in having a lively desire to see Mr. Morris's new poem, or in taking a great interest in Miss Neilson's progress as an actress, or in being anxious to know when Mr. Burne Jones is going to emancipate his great powers from a clogging mannerism. All these various interests she may have shared with her husband, when they were both young creatures, conversing between the figures of a quadrille, or in walking home from church. Probably he looks forward to having this charming companion for ever beside him during life; and very likely he will scarcely notice the gradual degrees by which she will subside from being a companion into being a sort of household fixture, a woman who "*sans aucune affaire, est toujours affairée*," and who ultimately lowers marriage to the level of a business-arrangement, in which he brings in money for her to spend more or less judiciously upon their joint requirements.

One constantly finds marriage degraded in this way from its high estate. You see a young couple just married whom you may have known in their pre-marital state. You know that both are fairly gifted with brains, that they have several strong æsthetic sympathies in common, that the husband has plenty of means to indulge these intellectual tastes, and that the young people are remarkably fond of each other. It is impossible to conceive more auspicious conditions for the commencement of a long life-journey together. Intellectual tastes in common form one of the very strongest links between husband and wife. They not only widen and beautify the character, but they add possibilities to the character of each which may afford to

the other a series of those delicate little surprises which are always grateful in the closest friendship. You feel that this spirit which is so nearly linked to your own has not exhausted itself. It is not altogether open and bare. You come upon little whims and caprices of opinion, of judgment, which are so many miniature conundrums for you to solve or give up. Two young people, so situated, have the most grateful prospect before them. Perhaps it is the very couple you have caught, in defiance of all tradition and custom, dancing together. Their life, you anticipate, is to be a prolonged banquet of the more exalted emotions and intellectual pleasures. But already the young wife has got into her perverse little brain the notion that great sacrifices are expected of her. She is to abandon all those finer studies which used to adorn her girlhood. She is now a wife—it is her business to throw aside such trivial pursuits and devote herself entirely to studying the welfare of her husband. Why the welfare of her husband should depend entirely upon highly-polished furniture, punctual dinners, and accurately-kept domestic accounts (all most desirable things in their way) does not appear to us to be quite clear; but doubtless the theory has been implanted in her mind by some practical and methodical mother, or aunt, or other adviser. So long as her aim is apparent, and the character of matter-of-fact housekeeper sits awkwardly upon her, the result is very amusing; but in process of time, as we have already said, this assumed character grows permanent, and the husband finds that his dearest companion has somehow raised a barrier between herself and him, and that she has taken her place among the rank and file of ordinary married women.

Very often the husband has his share in the production of this lamentable result. Shortly after marriage, he acquires such a distorted notion of his duties that he considers the chief employment of his life to be the making of money and the increasing the comforts of his household for the benefit of his wife. Here, again, another puzzle confronts us—why a husband should naturally assume that the best means of securing the welfare of his wife is the amassing of money. They are but human creatures. They can

only live a certain time. Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, should he sacrifice the young years of their married life in toiling for money which they will never spend—which will never benefit them in any way whatever? Prudence, you say, demands that they shall lay up provender for their old age. But people who can look forward to a fair competency in their old age do not the less sacrifice the best years of their life in needlessly increasing that competency. Why not postpone that wearisome quest of gold for a year or two, and enjoy in the mean time the greatest happiness of life? Children, you again urge, have to be provided for. But again we reply that children are but human beings, who have no more right to sacrifice the lives of their parents than they have to sacrifice their own. It may seem very harsh and cruel to say it; but men and women are not bound to think exclusively of their children. The ordinary habit of English society is, in this respect, most absurd. A. and B. marry, and have children. A. and B. consider they must be economical, or even penurious, not in order to give their children C. and D. a fair education and equal chances to those which A. and B. possessed, but to start them in married life in that social position which A. and B. have now secured. C. and D. marry their respective husbands or wives; and, instead of enjoying the results of the economy of C. and D., they proceed to increase the hoard for *their* children. And so the game goes on; no one taking the enjoyment he is entitled to out of his labor, but gathering up the fruits thereof for his son, who, in his turn, cannot enjoy them, but adds to them and passes them on to *his* son. In any case, would it not be advisable to leave over for a year or two this inevitable drudgery which tends so much to take the color and glow out of life? If middle age must be mercenary, let us at least have a year or two of nobler impulses and more exalted enjoyment. It is given to few men to have the rare faculty of combining the finer pleasures of life with that ceaseless pursuit of money into which, it seems, the majority of us must in time fall. If men and women must come, sooner or later, to live exclusively for their children, let them

devote a certain space of time to themselves; and no more suitable or beautiful time can be found than that which immediately follows marriage.

It seems to us that the decline of love between married people is a far sadder thing than the same catastrophe occurring to unmarried people. The latter accident, let sentimentalists say what they like, is always reparable. Human nature is not constructed on the impossible principle that a man or woman can only love once; and so long as one is free, there still remains a possible solace for all love-misfortunes. But once let the love of husband and wife cool or die out, and what is to supply its place? They may continue to live on the most amicable terms—they may be excellent companions for each other—they may appear to outsiders to be a remarkably happy couple; and yet all the time they may lack that very element which consecrates marriage and, in certain beautiful instances which must occur to every reader's mind, renders it a perpetual treasure and source of happiness. Who that has read the following lines can ever forget the utter pathos of them—

"J'ai vu ma seule amie, à jamais la plus chère,
Devenuë elle-même un sépulcre blanchi,
Une tombe vivante où flottait la poussière
De notre mort chéri,

De notre pauvre amour, que, dans la nuit profonde,
Nous avions sur nos cœurs si doucement bercé;
C'était plus qu'une vie, hélas! c'était un monde
Quis' était effacé!"

The majority of married men and women seem to accept their fate with equanimity—to regard it as a natural thing that their first love should die out and their life become a whitened sepulchre. There is surely no such direful necessity. One does occasionally meet with married people who have preserved intact the affection which first made their life grateful and lovely—people who have made that post-nuptial period of which we speak perpetual. Be sure, in such cases, that there is some higher bond between husband and wife than the common one of mutual interest, even if that should take the idealised form of parental care.

Chambers's Journal.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

"I TELL you what 'tis, Pen, you've just fallen in luck's way—that's where it is."

I had spent the evening with him; we had supped. Pennel Crossley, my old schoolfellow, the dunderheadedest boy in the school, without a shilling's-worth of brains, or sixpence-worth of expectations, had, somehow or other, managed to make a good match a year ago, on the strength of which he had just taken the Manor-house in our little village of Copseford, and settled down in dignified ease as a country "squire," with a four-wheeler of his own; whilst I, who used to write half his exorcises for him, was still working hard for a living, and trudging it on foot. I didn't grudge him his prosperity, but I wanted him at least to admit that it came through no effort of his own—that it was, in fact, nothing but luck.

"Luck!" cried Crossley, a little contemptuously, I thought—"luck! do you say? Look you here, my good fellow; my luck is just this: it is *all my eye*—that's what my luck is."

"Nonsense," I retorted. "Do you mean to tell me that you've worked for the money you spend in paying for this place? Do you mean to say that your gold is the fruit of your brains or your hands? That it is good money, warm from the sweat of your brow, or that—"

"Now, don't," he interrupted; "don't I tell you it's all my eye?"

"It's not all my eye," I continued, "if you—"

"Hush! I didn't say 'twas all your eye: I said it was all *mine*. Look at me."

I looked at him. I saw through the wreathing clouds of smoke with which he surrounded himself, a great, tall, handsome, hulking fellow, with close curly hair, like a Roman gladiator, and a pair of very handsome eyes, a little constrained perhaps in their expression, partly, as I judged from school antecedents, because he hadn't much to express, and partly from his being a little far-sighted. I knew he could not see objects close to him without peculiar spectacles.

"You don't see anything wrong about me, then?" he asked, when I had concluded my scrutiny.

No, I didn't. He was toying with a lead-pencil which was in his hand when he asked the question.

"Nor yet now?" and he deliberately took the lead-pencil, and tapped it against his left eye—right on the eyeball—and played a little tattoo upon it. "Nor yet now?" he said.

"Pen, what *do* you mean?" I cried, aghast.

"Just this: I tell you it's all my eye. It's only a glass one, but a capital bit of window-glass it is—as good as most window-glass you'll find in London—too dark to see through, but it keeps the draught out." And he turned away for a minute, whisked his eye out, wiped it with his handkerchief, and then, covering up his sightless cavity, brought the eye to me to examine. It was so thin one could blow it away with a breath, and it looked like a fragile shell of porcelain.

"This is my luck," he said, when he had inserted his eye again. "It is my eye—all my eye—and nothing else. If you want to know how, just light up another Manila, and listen."

"But which is the artificial eye?" I asked, for I declare I could not tell as I looked at him.

"Left," said Pen, tapping it affectionately. "'Tisn't bad, eh? There are only three people know it beside yourself—namely, the optician, my father-in-law, and my wife—so I've kept my secret pretty well; and you need not go and tell everybody about Copsford that the new squire has a game eye! Twopenny-worth of gunpowder did it, at school, after you left, so it's no wonder you didn't know. I had loaded a small brass cannon which wouldn't fire; and looking down the muzzle to see why it wouldn't go off, the charge went in, and my eye went out. I left school—blown out of it, as it were; and having recovered from the accident, and had my eye replaced with this very artistic piece of china-ware, I went home to Stepminster, to study medicine under my father. My father, although called Dr. Crossley by courtesy, was not a properly qualified doctor of medicine; he was, strictly speaking, a 'medical man;' but folks

in our town were never very particular about what letters a professed surgeon wrote after his name, so long as he could write enough of them. Dr. Crossley was Medical Inspector to the Local Board of Health (unkind persons called him Inspector of Nuisances), and had little or no private practice. It was his idea that I should keep the loss of my eye a profound secret, because he wished gradually to work me into his own position, for which his failing health was rapidly incapacitating him. He had some notion the Board might fancy a man could not 'inspect' enough for the post with one eye. For my part I should have thought a nose the most needful organ for an inspector of nuisances; and I have found one eye quite enough to see through a Board and all their wooden ways. After a few years, I began to relieve my father of his duties, until, though he still nominally held the position of inspector, the whole of the work was done by me. As it was satisfactorily done, the Board made no difficulty about transferring the appointment to me on my father's retirement, which only shortly preceded his death. One member of the Board in particular complimented me very highly on my assiduity in the discharge of the duties of the office. 'He is only a young man, sir,' he said, addressing the chairman; 'but he has an eye like a hawk.' He was right. I had *an* eye. Such was the energy with which I worked to put down nuisances, that the mere mention of my eye was almost sufficient to get them removed. A person whose neighbor kept pigs in his back-yard had simply to say to that neighbor, 'Look out; the Inspector has his eye upon you,' and there was really no need for my interference. Such was the beautiful respect and awe in which the townsfolk held my eye. But not one of them knew the *singular* meaning which attached to being under my eye—not a soul of them knew he was telling the truth by accident.

"Some time before I was appointed inspector, a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Tredgold, a widower, had settled in Stepminster. Some said he was a retired Liverpool merchant, others that he was a retired London broker. People hardly knew what he was, or where he had come from, or what for. He was not very communicative on these

points; but it was agreed that he was rich, and it was indisputable that he had a very pretty only daughter, Laura. He therefore became an object of interest to parents of marriageable young men in Stepminster; whilst Miss Tredgold became a ditto ditto to those young men themselves. The Tredgolds were invited out a good deal. They were not at all proud; they appeared fond of society; they accepted those invitations; and in turn their hosts became their guests. They were very much liked, I really believe for their own sakes, more than on account of Mr. Tredgold's wealth. Mr. Tredgold was excellent company; had seen a great deal of the world, could make himself at home in any society, and, what is more, could make every one else feel so too, if not a little too much so at times, for he was somewhat eccentric. As for Laura Tredgold, there could not be two opinions about her: she had the blackest eyes, the prettiest face, and the best fortune of any girl in Stepminster; more, she was known to be good-tempered, unassuming, and, in a word, nice.

"Now, although the Tredgolds had been settled for four years in our town, and notwithstanding one after another of the best and most well-to-do of our young gentlemen, young professional men, and young tradesmen had laid continual siege to her heart during that time, Miss Tredgold was still disengaged. She referred all suitors to her father, who professed to be flattered by their attentions, but told each of them, with never-failing affability, 'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future.' This was his continual reply to all applications—he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future;' and he never varied a word, but delivered it with equal good-humor and courtesy in every case.

"Stepminster was puzzled as to what those intentions could be. It was demonstrable that Miss Tredgold was not engaged elsewhere. They never received visitors from a distance; and more than one disappointed suitor ascertained, through his servants, from the Tredgolds' servants, that Miss Tredgold was actually free still.

"I became acquainted with the family through my connection with a private

musical society for the practice of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The society had been founded very recently by Mr. Tredgold, himself no mean amateur on the double-bass. We met at members' houses alternately, and managed to spend some of the pleasantest evenings I can call to mind in this way. My own part in the performances was chiefly confined to singing tenor. Laura Tredgold played the piano or organ with real nervous feeling, besides which she had a very respectable soprano voice. My great interest in the study and practice of music led Mr. Tredgold to invite me to his house rather frequently, to try over some of Mendelssohn's trios with Laura and himself, until I became a constant visitor, always welcomed to their home and table.

"It went on like this for a good bit, and the trios frequently came down to duets between Miss Tredgold and myself, whilst her father would add a double-bass *obligato* to her piano accompaniment. At last I grew very miserable. I began to feel that I loved Laura Tredgold, and that my position as a miserable one-eyed inspector of nuisances was an insuperable barrier to telling her so, and much less her affable old father rasping away at his double-bass in happy unconsciousness of my feelings. I tried to stifle these feelings, and to look upon our acquaintance simply in the light of a musical one. I am afraid the very effort I made to hide them must have in some way betrayed them to Laura, for I became impressed with a growing conviction that she knew what I felt, and that her own inclinations were at least not unfavorable towards me. I noticed, or thought I did, that when I entered the room a faint blush would overspread her cheek—that she would look round and single out mine from among the other faces at the meetings of the musical society, and that having found it, her eyes would stay restfully and satisfied on mine for a moment—her deep lustrous dark eyes—before turning with greater unconcern upon the rest. And when she parted from me of an evening, I remember how she would raise those eyes to mine with a gentle expression that made me dizzy to think about as I would run out of the house and reflect on my one-eyed-ness. Laura had speak-

ing eyes, as folks say. They were not bashful eyes, but mild and gentle; and when I looked into their depths, they seemed to flash back already a favorable answer to what I longed to, yet dared not, ask. That the longer I reflected on the social inequality between my position and hers, the more resolved I became at least to try my fate, and hear at worst my rejection, will be readily understood by the lad who has read his first love-story. It was not so much this—it was my eye. I dared not tell her, lest, if she rejected me, it should get bruited about Stepminster that the Board had a one-eyed inspector. That would be ruin. It was clear to me I must keep this secret locked up in my own—eyelid. But suppose I should be married with my glass eye, and never tell my wife? I should be found out! There would be an end to all confidence, for I should be a wretched deceiver; and would it not be obtaining a wife and a fortune under false pretences?

"However, candidly, I only expected rejection of my suit, after the experience of so many more eligible young men than myself. And should I, for this, put my eye into any one's power, and lose my place as inspector? No: I would risk keeping the secret, and know my fate first. I could easily tell her afterwards. Excuse my not dwelling on the terms in which I laid bare the state of my feelings to Laura Tredgold. It is neither here nor there to the story.

"'I have loved you, Mr. Crossley,' she said, with emotion, 'and only you. I have never loved another. Yet I fear I can never be yours. You do not know—not know,' she continued, sobbing on my shoulder, 'what brought us to Stepminster. No; you don't know. Yet, if you will ask my father, first, for his consent to your suit, and next to tell you what brought us to Stepminster; if his answer to the first is favorable to your desire, and if his answer to the second is satisfactory to your mind, I will be your wife.'

"This seemed queer to me. What did I care what brought them to Stepminster? Absolutely nothing.

"Whilst we had been talking—Laura and I—the old gentleman had been upstairs, to rummage out some new tricos for our next practice.

"'Lovely things!' said Mr. Tredgold, patting them affectionately.

"'Could I have a little conversation with you, Mr. Tredgold, in private?'

"'Oh, nonsense! Not now. I know what you've got to say—or I guess. That's all my eye, sir,' he said severely: 'we are going to practise now. Oh, they are lovely things!' and he took an enthusiastic rasp at his double-bass. 'We will talk, if you like, after supper, when Laura goes to bed. Now, then—one, two, three.'

"And off we went into chamber music. It was a very constrained affair, after what I knew, and what Laura knew, and what we both judged, I feel sure, that he seemed to know was coming. For three blessed hours we kept this up; then supper came, which I thought never would end. At last, Laura kissed her father, and wishing me good-night, resting her full dark eyes on mine with a new and happier meaning in them, retired.

"'Well, Mr. Crossley,' the old gentleman began, when he heard Laura's footstep die away up the stairs—'well, sir, I expect I know what you have to say. I may as well be candid, and tell you I am not taken by surprise. I have had a good many young men here, and I have observed their attentions to my daughter have naturally resulted in a little conversation with me. I have also watched you, and had no doubt your attentions would result similarly in a few words in private with me. Now, let us have these few words short and to the purpose. You are come to tell me you love my daughter Laura?'

"This was a most unpromising beginning, certainly. It is very annoying to get the ground cut from under your feet with this bewildering candor.

"'I certainly was about to say, sir, that I love your daughter; that I love her truly and disinterestedly; and that in making this confession, I have not an eye to—'

"'You have *not* an eye to?' echoed Mr. Tredgold, emphasizing the 'not' in a very unpleasant manner.

"'I mean, sir, I am not in the slightest degree influenced by pecuniary considerations, knowing, though I do, that Miss Tredgold's position is very far above mine, from a pecuniary point of view. In fact, a reflection on this very unequal-

ity has for a long time prevented my declaring the state of my feelings to Miss Tredgold herself, notwithstanding I had reason to hope that it would be reciprocated on her part.'

"Well, sir, I can only say I have other intentions respecting my daughter's future—'

"Mr. Tredgold coughed. The very words. It was all over, I thought.

"Than pecuniary ones,' the old gentleman added, after a slight pause. 'They are a very one-eyed sort of consideration, sir, after all.'

"I acquiesced, but I wished he would not allude to partial blindness even in that metaphorical manner.

"But,' Mr. Tredgold continued, 'having seen a good deal of you for some time past, I am not disposed to think you a man influenced by considerations of that kind. Have you mentioned your sentiments to Miss Tredgold? Yes? And they are returned? Yes? In that case you may consider the matter settled, so far as my consent is concerned. I am simply anxious for her happiness. No doubt, you wonder at my ready assent in your case to a suit which I have refused a number of gentlemen in much better positions than your own. I have my own reasons. I do not want money for my daughter. I can give her as much as I think it good for any young pair to have.'

"What a gem of a father-in-law! I thought.

"The fact is, I am a student, sir,' he went on—'a humble one, it is true, of individual character as delineated in the human eye.'

"I began to feel very particularly uncomfortable.

"At one time I studied phrenology. What is moral character? says the phrenologist. Moral character, he replies, is bumps. I tried nosology. What is the index of intelligence? asks the nosologist. It is your nose. He knows nothing. They are all wrong together. Where do I look to read the moral and perceptive faculties of the human mind?—whither do I turn to seek for infallible indications that my confidence shall not be misplaced? To the eye, sir. The eye is the window of the soul. That is where a man's character is written. Depend upon it, it is all in your eye.'

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"Really, this was very disagreeable. I was so perplexed I could not tell what to do. It flashed through my mind that I had better go down on my knees, and at once avow myself a wretched one-eyed impostor, regardless of all consequences to the inspectorship. But this is weakness, I thought. Should I give up the secret of so many years' standing, and lose Laura and the inspectorship at one fell swoop? No! With a powerful effort, I controlled my feelings.

"I have read your eyes,' said Mr. Tredgold, 'and I must say they impress me with a favorable opinion of the candor and frankness of your disposition.'

"What a guilty being I felt!

"A very favorable opinion, sir. And I will say I have confidence in you. Plainly, I like you; and I would rather have you for a son-in-law than any other young gentleman I know; and I believe you will make Laura a good husband.'

"For very shame, I could hardly find words suitably to express my acknowledgments of his good opinion; but I blurted out something, and the old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me good-night.

"I don't know if you will think me unduly inquisitive,' I said, 'but I should like to ask you one question before I go.'

"Not at all. You probably mean as to the amount of the settlement—'

"No, no,' I interrupted, coloring. 'I assure you that was furthest from my thoughts. It is on a very different subject. Your daughter wished me to ask why you came to Stepminster?'

"Mr. Tredgold looked at me keenly for a moment, then he replied, with some abruptness, 'Change of air.—Good-night.'

"The manner in which he said 'good-night' did not admit of further conversation.

"Why had Laura insisted on my asking this question? Surely, not to elicit such an unsatisfactory piece of information as this. I fancied I heard the old gentleman chuckle to himself as he shut the street-door on me.

"Could there be any reason worth keeping secret connected with Mr. Tredgold's coming to Stepminster? Had he done anything wrong? Did he want to avoid anything or anybody? It did not

look like it, for he had taken no pains to live a quiet retiring life in town. Again, *why* did Laura wish me to know the reason that had brought them here? It mattered nothing to me, that I could see. I loved Laura Tredgold: that was enough for me.

"Then I thought about my eye. Could I tell them, after deceiving them hitherto? The worst of the first step in deception is, it makes the others so easy. I did not see that I could. Besides, surely it was no crime to have a glass eye: it was my misfortune. Why should I go and tell people, 'Look here; this is a glass eye,' when they liked it better for believing it to be real? It would be cruel—heartless. Besides, Laura did not love me for my eye. No: I would not tell her yet, I determined—I would rather she should find it out. Perhaps I would lead her on gently to the discovery, and so break the blow, and to be able to say, 'La! bless me—what! didn't you know it?' That would be the preferable course.

"When I next saw Laura, she was very eager to know if her father had told me anything about the reason which brought them to settle in Stepminster. I mentioned his reply, and it caused her a good deal of apparent uneasiness.

"'He ought to have told you that, Pen. I don't think I ought to be your wife till you know.'

"I protested my utter indifference to the cause that brought them here, whatever it might be.

"'But Pen,' she said, plucking at her dress—'Oh dear, you ought to know it. I wish I could tell you. I am sure you will regard me with an eye of scorn by-and-by, when you find I have kept something from you.' The tears were coming up in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me.

"No, I said: nothing would ever make me change my opinion of her, as the dearest darling—well, we will leave the epithets. In fact, as I thought of my secret, which I had not disclosed, it was rather a relief to me that she should *not* tell me why they came to Stepminster. It encouraged and excused me, as it were, for my own reserve. But I would much have preferred, though, she should have said 'eyes of scorn,' instead of *an* eye. Everybody seemed to

talk about *an* eye to me in a way which seemed quite personal.

"'Are you sure, Pen, you will forgive me, whatever you learn about me in the future?'

"'Certainly,' I said.

"Well, in course of time we were married. I still maintained my office as inspector. No one ever had such a wife as mine—the best tempered and most lovable creature, I really believe, in the world. Our congeniality of feeling was something wonderful. Even down to little matters of the most trivial character in likes and dislikes, there was perfect unanimity between us. It may seem a very absurd instance to give of this unanimity, it is so trifling; but I have always had a great antipathy to flies. I very nearly exposed my secret on one occasion before the Board, owing to flies. It was autumn, and a fly had been buzzing about my face, stinging me for some time whilst reading a Report. Then I missed him; I thought he was gone. Meantime, that fly was intently engaged in my glass eye. It was a wonder the Board never noticed it; if they had, I should have been found out. At home, I have devoted a great deal of my leisure, in the fly-season, to devising traps and poisonous sweetmeats for them, and I have fly-cages in every room. I was almost afraid Laura would think this suspicious; but no, she never did. Her skin is particularly delicate and sensitive. Laura did not like flies: I was glad of that.

"There was one thing, I must say, caused me no little annoyance about Laura. It was only a little thing in itself, and no doubt I ought to have been above feeling hurt at such a trifle. Still, ever so little a thing, when it's in your eye, for instance, as a speck of dust, does cause a great deal of annoyance. With the congeniality of feeling between us, I certainly did feel hurt that Laura should keep her desk constantly and consistently locked from me. I wanted some ink one day. I knew she had some in her desk, and asked for the keys. The way she hustled about to open that desk herself, and the excuses she made to prevent my going to it, were a masterpiece of female diplomacy. It was not that I wanted to go to her desk, so much as that I didn't like being locked away

from it. It preyed on my mind when I considered the mutual confidence that should subsist between man and wife. To be sure, I had not told her about my glass eye—that was the only secret I had from Laura—but then she didn't know that, and she at least believed I had withheld nothing whatsoever from her, so that there was no excuse for her withholding anything from me. Another thing to do with the desk was this: Laura had received at least two letters since our marriage, not in female handwriting, which she very artfully coaxed and persuaded me out of wanting to see. I knew they were in the desk. And there was a certain neat little parcel, 'a present,' she said, 'from a friend.' *That* went into the desk too. But why this mystery? A harmless deception on my part was excusable, but I could not bear deception in other people.

"By-and-by, from this very little seed, there grew up a sort of constraint between us, until Laura, observing it, at last threw me her keys, and calling me a 'bad Penny' (a playful title of reproach), bade me examine her desk myself, and not be suspicious about nothing. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and wouldn't do it. Then Laura insisted on turning it out before my eyes, and showing me its contents. I would not read the letters, but I saw a little box with a brooch in it, which I much doubted being the same she had received in the packet alluded to. It was all very well her calling me a 'horrid Bluebeard,' but I knew the handwriting on the paper enclosing it was not the same, for I distinctly remembered that writing.

"One day, coming home tired after a fagging morning's work at inspecting, I found my household in great commotion. One of my female domestics was crying, and on my entering the house, she began: 'Oh, if you please, sir, missus have fell.'

"'Fell? fell?' I asked in amazement. 'What do you mean, girl?'

"'Fell, sir; fell down-stairs and hurt herself.'

"'Where is she?' I asked, pushing past her to seek my wife.

"'I hope you'll bear up, sir—but missus have gone. Gone, sir—left the house,' the servant added, seeing my look of incredulity. 'I was up-stairs,

'cleanin' of myself for dinner,' the girl continued, 'when I heard somethin' fall on the stairs, and I heard missus scream. I went and helped her up, for she had fell and hurt her forehead. She went to her room cryin' very much, and wouldn't let us do nothin' for her. She put on her things, sir, and went out almost directly afterwards, sayin' she had left a note for you, sir. She was sobbin' very much when she left.'

"Seriously agitated about my wife, I ran up-stairs, and found on Laura's dressing-table the following note:

"'DEAREST PEN—Forgive my leaving you thus. I have suffered much from deceiving you so long, but never thought it would come to this. Do not follow me: my peace depends upon it. You will soon know all. My father will know of my going. LAURA.'

"Cool, upon my word. Was this the woman whom I had loved, and cherished, and adored, and kept no secret from—that is, nothing worth mentioning—to go and own to a systematic course of deception? And her father a base accomplice too! he knew of her going. Clasp my hands frantically to my forehead, 'O woman, woman! look upon the wreck you have made!' I exclaimed. The emotion was too powerful, for my glass eye fell out with the force of the blow, and shivered itself to fragments at my feet. On second thoughts, I was glad she could *not* look upon the wreck she had made.

"Yet, could I believe Laura false? Then the demon of jealousy whispered to me about the letters, and the 'present from a friend.' I hardly dared to think about the agitation she had invariably betrayed when I had referred to this subject. At least, I would go to her father, Mr. Tredgold—go and wring the truth from him, deceitful impostor that he was—and know the worst.

"But stay. It was utterly impossible to go as I was—without my eye. I had been accustomed to keep a spare eye against emergencies in my desk at the inspector's office. I had broken that a month ago, and though I had written for a new one to be addressed to the office, it had not yet arrived. Delay was agonizing; but I could certainly do nothing till I had been to London and got my vision repaired.

"Holding my handkerchief to my face, I set off immediately to the railway station, telling all the inquiring friends who stopped me, that something had blown in my eye (this was no fib, for gunpowder had, years before!). Arrived there, I eagerly inquired if my wife had been seen to leave. She had, the station-master told me; she had in fact left by the previous train, with a ticket for London—apparently much distressed in mind—dressed in travelling costume, with a thick black veil on. Evidently for the purpose of avoiding recognition as much as possible, I decided. I was therefore on the very road to overtake her, while, as my train was express, I should be in London within an hour of the time at which she could arrive.

"On reaching London, after a few unsuccessful inquiries at the Waterloo terminus respecting a lady answering the description I gave, I told a cabman to drive me to Mr. Bernotti's, the optician in Regent Street.

"Will you walk into a private room, and wait, sir, for a few minutes? Mr. Bernotti is engaged just now."

However, presently, Mr. Bernotti appeared. A pleasant little man, with twinkling eyes, a buoyant disposition, and a cork leg, which always seemed restive, and not properly broken in—it never went well with the other leg; it was too fast for it; and it appeared to impress the natural leg with a hopeless conviction of inferiority.

"After profuse apologies for keeping me waiting, and several conciliatory flourishes which his cork leg seemed to get up independently of him, and entirely on its own account, Mr. Bernotti said, 'This is your size, I see by my books—No. 193 Hazel'—taking one from a case of several hundreds—'and a very neat eye it is. Shall I put you up an 'off-eye' for spare use? Thank you, sir.—Am I doing pretty well in eyes? Thank you, yes; nothing to complain of.—You would hardly have thought it? No; probably not—few persons would, in fact. You see that the triumph of art is so perfect, one does not really know who has glass eyes and who has not. Scores of people, in every town, wear them who are never suspected of such a thing, the illusion is so perfect. Yours, I am proud to own, is a very successful

case. There are others no less so. Among the list of persons who have obtained respectable damages from various railway companies for the loss of an eye, and even pensions from government, I could point to at least a few instances in which the eye so damaged has been one of my make. No one has been the wiser. In fact, only the other day, I was deceived myself. A French gentleman was introduced to me by a friend as requiring an eye. This is his eye, sir—No. 81 Gray. Well, sir, after carefully matching the artificial eye by the real one, I directed his attention to the extreme lightness of our manufacture, and begged him to hold it up to the light and observe its transparency. If you will believe me, sir, that gentleman's other eye, which I took for real, was glass. He was blind as a bat. I never knew it till he told me.'

"With renewed apologies, Mr. Bernotti followed his leg, which flourished off down-stairs. Having wished him good-afternoon, I set out to prosecute my search after my wife.

"I need not detail the particular steps by which I sought to carry out this purpose; but I may state that I drove to every metropolitan railway station, and made most careful inquiries. Next day, after fruitless search, I determined to return to the Waterloo terminus, and endeavor to elicit something which might guide me in fresh investigations. I found waiting for me there a telegram: 'From Mr. Tredgold, Stepminster, to Pennel Crossley, Esq., London.—Come down. It is all right. Laura is here.'

"I was so thankful! But what could she have meant by 'having deceived me,' and 'for so long?' I thought, referring to her note. And why should she have written me such a note at all, and aroused such cruel suspicions? There was a good deal to be explained, at any rate.

"I returned to Stepminster by next train, and hurried off to Mr. Tredgold's. Laura received me at the door in an ecstasy of delight; and I was about putting twenty different questions to her at a time, to know the reason of her singular conduct, when old Mr. Tredgold said, 'Wait a bit. None of that. Just cast your eye this way, Pen, my boy: here's a little bit of a round I want you and

Laura to try over with me before I allow a word to be said about this little mystery.—No: I insist,' he said, seeing me about to remonstrate. 'Pleasure first, business afterwards.'

"The cloth was laid for supper, and we sat round the table, a plate in front of each of us, while Mr. Tredgold handed Laura and me the notes of the round, keeping a copy for himself.

"When I had glanced at my copy, I felt ready to sink through the floor with mortification. I could not believe my eyes—eye, I mean.

"'Now then,' cried Mr. Tredgold smartly. 'Laura begins—one, and two, and—'

'Laura began, blushing, and in a voice very unlike her natural one, to sing:

"'Oh, do you know the Glass-eye Man?

Oh, do you know his name?

Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,
And goes a little lame.'

"This was terrible; but reflection was out of the question, for Mr. Tredgold, with his stentorian bass, immediately began singing, to the same air, by way of reply:

"'Oh yea, I know the Glass-eye Man;

Bernotti is his name;

He keeps the shop in Regent Street,
And goes a little lame.'

"But the worst was, the terrible proof Mr. Tredgold gave that he really *did* know the Glass-eye Man, for he had no sooner finished the verse, than, with a burst of laughter, he took out his own eye—to my terrible surprise, a glass one—and placed it on the plate before him. I was almost stupefied. But in a moment the old gentleman recovered himself from his chuckles sufficiently to call out: '*Cho-rus*, if you please!' In which I very lugubriously joined.

"Then there's one of us knows the Glass-eye Man,

There's one of us knows his name,
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,
And goes a little lame.'

"Now,' said my eccentric father-in-law, 'it's my turn.' And he addressed the inquiry to me to the same tune.

"I was forced, very reluctantly, to own, in reply, as he had done, that he certainly did know the individual referred to.

"Very well, then,' he remarked, when I had finished, 'out with it, can't you?'

"Very furtively I obeyed, and placed

my eye on the plate before me. My wife gave a scream of laughter, which much disconcerted me. There we were, two of us—Mr. Tredgold and I—holding our handkerchiefs up to our faces, and contemplating the upturned glance of our eyes from our plates. It was most ludicrously horrible.

"'*Cho-rus*, if you please.'

"Whereupon we stated harmoniously that there were 'two of us' knew the Glass-eye Man.

"I thought we had done.

"'No, no,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'pass the harmony round.'

"It therefore devolved upon me to put the question to my wife: 'Did she know,' &c.

"Before I had finished, the truth flashed across me—sure enough she did.

"With a little terrified cry, she deposited *her* eye on the plate, and ran out of the room, leaving us to sing the chorus by ourselves, to wit:

"Then there are three of us know the Glass-eye Man;

Bernotti is his name;
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,
And goes a little lame.'

"In a few minutes, Laura returned with her 'off-eye' inserted in place of the one left in the room. 'You know now why I went to London, Pen. I fell down going up-stairs with my spare eye in my hand, and the other one falling out, I broke both unfortunately at once. The two letters you were so suspicious about were from Bernotti—so was the box. You might have known he would not have addressed letters to two persons in one house in the same handwriting, on such a private matter, you dear old goose you. But you need not be jealous again, for we will have our eyes down together in future—won't we, dear?'

"Yes,' said Mr. Tredgold; 'we'll all have our eyes down together, now the mischief is out, and perhaps they'll come cheaper, like that. But now, Mister Crossley, I'll have a word with you. I'll tell you why we came to Stepminster. Soon after Laura left school, she met with the accident that deprived her of the sight of one eye. When it was replaced with the best imitation we could procure, I began to see there would be plenty of suitors yearning to accept her one eye as a drawback that might be

balanced by her money, for everybody knew of her *misfortune* as well as her fortune. I did not care to have Laura wooed under circumstances so disadvantageous to her real merits, so I removed here, where at least there could be no knowledge of her infirmity to prejudice her future. I had no intention that Laura should marry without her husband's knowing the secret as soon as she was honestly loved for her own sake. If I withheld that secret from you, it was your own fault. I was disposed to you from the first, from discovering that *you* had a glass eye; and I gave you every opportunity to own it, even leading the conversation to the subject. You refused. I therefore considered myself justified in strictly forbidding Laura to tell you her secret till I gave her permission. Thought I, you will both find out the

truth by-and-by; but till you do, not a penny of my money shall you touch, Mister Pen, as a penalty for your deception. Now that you understand one another, there is no further reason for your not giving up the one-eyed inspectorship to some man who is better qualified for the office. The next thing is for you and Laura to take a couple of months' holiday, and travel about the country till you cast your *one eyes* upon some comfortable little property where you can make up your minds to settle down in quiet—and you can send me the bill, and then we'll see what else can be done for you.'

"Need I say, we did so—or that, in consequence, here we are?"

"There," said Pen, when he had finished his story; "I hope I have convinced you that my luck is 'all in my eye!'"

Saturday Review.

FINE FEELINGS.

THERE are people who pride themselves on the possession of what it pleases them to call fine feelings. Perhaps, if we were all diligent to call spades spades, these same fine feelings would come under a less euphemistic heading; but, as things are, we may as well adopt the softening gloze that is spread over the whole of our language, and call them by a pretty name with the rest. People who possess fine feelings are chiefly remarkable for the ease with which they take offence; it being indeed impossible, even for the most wary of their associates, to avoid giving umbrage in some shape, and generally when least intending it and most innocently minded. Nothing satisfies them. No amount of attention, short of absolute devotion and giving them the place of honor everywhere, sets them at ease with themselves or keeps them in good-humor. If you ask them to your house, you must not dream of mixing them up with the rest. Though you have done them an honor in asking them at all, you must give them a marked position, and bear them on your hands for the evening. They must be singled out from the herd and specially attended to, introduced to the nicest people, made a fuss with and taken care of, else they are offended, and feel they have been

slighted; their sensitiveness or fine feelings being a kind of Chat Moss which will swallow up any quantity of *petits soins* that may be thrown in, and yet never be filled. If they are your intimate friends, you have to ask them on every occasion on which you receive. They make it a grievance if they hear that you have had even a dinner-party without inviting them, though your space is limited and you had them at your last gathering. Still, if it comes to their ears that you have had friends and did not include them, they will come down upon you to a dead certainty if they are of the franker kind, and ask you seriously, perhaps pathetically, how they have offended you? If they are of the sullen sort they will meet you coldly, or pass you by without seeing you; and will either drift into a permanent estrangement or come round after a time, according to the degree of acidity in their blood and the amount of tenacity in their character. They have lost their friends many times for no worse offence than this.

They are as punctilious, too, as they are exacting. They demand visit for visit, invitation for invitation, letter for letter. Though you may be overwhelmed with serious work, while they have no weightier burden strapped to their shoulders

than their social duties and social fineries, yet you must render point for point with them, keeping an exact tally, with not a notch too many on their side, if you want to retain their acquaintance at all. And they must be always invited specially and individually even to your open days; else they will not come at all, and their fine feelings will be hurt. They suffer no liberties to be taken with them, and they take none with others; counting all frock-coat friendliness as taking liberties, and holding themselves refined and you coarse if you think that manners *sans façon* are pleasanter than those which put themselves eternally in stays and stiff buckram, and are never in more undress than a Court suit. They will not go into your house to wait for you, however intimate they may be; and they would resent it as an intrusion, perhaps an impertinence, if you went into theirs in their absence. If you are at luncheon when they call, they stiffly leave their cards and turn away; though you have the heartiest, jolliest manner of housekeeping going, and keep a kind of open house for luncheon casuals. They do not understand heartiness or a jolly manner of housekeeping; open houses are not in their line, and they will not be luncheon casuals; so they turn away grimly, and if you want to see them you have to send your servant panting down the street after them; when, their dignity being satisfied, their sensitiveness smoothed down, and their fine feelings reassured, they will graciously turn back and do what they might have done at first.

When people who possess fine feelings are poor, their sensitiveness is indeed a cross both for themselves and their friends to bear. If you try to show them a kindness or do them a service, they fly out at you for patronizing them, and say you humiliate them by treating them as paupers. You may do to your rich acquaintances a hundred things which you dare not attempt with your poor friends cursed with fine feelings; and little offices of kindness, which pass as current coin through society, are construed into insults with them. Difficult to deal with in every phase, they are in none more dangerous to meddle with than when poor. They are as bad if they have become successful after a period of struggle. Then your attention to

them is time-serving, bowing to the rising sun, worshipping the golden calf, &c. Else why did you not seek them out when they were poor? Why were you not cap in hand when they went bare-headed? Why have you waited until they were successful before you recognized their value? It is funny to hear how bitter these sensitive folks are when they have come out into the sunlight of success after the dark passage of poverty, as if it had been possible to dig them out of their obscurity when their name was still to make—as if the world could recognize its prophets before they had spoken. But this recognition after success is a very delicate point with people of fine feelings, supposing always the previous struggle to have been hard; and even if there has been no struggle to speak of, then there are doubts and misgivings as to whether they are liked for themselves or not, and morbid speculations on the stability and absolute value of the position they hold and the attentions they receive, and endless surmises of what would be the result if they lost their fame or wealth or political power or social standing—or whatever may be the hook on which their success hangs, and their fine feelings are impaled. The act of wisdom most impossible to be performed by these self-torturers is the philosophic acceptance of life as it is and of things as they fall naturally to their share.

Women remarkable for fine feelings are also remarkable for that uneasy distrust, that insatiable craving, which continually requires reassuring and allaying. As wives or lovers they never take a man's love, once expressed and loyally acted on as a certainty, unless constantly repeated; hence they are always pouting or bemoaning their loveless condition, getting up pathetic scenes of tender accusation or sorrowful acceptance of coolness and desertion, which at the first may have a certain charm to a man as flattering to his vanity, but which pall on him after a short time, and end by annoying and alienating him; thus bringing about the very catastrophe which they began by deprecating before it existed. Another characteristic with women of fine feelings is their inability to bear the gentlest remonstrance, the most shadowy fault-finding. A rebuke of any gravity throws them into hysterics on the spot; but even

a request to do what they have not been in the habit of doing, or to abstain from doing that which they have used themselves to do, is more than they can endure with dry-eyed equanimity. You have to live with them in the fool's paradise of perfectness, or you are made to feel yourself an unmitigated brute. You have before you the two alternatives of suffering many things that are disagreeable and that might be easily remedied, or of having your wife sobbing in her own room, or going about the house with red eyes and an expression of exasperating patience under ill-treatment, far worse to bear than the most passionate retaliation. Indeed, women may be divided broadly into those who cry, and those who retort, when they are found fault with; which, with a side-section of those wooden women who "don't care," leaves a very small percentage indeed of those who can accept a rebuke good-temperedly, and simply try to amend a failing or break off an unpleasant habit, without parade of submission and sweet Griseldadom unjustly chastised, but kissing the rod with aggravating meekness. For there are women who can make their meekness a more potent weapon of offence than any passion or violence could give. They do not cry, neither do they complain, but they exaggerate their submission till you are driven half mad under the slow torture they inflict. They look at you so humbly; they speak to you in so subdued a voice, when they speak to you at all, which is rarely, and never unless first addressed; they avoid you so pointedly, hurrying away if you are going to meet them about the house, on the pretext of being hateful to your sight and doing you a service by ridding you of their presence; they are so ostentatiously careful that the thing of which you mildly complained under some circumstances shall never happen again under any circumstances, that you are forced at last out of your entrenchments, and obliged to come to an explanation. You ask them what is amiss, or what do they mean by their absurd conduct; and they answer you "Nothing," with an injured air, or an affected surprise at your query. What have they done that you should speak to them so harshly? they are sure they have done all they could to please you, and they do not know what right you have to

be vexed with them again. They have kept out of your way, and not said a word to annoy you; they have only tried to obey you, and to do as you ordered, and yet you are not satisfied! What can they do to please you? and why is it that they never can please you, whatever they do? You get no nearer your end by this kind of thing; and the only way to bring your Griselda to reason is by having a row; when she will cry bitterly, but finally end kissing and making up. You have to go through the process. Nothing else, save a sudden disaster or an unexpected pleasure of large dimensions, will save you from it; but as we cannot always command cataclysms or godsend, and as the first are dangerous and the last costly, the short and easy method remaining is to have a decisive "understanding," which means a scene and a domestic tempest, with smooth sailing till the next time.

Sometimes the fine feelings are hurt by no greater barbarity than that which is contained in a joke. Women with fine feelings are seldom able to take a joke; and you will hear them relating, with an injured accent and as a serious accusation, the merest bit of nonsense you flung off at random, with no more intention of wounding them than had the merchant the intention of putting out the Efreet's eye when he flung his date-stones in the desert. As you cannot deny what you have said, they have the whip-hand of you for the moment; and all you can hope for is that the friend to whom they detail their grievance will see through them and it, and understand the joke if they cannot. Then there are fine feelings which express themselves in exceeding irritation at moral and intellectual differences of opinion — fine feelings bound up in questions of faith and soundness of doctrine, having taken certain moral and theological views under their especial patronage, and holding all diversity of judgment therefrom a personal offence. The people thus afflicted are exceedingly uncomfortable folks to deal with; and manage to make every one else uncomfortable too. You hurt their feelings so continually, and so unconsciously, that you might as well be living in a region of steel-traps and spring-guns, and set to walk blindfold among pitfalls and water-holes. You fling your date-stone,

here too, quite carelessly and thinking no evil, and up starts the Efreest who swears you have injured him intentionally; you express an opinion without attaching any particular importance to it, but you hurt the fine feelings which oppose it, and unless you wish to have a quarrel you must retract or apologize. As the worst temper always carries the day, and as fine feelings are only bad tempers under another name, you very probably do apologize; and so the matter ends. Other people show their fineness of feeling by their impatience of pain, and the tremendous grievance they think it that they should suffer as others—they say, so much more than others. These are the people who are great on the theory of nervous differences, and who maintain that their cowardice and impatience of

pain means an organization like an Æolian harp for sensibility. The oddest part of the business is the sublime contempt these sensitives have for other persons' patience and endurance, and how much more refined and touching they think their own puerile sensibility. But this is a characteristic of humanity all through; the masquerading of evil under the name of good being one of the saddest facts of an imperfect nature and a confused system of morals. If all things showed their faces without disguise, and if spades were always called spades and not softened down to agricultural implements, we should have fine feelings placed in a different category from that in which they stand at this moment, and the world would be the richer by just so much addition of truth.

Chambers's Journal.

EPITAPHS.

As numberless as stars in the heavens are graves on the face of the earth. Reader, do you care to wander through country churchyards, where sheep are nibbling the long grass and wild-flowers, and blithe birds singing in old trees, whose rough bark and branching splendor have been the growth of centuries—where peace, and quiet, and everlasting stillness seem fitting for the repose of the sons of Adam, when their spirits have journeyed from this troubled world forever?

Do you care to wander through ancient burial-yards in the midst of noisy cities, where living, waking, busy man is constantly passing by the dust of his brother man—where life, in its very essence of activity, seems strangely at variance with the mound that covers him who is "a dead man out of mind?" And again, do you care to wander through beautiful new cemeteries, where elegant monuments, carefully tended flowers, and fresh young trees may take away from the solemnity of the old churchyard, but give bright and pleasant feelings about the grave? Do you like to read the records of the dead, the lamentations of the living, and the curious ideas and verses that one finds inscribed on stone and engraven on granite?

If so, perhaps on some snowy or rainy day, when the "ingle nook" is prefera-

ble to the regions outside, the following collection of epitaphs may while away some spare half-hour.

Epitaphs are what?—The thoughts of the living (and sometimes those of the dead) expressed in words, and engraved in memory of those who are gone before. Very often they are texts from the Holy Scriptures. Affection mingled with Hope, speaks forth in these terms: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" or in praise of the good life and blessedness of the death of the departed, as, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and such-like texts. Resignation exclaims: "Thy will be done;" and Faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Again, we find quotations from the poetical version of the Psalms, and verses of poetry of different kinds, recording, generally, the brevity of life. In the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells, we see the following:

Our life hangs by a single thread;
Soon 'tis cut, and we are dead.
Then boast not, reader, of thy might;
Alive at noon, and dead at night.

Also, in the same cemetery, on a girl aged sixteen:

Behold this flower, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Come forth to shew how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

An epitaph of a much higher charac-

ter claims our notice on an old stone in a desolate little kirkyard at Roslin—the same is also to be found at Haddington:

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, while it lived, did vigour give
To as much virtue as could live.

At Melrose Abbey is another of the same kind:

Earth walketh on the Earth,
Glistening like gold;
Earth goeth to the Earth
Sooner than it wold;
Earth buildeth on the Earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth sayeth to the Earth,
"All shall be ours."

A beautiful inscription is this on the tombstone of Sir John Grahame, in Falkirk Churchyard:

Heir lyes Sir John the Grahame, baith wight
and wise. Ane of the chief reskewit Scotland
thrise. Ane Better Knight not to the world was
lent—nor was guide Grahame of Truth and Har-
diment. Sir John was slain by the Engl. 22d
July, 1298.

In Glasgow Cathedral is an epitaph, which is engraved on the lid of a very old sarcophagus, discovered in the crypt:

Our Life's a flying Shadow, God's the Pole,
The Index pointing at him is our Soul,
Death's the Horizon, when our Sun is set,
Which will through Chryst a Resurrection get.

On a stone in the churchyard at Langtown, in Cumberland, we read:

Life's like an inn where travellers stay;
Some only breakfast and away:
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest only sup and go to bed;
Long is his bill who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

To go farther afield. Come to Russia, and amidst the thousands who fell in the roar of the battle, and found a grave in that far-distant country: the *Times* says: 'A the Malakhoff there is nothing but a large wooden cross at the head of a mound full of dead with this inscription in white paint:

Unis pour la victoire,
Réuni par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire,
Du brave c'est le sort.

In a secluded ravine, among many other tombs, we find this quaint inscription:

I am anchored here below, with many of the fleet,
But once again we will set sail our Admiral Christ
to meet.

Here and there, the melancholy yew-tree and fading rosebud speak for themselves of the weary and of the young who repose beneath the dust of the earth, without other record than the silent thought that occurs to the mind of the passer-by, that "all flesh is grass, and the glory thereof is as the flower of the field;" but here and there also, rude country wit makes sad havoc with solemn thoughts, and causes a smile, however unwillingly, to rise. For instance, in the churchyard at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, we have what follows:

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I;
We all died within the short space of one short
year.

They all be buried at Wimble, except I,
And I be buried here.

Here is one which apparently included the living as well as the dead:

John Palfreman lies buried here,
Aged 4 and 20 year;
Near this place his mother lies;
Likewise his father when he dies.

Surely the following must be of Hibernian origin.

Here lies the body of Nicholas Round,
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.

The next inscription which I have noted down is to the memory of a wife:

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

At Ocknam, Surrey:

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

At Cookham we find,

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Here lies an honest woman.

A very impolite one exists in Sunbury Churchyard:

Here lies my beast of a first wife.

In striking contrast we find in Ross Churchyard:

Behold an angel dwelt among men.

At Lincoln:

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinguished, forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail driven, my work is done.
Finis coronat opus.

Walking through the old churchyard

at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, I came upon the following :

This world's a city full of streets,
And Death's the market-place where all men meet.
If Death were merchandise that gold could buy,
The rich would live, the poor alone would die.

Here is a great mistake ! To make sense,
it should be, "If life were merchandise," &c.

On the south wall of Streatham Church is this singular inscription :

Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband.

The following is on a tombstone in San Diego, California :

This year is saked to the memory of William Henry Shraken, who cam to his deth being shot with Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A curious play upon words is this epitaph on Barraud, the watchmaker, late of Cornhill, London :

My main-spring broke—no further use the key
That served to *set me going* ; my *Hour* is come.
And I who made—to *measure Time*—full oft with
glee,
Have fall'n beneath th' unerring hand—'tis done.

Encas'd within this marble Tomb—I wait
The action of th' Almighty *regulator*—my *works* if
good

Will meet reward—and tho' 'tis now too late
To *mend*, I hope redemption thro' my Saviour's
blood."

The next is perhaps more widely known, but so singularly unflattering, that I cannot refrain quoting it. It is an epitaph on Mr. William Wright :

Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

The following epitaphs, many of them quaint and comical in the extreme, I believe to be authentic, but (with one exception) I know not in what quiet grass-grown nooks they have their habitation. Whilst in life, we often have a desire to choose the spot where our mortal remains shall rest ; when death comes, our friends, guided by various reasons, choose that last home for us. In the following epitaph, we see a strange contentment with this choice, supposed to be the utterance of the dead himself.

Here lie I at the Chancel door ;
Here lie I because I'm poor.
The further in, the more they pay ;
But here I lie as warm as they.

The next is on a Miss Partridge, who died in the month of May :

What ! shoot a partridge in the month of May !
Was that done like a sportsman—oh ! Death, eh !

Our interest is now awakened by an extraordinary assertion :

Here lies
Elizabeth Wise.

She died of thunder sent from Heaven,
In 1777.

I withhold all comment on the next :

Oh ! do not weep, my husband dear ;
I am not dead, but sleeping here ;
Then mend your ways, prepare to die,
For you are soon to come to I.

Written under in pencil was this :

I do not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife ;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to cherish she.

In the following, also, the widower seems to rejoice in his loss :

This dear little spot is the joy of my life,
It raises my flowers, and covers my wife.

The annexed epitaph is on a young woman who gained her livelihood by selling eggs, and from the tenor of it, we judge her brother must have erected the stone to her memory :

Here lies the body of Mary M'Groyn,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.
N.B.—Her brother, made of sterner stuff,
Adds to her business that of snuff.

On a tombstone in a churchyard near Cheltenham, we find a strong and unvarnished opinion in the mineral-water line :

Here lies I, and my three daughters ;
So much for drinking the Cheltenham waters.
If we had kept to the Epsom salts,
We never would have lain in these 'ere vaults.

The next calls forth our sympathies, there is such a ring of sorrow, such deep pathos in the few words so curtly spoken :

Poorly lived,
Poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

On a photographer we read :

Here I lie taken from life.

He was hard up for a rhyme who penned this to the memory of a neighbor :

Here lies W. A.,
Lately removed from over the way.

The next is highly complimentary to a father's feelings :

Here lies the mother of children 5,
Three are dead and Two are alive ;
Those who are dead preferring rather
To die with their mother, than live with Father.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON MATRIMONY.

UNDER the heading "Bored Husbands," the *Saturday Review* indulges in the following sentiments:—

The curtain falls on joined hands when it does not descend on a tragedy, and novels for the most part end with a wreath of orange blossoms and a pair of high-stepping grays, as the last act that claims to be recorded; for both novelists and playwrights assume that with marriage all the great events of life have ceased, and that, once wedded to the beloved object, there is sure to be smooth sailing and halcyon seas to the end of time. It sounds very cynical and shocking to question this pretty belief; but unfortunately for us who live in the world as it is, and not as it is supposed to be, we find that even a union with the beloved object does not always ensure perfect contentment in the home, and that bored husbands are by no means rare. The ideal honeymoon is of course an Elysian time during which nothing works rusty or gets out of joint; and the ideal marriage is only a lifelong honeymoon, where the happiness is more secure and the love deeper, if more sober; but the prose reality of one and the other has often a terrible dash of weariness in it, even under the most favorable conditions. Boredom begins in the very honeymoon itself. At first starting in married life there are many dangers to be encountered, not a shadow of which was seen in the wooing. There are odd freaks of temper turning up quite unexpectedly; there is the sense, so painful to some men, of being tied for life, of never being able to be alone again, never free without responsibilities; there are misunderstandings to-day, and the struggle for mastery to-morrow—the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which may prove to be the tempest that will destroy all; there is the unrest of travelling, and the awkwardness of unusual association, to help in the general discomfort; or, if the happy pair have settled down in a vale and a cottage for their month, there is the "sad satiety" which all men feel after a time when

they have had one companion only, with no outside diversion to cause a break. But the honeymoon at last draws to a close, and the relieved bridegroom gets back to his old haunts, to his work, his friends, and his club; and though he takes to all these things again "with a difference," still they are helps and additions. This is the time of trial to a woman. If she gets over this pinch, and is sensible enough to understand that human nature cannot be kept up at high pressure, even in love, and that a man must sooner or later come down from romance to work-a-day prose, from the passionate lover to the cool and sober husband—if she can understand this, and settle into his pace, without fretting on the one hand, or casting about for unhealthy distractions on the other—she will do well, and will probably make a pleasant home, and thereby diminish the boredom of life. But, unfortunately, not every woman can do this; and it is just during this time of the man's transition from the lover to the friend that so many women begin to make shipwreck of their own happiness and his. They think to keep him a romantic wooer still, by their tears at his prosaic indifference to the little sentimentalities once so eagerly accepted and offered; they try to hold him close by their flattering but somewhat tiresome exactions; their jealousies—very pretty perhaps, and quite as flattering—are infinite, and as baseless as they are infinite; all of which is very nice up to a certain point and in the beginning of things, but all of which gets awfully wearisome as time goes on, and a man wants both a little change and a little rest. But women do not see this; or, seeing it, they cannot accept it as a necessary condition of things; wherefore they go on in their fatal way, and, by the very unwisdom of their own love, bore their husband out of his. Or they grow substantially cold because he is superficially cooler, and think themselves justified in ceasing to love him altogether because he takes their love for granted, and so

has ceased to woo it. If they are jealous, or shy, or unsocial, as so many women are, they make life very heavy by their exclusiveness, and the monastic character they give to the home. A man married to a woman of this kind is, in fact, a house prisoner, whose only hours of freedom lie beyond the four walls of home. His bachelor friends are shut out. They smoke, or entice him to drink more than his wife thinks is good for him; or they induce him to bet on the Derby, or to play for half-crowns at whist or billiards, or they lead him in some other way of offence abhorrent to women. So the bachelor friends are shouldered out, and when the husband wants to entertain them, he must invite them to his club—if he has one—and pay the penalty when he gets home. In a few years' time his wife will be glad to encourage her sons' young friends to the house, for the sake of the daughters on hand; but husbands and sons are in a different category, and there are few fathers who do not learn, as time goes on, how much the mother will allow that the wife refused. If bachelor friends are shouldered out of the house, all female friends are forbidden anything like an intimate footing, save those few whom the wife thinks specially devoted to herself and of whom she is not jealous. And they are very few. There are perhaps no women in the world so exclusive towards their husbands as are Englishwomen. A husband is bound to one woman only, no doubt; but she thinks him also bound to have no affection whatsoever outside the house and family. If he meets an intelligent woman, pleasant to talk to, of agreeable manners and ready wit, and if he talks to her in consequence with anything like persistency or interest, he offends against the unwritten law; and his wife, whose utmost power of conversation consists in putting in a yes or no with tolerable accuracy of aim, thinks herself slighted and ill-used. She may be young and pretty, and dearly loved for her own special qualities, and her husband may not have a thought towards his new friend, or any other woman, in the remotest degree trenching on his allegiance to her; but the fact that he finds pleasure, though only of an intellectual and æsthetic kind, in the society of any other

woman,—that he feels an interest in her life, chooses her for his friend, or finds community of pursuits or sympathy in ideas,—makes his wife by just so much a victim and aggrieved. And yet what a miserably monotonous home is that to which she would confine him! He is at his office all day, badgered and worried with various business complications, and he comes home tired, perhaps cross—even well-conducted husbands have that way sometimes. He finds his wife tired and cross too; so that they begin the evening together mutually at odds, she irritated by small cares, and he disturbed by large anxieties. Or he finds her preoccupied and absorbed in her own pursuits, and quite disinclined to make any diversion for his sake. He asks her for some music; she used to be ready enough to sing and play to him in the old love-making days; but she refuses now. Either she has some needle-work to do, which might have been done during the day when he was out, or baby is asleep in the nursery, and music in the drawing-room would disturb him—at all events she cannot sing or play to-night; and even if she does—he has heard all her pieces so often! If he is not a reading man, those long, dull, silent evenings are very trying. She works and drives him wild with the click of her needle; or she reads the last new novel, and he hates novels, and gets tired to death when she insists on telling him all about the story and the characters; or she chooses the evening for letter-writing, and if the noise of her pen scratching over the paper does not irritate him, perhaps it sends him to sleep, when at least he is not bored. But dull, objectless, and vacant as their evenings are, his wife would not hear of any help from without to give just that little fillip which would prevent boredom and not create ceremony. She would think her life had gone to pieces, and that only desolation was before her, if he hinted that his home was dull, and that, though he loves her very dearly, and wants no other wife but her, yet that her society only—*toujours perdrix*—without change or addition, is a little stupid, however nice the partridge may be, and that things would be bettered if Mrs. or Miss So-and-So came in sometimes, just to brighten up the hours. And if he were to make a practice of bringing home his men friends, she would

probably let all parties concerned feel pretty distinctly that she considered the home her special sanctuary, and that guests whom she did not invite were little less than intruders. She would, perhaps, go willingly enough to a ball or crowded soirée, or she might like to give one; but that intimate form of society which is a mere enlargement of the home life she dreads as too much like the supplementing of deficiencies, and thinks her married happiness safer in boredom than in any diversion from herself as the sole centre of her husband's pleasure. The home life stagnates in England, and in very few families is there any mean between dissipation and this stagnation. We can scarcely wonder that so many husbands think matrimony a mistake as we have it in our insular arrangements, that they look back regretfully to the time when they were unfettered and not bored, or that their free friends, who watch them as wild birds watch their caged companions, curiously and reflectively, come to share their opinion. Wife and home, after all, make up but part of a man's life; they are not his all, and do not satisfy the whole of his social instinct; nor is any one woman the concentration of all womanhood to a man, leaving nothing that is beautiful, or in its way desirable, on the outside. Besides, when with his wife, a man is often as much isolated as when alone, for any real companionship there is between them. Few women take a living interest in the lives of men, and fewer still understand them. They expect the husband to sympathize with them in the kitchen gossip and the nursery chatter, the neighbors' doings, and all the small household politics; but as a race they are utterly unable to comprehend his pleasures, his thoughts, his duties, the responsibilities of his profession, or the bearings of any public question in which he takes a part. But even if this were not so, and granting that they could enter fully into his life, and sympathize with him as an intelligent equal, not only as compassionate saints or loving children, there would still be the need of novelty, and still the certainty of boredom without it. For human life, like all other forms of life, must have a

due proportion of fresh elements continually added to keep it sweet and growing, else it becomes stagnant and stunted, as everything else would be. And daily intercourse undeniably exhausts the moral ground. After the close companionship of years no one can remain mentally fresh to the other, unless, indeed, one or both be of the rarest order of mind, and of a practically inexhaustible knowledge. Save these exceptional instances, we must all of necessity get worn out by constant intercourse. We know every thought, every opinion, and almost every square inch of information possessed; we have heard the old stories again and again, and know exactly what will lead up to them, and at what point they will begin; we have measured the whole sweep of mind, and have probed its depths; and though we may love and value what we have learnt, yet we want something new—fresh food for interest, though not necessarily a new love for the displacement of the old. But this is what very few Englishwomen can understand or will allow. They hold so intensely by the doctrine of unity that they are even jealous of a man's pursuits if they think these take up any place in his mind which might else be theirs. They must be good for every part of his life; and the poorest of them all must be his only source of interest, suffering no other woman to share his admiration, or obtain his friendship, though this would not touch his love for themselves, or interfere with their rights. But this is a hard saying to them, and one they cannot receive; wherefore they keep a tight grasp on the marital collar, and suffer no relief of monotony by judicious loosening, or by generous faith in integral fidelity. The practical result of which is that most men are horribly bored at home, and that the mass of us really suffer from the domestic stagnation to which national customs and the exclusiveness of our women doom us as soon as we become family men. It must, however, in fairness be added, that most men obtain some kind of compensation, and that very few walk meekly in their bonds without at times slipping them off, with or without the concurrence of their wives.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

PISA is one of those old Italian towns which occupied a prominent position, and played an important part in mediæval history. It is said to have been founded about 600 years B.C., and was a town of the ancient district of Etruria. In recent times it belonged to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, now incorporated in the kingdom of Italy.

Pisa is chiefly celebrated now for its wonderful Leaning Tower. This was erected about the year 1150, by the German architect Wilhelm of Innsbruck. It was designed as a belfry for the cathedral, and stands in a square close to the building to which it is attached. We may remark, in passing, that the erection of belfries apart from the churches was common in the early days of ecclesiastical architecture; and many instances of this peculiarity are to be found in this country.

The leaning tower is built wholly of white marble, and consists of eight circular stories, each ornamented with rows of columns, and gradually narrowing in width from the base towards the top.

The summit is a flat roof, with an open gallery, which commands a magnificent view. Its height is 188 feet, or about fourteen feet less than that of the monument in London.

The tower leans so much from the perpendicular, that a plummet dropped from the top falls at a distance of about fifteen feet from the base. The ordinary observer wonders that, with so great a deviation, it does not come to the ground; but it stands in obedience to the law of physics, by which any body of matter will maintain that position so long as a perpendicular line drawn from its centre of gravity shall fall within its base. The "centre of gravity" may be explained, to those who are unacquainted with scientific terms, as the *balancing point*, or point at which the entire weight of a body will be equally divided, and exactly balanced on the one side and on the other. As this point is found in the leaning tower to fall within the space covered by its foundations, there is no reason why it should not continue to stand, as it has done, for many centuries to come.

The appearance of the tower has led many to suppose that the law above mentioned is actually violated; and, in fact, so nearly is the limit of compliance with

it approached, that scientific observers have occasionally formed the same opinion by calculation, and have been forced to the conclusion that the building was held together only by the great tenacity of the mortar; but the balance of authority, as well as of probability, is against this conclusion.

As to the *cause* of the inclination of the tower, opinions have also been divided. Some have attributed it to a subsidence of the foundation, or a movement of the adjacent earth. But others have contended, with more show of reason in support of their argument, that its leaning was the original device and purpose of the architect, and that it was therefore one of those triumphs of architectural skill which in the Middle Ages would have been cordially welcomed and appreciated. Captain Basil Hall made a series of careful investigations on the subject, and established, as he believed, to demonstration, that the tower was built as it now stands. He found that the line of the tower, on the side towards which it leans, has not the same curvature as the line on the opposite side. If, he remarked, the tower had been built upright, and then made to incline over, the line of the wall on the side towards which the inclination was given would be more or less concave; but he found the contrary to be the fact, the line of the wall on the leaning side being decidedly more convex than that on the opposite side. Captain Hall had, therefore, no doubt whatever that the design of the architect was apparent in every successive layer of the stone.

These conclusions are partly supported by the remarks of another scientific observer, to the effect that the name of "the Leaning Tower" does not convey a true notion of the form of the building. It is, he remarks, in fact, a "twisted" tower, there being an irregular curvature in the building. But he conjectures that this "twist" was due to the subsidence of the foundation during the erection, and an attempt on the part of the architect to "right" the building as the work proceeded.

We may add that from the leaning tower of Pisa the great astronomer Galileo made, early in the seventeenth century, a series of observations from which he deduced the principles of the gravitation of the earth.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

BY THE EDITOR.

SITTING in our office on the morning of June 18th, an acquaintance stepped in with the abrupt remark, "Raymond of the *Times* is dead!" We recall at this moment the astonishment, amounting almost to horror, with which we heard the announcement,—the feeling as if "the times were out of joint," and the due order and precedence of things inverted. Cut down without warning, in the very culmination of his life, in the apparent enjoyment of vigorous health, with his work only half finished,—surely Death had made a mistake!

Then came the mournful drapery of the press, the tender tributes of co-workers in the profession, the pomp of the funeral pageant, the noble threnody of Mr. Beecher, and the last sad scene which ends the history of us all.

Probably no man has ever been more written about than Mr. Raymond, since his death. It was the signal for a universal and spontaneous tribute from the entire press of the country, and it seems impossible at this day to say anything regarding him which will not seem to the public a more than thrice-told tale. Friends, enemies, critics, political opponents, those who knew him best and those who knew him not at all, have pointed the moral of his life—and with singular completeness and uniformity.

Henry Jarvis Raymond was born in the village of Lima, Livingston county, New York, on the 24th of January, 1820. His education was commenced in the district school in the vicinity of his father's house, and subsequently continued in the village academy, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. In the summer of 1836 he entered the University of Vermont, and four years later graduated at the head of his class. Previous to this he had had a short term of teaching in a district school at Scottsville, Monroe county, and it is said that his mind was bent on teaching as a profession; but, after spending weeks in fruitless efforts to secure a school in the vicinity of his home, he determined to seek his fortunes in New York. Here he entered upon the study of law, in the office of Mr. E. W. Marsh, and continued the

contributions, commenced during his course at college, to Horace Greeley's paper, the *New Yorker*. In order to earn a living while studying law, he taught a Latin class in a classical school, and corresponded with the country press. About this time he received an offer of a school in North Carolina, at \$400 a year; but Mr. Greeley offered him the same amount for his services on the *New Yorker*. He accepted the latter offer, and remained in New York.

When the *Tribune* was started by Mr. Greeley, in 1841, he gave Mr. Raymond a position as assistant editor. In this capacity he laid the foundation of his fame, and became distinguished for his indefatigable industry, and for the facility, readiness, and brilliancy of his composition. He would write a leader, or take down a speech, after a phonographic method of his own, with equal skill; and Mr. Greeley has since said of him that he was the only assistant he has ever had with whom he felt called upon to remonstrate for excessive work.

Leaving the *Tribune* in 1843, he accepted an editorial position on the *Courier & Enquirer*, which he held until his resignation, in 1851.

Mr. Raymond entered upon political life in 1849, when he was elected to the State Legislature by the Whigs of his district. In the following year he was re-elected, and was also chosen Speaker of the Assembly, a position which he filled with marked ability. He was elected for the third time, in 1851, and again chosen Speaker by a large majority over Hon. Horatio Seymour.

In the spring of 1851 Mr. Raymond visited Europe, and travelled extensively in England and on the continent. Returning in August, he began to lay the foundations of the great enterprise with which he has since been identified, and on the 18th of September, 1851, appeared the first number of the *New York Times*. This was the crowning point of Mr. Raymond's life; and the years since then, in which he has so ably conducted this great journal, form the portion of his career upon which we can look with most unqualified satisfaction.

The advent of the *Times* was an era in American journalism. It became at once, and has continued ever since, a standing protest against the pitiful personalities, the substitution of *men* for *PRINCIPLES*, the vulgar "sensationalism," and the party fanaticism, which degrade the American press, and which lead us sometimes seriously to question whether it is a good or an evil to society. It drew at once to its staff the best talent of the country, and, in both ability and reliability, approximated nearer to the standard of the *Nation* and the best English papers, than any other journal in the land.

In this Mr. Raymond's influence was paramount and decisive. He had a true sense of the dignity of his profession and his responsibility to the public; and he was too conscientious, not merely morally but intellectually, to permit his being drawn into the vortex of radical politics and reforms. He was not only a writer but a thinker, and he could not but perceive that in life there is no such thing as absolute, unqualified truth; "he could not help seeing all sides of a subject, its limitations as well as its inclusions." Seeing this, it was simply impossible for him to grasp one side of an idea and crusade against whoever happened to view it at another angle.

It was this judicial cast of mind, together with the conservatism which inevitably comes of great intellectual cultivation, which militated against Mr. Raymond's success in politics. Though as consistent, probably, as a man can possibly be, whose experience is constantly bringing new knowledge, he was regarded, or rather certain partisans affected to regard him, as a "trimmer." From this charge, when too late, he has been triumphantly vindicated, alike by friend and foe; but it was true to this extent—he could not help doubting methods, though his principles never wavered. Owing to this, his political career, though brilliant, was a failure, at least in results. A man who steps into the mire of American politics, particularly when the tides of party feeling run as high as in the past decade, must go in with his whole heart and soul, or he is certain to miss the mark. There is no room for doubt, for hesitation, for inquiry: he that is not with me on all points is against

me on all points, and it was just this blind belief and devotion of which Mr. Raymond was constitutionally incapable.

It is to be regretted that he ever entered the political arena. He fought bravely, he left a noble record, but he fought a fight of which the issues were predetermined against him. And the failure injured his fame, and impaired his usefulness. Success in politics is too often in the United States considered the test of ability, and to have attained that success it would have been necessary for Mr. Raymond to have lived in the twentieth century. He was too far in advance of the culture of a country in which reason bears about the same relation to politics that it did to religion in the Middle Ages.

We have diverged somewhat from the chronological order of events in Mr. Raymond's career, as the greater portion of his public life was subsequent to 1851. We resume at 1852, when he was sent as a substitute for a regular delegate to the Whig national convention at Baltimore. Here he made one of the greatest speeches of his life, and became at once famous as an orator. The majority of the Southern delegates were in favor of the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, and, knowing that Raymond would vote for Gen. Scott, determined to exclude him from the convention. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, made a fiery onslaught upon him and then manoeuvred to prevent his replying. Whenever Raymond attempted to speak, Cabell rose also. For four long hours Mr. Raymond stood upon the platform before a hostile convention, and struggled to be heard, and when at last he succeeded, he poured forth such a complete vindication of his rights as a member, that he was installed in his seat in triumph; and then, turning upon his antagonist, withered him with a torrent of burning sarcasm, which annihilated Cabell forever.

We will enumerate briefly the principal events of his subsequent political career. In 1854 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York State, and in 1856 he drew up the "Address to the People" adopted by the Republican party in its first national convention, held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Raymond also bore a conspicuous part in the memorable campaign of 1860,

which culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the secession of the Southern States.

In 1864 he was elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and gained marked distinction in the stormy debates of that memorable session. He was a conservative republican in his views, and advocated them in many powerful speeches; but the radical faction was too strong for him, and, as we have remarked before, he advocated a cause already predestined to defeat, the success of which no eloquence or ability could secure. The Philadelphia convention of August 14th, 1864, which ended in such unfortunate failure, enlisted the warmest sympathies of Mr. Raymond, and he prepared the Declaration of Principles adopted by the convention, accompanying it with an address which forms one of the most sagacious, lucid, and statesman-like documents in our political literature.

This was the last time Mr. Raymond took a prominent part in public life outside of his professional duties. The object of the convention was misrepresented by the press, and misapprehended by the Republican party, and its utter failure to exercise any permanent influence on public affairs was deeply humiliating to its projectors. Mr. Raymond served out his term in Congress, declined a renomination, and, from that time to his death, confined himself exclusively to his editorial duties.

When stricken down, Mr. Raymond

was in the very prime of life, and apparently in vigorous health; but the baleful seeds of disease, caused by overwork, had been early sown in his constitution, and their growth was as sudden as it was fatal. On the morning of June 18th, he was discovered in the hallway of his residence, prostrate and senseless from a stroke of apoplexy. He had been out to a political meeting during the preceding evening, and returning home late, had just locked the outer door, and closed the inner one, when disease claimed its victim. He was conveyed to his room, and the best medical aid summoned; but death was before them, and he remained insensible until 5 o'clock, when he slept tranquilly away into another world.

We have spoken in the beginning of this sketch of the unanimity with which the press, after his death, joined in eulogizing the character of Mr. Raymond—a unanimity which was both its impeachment and its honor. The good that he did lives after him; the evil, it was confessed, never existed.

Those who had pursued and vilified him in life were the first to pay tribute to his merits when it was alike too late for justice to give him satisfaction or malice to do him injury. If his death would point the lesson of his life, if it would but teach us to do the same justice to a man that we give to his memory, who can say how much he will have done for the profession which he dignified, and the country which he loved!

POETRY.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

HORACE, ODES, BOOK 4, No. 1.

ARGUMENT.

Horace, now advanced in life, repels the renewed attacks of Love. Suddenly (stanza 6), thinking of Ligurine, he changes his mind.

OUR long truce broken, and war again?

O spare me, Venus, I pray!

For such as I was in sweet Cinara's reign,

Such, such am I not to-day.

Nigh fifty years have steel'd my heart,

No longer it brooks thy sway;

Fierce mother of sweet young Loves, depart

Where soft youth woos thee away.

To Maximus' home let thy bright swans bear

Thy airy and fatal car—

"Young Maximus Paullus" Go! kindle me there

A soul for thee meeter far,

For of noble line, and a champion true

To the tremblers that crouch at the bar.

Young, polished, and fair—far, far shall he bear

Thy glittering banners to war.

He viewing, the while, with a conqueror's smile

His prodigal rival retreat,

By Alba's lakes 'neath the citrus domes

Thy marble image shall seat.

And there in thy nostrils shall breathe alway

Rich incense and odors sweet,

And the pipe and the lute, and the Phrygian flute,

And songs shall mingle and meet.

And twice in the day shall maidens and boys,

Like Sallians, thy praises resound

With triple beat of delicate feet,

That glisten like snow on the ground.

But beauty and youth and mutual truth
 All empty and vain have I found,
 I care not for merry drinking bouts,
 Or brows with fresh flowerets crowned.

Ah, still, Ligurine, o'er my trembling cheek
 I feel the thin tear-drops fleet.
 Why hushes my eloquent tongue as I speak?
 Why falls it in silence unmeet?
 In the dreams of the night I see you in flight,
 I grasp, or I follow, ah, cruel! ah, sweet!
 In the plain, o'er the grass, through the rivers
 that pass,
 I fly in the wake of your feet.

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

THE wind was blowing up from the west
 On the eve of a stormy day,
 And she saw the ship that she loved the best
 Veering across the bay.
 The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,
 And they flapped to and fro in the blast,
 Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird
 When the foot of the hunter hath past.
 And it's oh ship! brave ship! safe may your voy-
 age be;
 And it's oh for the dawn of to-morrow's morn! and
 it's oh for a rippling sea!

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,
 Like a weary, wayward child;
 And she lay with her babe asleep on her
 breast,
 And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.
 She smiled as she thought in her happy sleep
 That the long, long parting was o'er;
 But she did not hear how the storm awoke,
 And the breakers dashed on the shore.
 And it's oh ship! brave ship! she could not sleep,
 if she
 Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash
 which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake though the wind was high,
 But turned in her dream with a start,
 And her sleeping lips framed the well-known
 cry,
 Which dropped from the full, full heart,
 As water falls from a shaken cup
 Suddenly over the brim:
 "Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,
 And all at sea with him!"
 And it's oh ship! brave ship! but where will your
 captain be?
 And it's oh! it was well there was none to tell, it
 was well there was none to see!

They are striving now to reach the shore,
 The captain and all his men:
 And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er
 Again, and again, and again.
 The waves are high, the rocks are hid,
 And none can see the land;
 But the captain stands himself at the helm,
 And steers with a steady hand.

And it's oh ship! brave ship! and how can it ever
 be
 That you clear the rocks, and weather the shocks
 of that tearing, roaring sea?

The night is dark, the storm is high,
 But the ship lies safe in a creek,
 And the captain stands with a light in his eye,
 And a flush on his sun-browned cheek.
 And the captain's wife sleeps sound and still
 Through the wild and angry blast,
 For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,
 And her captain home at last.
 And it's oh ship! brave ship! brave and strong
 you may be,
 But was it your strength that saved you at length
 from the might of the cruel sea?

FLORENCE FIELDS.

FORSAKEN.

SHE stood within the bayed recess,
 And gazed out on the sleeping sea
 Bathed in the starlight's loveliness,
 As still as mortal things may be;
 Far off she saw the fisher's sail,
 The one lone thing upon the wave,
 She murmured, "Ah! the love he gave
 Thau that slight bark was far more frail."

She leaned against the tapestry;
 The vision of a long-lost son
 In faded colors curiously
 With antique shapes was worked thereon.
 Still gazed she—could no more discern
 The shadows on the ocean vast;
 Beneath the horizon sank the mast,
 She whispered, "He will ne'er return."

There came up from the darkened west
 A cloud with ever-deepening frown;
 The waves awoke, and from their crest
 Snow-flakes by rising winds were blown.
 The white cliffs took a wilder form,
 In broken shafts the moonbeams slid,
 The frightened stars their glories hid,
 She sadly sighed, "There comes a storm."

The fierce night bellowed into day,
 The cruel day thundered into night,
 Till once again the pallid gray
 Waxed stronger into noontide's light;
 The wild winds hush into a psalm,
 And softer sounds the heavens fill.
 A sweet voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"
 She murmured low, "There comes a calm."

God's acre owns another mound;
 The grass with fresh-dropped tears is wet
 Where loving hands have planted round
 The lily and the violet.
 Years pass. There comes across the sea
 A man whose brow is lined with care;
 He seeks that grave—he bows him there—
 "Oh, Lillian! I come back to thee!"

—Once a Week.

AT EVENTIDE.

I **PACED** the village lane at eve,
 The flaming sun had gone to rest,
 And left the clouds that flecked the heavens,
 In glowing tints of crimson drest.
 There was no wind to stir the trees,
 The fragrant air was sweetly still;
 The white rim of the moon appeared,
 And faintly tipped the verdurous hill.

The poplars in the distance seemed
 As though they almost reached the sky;
 While clouds above their vernal heads
 In quiet beauty floated by.
 No sound was heard save notes of birds,
 That calmly rose and softly died;
 Not e'en one zephyr came to blow,
 Or turn one blade of grass aside.

The stars looked white and cold, and each
 Its image in the river placed;
 The while the moon with pensive smile
 The hills and vales and woodlands graced.
 Deep silence reigned on land and sea,
 So great that soon it seemed a power;
 One might have heard a green leaf stir,
 Or dewdrop shaken from a flower.

Rare odors lay upon the air,
 The clouds now vanished one by one;
 Till every vestige of the day,
 The sunset's blush, all, all had gone.
 The shadows of the trees lay still,
 The lane looked like a path of light:
 The great white splendor of the day
 Had been transfigured by the night!

S. H. BRADBURY.

NEVER SATISFIED.

A **MAN** in his carriage was riding along,
 A gayly-dressed wife by his side;
 In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
 And he like a king in his pride.
 A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they pass'd;
 The carriage and couple he eyed,
 And he said, as he worked with a saw on a log,
 I wish I was rich, and could ride.

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
 One thing I would give if I could,
 I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the
 health

Of the man who is sawing the wood.
 A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
 Whose face as the morning was fair,
 Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
 While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,
 Arrayed in apparel so fine,
 And said, in a whisper, I wish in my heart
 Those satins and laces were mine.
 The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
 So fair in her calico dress,
 And said, I'd relinquish position and wealth,
 Her beauty and youth to possess.

Thus it is with the world; whatever our lot,
 Our mind and our time we employ
 In longing and sighing for what we have not,
 Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

STARRY WAVES.

I.

STARRY waves! starry waves!
 Dancing on the sea,
 Brightly come, darkly fade,
 Die in melody.
 The moonbeams gently fall
 Upon the dreaming flowers,
 Of fragrant forest trees,
 And blooming myrtle bowers;
 While from the lonely shore
 I gaze upon the sea,
 Whose silver-crested waves
 Are beautiful to me.

II.

NIGHTINGALE! nightingale!
 Chanting in the grove,
 Cease awhile, bird of song!
 Listen to my love.
 He strikes his joyous harp
 On yonder rosy isle,
 And at its thrilling tones
 The blossoms seem to smile.
 My heart with rapture wild
 Is throbbing by the sea;
 Ye dancing, starry waves!
 Oh, bear my love to me.

III.

SUMMER moon! summer moon!
 Glory of the skies!
 Softly gild, sweetly guard,
 Where his pathway lies.
 His kiss is on my brow—
 Oh blissful, balmy shore!
 He tells me he is mine,
 And mine forever more.
 Ye silver-crested waves!
 Oh, clap your hands with glee;
 Proclaim, ye starry waves!
 My bridal by the sea.

Chorus.—**STARRY** waves! starry waves!
 Dancing on the sea,
 Brightly come, darkly fade,
 Die in melody

A FRIEND WELCOMED.

THE joy of meeting makes us love farewell,
 We gather once again around the hearth,
 And thou wilt tell
 All that thy keen experience has been
 Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,
 And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,
 Or self-comparison—naught dost thou recall
 Save for a smile

Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,
And how to mock whate'er ill luck befall
With laughing face.

But, friend, go not again so far away;
In need of some small help I always stand,
Come what so may;
I know not whither leads this path of mine,
But I can tread it better when my hand
Is clasped in thine.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

A SONG.

THERE'S music I know
In the measured flow
Of words to the light guitar,

And a magic spell
Hath the gentle swell
Of Æolian notes afar.

And I love the roar
Of waves on the shore,
Of the dark and sonorous sea,
And my spirit bounds
When I hear the sounds
Of nature's glad symphony.

Yet sweeter by far,
Than harp or guitar,
Or song the nightingale sings,
Are the tones that start
From a kindred heart
When love breathes over the strings.

M. J. P. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Walter Savage Lander. A Biography. By JOHN FORSTER. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

SAYS ALISON, in the opening of his great work, "the biography of Napoleon is the history of Europe," and so the life of any man, who has guided the current, or maintained an interest in the development, of his age, is, to a certain extent, an epitome of the times in which he lived. This is peculiarly true of Lander. For he was not merely the *littérateur*, dwelling in solitude with his own creations, or those which the past has transmitted to us, but took as profound and passionate an interest (and no small part) in the struggles between Pitt and Fox, the Whigs and the Tories; in the expansion of "Yankee land;" in the rise of the South American Republics; and in all the great questions which, during his life of nearly a century, challenged the attention of the world, as in the special pursuits of the man of letters. "Born in the year when the English colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France, and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathizer with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey, living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke, had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French Monarchy, and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic;" who in his youth shook hands with a man who had dined with Pope, Warburton, and Fielding, and yet almost lived to hear of the murder of Abraham Lincoln—it would seem incredible that one man should have had such strange and varied experiences, and well might Lander himself exclaim, that "surely he must have assisted in another life!" Yet Lander's career embraces this whole period, and Mr. Forster's biography, though necessarily special and personal, throws many a side light upon contemporary politics, history, and letters.

With Lander's works we are ashamed to say

that at present we have no further acquaintance than is afforded by the copious extracts which Mr. Forster has incorporated with his Biography; but though as yet so little known, he is conceded by the ablest critics to have been one of the greatest masters both of Poetry and Prose that England has ever produced. It is with his character, however, that we have principally to do here. Of that character it is temerity for any one to express decided opinion, so full is it of the most violent contrasts. Some have considered it impossible to explain some of his eccentricities except on the supposition of insanity; some have regarded him as a brilliant savage, destitute alike of refinement and of principle; but Mr. Forster, who knew him best, thinks otherwise. His book—the temper of which, the desire "naught to extenuate," while at the same time sifting out all which has been set down by malice or misconception, is most admirable—harmonizes the extremes of his character; shows the noble and generous nature which never failed to assert itself after the brief ebullitions of temper were over, and proves the explosions of wrath and extravagance, in which he too often indulged, to have been but "sound and fury, signifying nothing" except the intensity of his emotions, his impatience of contradiction, and the warmth of the impulses which he had never learned to control.

Probably the best, and in some respects the most truthful, outline of Lander's character has been drawn by Charles Dickens in *Lawrence Boythorne* (Bleak House), of which it is well known Lander is the original.

In some reminiscences, also by Dickens, published since Lander's death, are some anecdotes, of which we use one or two as strikingly illustrative of the latter's character:—

"The impression was strong upon the present writer's mind, as on Mr. Forster's, during years of close friendship with the subject of this biography, that his animosities were chiefly referable to the singular inability in him to dissociate other people's ways of thinking from his own. He had, to the last, a ludicrous grievance (both Mr. Forster and the writer have often amused themselves with it) against a good-natured nobleman, doubtless perfectly unconscious of having ever given him offence. The offence

was, that on the occasion of some dinner party in another nobleman's house, many years before, this innocent lord (then a commoner) had passed in to dinner, through some door before him, as he himself was about to pass in through that same door with a lady on his arm. Now, Landor was a gentleman of most scrupulous politeness, and in his carriage of himself toward ladies there was a certain mixture of stateliness and deference belonging to quite another time, and, as Mr. Peppy would observe, 'mighty pretty to see.' If he could by any effort imagine himself committing such a high crime and misdemeanor as that in question, he could only imagine himself as doing it of a set purpose, under the sting of some vast injury, to inflict a great affront. A deliberately designed affront on the part of another man it therefore remained to the end of his days. The manner in which, as time went on, he persecuted the unfortunate Lord's ancestry with this offence was whimsically characteristic of Landor. The writer remembers very well when only the individual himself was held responsible in the story for the breach of good breeding; but in another ten years or so it began to appear that his father had always been remarkable for ill-manners, and in yet another ten years or so his grandfather developed into quite a prodigy of coarse behavior."

One day at a friendly dinner at Gore House "Landor's dress—say his cravat, or shirt-collar—had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count D'Orsay laughingly called his attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor became flushed, and greatly agitated: "My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!"

Much of this extravagance was worn off by a long life and attrition with the world; but at any time it was but an eccentricity, and underneath it lay a heart as loyal and tender as ever beat in human bosom, and a soul which never descended to an ignoble action. For man as an individual, and for public opinion, Landor was but too likely to feel a scornful contempt; but no man ever sympathized more profoundly with all that is generous and universal in human nature.

Of the workmanship displayed by Mr. Forster in this Biography it is only necessary to say that in art, method, and style it is fully equal to the *Life of Goldsmith* by the same author, which forms one of the three or four really excellent biographies in English literature. It has been complained that the *Life of Landor* is too copious and diffuse; and he has certainly made liberal use of his materials; but it must be recollected that much which is trivial and commonplace to us who live so near its era, will probably be of peculiar interest to posterity. What would be the criticism on Boswell if Johnson had died yesterday and Boswell's *Life* of him were published to-day? For ourself, who here make acquaintance with Landor almost for the first time, we would not have a page omitted. Moreover the arrangement is such that the reader can select, without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The Biography is embellished with a noble portrait of Landor, taken on the eve of his seventy-eighth birthday, of which he himself pathetically writes in a letter to Mr. Forster:—"Perhaps when I am in the grave curiosity may be excited to know what kind of countenance that creature had who imitated nobody, and whom nobody imitated; the man who walked through the crowd of poets and prosemen and never was touched by any

one's skirts; who walked up to the ancients and talked with them familiarly, but never took a sup of wine or a crust of bread in their houses. If this should happen, and it probably will within your lifetime, then let the good people see the old man's head by Boxall."

Women's Suffrage. The Reform Against Nature. By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

It is a fortunate thing that just at this time, when it is imperatively necessary for the public to form some definite opinion with regard to the enfranchisement of women, that the two aspects of the question should be presented by such able dialecticians as Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Mill.

The work of the latter, which, as all who are familiar with his writings would conjecture, is on the affirmative side, is ably reviewed elsewhere;* the argument of Dr. Bushnell we propose to trace in this paper.

Probably the most salient impression which Dr. Bushnell's treatise will make upon the mind of the reader will be the index which it affords of the change of attitude which within a few years educated opinion has undergone with regard to what has been called "the proper sphere of woman." It is doubtless within the memory of most of us when for women to do anything except marry, teach school, or sew, was too feminine to be thought of; and the mere hint of her entering the learned professions was declared to be fatal to the social fabric. That time, with its prejudices, we may safely say has passed away, and we believe Dr. Bushnell but echoes the wishes of every just man when he demands for woman the same advantages in the struggle for life which accrue to the other sex. He thinks that the laws with regard to the property of married women should be reformed, so as to place the wife on precisely the same footing as the husband; that women should receive the same pay for the same labor as men; that they could become, not improperly, managers of hotels, bank-tellers, brokers, actuaries of insurances, private bankers, type-setters, overseers of printing, and the like; that the practice of medicine should be open to them in all its departments except surgery, which requires the firm nerve of a man; that many of the duties of lawyers could be performed by them; that the ministry should be open to them except in its executive functions; that they might well perform the duties of postmasters, and public and private clerks; and that, first of all and above all, they should receive the same educational advantages as men and *with* men. In fact, he advocates her admittance to everything which does not involve administrative duties, but here he draws the line, and on this ground he opposes women's suffrage. But why stop here? If she can minister in all things why not administer in some?

The author says that some years ago when he first heard of the college education of the sexes in common, which he now advocates so strongly, he was not a little shocked by even the rumor of it; and who can say that another few years may not work the same change in many opinions

* The article on Mr. Mill's work here referred to was unavoidably omitted this month.—EDITOR.

which he clings to now? This is one of the drawbacks of treating a debatable subject in an era of disintegrating opinions. We can never feel absolutely certain of having at length reached stable ground.

Having thus "stated the question," Dr. Bushnell proceeds to his argument proper, and first of all relegates to its appropriate limbo the specious cant about "principle" and "natural right." He proceeds to show that "no right of suffrage is absolute in either man or woman," that all men are *not* created free and equal, that government does *not* derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, that the sentimental phraseology which the framers of our Constitution borrowed from the French Revolution will not bear logical analysis, and, in fact, places the suffrage in its just position as no "natural right" at all, but simply a political method adopted as an experiment in various countries of the world, of which ours is the principal. This chapter is one of the ablest contributions to our recent political literature, and we should be glad to see it in the hands of every individual of the rising generation. It seems to us on the whole unanswerable, and brings this question, as well as all others which it is our fate as the political experimenters of the world to decide, out of the region of sentiment to the tribunal of utility and results.

It is unnecessary to follow the author through his 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th chapters, in which he lapses into sentiment, and endeavors to show that the reform is against nature and God. They will be convincing to those who are accustomed on this subject to *feel* and not to think; but they can never be used as tangible logic, for we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the constitution and course of nature to speak *ex cathedra* on her laws; and neither Dr. Bushnell (we say it with all due respect) nor any one else can tell us anything about the wishes of Deity with regard to female suffrage. The sufficient answer to this is that nature is probably able to take care of herself. Says Mr. Mill:—"The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing."

We now come to what, after all, is the only proper ground on which to base this discussion—the probable effects of woman's enfranchisement on woman herself, on society at large, and on politics in particular. Here the author marshals what are certainly serious and weighty, if not conclusive objections, and worthy the gravest consideration by all who reflect on this subject unaffected by the glare of sentimental pyrotechnics, and partisan feeling.

He believes that the whole nature of woman would be thwarted by it, that she would cease to be the lubricating element in life, and that she would become "tall, brawny, sharp-featured, lank, and dry;" that she would impart into politics more intense feeling and excitement than was ever there before; that she will become degraded, as all human beings are, by contact with degradation; that her presence is more likely to add debauchery of a certain kind to the indecency which already attends the primary meetings and the polling places than to elevate them; and,

most important of all, that it will have a tendency to loosen the bonds of marriage and to make it a mere civil partnership, dissoluble at the pleasure or convenience of either or both of the parties. In fact, the mere agitation of the measure has had a decided influence in this latter direction.

We would add that, waiving their *right* to the suffrage, it is our own personal conviction that the first effect of the enfranchisement of woman would be to double the ignorance at the polls, which is already gnawing at the very vitals of the government.

It is a recognized fact that educated men, the intelligent classes of the community, have almost ceased actively to participate in public affairs; the conviction of their utter powerlessness has been forced upon them; and they shun the moral slime of the polling place as they shun the filth of the street. Can it be expected that the wives and daughters of these men will find it any more to their taste? Is the interest in public affairs stronger in the women of the household than in the men? Bridget will go; Patrick's importance and the pecuniary value of his vote will be doubled when he has a wife whom he can persuade or force to the polls; but in the hands of intelligent women—the only class from whose participation in affairs the State can hope for relief—the ballot will probably be far more frequently a weapon of offence than of defence. With the enfranchisement of woman we should simply have doubled the power of the ignorance and its consequent corruption which already threatens the very structure of our government.

But, say the champions, woman will elevate the ballot; the degrading elements which keep you from the primary meetings and the polls will vanish before the influence of feminine influence. A consummation most devoutly to be wished! but we simply say, Not Proven. The vilest moral sinks of which the world knows are made by the co-operation of the sexes, women as well as men, and if the women of a given class are purer and better than the men, it is precisely because their position has protected them from the temptations which have corrupted the latter. If the political influence of the sex would for a time prove beneficial, which we believe it would not, subjected to the same processes it would soon sink to the same level as that of man; and thus, while the department of politics would not have gained, society would have lost its most powerful and most refining conservative element.

As John Stuart Mill says: "Utility is the ultimate appeal in all ethical questions," and the final test of utility is experience. We would ask the champions of this measure whether experience has in fact proved that woman's influence upon public affairs is *certain* to prove an elevating influence? We would ask them whether any assembly, convened for the debate of momentous questions, ever displayed more lamentable ignorance of even elementary principles, more riotous disorder and crude sentimentalism, and more disgraceful intolerance and personalities than the recent Convention held in New York, under the auspices of the recognized leaders of this movement? Our mind was wonderfully cleared by our attendance on the three days' session of this Convention. It doubtless furnished the most conclusive argument against female suffrage which

the struggle has yet developed, and, unless we mistake the signs of the time, has powerfully influenced public opinion. This, of course, did not and could not affect our mind with regard to the principle of the question, if suffrage were a principle; but it effectually disposed of the modest claims of its advocates and exponents that woman as a voter would prove "the reformation of politics and the salvation of the government."

Probably the most singular feature of Dr. Bushnell's book is, that the author, while deploring the probable effects of public life upon the feminine instincts, would have "the embargo on woman as respects advances toward marriage" removed. He thinks that "the present iron-clad modesty, which is simply ridiculous in either party, might be so far mitigated as to let feeling feel its way, and carry on its own courtship." That, in fact, she should be allowed, within reasonable limits, the privilege of seeking as well as being sought. "The assumption now is that women must be first lassoed and taken, courted long and skilfully then, and almost to the death, before they can venture an approving look;" and that "on the one side there is a close fence of prudery" which, in order to get over, "the man must go it bravely." As to the supposed necessity for this privilege, we fancy that any one who will take the trouble to observe social life in our cities will conclude that it does not require very desperate courage on the part of a man to get over the "close fences" which the fair ones set up; and that whatever may be the "assumption" on the subject, a reform in the opposite direction might be effected without laying the sex open to any very serious accusation of impracticable prudery.

This suggestion of the Doctor's is based upon his assumption that marriage is the one thing needful. But marriage is to be judged by its results. In itself it is neither good nor evil, and is frequently as productive of the latter as of the former.

Moreover, a suggestion should be carefully weighed, and recommended with hesitation, which is so markedly at variance with the first principle of Political Economy and the Utilitarian school. Any immediate improvement which would result from an increase of early marriages would, probably, be more than neutralized by an increase of population which would hopelessly complicate the problem; and Dr. Bushnell's panacea would end very much as the discovery of the Rosicrucian who learned his broomstick to fetch water, but, unable to stop it, was drowned.

Scripture Manual. By CHARLES SIMMONS. Thirty-sixth Edition. New York: M. W. Dodd.

A CYCLOPÆDIC work which has reached its thirty-sixth edition is probably its own best recommendation, and it is only necessary to suggest to those who are not already familiar with it the scope and character of the Manual. It is a thorough and systematic compilation of all the Proof Texts of the Bible which illustrate the Christian doctrines, arranged under their appropriate heads, with ample references to kindred subjects.

Of course this will be an immense saving of labor to students, and more particularly to expounders of Biblical ethics. We doubt if, since the Apostles went forth to "preach the Gospel

unto all the world," ministers have had any more difficult work than adequately to illustrate a line of argument with actual Scripture texts. The greatest attainable familiarity with the Scriptures could not suffice except in a very limited degree. With this Manual, however, a complete knowledge of the teachings of the sacred writers on any given subject can be obtained in an hour's study.

The author believes that "the Bible furnishes very ample materials for all needful moral instruction, reproof, and encouragement," and it has been his care in selecting topics for illustration to take those "which in all ages have been considered of primary importance in theological and moral inquiry." Such are "the perfections, prerogatives, designs, providence, and law of God;—the character, rights, and destiny of man—the economy of grace—our essential duties towards God and each other, and civil and religious institutions."

It is claimed for the work that it is specially designed and adapted to refute the errors and irreligious tendencies of the day, but the fact is that it is nothing more than a very excellent and thorough concordance to the Scriptures, and to those who believe with the author, we cannot see how the work could be made more satisfactory.

A simple collection and arrangement of the sayings which have been read for eighteen centuries, however good in itself, cannot be reasonably expected to "refute" the ethical speculations of the day; but it may, and doubtless will, render important assistance to those who would oppose to these speculations the professed teachings of revealed religion.

Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers. By JANE JAY FULLER. New York. M. W. Dodd.

THIS is a clever, and, on the whole, successful attempt to develop in children a taste for Botany, and to teach them how to cultivate it. Miss Fuller's manner is rather stilted and technical, and much of the instruction is not sufficiently elementary to be comprehended by ordinary children; but the young people will nevertheless find it stimulating and interesting, and it will at least enable them to see something more in flowers than playthings and decorations. Botany is such a beautiful study in itself, and the pleasure it affords so pure and unalloyed, that we have always considered it a pity that children are not taught at least the elementary and obvious portions of it. Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers is an experiment in the right direction, and the best thing we can wish the children is that they may find some Uncle John to explain it to them in a practical manner.

Mopsa, the Fairy. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MISS INGELOW is, to our mind, the most charming of all living writers for children, and "Mopsa" alone ought to give her a kind of pre-emptive right to the love and gratitude of our young folk.

It is a story of those elfin people who are supposed to scamper at night in the pale moonlight, but altogether *sui generis* and distinct from the conventional type of fairy stories. Fanciful to the verge of the fantastic, original, imaginative, humorous, with a charming directness and simplicity of narration, and a string of adventures

absurdly impossible made probable and even credible by the perfect realism of description. we do not know why "Mopsa" should not be pronounced a model of what such stories should be. It requires genius to conceive a purely imaginary work which must of necessity deal with the supernatural, without running into a mere riot of fantastic absurdity; but genius Miss Ingelow has, and the story of Jack is as careless and joyous, but as delicate, as a picture of childhood.

The young people should be grateful to Jean Ingelow and those other noble writers, who, in our day, have taken upon themselves the task of supplying them with literature, if for no other reason, that these writers have saved them from the ineffable didacticism which, till within the last few years, was considered the only food fit for the youthful mind.

Thackeray's Miscellaneous Works.—MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. having just issued the concluding volume of their "Household Edition of Thackeray's Novels," have, in response to a very general demand, concluded to issue his remaining works in the same shape. The Miscellanies will be printed from the latest London edition, and will contain all of Thackeray's writings so far as they are known.

This will be the first time the American public has had an opportunity of obtaining Thackeray's Works in a uniform and complete edition, and his numerous readers will doubtless be grateful. The Household Edition is everything that could be desired in the matter of cheapness and convenience; but we still hope to see the series published in library style, handsomely printed, and with Thackeray's original illustrations.

OUR friend A. Williams, of Boston, sends us a neat little work, the "Watch-Repairer's Guide," designed, says the title-page, "to assist the young beginner in taking apart, putting together, and thoroughly cleaning the English lever and other foreign watches, and all American watches." The Hand-Book will probably be of more interest to the specialist than to the general reader; but it contains a sketch of time-keepers, watch-making, and hints in selecting and taking care of a watch, which may prove valuable to any one who possesses, or desires to possess, that "bosom friend."

SCIENCE.

Excavations in Herculaneum.—Naples, May 21, 1869. In the month of March advantage was taken of the visit of his Majesty the King of Italy to Naples to carry into effect the long-cherished desire to recommence excavations in Ercolano. They had been suspended for nearly half a century, partly for the reason that the ground above was occupied by buildings or was private property, and partly from the want of money. A piece of land, however, belonging to a priest having been expropriated and purchased, in the month of March the king initiated the interesting enterprise by giving 30,000 lire out of his own private purse, and by the promise of further assistance for five years. Moreover, his majesty struck the first pick

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Papers from over the Water: A Series of Letters from Europe. By SINCLAIR TOUSEY. New York: American News Company. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 204.

Henry Esmond; and Lovel the Widower. By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 367.

Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By EDWARD A. POLLARD. Phila.: National Publishing Co. 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. 536. *Portrait of Davis.*

Cipher: A Romance. By JANE G. AUSTIN. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 175.

Married against Reason. By MRS. SHELTON-MACKENZIE. Boston: Loring. Pamphlet, pp. 97.

The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World. To which is now prefixed The Shabby-Genteel Story. By WM. M. THACKERAY. Boston: 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 442.

Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life; An Autobiography. By JOHN NEAL. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, pp. 431.

Wedlock; or, The Right Relations of the Sexes. By S. B. WELLS. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 238.

Philip Brantley's Life Work, and How he Found it. By M. E. M. New York: M. W. Dodd. 16mo, pp. 262.

The Hollands. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Boston: Loring. 12mo, cloth, pp. 412.

Zell's Encyclopaedia, Monthly Part, No. 7, concluding with "Bestiality." Illustrated. pp. 40.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 140.

Hetty. By HENRY KINGSLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 69.

Parser and Analyzer for Beginners, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By FRANCIS A. MARCH. New York: Harper & Bros. 32mo, cloth, pp. 86.

into the earth. After hard and anxious work for two months, results are now becoming visible; and for the present I content myself with sending you a report of them, extracted from the *Pungolo*:—"The day before yesterday a large room was discovered, which must have served as a kitchen. It was provided with furniture and utensils such as in those times were used in domestic operations, and they are in many respects similar to those which are used in the present day. The most important of all was an 'Armadio' of wood, which appears to have been chestnut, remarkable for its singular construction, and which is the first that has been discovered either in Herculaneum or Pompeii. On account of the different modes in

which those two cities were buried, Herculaneum presents greater richness in the objects brought to light than Pompeii, where everything has suffered much more from humidity, or from the fall of the fragments of the roofs of the houses. In the upper part, that 'Armadio' had a secretaire, the door of which fell down by means of an ingenious arrangement, as may be seen from the hinges, which are still found in their places. Under the secretaire were some drawers, and in the lower part two small doors, which opened outwards, such as are found still in 'Armadii' used for preserving provisions. Unfortunately, as the whole was carbonized, it has been found impossible, as it was at first hoped it might have been, to preserve it. Besides this piece of furniture, so precious as illustrating the private life of that age, fourteen bronze vases, great and small, were found, but of little artistic value. A bronze candelabrum and a lucerna of the same metal are, however, of considerable value and importance. There were found also two small glass amphoræ, a small cup, also of glass, which served to hold millet-seed for birds, and some seeds of which still remain. Besides these articles were discovered various and different vases of terra-cotta, broken in many pieces, one of which contained grain; a marble statuette of Roman sculpture, representing a faun; a marble table in several pieces, and a small alate table, also broken. The site where these objects were found was precisely that in which the king struck the first blow in March last."—H. W., in the *Athenæum*.

Our Hands.—The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hand are twenty-nine bones, from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility, and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depend the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguished character of the human hand.

Babylonian Discoveries.—It is remarkable how forcibly the discoveries of science tend to establish the truth of Holy Writ; and it is also worthy of admiration how opportunely those discoveries are made for the correction of errors into which the minds of inquirers are led. These things are not accidental. They occur too frequently to be attributable to chance, or to anything but a providential interposition for the vindication of Truth. The remains of the calcined bones of victims of the un-"holy" inquisition, which were recently dug up at Madrid, assisted, through the disclosure of what intolerant priestly government is capable of, to establish that freedom of religious worship which is one of the grandest features of the Spanish revolution; and now that in our own country philosophy is verging upon infidelity, and the religion of the

Bible is likely, among some persons, to be superseded by a religion of their own making, the discovery is announced by Sir Henry Rawlinson of a close connection between the hitherto mysterious Babylonian documents in our possession and the earliest Biblical history. Not only are we on the point of learning what the Nineveh marbles disclose, from the time of Abraham downwards, but events antecedent to that long distant period are made out; and the site of the Garden of Eden itself is identified with ancient Babylon. The four rivers, of which only one, bearing the name of Euphrates, has hitherto been considered as capable of identification, are all revealed; and "Pison, that compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; Gihon, that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia; and Hiddekel, which goeth towards the east of Assyria," besides "the fourth river, which is Euphrates," are likely to be no greater mysteries than the Tagus or the Thames. The excavations at Jerusalem, upon which indomitable British enterprise and pious fervor are bestowed, brings into light the very stones upon which our Saviour trod, and are both interesting and important; but they yield to the discoveries of the records in the Babylonian documents announced by Sir Henry Rawlinson to the Royal Asiatic Society a few days ago, whereby the Book of Genesis, in its most important points, is confirmed. How long and fervently has imagination dwelt upon Eden's garden, where the first Man was placed, wishing to obtain a clue to the locality, and anxious to tread the same hallowed ground. Inquiry seemed hopeless, and employment of all resources of the human mind ended in despair of discovery ever being made; and now, suddenly, we come upon the whole truth. It is no glimmering of light; but if the statement of Sir Henry Rawlinson is to be relied upon—and so eminent an authority would not give publicity to anything that was doubtful—but a blaze of sunshine all over the wondrous ground, where trees and flowers and fruits were first planted, where creation's holy work was done—the last, best work of all, being Man, made in the image of his Maker, for its direction and enjoyment. Sir Henry Rawlinson has no doubt that those who are occupied in deciphering the strange characters, to which a key has been found, will be able to derive the whole of the history given in the Book of Genesis from the original documents; and it is not too much to expect, he says, "that almost the same facts and the same descriptions will be found in the Babylonian documents as in the Bible." He hopes very shortly to have ready a paper on the Garden of Eden, in which he proposes to show that that was the natural name of Babylon. The Deluge and the building of the Tower of Babel are "most amply illustrated" in the documents referred to. Science was once attributed to Satan, and when Geology was in an infant state, the remains discovered in the several strata of the earth were said by persons whose fears overcame their reason and their confidence in Divine wisdom, that the Evil One had placed these things where they were found, to lead the world astray. A firmer dependence upon Truth has led to marvellous confirmations of the Book of Genesis; the remains of pre-historic times being found exactly in accordance with the order of creation there recorded. There are sceptics still who seem to require a voice from Heaven to

be continually asserting the Power existing there; but surely there are voices in these things than which no utterance could be stronger, no evidence more conclusive. We need go no further than the British Museum to read the story of Sennacherib and his times, as clearly and fully told as it is in the Bible. Lieutenant Warren is developing all the features of buried Jerusalem; and now Sir Henry Rawlinson brings forward these discoveries of Mr. Smith, which will amaze the world, as they amaze all those to whose knowledge they are already brought, confirming, as they do, what is recorded in the Book of Genesis of the Creation, the Garden of Eden and its four rivers, the Tower of Babel, and the Flood. "Before Abraham was I am," is a truth which will more than ever be impressed upon the human mind.

Balloon Experiments.—The following letter appears in the *Athenæum*:—It will be remembered that last year an attempt was made to execute aerial trips in this metropolis, surpassing the ascents that have been made on the other side of the channel; but an accident put an end to it in the very beginning—the balloon in question having been destroyed by fire. A new one has since been constructed on the same plan, only larger and stronger, at an expense of £20,000. It ascends, weather permitting, to a height of 2,000 feet, from a vast circus, constructed of wood-work and canvas, on grounds adjoining Ashburnham House. The car is able to carry thirty persons, with 2,000lb. of ballast, and an immense guide-rope, ready to afford aid in case the cable might be broken by a sudden gust of wind. An accident of this kind—which, however, may be considered impossible—would change the captive balloon into a free one, and blow the passengers to a distance of some hundred miles in half an hour. The greatest inconvenience would be felt by the gazers below, who would possibly be cut into more than two by the fall of the big cable, which is upwards of two tons in weight. Since the balloon has been quite ready, the weather has been so unsettled that it was difficult to complete ascents without accident. A private trial trip for special scientific purposes took place on the 5th of May, when Mr. Glaisher, the great air explorer of the age, went up with Mr. Yon, the director of the balloon, and several other French aeronauts; the expedition, which was a tentative one, being joined by Mr. Karl Blind and a few other gentlemen. The wind pressure on that day was extraordinary, varying from 6,000 to 12,000lbs.; and the spectacle of the gyrations of the balloon, with its appendage containing a human cargo, was magnificent. The force of the wind and the strain on the cable being found so great, it was thought advisable to make a rope of descent, followed by a second attempt, when the state of the atmosphere seemed to have bettered. The balloon, going up to an altitude of 1,500 feet, deviated some 500 feet, through a strong westerly current. The meteorological observations taken were of considerable importance. On the 10th of May the wind-pressure reached to 12,400lbs., when the engines working the pulley had to go up to 4 atmospheric pressures, which gives a real traction force of 80-horse power. For the first time the weather was then clear, and the passengers were able to see, at a glance, Westminster Abbey, Kensington Museum, London Bridge, Har-

row-on-the-Hill, the Crystal Palace, etc. Small clouds coming from the west were visible on a level decidedly lower than the horizontal line of the car. I may mention here that a meteorological observatory is now in course of being established on board, which will be conducted under the honorary supervision of Mr. Glaisher. The readings will bear upon the aneroid and the mercurial barometer, the wet and the dry bulb thermometer, the blackened thermometer, and the blackened thermometer *in vacuo*. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra are constructing an anemometer for registering high level winds. Experiments will, moreover, be tried to ascertain the force of the air electricity. Professional aeronauts are being trained to the difficult art of taking readings accurately; and the best form to be given to the instruments is under the consideration of competent persons. Every reading will be entered in a book of reference, the contents of which will be computed and subjected to proper reductions and calculations. It would be useless to attempt anticipating the results of a series of observations which are just beginning, and which it requires much care and ability to conduct in a satisfactory manner. But it may be allowed to insist on the importance of experiments executed on so large a scale with so much daring. The balloon used for the purpose is the largest in existence, and has proved its capability to hold the pure hydrogen during more than fifteen days, which had hitherto been deemed an impossibility. The working of the apparatus is conducted by Mr. Yon, one of the aeronauts who took part in Nadar's expedition from Paris to Hanover. He is assisted by Mr. Godard, whose name is well known. The inventor and proprietor, Mr. Giffard, the patentee of the "injector," is desirous of studying the art of ballooning with a view to the application of a regular motive power, the invention of which would be the "crowning glory."—*Wilfrid de Fonvielle.*

The Progress of the English Colonies.—At the ordinary meeting of the Society of Arts, last night, Mr. Jno. Robinson, F. R. G. S., a member of the Legislative Council of Natal, read a paper upon this subject. Sir Geo. Grey, K.C.B., late Governor of New Zealand, was in the Chair.

He said, "I have no hesitation in expressing my honest belief that England, in her Colonies, possesses the truest and most lasting sources of national greatness, and the proudest pledges of moral and commercial pre-eminence that any land and people have yet enjoyed. I believe, moreover, that not only is this country bound, by all the solemn obligations that can bind a nation, to retain and to cherish her colonial possessions, but that it is on all accounts to her self-interest to do so. In 1851, India and the colonies were customers of the United Kingdom to the extent of 20,000,000*l.* worth of British goods, or something more than one-fourth of her whole export trade. In 1866, these possessions had increased their consumption of British manufactures threefold, and out of the exports from the United Kingdom that year, amounting in round numbers to 188,000,000*l.*, 61,000,000*l.*, or one-third, went to her dependencies. In 1858, the colonies did as much business with Great Britain as the United States, France, Germany, Turkey and Holland together. But of even

greater consequence in a national point of view than her export business is the import trade of the kingdom. The commodities she gets from her colonies are mostly raw materials, which give employment, in so many countless forms, to the laboring millions of her population and the vast capital of her manufacturers. British colonization benefits the mother country in two ways—it opens out new fields for the energy and industry of her sons, for the enterprise and wealth of her capitalists; but it also, by the extended production of raw staples, which that energy and that capital stimulate, quickens the industry of her toilers, and gives fresh and continuous vitality to her own manufacturing interests. How many hands are employed, how much capital and machinery are engaged in converting into marketable commodities the cotton, wool, flax, jute, sugar, timber, hides, spices and other staples sent to the ports of the United Kingdom from her colonial possessions. These materials are the life-blood of British commerce, and are pouring in year by year in a gradually dilating stream. In 1851 the total imports of Great Britain amounted to 142,000,000*l.*, of which only 20,000,000*l.* came from her colonies. In 1866 74,000,000*l.* were colonial shipments."

Borneo Observations of the Eclipse of August, 1868.—Before we take final leave of the memorable total eclipse of August, last year, we have thought it desirable to transfer to our pages the account of the appearances of the prominences, as observed at the most eastern point of observation, by his Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of Labuan. The observations were made at Barram Point, in the island of Borneo, and we extract Hennessy's description of the protuberances which suddenly came into view on the disappearance of "Baily's beads." He says:—

"The first was about one-sixth of the sun's diameter in length, and about one twenty-fourth part of that diameter in breadth. It all appeared at the same instant, as if a veil had suddenly melted away from before it.

"It seemed to be a tower of rose-colored clouds. The color was most beautiful—more beautiful than any rose-color I ever saw; indeed, I know of no natural object or color to which it can be, with justice, compared. Though one has to describe it as rose-colored, yet, in truth, it was very different from any color or tint I ever saw before.

"This protuberance extended from the right of the upper limb, and was visible for six minutes.

"In five seconds after this was visible, a much broader and shorter protuberance appeared at the left side of the upper limb. This seemed to be composed of two united together. In color and aspect it exactly resembled the long one.

"This second protuberance gradually sank down as the sun continued to fall behind the moon, and in three minutes it had disappeared altogether.

"A few seconds after it had sunk down, there appeared at the lower corresponding limb (the right inferior corner) a similar protuberance, which grew out as the eclipse proceeded. This also seemed to be a double protuberance, and in size and shape very much resembled the second one; that is, its breadth very much exceeded its height.

"In color, however, this differed from either of the former ones. Its left edge was a bright blue, like a brilliant sapphire with light thrown upon it;

next to that was the so-called rose-color, and at the right corner a sparkling ruby tint.

"This beautiful protuberance advanced at the same rate that the sun had moved all along, when suddenly it seemed to spread towards the left, until it ran round one-fourth of the circle, making a long ridge of the rose-colored masses. As this happened the blue shade disappeared.

"In about twelve seconds the whole of this ridge vanished, and gave place to a rough edge of brilliant white light, and, in another second, the sun had burst forth again.

"In the mean time, the long, rose-colored protuberance on the upper right limb had remained visible; and, though it seemed to be sinking into the moon, it did not disappear altogether until the lower ridge had been formed, and had been visible for two seconds.

"This long protuberance was quite visible to the naked eye, but its color could not be detected, except through the telescope. To the naked eye it simply appeared as a little tower of white light standing on the dark edge of the moon.

"The lower protuberance appeared to the naked eye to be a notch of light in the dark edge of the moon—not a protuberance but an indentation.

"In shape the long protuberance resembled a goat's horn."

We can scarcely doubt that the total eclipse which will be visible in the United States of America in August of the present year, will also yield some interesting results.

The Caspian Sea on Fire.—A phenomenon of a most extraordinary nature has lately been witnessed by the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous islands, which produce yearly a large quantity of naphtha, and it is no uncommon occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. Early last month, owing to some subterranean disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflammable substance were projected from the naphtha wells, and spread over the entire surface of the water, and, becoming ignited, notwithstanding every precaution, converted the whole sea into the semblance of a gigantic flaming punch-bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in about forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewn with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradition that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

A Girdle Round the Earth.—Often is the practical speed of the electric current brought into conversation. A very satisfactory determination of this datum has been made in America, in connection with a measurement of the difference of longitude between San Francisco and Cambridge, Mass., a distance along the wires of 3,600 miles. Longitude is, where possible, measured by telegraph; thus: A clock accurately set by the stars is placed at each station, and each clock is made to transmit its beats through the line and mark them on a chronograph at the other station; the clock at the receiving station registering its beats upon the same chronograph. The beats thus appear side by side, and the difference between them

is the difference of longitude in time between the two places, plus the short interval occupied by the passage of the current through the wire. To find this in the special case to which I am referring, a second wire was employed, so that a circuit of 7,200 miles was completed, and signals were sent from San Francisco to Cambridge and back again, the instants of their going out and returning home being accurately recorded. The interval, the time spent by the current in traversing 7,200 miles, was eight-tenths, or just over three-quarters of a second. A single battery could not work through such a length; relays (instruments for reinforcing the current) to the number of eleven were included in the circuit; so that in three-fourths of a second the signal had to be repeated eleven times. A relay requires a small fraction of a second to do its work; not enough, however, to seriously affect this determination. At the above speed a signal would go round the world in three seconds and a half. We can beat Ariel out and out.—*Once a Week.*

Medicine non est.—Few men among the great authorities in the modern science of medicine are looked up to with greater respect than Claude Bernard (President de l'Académie de Médecine), and it is with dismay that invalids and Mr. Bergh will read the remarks with which he prefaced his last annual course of lectures. Mr. Brooke assures us that with the exception of mathematics and astronomy every science is still in its infancy; and now Professor Bernard brings the weight of his high authority to support the theory as regards medical science. In 1847 he said to the assembled students:—"Gentlemen, the science of medicine, which I am commissioned to teach you, does not exist." This year he repeats the same assertion, qualifying it with the hope that the data since obtained may serve as a foundation for an experimental science. But, unfortunately, vivisection is the real basis of experimental physiology. The sacrifice of superfluous cats and dogs the Professor considers a salutary and by no means inhuman process; even in the case of superannuated horses, he doubts whether they suffer more, and they certainly suffer a shorter time, under the surgeon's knife than under the cabby's whip. Still, this ardent votary of science is accessible to feelings of humanity. The cutting up of a live monkey was too much for even his hardened nerves. The poor brute acted so much like a human being, seizing his hands and uttering piteous cries, that he never attempted to repeat the experiment. He suggests that chloroform be employed to mitigate the agony of the dumb martyrs to science.

Sir S. Baker Pasha's force for the conquest of the Soudan will consist, we believe, of two regi-

ments of infantry, each 600 strong, one regiment of irregulars 600 strong, two regiments of cavalry, each 450 strong, two light batteries, and one heavy battery—in all a force of some 3,300 men.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

Shipping of the Empire.—The annual returns relating to shipping have been presented to the House of Commons, on the motion this session of Mr. Stevenson. They show that at the end of the year 1868 there stood registered at ports of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands 25,500 sailing vessels of 4,878,283 tons, and 2,944 steam vessels of 902,297 tons; and in the British possessions 11,370 sailing vessels of 1,880,991 tons, and 628 steam vessels of 74,604 tons; making in the whole 36,870 sailing vessels of 6,259,224 tons, and 3,467 steam vessels of 976,901 tons. If we go back to 1859, as a date sufficiently distant to show the progress of shipping, we find at the end of that year registered at ports of the United Kingdom and Channel Islands 25,784 sailing vessels of 4,226,355 tons, and 1,918 steam vessels of 436,836 tons; and in the British possessions 10,177 sailing vessels of 961,283 tons, and 821 steam vessels of 35,928 tons; making in the whole 35,961 sailing vessels of 5,187,638 tons, and 2,239 steam vessels of 472,764 tons. The grand totals are these:—In 1859, 38,200 vessels of 5,660,420 tons; and in 1868, 40,337 vessels of 7,236,125 tons.

Indian Statistics.—A number of the "Annals of Indian Administration" for 1867-1868 has just been received from India. It appears that out of more than 150,000,000 inhabitants of the country under direct British dominion, 110,000,000 are Hindoos, 25,000,000 Mussulmans (a much smaller proportion than was popularly supposed); while 12,000,000 belong to those strange tribes who descend from the occupiers of India before the Aryan immigration (as it is now called) took place, primeval men, who lived and worshipped before the great religions of our days had their origin. There are also 4,000,000 of Buddhists and a few Jews and Parsees. The Roman Catholics claim 640,000 native adherents; these are chiefly found in the extreme south of the Peninsula, and descend from the ancient community known as the Christians of St. Thomas. The Protestant missionaries estimated the numbers attached to their persuasion at 213,000 in 1862; but the total is thought to have greatly augmented since the date of that estimate, chiefly by conversion among the aboriginal tribes in remote parts of India and in Burmah. The Christians of European and mixed origin are estimated at about 240,000.

ART.

Some New Chromos.—Mr. H. A. Ferguson, of New York, has painted a series of "Views of Central Park," which Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have just reproduced in chromo-lithograph.

The views are six in number, representing familiar and conspicuous features, and display the Park in all the wealth and luxuriance of its sum-

mer drapery, and, with one exception, in the glowing splendor of the mid-day sun. The ivy-clad bridge, which forms the portal to the grotto; the beautiful waterfall of the larger lake; the bridge of flowers; the sheep-walk of the upper park, with a glimpse of the city in the distance; the terrace of the Pall Mall, seen from the water; and

without Richardson Clarissa had not been.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Big Trees in California.—It is five miles to the grove of big trees, though there are trees all around us which would be called big in the East. We climb the hill, our horses all the way plunging their hoofs into granulated granite, hardly enough decomposed to be classed as soil. A few minutes' ride down the south-western slope of the hill and we are among the monarchs of the forest. They do not seem to be at first sight very much larger than the surrounding pines, and it is only by measurement and comparison that we can comprehend their magnitude. The great elm on Boston Common is between six and seven feet in diameter, but here are six hundred trees, the smallest of which is twelve feet in diameter, and the largest thirty-three! The measurements which give these diameters are taken one yard from the ground. Ten feet up they have diminished about one-third, but above that hold their dimensions to a great height. One which fell many years ago, from which the bark has crumbled, is now thirty-three feet in diameter, and you can walk two hundred and fifty feet along that portion of the trunk which has not yet decayed. Sit down and look at the monster, the "grizzly giant." It is ninety feet up to the first limb, which is six feet and four inches in diameter! A limb, one hundred and thirty feet from the ground, has been broken off thirty feet from the body of the tree, and the fallen portion lies before us on the ground, eleven feet in circumference, or nearly four feet in diameter! There are thirteen of us in our party, and we all ride into the burned cavity of one tree still standing, and sit there upon our horses, with room for six or eight more! We ride through the hollow trunk of another fallen tree thirty feet, as if it were a section of the Thames Tunnel, or of a tubular railway bridge.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Proportion of the Feet to the Body.—M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her position, her height is about 5ft. 2in. (the actual height of the statue is 4ft. 11in.), while the foot is exactly 9in. long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurements of all the best statues. The greatest width of the foot is 3 in.—i.e., 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says M. Bonomi, we have a rule for shoemakers and for shoe-wearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself "out of proportion."

The Gentleman's Magazine describes a new English patent for relief-printing by photography. A drawing is made in line or stipple, and a negative photograph is taken from it. This is used to print, photogenically, upon a well-known film of gelatine mixed with a chromic salt, which gives an impression with the whites of the picture in intaglio and the lines in relief. A plaster cast is taken from this matrix, and a type-metal cast from the plaster. This last is touched up, if neces-

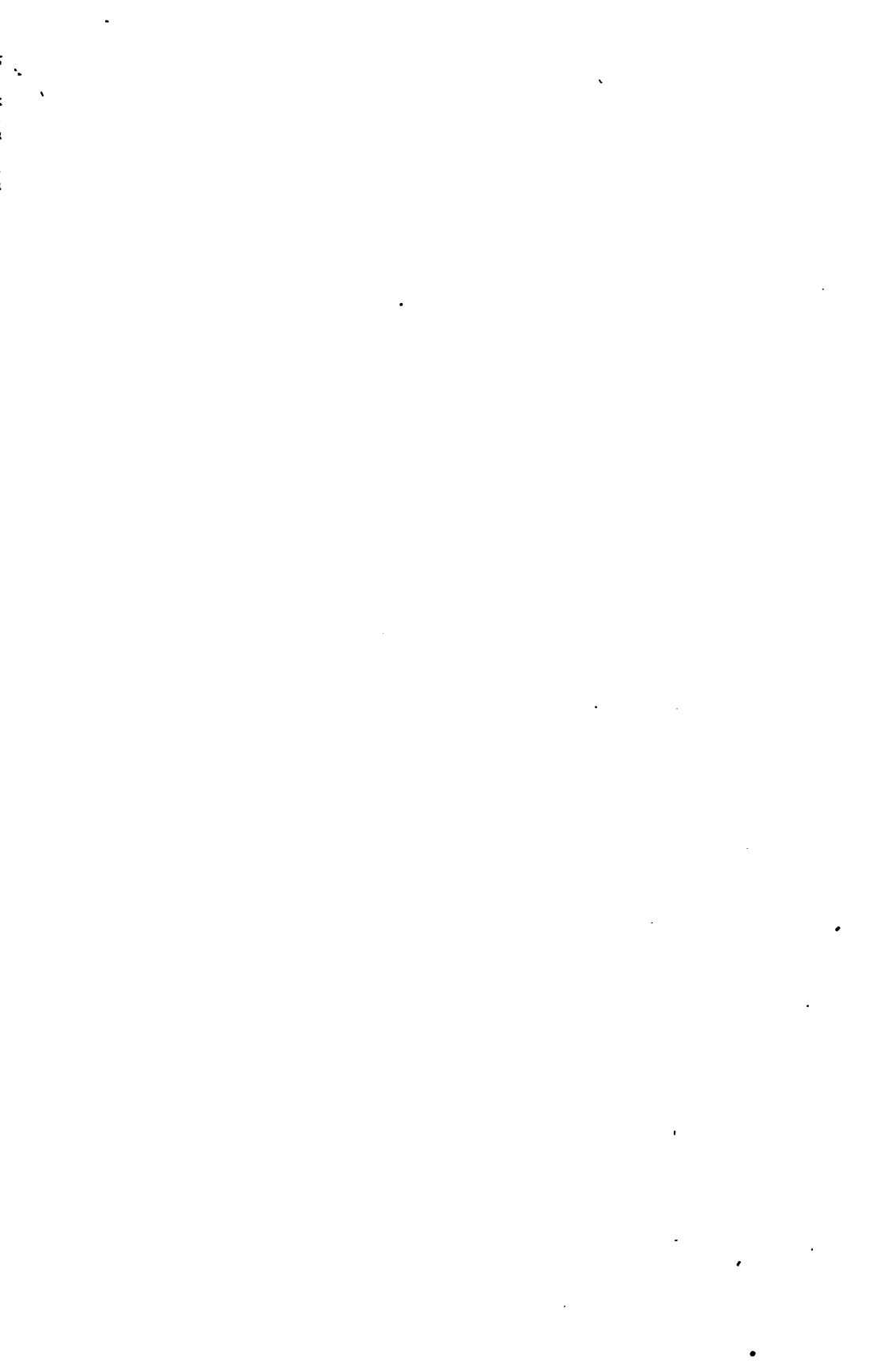
sary, and mounted, like a stereotype, for printing. A manifest advantage of the method is, that it allows the block to be produced upon any scale relatively to the original drawing.

The first specimens produced are said to have had the wiriness of an etching, wanting the tone of a wood engraving.

Austrian Nationalities.—A statistical work, just published in Austria, fixes in the following proportions the nationality of the populations in that empire: 8,782,000 Germans; 6,521,400 Czecks, Moravians, and Slaves; 2,380,000 Poles; 2,985,000 Ruthenians; 1,203,600 Slovenes; 5,400,800 Magyars; 2,916,000 Croats or Servians; 2,884,000 Roumanians; 1,121,000 Jews; 589,100 Italians; 152,800 Zingari; 53,800 Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks, &c. That country contains 26,600,000 Catholics, 3,100,000 Greeks, 2,400,000 Protestants, and about a million of Jews; the remainder consists of Armenians, Unitarians, Mahometans, and members of various other creeds. The soil of Austria produces yearly, on an average, 518 millions of bushels of grain of all kinds; 203 millions of bushels of potatoes; two millions of tons of beet-root, and 240 millions of gallons of wine.

Dutch Education.—Mr. Motley, in speaking of the palmiest days of the Dutch republic, towards the end of his last volume says: "In proportion to their numbers they were more productive of wealth than any other nation then existing. An excellent reason why the people were so well governed, so productive, and so enterprising, was the simple fact that they were an educated people. There was hardly a Netherlander—man, woman, or child—who could not read and write. The school was the common property of the people, paid for among the municipal expenses. In the cities, as well as in the rural districts, there were not only common schools but classical schools. In the burgher families it was rare to find boys who had not been taught Latin or girls unacquainted with French. Capacity to write and speak several modern languages was very common, and there were many individuals in every city, neither professors nor pedants, who had made remarkable progress in science and classical literature."

A Learned Peasant.—Not long ago a Russian peasant entered the house of a publisher of St. Petersburg, and asked him for employment. The publisher thought he wanted a place to do manual labor. To his great surprise, however, he learned that the peasant, on the contrary, desired employment as translator from the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. He said his name was Ivan Proin, and he lived in the district of Jaroslavi, where he owned a hut and a small piece of ground. All the above-mentioned languages he had learned from grammars and dictionaries. An examination showed that he was able to translate the most difficult passages in a very pure and fluent style. The publisher engaged him immediately to translate an English philosophical work. The most curious feature about this learned peasant is, that he works all day in the field, and devotes only his leisure hours in the evening to literary employment.—*Court Journal.*





Engraved for the Editor by G. E. Perkins, N. Y.

MARSHAL GERÓNIMO.
(REGENT OF SPAIN)





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. X., No. 4. }

OCTOBER, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

Macmillan's Magazine.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1869.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

THE GREAT ROMAN REVOLUTION.

IN the famous controversy between Julius Cæsar and Brutus the present age takes a different side from the last. Brutus used to be considered in the right, but public opinion now declares for Cæsar. Cæsar's partisans, however, may state their case in two ways. They may represent him as having simply achieved a great administrative reform, and made government more efficient at the expense of republican liberties. This they may consider to have been on the whole a necessary and useful work, and they may respect Cæsar as a practical statesman, who had the wise hardihood to abolish venerated institutions when they had become, in the lapse of time, mischievous. But it is also possible to represent him as a great popular hero, the hope of all the subject nation-

alities of Rome, carried to power in their arms, and executing justice in their behalf upon the tyrant aristocracy that had oppressed them. If we take this view, no admiration or enthusiasm for him can be too ardent; and we not only regard Brutus and Cæsar differently from our fathers, but as it were reverse their positions. Cæsar becomes Brutus, and Brutus Cæsar. Brutus is now the tyrant, for he represents the oppressive aristocracy, and Cæsar is the tyrannicide, who armed himself in the cause of the nations, and stabbed the oppressor, once at Pharsalus, again at Thapsus, and again at Munda.

This latter view might be supported if we could assume that all the consequences of the revolution which Cæsar conducted were intended by him and by his party. By that revolution in the end the exclusive domination of the Roman

aristocracy and of the City was destroyed; the provincials, who before had been insolently oppressed, now began to be more considered and more mercifully treated. If this could not have happened without the deliberate intention of those who achieved it, then the Cæsarians become at once enlightened Liberals, and Cæsar the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived. We are obliged then to suppose a vast tide of enthusiastic sentiment pervading the better part of the citizens, and the provincials moved by an ecstatic hope as the champion of mankind advances towards his final triumph, striking down one after another the enemies of the good cause. The Roman revolution is thus made to resemble the French, and Cæsar becomes a hero, a paragon, in whom appear the popular talents of Mirabeau, without his betrayal of the popular cause; the high aims of the Girondins, without their illusions; and the genius of Napoleon for war and government, without his egotism and brutality.

But the truth is that what Cæsar and his party intended is to be carefully distinguished from what they actually accomplished. The revolution had many beneficial results, which were indirect and little contemplated by its principal authors. If we study the movement itself we shall find that Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, that his party had no notion of redressing the wrongs of the provincials, that they were inspired by no desire to establish any general principle whatever, and by no enthusiasm except a military enthusiasm for their leader. The true nature of the revolution will very clearly appear, and its resemblance to the French Revolution will be shown to be an illusion.

It is certain, in the first place, that Cæsar did not in any degree owe his elevation to the favor of the provincials. He owed his elevation to the admirable efficiency of his army, and to his admirable use of it. This army contained no doubt Gallic auxiliaries, but the great muster of provincials was on the side of the Senate. Cæsar's provincial auxiliaries were better drilled, and, like his Roman legionaries, they were no doubt personally attached to him; but that he was the champion of their interests against the Senate never occurred to them. There is no trace that the provinces con-

ceived themselves to have any special interest in the quarrel. According to their personal connections with the two leaders they ranged themselves on one side or the other—the East for the most part with Pompeius, while Gaul was at the service of Cæsar. Their hearts, apparently, were not in the contest at all; but, if we ask on which side were their hands, we shall be obliged to reply that so little did they understand Cæsar to be their champion that the majority of them were ranged against him on the side of their oppressors.

But let us go on to ask, why should they have regarded Cæsar as their champion? What was there in his career which might lead them to suppose him more kindly disposed to them than any other proconsul of his time? His most conspicuous act was the conquest of Gaul. Let it be granted that the greatest service he could do to Gaul was to conquer it. Let us even grant, for the sake of argument, that he was himself aware of this, that he acted from purely philanthropical motives, and distinctly understood the conquest of Gaul to be a necessary stage of the evolution of humanity. Still his conduct was surely of a nature to be misunderstood by Gaul itself and by the provincials generally. His goodwill towards the non-Roman populations was not so apparent that it could not be mistaken. He stood before them covered with the blood of slaughtered Gauls, an object certainly more pleasing to Rome than to the subjects of Rome. He might not be detested so much as the plundering, peculating proconsuls, but he must have been more feared; and so far from appearing to the provincials a deliverer from the tyranny of Rome he must have seemed to represent and embody that tyranny in its most irresistible and inexorable form.

But perhaps Cæsar had, at some earlier time, identified himself with the provincials; perhaps he had introduced measures calculated to better their condition and enlarge their franchises; perhaps he had expressed disgust at the treatment they met with, and sympathy with their suffering. The answer is, that he had not distinguished himself in any such way. One or two prosecutions of extortionate provincial governors which he

had undertaken could not give him any such distinction. Such prosecutions were recognized as the established way by which young men brought themselves into notice, and also as an established way of annoying the Senate. Yet these prosecutions were the only service he had ever rendered the provinces. In his consulship, at the time when he was the recognized leader of popular legislation, he had not appeared as the champion of the provincials, but of quite a different class, whose interests were, if anything, somewhat antagonistic to the interests of the provincials—the poorer class of Roman citizens.

Again, if Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, neither was his party, nor those earlier leaders of the party to whose position he had succeeded. Their constituency from the beginning had been a different one. When the great controversy was opened by Tiberius Gracchus, there were in the Roman world, not to count the slaves, three aggrieved classes: first, the poorer class of Roman citizens; secondly, the Italian allies, who had not yet been admitted to the Roman citizenship; thirdly, the provincials. Now if the party which the movement of Gracchus called into existence, and which went on increasing its influence until, in the person of Julius Cæsar, it triumphed over itself and its enemies together, had really been the party of the provincials,—if the Gracchi, and Marius, and Saturninus had been representatives of the interests of the empire as against the interests of the ruling city, they would have taken up the cause of all these aggrieved classes. The Italian allies, and still more the provincials, as the most numerous and the most oppressed class, would have claimed a larger share of their sympathy than the poor Romans. Yet, in fact, none of these leaders had ever said a word about the provincials, except, indeed, to propose that lands taken from them should be granted to Roman colonists. On the Italian allies they had not been altogether silent. Caius Gracchus had even undertaken their cause, but it then appeared clear not only that the party he represented was a different one, but that it was a party decidedly hostile to the Italians. The inclusion of the Italians in the colonization scheme of

Marius also, according to Appian, “gave offence to the democracy.” The truth is that there had been men in Rome whose liberality was real and comprehensive, but they were not among the democratic leaders, the predecessors of Cæsar. Two men in particular had disregarded party watchwords, and had indulged sympathies not purely Roman. Both of them were aristocrats, and inclined rather to the senatorian than to the popular party. These were Scipio Æmilianus and the great Roman Whig Drusus. The former died probably by the hand of an assassin when he was on the point of bringing forward the cause of the Italians. The other succeeded for a moment in effecting a coalition between a section of the *noblesse*, a section of the people, and the Italians, and was prevented by an accursed dagger from earning a place among the most beneficial statesmen of all history.

The Italians forced their way through the pale of citizenship by a war in which the Senate and the democracy were allied in deadly hostility to them. Marius, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Cæsar, fought against them in this war, no less than Sulla, the champion of the aristocracy. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene, therefore, the cause of the Italians was already won, and there remained only two aggrieved classes—the Roman proletariat, crushed for the time by Sulla, and the provincials. Now it was the former, not the latter of these classes of which Cæsar made himself the champion. The provincials, as such, found no champion. Particular misgoverned provinces were from time to time patronized by rhetoricians who were equally ready, as Cicero showed himself, to take a brief from accused and evidently guilty governors; but neither Cæsar, nor any one else, ever raised the cry of justice to the provincials. Except in the case of the Transpadane province—a province only in name, being within the limits of Italy, and already in possession of the inferior or Latin franchise—Cæsar connected himself before the civil war with no measure of enfranchisement, and had given no pledge to the world that any oppressed class except the Roman populace would be the better, or have any reason to be thankful, for his success.

No writer of the time regards Cæsar in the light of an emancipator. Cicero gives no hint that Cæsar's partisans defended his conduct on those grounds. That somewhat vacillating politician repeatedly in his letters balances the two parties against each other. He explains why, on the whole, he prefers Pompeius, but he has much to say against Pompeius also. In these letters we might expect to find Cæsar's championship of the provincials, if he had ever undertaken or was supposed to have undertaken any such championship, discussed, and either allowed or rejected. Cicero, as a student of philosophy, was quite alive to enlarged and philanthropic considerations; if any such considerations made for Cæsar, we surely should have heard of it. But there is nothing in his letters to show that in the hot discussions which must have been everywhere going on any general principles were appealed to by the Cæsarians; that it had occurred to any Cæsarian to suggest, what occurs so naturally to us who know the sequel, that it was a monstrous injustice that the world should be governed in the interest of a single city; that the Senate were the authors and supporters of this system; that Cæsar was the man to put it down, and had undertaken to do so. The Cæsarians were a party without ideas.

It is most easy to delude ourselves into the belief that what actually happened was intended to happen; and since in this revolution the provinces did something towards throwing off the yoke of Rome, to describe the revolution as a convulsive effort on the part of the provinces to throw off the yoke of Rome. But the facts are before us, the process by which the revolution was accomplished can be clearly traced, and we can see that the provinces had no share at all in the revolution by which they ultimately benefited; that it was a purely Roman movement; that the evil—for there was such an evil—which the revolutionaries struggled against was of quite a different nature, and that the relief which the imperial system actually brought to the provincials was an indirect and secondary consequence of a general improvement in the machinery of government.

How, then, did the revolution really

come about? Undenially the immediate cause of the revolution was the practice, which had gradually sprung up, of conferring upon eminent generals for special purposes powers so extravagant as to enable the holders of them to rise above the laws. Where such a dangerous practice prevails revolution is at once accounted for. Such an experiment may be tried, and no revolution follow; but at Rome it was tried often, once too often. How, then, came the Romans to adopt such a practice? What, on the one hand, was the occasion which led them to appoint these dangerous dictators? On the other hand, how came they to overlook the danger? To both these questions it is possible to give a satisfactory answer, and to answer these questions is to explain the revolution.

Republicanism at Rome, though successful and glorious for so long a time, had, perhaps, always been, as a creed, confined to a class. Long after the expulsion of the kings, it had been necessary to watch with extreme jealousy every individual who drew public attention too exclusively to himself. Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, perished for their eminence, and this shows how large a proportion of the citizens were felt still to retain monarchical predilections. But the republic succeeded so well that such jealousy at length became unnecessary; the glory and the regal disposition of Africanus brought no danger to liberty, though they clouded the last years of the hero himself with moody discontent. The disease, however, was only kept under, it was not cured. The government of a person was the instinctive preference of the lower orders, though the great families were able, as it were, to divide their allegiance among themselves. Anything which should weaken or disorganize this firm union of ruling houses, anything which should sever the lower orders from them, would in a moment bring the monarch upon the stage again. For more than half a century after the mortal struggle with Hannibal the ascendancy of the nobles over the lower orders continued unbroken, and then, through the mere growth of the population and change of circumstances, it began to decay. It was simply a moral

ascendancy; by the constitution, the rabble of Rome could at any time take into their own hands legislation and government. The first Gracchus, with perfectly pure intentions, showed them the way to do this. The second Gracchus, influenced perhaps by revenge and party hatred, took this city rabble in hand, organized them, and formed them into a standing army of revolution. Spurius Mælius, in an earlier age, had been suspected of aiming at the tyranny when he sold corn at a low price to the poor during a famine. Caius Gracchus adopted the same plan. By his *lex frumentaria* he at once demoralized, and attached to the cause of revolution, a vast class which had before been in the tutelage of the aristocracy. The bond was now broken that attached the people to the hereditary rulers. And how little this people cared for republican liberty became apparent the moment it began to think and act for itself. It did not at once destroy the existing government. The habit of deference and obedience long remained in a people naturally as deferential and fond of aristocracy as the English themselves. But as soon as any cause of discontent arose, or public needs became pressing, they took refuge at once in a monarch, whom they created, indeed, only for a limited period, but from whom they neither took nor cared to take guarantees that he would ever give back into their hands the power which they had entrusted to him. Thus Caius Gracchus was supreme until his liberality began to include the Italians. Marius was supreme for five years,—had, in fact, a longer reign than Julius Cæsar. Pompey in his turn received as much power as he cared to use; and, finally, by the Vatinian law, the people plainly told Cæsar that they were his subjects as soon as he chose to be their king. At this point the people disappear; in all subsequent contentions the two parties are the Senate and the army.

Still the people showed no eagerness for revolution. As I said, it was only in cases of need that they created a monarch. And it was only because these cases of need occurred frequently that monarchs were frequently created. And here arises the second question, What were these needs for which no

other expedient could be devised? Perhaps it was the oppression practised by the senatorial governors upon the provincials. If so, then it would be true that the imperial system was introduced in the interest of the subject nationalities. But nothing of the kind appears. In the quarrels between the Senate and the moneyed class (called knights), the wrongs of the provincials are often paraded, for both the Senate and the moneyed class had a strong interest in the provincials, the one as governors, the other as tax-farmers. But the democracy never concerned themselves in any way with the treatment of the provincials, for it was a question which did not at all affect their interests. Quite different were the reasons which led them to call in dictators, and, if we examine the different cases, we shall find that the real motive was always the same. There was one evil to which the empire was constantly exposed; one evil to cure which, and to cure which alone, the imperial system was introduced.

What made the people give supreme power to Marius, and continue it to him for five years? First, the failure of the aristocratic government to carry on the war with Jugurtha; afterwards, the imminent danger of the empire from the Cimbri and Teutones. What made them give extraordinary powers to Pompey, and afterwards extend and increase them? First, the alarming spread of piracy in the Mediterranean, stopping trade and threatening the capital with famine; next the necessity of exerting unusual power to crush Mithridates. What made them give extraordinary powers to Cæsar? Rumors of an intended emigration of the Helvetii, raising apprehensions of a danger similar to that which Italy had experienced from the Cimbric invasion. Nothing can be more certain than the connection of cause and effect in these cases. The history of the introduction of imperialism is briefly this: government at Rome was so little centralized that the empire was unable to grapple with any really formidable enemy that assailed it either from without or within. To save themselves from destruction they were compelled, or thought themselves compelled, to resort frequently to the obvious expedient of a dictator.

The more frequently they did this, the more did the republican government fall into disuse and contempt, the more did men's minds and habits adapt themselves to a military *régime*. The new scheme of government, whenever it was tried, succeeded. It accomplished that for which it was created. It gave the empire inward security and good order; it crushed foreign enemies, and extended the boundaries of dominion from the Rhone to the Straits of Dover, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. What wonder that in the end it supplanted the older constitution, when its advantages were so unmistakable, and the one thing it took away, Liberty, was that which the proletariat of Rome and the democracy of Italy had never either understood or valued?

The Jacobins used to think of Cæsar as a great aristocrat, patriotically assassinated by the noble *sans-culotte*, Brutus. I confess it seems to me not much less untrue to describe him as a champion of nationalities, and a destroyer of aristocratic privilege and exclusiveness. It was the war-power, not the people, that triumphed in him. The people, indeed,—that is, the people of Italy,—were, in the first instance, the authors of his elevation, but it was not enfranchisement that they wanted, it was simply military protection. The enemies they feared were not a Catullus or a Cato, but Helvetian or German hordes. It was not aristocratic privilege they rebelled against, but aristocratic feebleness, the feebleness which had led to the shameful treaty with Jugurtha and the bloody defeat of Arausio.

That the revolution was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization, will become still clearer if we now proceed to examine the new institutions which it introduced. Had Cæsar lived longer, he would no doubt have stamped a liberal character upon his work. Though he was no champion of the provinces, and though he owed his elevation immediately to the army, and only remotely to the democracy, yet his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold, original, and magnanimous. He might therefore have developed at once and forced into ripeness those germs of good in the new system which, as it was, ripened but slowly. He might have

taken away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire which she retained for three centuries, and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honors of the State. This he might have done, but had he done it he would have accomplished another revolution. That the empire at that time did not require such changes, even if it would have borne them, is plain from the fact that his successor Augustus was able to found a secure and durable imperial system,—was able, in fact, to conduct the movement which his uncle had begun to its natural goal, without appealing to any liberal tendencies. Augustus was in all things aristocratically disposed; his institutions bear the stamp of a conservative, exclusive, old Roman spirit. This did not prevent him from proving a most efficient successor to the liberal-minded Cæsar. It did not prevent him from being more completely successful than almost any statesman in history. The explanation of this is, that Liberalism was not of the essence of Cæsar's work. It adorned his character, and helped him in his early struggles, but the revolution he accomplished was independent of it, and when divorced from it could go on just as prosperously as before.

After the new system had been permanently settled in the tranquillity of the Augustan age, the great change which had passed over the empire was found to be this: A standing army had been created, and thoroughly organized, a uniform taxation had been established throughout the empire, and a new set of officials had been created, all of a military character, all wielding greater power than the republic had been accustomed to entrust to its officials, but, on the other hand, all subject to the effective and rigorous control of the emperor. In other words, in the place of anarchy there had come centralization and responsibility.

We have heard much lately of the power which all organisms possess of differentiating special organs to meet special needs. The operation of this law is very visible in human society. In fact, it might be maintained that the whole history of a state is the record of a series of such differentiations. To take a simple example from Roman his-

tory:—At an early time the kings, and afterwards the consuls, were at the same time generals in war and judges in peace. Life had not yet become complex. But, as population and activity increased, these functions showed a tendency to separate. At first all that the citizens were conscious of was, that it was necessary to have three men instead of two to do the work. So they created a prætor, with precisely the same functions as the consuls. But Nature knew better, and by the gradual operation of a silent decree took away from the consuls their judicial functions, and from the prætor his military functions. Thus a differentiation was accomplished: and whereas there had been before but one organ of government, there were now two unlike each other; and whereas before all authority was conceived as of one kind, it was now regarded as twofold, administrative and judicial. Now we may apply this principle to the great Roman revolution, and describe it as a differentiation. War had originally been conceived as a function devolving equally upon the citizens. When the military season came on, the farmer or shopkeeper left his peaceful occupations, donned his armor, and presented himself before the consul in the Campus Martius. When the campaign was over, he went back to his work. But the larger the territory of the State became, the heavier the task that devolved upon its armies, the more numerous its dangers, the more extensive its vulnerable frontier, the more imperiously did Nature call for a military differentiation. The special need must be met by a special organ. A special class of men must be set apart for special military functions. I have shown that it was the necessity of defending the State against its foreign enemies that caused the revolution. In the throes of this revolution the new organ made its appearance. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Roman Empire is seen to be guarded by an institution which had been unknown to the republic, by a standing army of twenty-five legions.

This change constitutes by itself a vast social revolution in comparison with which any changes in the form of political government are insignificant. The rise of standing armies in modern Europe as well known to mark a great epoch.

But it was a much less sudden and radical change than the corresponding change in the Roman Empire. For when the citizen resigned his arms to the professional soldier, he did not merely, as might at first sight appear, relieve himself of a disagreeable duty, disencumber himself of a burden which hampered his industry. He did much more than this; he placed himself under entirely new conditions of life. He parted with all his traditions, and blindly undertook to explore a new world. In the first place he resigned his liberty. We in England, who have witnessed the reconciliation of standing armies with liberty, may have some difficulty in understanding how impossible was any such reconciliation in the Roman Empire. But it is undeniable that under the imperial system the Roman did lose his liberty. With an equivalent, or without an equivalent, he parted with it, and no one who examines the history can doubt what cause principally contributed to deprive him of it. The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force, over which the citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties. To this huge engine of despotism it was vain to oppose any resistance. Human free-will perished in its presence as in the presence of necessity. Not in institutions only, but in the hearts of men, liberty withered away, and its place was taken by servility and stoicism, and Byzantine Christianity. It may occur to us that checks to the emperor's authority over the army might have been devised. But these are modern notions. The army was called into existence not by enactments, but by revolution, and there was no collective wisdom anywhere, no parliament which could call attention to the danger, or discuss it, or provide safeguards against it.

But, at the introduction of standing armies, the Roman citizen parted with something else, something which lies not less near than liberty to the springs of human character. He parted with the conception of war as the business of life. The great military nation of the world—the nation which had bred up its successive generations to the task of subduing mankind, which by unrivalled

firmness of cohesion, by enduring tenacity of purpose, by methodic study and science of destruction, had crushed all the surrounding nationalities, not with a temporary prostration merely, but with utter and permanent dissolution—now found its work done and its occupation gone. The destructive theory of life had worked itself out. The army itself henceforth existed mainly for defence, and the ordinary citizen was no longer concerned with hostilities of any kind, whether offensive or defensive. Human life was forced to find for itself a new object. The feelings, the aspirations, the tastes, the habits, that had hitherto filled it and given it dignity, became suddenly out of date. It was as if a change had passed over the atmosphere in which men lived, as if the temperature had suddenly fallen many degrees, making all customs obsolete at once, giving an antiquated and inappropriate look to the whole framework of life. It was a revolution which struck with incongruousness and abortiveness the very instinctive impulses of men, placed an irreconcilable difference between habit and reason, preconception and fact, education and experience, temperament and reality, the world within and the world without. This might have a bright side. Poets sang of a golden age returned, and they hymned industrialism in exquisite language:—

“Agricola incurvo terram molitur aratro.”

But the real enjoyment of the new state of things was still remote, and required to be nursed by habit. It was an uncomfortable transition when the old instincts and ardors were superannuated and no new animating principle yet discovered. The new bottles had come before the new wine: the loss was felt far more keenly than the gain; the parting guest was shaken by the hand more warmly than the comer. A sullen torpor reigned in the first years of the millennium of peace, listlessness fell upon the dwellers in that uncongenial Paradise; Mars and Quirinus were dead, and He who was to consecrate peace was scarcely born. Men were conscious of a rapid cooling of the air, of a chill gathering round them—the numbness that follows a great loss, the vacancy that succeeds a great departure:

“In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint.”

I hope to return to this subject. Meanwhile, let me point out how the other institutions of the imperial system were determined by the presence of the standing army. Such a great force could not be kept up, particularly as Augustus renounced the profitable course of conquest, without a rigorous system of taxation. Augustus organized a land-tax for the whole empire, and laid the foundation of that fiscal system which in the end crushed the very life out of the people. Further, a great military system requires that great power shall be entrusted to individuals. Personal authority is the characteristic military principle. When, therefore, the standing army was organized, this principle received a great development. From the beginning, the empire had many more great posts than the republic. It created the *legatus legionis* or commander of a legion (the legion had before been commanded in a very ineffective way by the tribunes in succession). This new officer, commanding more than six thousand men, held prætorian rank, and there were not less than twenty-five such officers at once. Besides this, three new prefectures were created—the prefecture of the prætorian guard, the prefecture of the city, and the prefecture of the watch. If we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character, since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops—that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and proprætors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the fron-

tier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed, always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts not merely with ability, but with justice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of the military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar,—absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet—we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attentions on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted

till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connection. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest which had filled the whole century that preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace that filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic levelling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was restored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the freeborn. He endeavoured to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself—a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach,

of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the "Pompeian." Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is, Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself: an aristocrat to the core, and sympathizing with the old republic in all things, he was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he labored successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *τύραννοι* of the sixth century B.C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the *noblesse*. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favored the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise, though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him. He became permanent commander-in-chief; and—what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function—all provinces which were in the neighborhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a proconsul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we

shall see that they were very similar to these, and that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded. It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the meanwhile they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was legally recognized. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for

the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors—without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed. Henceforward the Senate and the emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was allowed to talk republican-

ism, and to canonize the "Pharsalica turba," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts, it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperors treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall;" and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but, on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, introducing system and unity, gave the Roman world in the first place internal tranquillity. The ferocious civil conflicts of Marius

and Sulla had sprung out of republican passions, which were now for good as well as for evil stilled. The piracy which had reigned in the Mediterranean was no longer possible with a permanent Gabinian Law, with a Pompey always at the head of affairs. One new danger, indeed, was introduced—the danger of military revolutions; but, formidable as the power of the army was, it was found possible to restrain it from the worst extremities for two centuries. The dreadful year 69, which recalled the days of Cinna, was the only serious interruption to the tranquil course of government between the accession of Augustus and the death of Aurelius. Whatever Cæsar took from his country, he gave it two centuries of peaceful government.

Once more: he gave to the government of the empire a somewhat more equitable spirit. It was not for this purpose that his army raised him to power, but centralization carried with it of necessity this result. The cruelty with which the provinces were governed was of the kind that is always produced in government by want of system. There was no one upon whom it was incumbent to consider the interests of the provinces. The Senate, to which all such affairs were left, consisted of the very men who had the strongest interest in plunder and extortion. The provincial governments were divided among the aristocracy as so much preferment; the whole order lived upon the plunder of the world, and nothing is more manifest than that such a system could never be reformed from within. The difficulty of getting the House of Commons to put down bribery at elections would have been as nothing compared to the difficulty of inducing the Roman Senate to reform the government of the provinces. The new power which was now created proved very serviceable for this end. The emperor had no interest in any misgovernment; he was in a position to judge it coldly, and he had power to punish it. At the same time, in the general revision of the whole administration which now took place, the establishments of the provincial governors were put upon a better footing, and, in particular, stated salaries were assigned to them. A better system undoubtedly was introduced, and we may believe that

the monstrous misgovernment of the republic passed away. From this time it may probably be said of the countries conquered by Rome that they were better governed than they had been in their times of independence. But it does not appear that they were governed positively well. Oppression and extortion, though on a reduced scale, seem still to be the order of the day.

In conclusion, then, that great controversy between Cæsar and Brutus, that question whether Cæsar was a benefactor or a scourge to his kind, seems to me too vast to be answered with any confidence. The change he accomplished had remote consequences not less momentous than the immediate ones. If the nations owed to him two centuries of tranquillity, it is not less true that the supremacy which he gave to military force in the moment when he ordered the passage of the Rubicon, led to the frightful military anarchy of the third century, and ultimately to the establishment of Oriental sultanism in Europe. If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when freedom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed an Aristotle. I believe that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province, he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still

mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast

as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career.

The Student.

DARWINISM AND DESIGN.

Few subjects excite more interest in thoughtful minds than the influence which modern scientific ideas exert upon religious belief. From many portions of this subject, the plan of *THE STUDENT* would compel us to abstain. A scientific magazine ought, in our opinion, to be adapted to all seekers of scientific knowledge, without reference to their creeds. There ought on the one hand to be no shrinking from an honest statement of fact or discovery, and on the other, no attempt to make them assist in theological proselytism. Well educated men in all the churches recognize the importance of science, and to be true to our special function, there should, in our pages, be nothing that can separate us from a single honest and earnest inquiry into nature's truth.

But while determined not to deviate from this impartial position, there are aspects of Darwinism affecting the argument of design in Creation, to which we may advert in the hope of clearing away logical misconceptions.

Darwinism is only one of several branches of a kind of philosophy long known to students of the historical developments of human thought. The Darwinian apparatus consists in a multitude of facts collected from an immense field of research, and pointing to particular methods by which hereditary changes in the organic world may lead to the preservation or extinction of particular forms. That offspring sometimes vary from the parental type, is beyond dispute; that such variations are sometimes hereditary, is equally beyond dispute, nor can any one deny that when a modification arises which gives a group of creatures more power to fight their battle of life, they will be benefited thereby, and may multiply and flourish in situations where creatures not so modified would die out. The extent to which Darwin's "Natural Selection" is sufficient to account for the changes that have occurred, is open to question.

Laws and principles of which we have as yet no cognizance, may assume an importance we are not prepared for; but no fresh discovery can invalidate the facts on which Darwin and his followers rely. No one who has weeded a garden can doubt the reality of the "battle of life" which he portrays, and no one who has watched insects attacking plants, birds assailing insects, and climate, with its fluctuations, frequently fighting against all, can doubt that the natural world does present a scene of struggle, in which the strongest and the best protected prevail, while the weaker and less protected have to give way. Of course, such terms as "strong" and "weak," must be understood in a wide sense—a delicately organized plant, for example, may be characterized by the former epithet, when compared with a much more robust vegetable, if it surpasses the latter in power of extracting nutriment from a particular soil, or in withstanding prolonged drought, excess of moisture, or extremes of temperature. But the natural world is not made up of contention and strife, any more than those elements constitute the sum of human society. Natural adaptations of the most varied and wonderful kinds abound, none being more remarkable than those which the Darwinians adduce. What can be more amazing than the dependence of a flower upon an insect, so that the butterfly, moth, or humble bee is made the carrier of pollen from one corolla to another, and an animal thus provides for the perpetuation of a vegetable race. What savors more of design than the "mimicry" which has been frequently illustrated in our pages, a plan by which a defenceless creature assumes the aspect of a strong one, a delicate creature the appearance of a tough one, or a butterfly when perching on a twig becomes indistinguishable from a dead leaf, and in each case enemies are deceived, and security obtained?

If a new writer desired to compile the most elaborate and convincing series of design arguments, he would have recourse to the Darwinian armory for the most striking of recently ascertained facts. Why then is Darwinism in many quarters contrasted with and opposed to design? The answer may be found in the defects of the older forms of the design argument, rather than in any conclusion that logically follows from Darwinian speculations. The fundamental error in the old, and in all *popular*, as contrasted with *scientific*, design arguments, is anthropomorphism. Paley's watch indicated a human mechanician as the designer, and he and his followers contemplated natural productions pretty much as if they were contrivances somewhat similar to a watch.

We firmly believe that the average human mind would arrive by methods of natural theology at the conception of, and the belief in, a Deity; but as natural theology is ordinarily pursued in countries already in long possession of the leading religious ideas, natural facts are rarely studied with a view to ascertain whether there is a great superintending mind, but the existence of such a being is assumed, and the facts are studied afterwards. Now, the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, endowed with corresponding power, logically excludes *contrivance* in the human sense of the word. It is always very well to show the peculiar conditions of breathing in water, and to demonstrate how the gill of the fish is adapted to aerate blood under such circumstances, but we must rigidly exclude the notion of *difficulty* when we speak of Divine action. If a man had to make a piece of apparatus in order that he might oxidize a substance kept in water by means of the air that water contained, and if he had to accomplish this object without letting the water mix with the substance to be oxidized, he would have difficulties to overcome, and his success would be a manifestation of *skill*. To act with *skill* is, however, the quality of a finite being, accomplishing something which presents difficulties, and doing it better than many other beings of the same sort could do it, or doing it when others could not do it at all. We never speak of a man walking skilfully, if he only walks like ordinary

folks, in common situations; but if any one walks well on a narrow wall, or a rope, or on slippery ice, then we recognize superiority, and we talk of skill. Now it is quite clear that if nature is regulated by a Great First Cause, there can, strictly speaking, be no difficulty and no skill in any of her operations. We may look for design and for wisdom, but not for any quality which would reduce Divine operations to the level of human ones.

Many of the older comparative anatomists contented themselves with regarding animal or vegetable organization simply from what is called the teleological point of view. They saw, or fancied they saw, the final cause, or reason why, everything was done. They collected together a great mass of information concerning special adaptations, and it was assumed that no organ, or portion of an animal, not deformed, was without its special use to that particular creature; but plain and palpable facts did not sustain the universal application of this theory. Animals were found with rudimentary parts—bones, for example, which, if developed, might have supported a kangaroo-like pouch—to which no function could be assigned, and in these cases, which are very numerous, the doctrine of special application broke down. Then came theories of "types," and if anything appeared in a creature that was not of any use to it, the explanation was that the creature in question belonged to a group all formed according to "type," and the rudimentary, or useless part, was put in to make it conform to the typical idea, something like the procedure of the old gardener, who had a particular "type" of uniformity so strongly in his mind, that having put a naughty boy in one corner, he put a good boy in the opposite one not to damage the design. Further knowledge left the "types" high and dry on the shores of metaphysical abstraction, and introduced the notion of *descent with variations*, according to which the occurrence of non-essential, useless, or rudimentary points admits of easy explanation.

Descent with variation, the struggle for existence, and the "survival of the fittest," may all be portions of a grand scheme, definite in design and certain of accomplishment, although they do not

coincide with anthropomorphic conceptions of a Divine plan. Those who oppose the new philosophy—or the old philosophy in its new form, if that phrase be preferred—talk of nature being in the Darwinian conception a series of “trials and experiments,” through which, after many failures, success is reached. We do not propose to enter into elaborate argument to show the fallacy of this statement, but it is worth while to consider that the incidents wrongfully named “trials and experiments” do not involve limitations of knowledge and power so much as was done by the “contrivances” of the old design argument. Anxiety for final results and impatience at going through intermediate stages belong to man as a finite being, and if he imputes similar thoughts and feelings to the Deity, he may make a gross mistake. If a man undertakes to make pins or shoes, he would be deemed to fail, if thousands of his productions stopped short of completion, but who can suppose that nature fails because myriads of seeds never come to plants, and thousands of animals die in the early stages of their existence?

Scientific discoveries not only link other organic structures of our globe together as one great unity; they show our earth itself to be but a portion of some still greater unity, exemplifying a divine thought too vast for us to grasp, and yet essential to be known before we can tell the meaning of the constituent parts. The “success of nature”—if we may use a term so objectionably anthropomorphic—is evidently not moulded according to human notions. We do not understand, for example, why the civilization of the human family has been so slow; we cannot tell why races are allowed to die out without reaching any high point of development; why nations have decayed, and other nations risen upon their ruins. If we talk of “experiment” when we speculate on doctrines of development, we might as well apply the term to the introduction of numerous savage tribes, their location under various circumstances, and to their rare and occasional emergence into civilized life. Or we might speak of “experiments” in our modern European countries in which multitudes of individuals struggle against various difficulties, and a large propor-

tion fail. Surely we may assume, that for reasons which the limitations of our knowledge prevent us from understanding, the natural plan requires a boundless development of life in all forms, and in all stages, and with changes ever going on. We can see a large amount of happiness and enjoyment scattered broadcast among the beings susceptible of such sensations, and we notice also, suffering, decay, and what we call premature death. No one supposes that the mouse enjoys being tormented by the cat, or that the man enjoys the failure of his hopes, but all vicissitudes are contemplated by the religious faculties as leading to, or connected with, some ultimate good. Natural theology must not be discouraged or surprised, because it meets in the organic world with puzzles similar to those which it encounters in the moral world, and doctrines of development must not be accused of introducing difficulties which are not peculiar to it, but which no mode of philosophizing can avoid, and which we cannot expect to solve while the known and the unknown stand in the relation of a little star and a great dark sky.

That certain animals see because they have eyes, and that birds fly because they have wings, are statements not inconsistent with the doctrines of final causes, though it is easy to place them in opposition to the common assertion that the animals in question were endowed with eyes in order that they might see, and that the birds were gifted with wings in order that they might fly. To perfect the design argument when it is applied to elucidate a system of descent with modifications, struggles with life conditions, and the survival of the fittest, we have to show reasons for believing that the changes which occur in the organic world, follow a law, or set of laws, indicative of intelligence, and capable of working out beneficial results. At present, the physiological laws which determine the condition under which offspring faithfully transmit or depart from the peculiarities of the parental type are unknown, and it is only a very small portion of the natural plan that comes within cognizance. So that we cannot expect to have clear information as to either purposes or conclusions. Darwin observes, “however much we may wish it,

we cannot blindly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief, that variation has been led 'along certain beneficial lines like a stream along definite and useful lines of irrigation.' If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time preordained, the plasticity of organisation which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as that redundant power of reproduction which invariably leads to a struggle for existence, and as a consequence to the selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature."

We cited this passage and remarked upon it when it was first published in Mr. Darwin's "Plants and Animals under Domestication." His argument simply reminds us of a difficulty not at all peculiar to natural history or physiology, but which encounters us in all directions. Evidently it is not the plan of nature to reach what we call good ends, without what look like breaks, interruptions, and failures. If speculations on the modifications of organic beings according to the principles of Mr. Darwin, bring us into contact with many fresh puzzles and perplexities of this description, they also supply a fresh store of facts, which tend to increase our belief that the system is conformable to our religious instincts and moral nature. No natural theologian can affirm that any theory yet propounded, supplies a satisfactory explanation of all the moral difficulties, or intellectual difficulties which stand in the way of a perfect comprehension of the character of the great plan. Why it is obviously benevolent in a thousand directions, and apparently harsh in a thousand others, we do not *know*, any more from Darwin than we did from Paley, but we certainly are not left in a denser mist; and as modern researches have enabled us to catch glimpses of a far wider, more complicated, and comprehensive plan than the older

thinkers had any conception of, we may, while lamenting the limitations of our mental vision, take comfort in the belief that in the vast regions of the yet unknown, there lie ample satisfaction for all our hopes, and ample resolution of all our doubt. Did modern science narrow the aspect of the natural plan, doubt would grow and faith decrease, but when we are led to consider what may be the requirements of a system uniform in character, extending through all time, and comprehending all space, there is no wonder that we are lost in any efforts to solve the ultimate problem of the whole.

We are only entitled to ask of each science to unfold its own particular truth. The naturalist and the physiologist or biologist speculating on the origin of life and species, are bound to apply a strictly logical and exact method. They have nothing to do with the suggestions of the imagination, except to test them by comparison with fact; or with the promptings of the emotions and feelings, except to prevent their leading reason and accurate deduction astray. Man must not delude himself by overstating what he knows, or making what he wishes the measure of what he pretends to understand. Even when observation, experiment, and reason have done their work, he must not expect that they can make them all clear. Were the observation large enough, and the reason wide enough, all darkness might disappear, but explorations of nature by short-lived travellers, with feeble faculties, bound to a small spot on one small globe, can yield no conclusive interpretation, but may help us to get nearer to the Source of Light, if we allow conviction and belief to be successively modified as more facts are understood, and let the battle of opinions be freely fought out, until the survival of the fittest terminates the strife.

Fraser's Magazine.

SPEDDING'S "LIFE AND LETTERS OF BACON."*

THE second volume of Mr. Spedding's

edition of the letters, speeches, and occasional writings of Lord Bacon, with his connecting narrative of them, closed with the fall of Essex, bringing down his life to 1601. At the end of six years we have a second instalment of a work

* *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon, including all the Occasional Works, &c., with a Commentary, Biographical and Historical*, by James Spedding. Vols. iii. iv. 8vo. London: Longman & Co., 1868.

which for the patience, industry and sagacity of its editor ranks in merit beside the histories of Mr. Carlyle. If Mr. Spedding has not made haste, neither has he taken rest in his labors; and indeed, had he no other merit than that of unwearied investigation, he would be entitled to an honorable and high position among the writers of the day. The reading public may perhaps be more astonished at the versatility of book-makers who pass in the course of two or three years from the borders of the Great Salt Lake to Tower Hill: but the thoughtful reader will be inclined to applaud an author who weighs his facts and words in a balance as exact as goldsmiths' scales, and whose zeal for his subject never overrides his care for the very truth. There may be different opinions about Bacon's character, but there can be none about his biographer's accuracy. Of the other signal virtues of these volumes we shall have occasion to make mention as we pass them under review.

That the third and fourth volumes will prove as generally interesting as their predecessors can hardly be expected. In these Bacon, though still in the fore rank of the narrative, is yet less prominent either for his fortunes or misfortunes than he was in the first and second. No great crucial question affecting him, such as his relations to the Earl of Essex, occurs in these volumes: there are far fewer glimpses into his family or private life: his brother Anthony appears in them only to die: his mother is no longer on the scene with her vivid letters and her strong personality: Queen Elizabeth is on the borders of the grave: the great mutations of her reign are over; the elder brood of her statesmen in the tomb: a new era has come to the birth, and the foundations are being laid for the next great revolution of Britain, a revolution in which religion and politics were still mingled together, but in which their positions were reversed. The work of the Reformation is past: the work of parliamentary government, at least in its modern import, is beginning. In 1601, with which year the third volume of *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life* opens, Bacon was forty years old, consulted by Elizabeth, engaged in professional and political business, corresponding with the rulers of the State,

but as yet neither in high office nor perhaps, except in the immediate circle of lawyers and State ministers, at all conspicuous. We are left to infer that he was a man of mark; the full measure of his reputation will be read in the concluding volumes of Mr. Spedding's work. We find him active in parliament and in the law courts: yet Salisbury in the one and Coke in the other attracted far more notice than Bacon had hitherto done: and as for his philosophical reputation, there were perhaps not ten men in England in 1601 who had heard of or cared to be told of it. He saw inferior men, and sometimes younger men also, put over his head: he watched a new time coming, yet no one beckoned him to advance with it, much less to take the rudder into his hand. For the present, therefore, and indeed, nearly throughout these recently published volumes, we must be content with following his steps as an active member of the House of Commons, as a ready but not actually official adviser of the king or the minister, as one still walking on a level road of public business with much credit to himself, but scarcely, if we take only a contemporary view of his position, with conspicuous distinction. The fourth volume has nearly closed, when Bacon at length is appointed attorney-general. Twelve years—tedious and disappointing, if not quite disheartening years—of his life are recorded by Mr. Spedding in the present instalment of his work.

One important change indeed there was during this period in Bacon's personal relations. He married: but the young Lady Bacon by no means supplies the place of the old one; and whether her husband regarded his acquisition as a fortunate one we are left to imagine, for his biographer treats of the matter with rather provoking indifference. We are told by him that the bride was "an alderman's daughter," "an handsome maiden," and "to his liking," and, moreover, that she had land and money. So far all was well; neither does it appear that Bacon's mother-in-law, although "a little violent lady," gave him any particular trouble. But any impertinent curiosity we may have on the subject of Sir Francis and my Lady Bacon is thus gravely rebuked by our philosophic guide to the Baconiana:

"When the domestic relations of a man so conspicuous as Bacon attract no notice, it may be inferred that they are peaceable and quiet; and twenty years of married life in which the gossip and scandal-mongers of the time found nothing to talk about have a right to remain exempt from intrusion. In outward circumstances it appears to have been a very suitable match; the wife's fortune being a little less than the annual value of the husband's inherited estate, and her social rank a little lower; but not much. Taking his position and prospects into account, it was certainly a good match for her, nor was it a bad one for him. And I do not know why it should not be allowed to pass with as little remark now as it did then, or as any similar match would do in the present day."

In this grave admonition to mind our own business, and "not," as Sancho says, "to look for bacon where there are no pins to hang it on," there is a touch of Petruchio's philosophy on the subject of marriage. But we are ready to confess, discomfited as we are, that such reticence is far better worth enduring than the equivocal romance presented to us by another recent biographer of Bacon.

A gleam of light is, however, thrown on the marriage ceremony in a letter from Dudley Carleton to John Chamberlain, April 11, 1606:

"Sir Francis Bacon was married yesterday to his young wench in Maribone Chapel. He was clad from top to toe in purple, and hath made himself and his wife such store of fine raiments of cloth of silver and gold that it draws deep into her portion. The dinner was kept at his father-in-law Sir John Packington's lodging over against the Savoy, where his chief guests were the three knights, Cope, Hicks, and Beeston; and upon this conceit (as he said himself) that since he could not have my L. of Salisbury in person, which he wished, he would have him at least in his representative body."

Francis Bacon's activity in the House of Commons, as well as his position of councillor to Elizabeth, and in some measure, after an interval, to King James also, obliges Mr. Spedding to enter frequently into the general history of their reigns, and thus a national is superadded to the personal interest of his book. We are much mistaken if, so far as the present narrative is concerned, the pages relating to public business and national questions do not prove more attractive to the readers of it than either the Life or Letters themselves. The

biographer's explanations, and what may be termed Bacon's State papers, throw many new lights upon the times to which they refer; and Mr. Spedding displays all the cardinal virtues of an historian. His comments on the proceedings of the House of Commons on the great questions then beginning to be broached of prerogative and privilege, of the Crown revenues, of grievances and supplies, of vital points at that time in religion, indeed, of nearly every element of the great controversies in the reign of James's successor, are not only instructive in themselves, and models of clear and dispassionate discussion, but open also, in our opinion, new grounds for a review of the real points at issue between the rulers and the people of England. In only one sense of the word is Bacon himself prominent in these volumes—he is the real if not the acknowledged leader of the Lower House. Nor is he a party chief, as we expect in the present day such a leader to be. We find him opposing mere innovation; we find him, also, bating the edge of royal or ministerial demands. With one hand he checks the impetuosity of reformers, with another he invests with more palatable forms the measures of administration. In his letters and state papers, usually addressed to the king, may be found suggestions which, if accepted at the moment, would probably have cured or mitigated the disease, certainly have met the particular difficulty, and which in most instances, if not in every one, were fraught with the seeds of prudent and politic reconciliation between the opposing forces. We will, however, before entering on the reign of James, dismiss Elizabeth from the stage.

Passing over the quarrels between Bacon and Coke, with which many of our readers will be acquainted, and which are merely the old feud between a great jurist and a great lawyer—a feud already rehearsed by the *Sævolæ* and the forensic orators of Rome—we come to the most remarkable measure of Elizabeth's last parliament—the business of the monopolies—the protection and free trade question of the seventeenth century. The great queen, though she never appears to have taken a large view of public affairs, and was sufficiently stiff-necked in all matters touching on

her authority, yet understood what her two next successors could never be made to comprehend—the time for saying *No* and the time for saying *Yea*, and by her conduct on this occasion, she managed to regain all her earlier popularity, which, since the execution of Essex, had been on the wane. She left the scene of political life like a well-graced actor attended by the plaudits of a grateful people. It was perhaps fortunate for her peace at the moment, and for her reputation with posterity, that she survived only fifteen months the pro rogation of her last parliament. Questions were coming to the surface which would have alarmed her pride, because they would have trenchoned on her dearly cherished prerogative. She may accordingly be said to have been "felix opportunitate mortis," since she was removed from troubles and rumors also of troubles. She, an aged woman, worn with the cares of state, surviving the gray-haired statesmen who had upheld her hands in so many encounters with domestic treason and foreign levy, might no less than the aged Augustus have murmured at a destiny which had reserved her for trials not less grave and perplexing than the storms of her youth and maturity.

We can find room only for the last paragraph of Mr. Spedding's account of this memorable monopoly business.

"On Saturday, the promised Proclamation being published and in every man's hand, they (the Commons) were informed that she would receive them on Monday in the afternoon—40, 50, or 100 of them. But when they were proceeding to elect the hundred, there rose a cry at the lower end of the House of *All, all, all*; which being reported to the Queen, she gave leave for all to come. She received them in state; and having heard the address of thanks, delivered by the Speaker in a style which reminds one of the Liturgy, replied in a style peculiar to herself. If she had known that it was her last meeting with her people, and studied to appear that day as she would wish to be remembered ever after, she could not have done it better. Gracious, grateful, affectionate, familiar; seated high above the reach of injury or offence, and filled with awful confidence in the authority deputed to her, yet descending to exchange courtesies, accept benefits, acknowledge and excuse errors—

'She bowed her eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of her humility;'

and I suppose never appeared so unquestionably and unapproachably sovereign as then, when she spoke to them most freely, feelingly and touchingly, in the tone of a woman and a friend."

How it fared with Francis Bacon under Elizabeth has appeared in the former volume of the *Letters and Life*. He had bided but little nearer to 'high fortune' at the end of her reign than he was at the beginning of his professional or political life. Still he lacked preferment, and might have referred with Hamlet to the somewhat musty proverb of "while the grass grows the horse starves." "My good old mistress," wrote Bacon in a letter to her successor, "was wont to call me her watch-candle, because it pleased her to say I did continually burn (and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing)." And this lack of preferment and expenditure of watching assumed with each year a grayer aspect. The day was being far spent, a new reign with its uncertainties was at hand, and no one of his aims, whether for professional advancement or that of learning, had been reached. His inclinations led him one way; his necessities pointed to another. If he devoted all his powers to science he must abandon the profession of the law; and his income was too narrow and his debts were too many for him to retire from public life. Fuller has well described the twofold nature of his pursuits, and one source at least of his pecuniary difficulties. "He was privy councillor, as to King James, so to nature itself, diving into many of her abstruse mysteries. New conclusions he would dig out with mattocks of gold and silver, not caring what his experience cost him, expending on the trials of nature all and more than he got by the trials at the bar; posterity being the better for his—though he the worse for his own—dear experiments." Nor can any one read his essays or letters without perceiving that Bacon's was one of those natures to which pomp, state, and their accompanying luxuries are almost necessities. He took delight in building, in trim gardens, in rich movables, and his apparel perhaps more costly than his purse could buy; and he it remembered before he is taxed with prodigality on these accounts, that a certain amount of splendor in living

was expected in his time of all who aimed at standing well with the court. In our drab-colored days a member of parliament may, if he see fit, live as frugally as Andrew Marvel did, and yet not on shoulders of mutton or in a garret. His club and his lodgings enable him to eat and sleep economically, and yet with comfort. If he walk or ride unattended down Parliament Street, no one will remark upon him as a niggard; no one will require him to keep a man servant; no one reproach him for not going richly and gayly clad. It was not so in Bacon's days. Rich if not gaudy attire, a suite of retainers, at least a foot-cloth horse, and a lodging of some price, were then essential to all who had risen, or were endeavoring to rise, in the political world; and the gains of even high office were often far from being equivalent to its demands for show and ceremony. From a letter that has been kindly laid before us of Lord Burleigh's, we learn that he, Lord Treasurer as he was, had occasion to wince under the cost of a statesman's housekeeping.

"I am [he writes] at charge by attendance upon court, and by keeping of my household, specially in term time by resort and suitors, at more than any counsellor in England. I do affirm that the fee of my treasurership doth not answer to my charges and my stall. In my household I do seldom feed less than 100 persons. For my servants, I keep some to whom I pay not wages and [but?] give liveries which I know many do not. I have sold as much land of value as ever I had gifts of her Majesty."

We still employ the phrase "Her Majesty's servants," but it went far beyond an expression of courtesy or loyalty, as applied to Elizabeth. All who managed her affairs, all who sought her smiles, were in a far more literal sense her *servants*, for service she exacted from them even to the uttermost farthing. Of the Tudor princes, Mary, whose memory is atrocious in Exeter Hall, was perhaps the only one who had consideration for her servitors' pockets. Henry VII. vexed his people by hoarding, Henry VIII. by lavishing money, Edward's guardians apparently both grasped and wasted it, and Elizabeth looked that those who sought her should pay heavily for their pains in suing. If they were tolerably well off in the world,

she expected her subjects, when sent on her errands, to defray their own charges. If they needed *her* wages they needed their own patience even more, for she was a tardy paymistress. "The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth" have a stately sound: they often might more truly have been termed "Queen Elizabeth's Visitations on her great lords and the wealthier country gentlemen." Many noble oak woods were felled, many broad acres sold or deeply mortgaged to supply the cost of her gracious presence. Her poets entitled her "Gloriana;" her ministers, her courtiers, and favorites, might in their secret hearts have more justly called her "Parsimoni-ana." There may have been policy, as well as frugality, for herself in these progresses. A heavily indebted nobility was stripped by her visits of the sinews of civil war or occasional tumults.

In the very curious "private memoranda" of Bacon, which Mr. Spedding has brought to light and printed for the first time, there are found numerous entries on the very important subject of bettering his own condition. We do not regard this as any just cause of reproach to him, for the desire to be better off, if an infirmity at all, is one by no means out of date, nay, indeed, as the disastrous speculations and alarming sacrifices of the present day show, it is not likely to be extinct at present. We can merely allude to these "memoranda" as evidence of the ways and shifts by which alone Bacon and his contemporaries could raise their heads above the level of their fellows. Favor of great men was of course an essential lever for promotion. But who were these great men? They consisted almost, if not quite, entirely of those who had access to the royal ear. *Now*, there are many avenues to preferment, *then* there was but one. Now a man may, as he sees best or easiest for his nature, make himself generally popular or formidable by arts, or, at least, through avenues unknown in Bacon's age. He may write terrible leading articles; he may select a conspicuous minister for his quarry and hunt him down; he may watch for the tenth wave of public grievance or wrath at real or supposed grievances, and ride upon the top of it into place and comfort. It is competent for him, if less ferociously

disposed, to be a jackal, and so come in for a share of his lion's prey; or if he were wealthy as well as aspiring, he may keep in his pay a band of trumpeters to proclaim his extraordinary merits to the world. But none of these arts were available for Francis Bacon. A leading article would probably have been as good as a warrant for his instant commitment to the Tower. To set his fangs into a prime minister, would have been much the same thing as for a sparrow to fly at a hawk; to head a rabble who murmured at the absorption of land by nobles, would have brought upon him at the best gyves for the remainder of his days, or far more probably a short shrift and a coil of rope. He might indeed have had some chance as a jackal, but then these accommodating animals were then as well as now in such abundance that their portion of deer or bullock would have been small. No wonder, therefore, that in this dearth of opportunities, Bacon deeply studied the paths of wisdom for a man's self. Such study was then an unavoidable adjunct to even noble ambitions, and it still remains to be shown that *his* ambition was ignoble.

For in estimating his character it is necessary not only to weigh him in the balance of his own time, but also to keep in mind the objects that he set before himself. His was a twofold nature, and if either moiety of it be kept out of sight he will be misunderstood or harshly judged. Many reproaches have been levelled at Cicero, some plausible, some just, yet more ignorant ones: but it has never been accounted among his faults that after his first return from his quæstorship in Sicily, he resolved never again to be long absent from the Roman forum. His mortification at discovering that no one knew that he had been Quæstor of Sicily, where he conceived that he had been highly distinguishing himself, did him, he admits, more good than if he had received all the compliments that he expected; for it made him reflect that the people of Rome had dull ears but quick eyes, and that it was his business to keep himself always in their sight; so that from that moment he resolved to stick close to the forum, and to live perpetually in the view of the City. What Rome was to Cicero, "the

chamber" of the queen or king was to Bacon, and it is no blemish on his integrity that he sought to enter it by recommending himself to such as already possessed a private key. His was no vulgar craving for power and place; these the ordinary ends of public men were means to him. His proper empire, he felt, was not of this world, but of the world of knowledge, its advancement, its reformation, and diffusion. But in order to attain his rightful throne potent auxiliaries were indispensable—money for research and experiment were costly necessities; influence to be obtained only through high position; and patronage of the great at a time when there was no reading, far less a scientific public, and when every writer of books, however trivial, found dedication to some great man a primary condition of success. Now Francis Bacon, an untitled barrister, or even as one of the "learned counsel of the queen," could do little more for learning, as he regarded it, than Northumberland could do for astronomy, or Raleigh for chemistry in the Tower; but Bacon high in the law and delivered from debt, might render his worldly station tributary to his aspirations for the great commonwealth of science, and so turn the world in which he wrought painfully into a stepping-stone to the world in which he would move easily. He was content with Samson to toil at the mill provided that like him also he might become strong enough in the end to pull down the Dagon-temple of "Science," in his opinion, "falsely so called." For long and weary years he wore the garb of a suitor, and incurred the reproach of solicitation, because he aimed in his secret soul at leading learning and its professors to at least a Pisgah view of the promised land, as that aim is expressed in some noble verses of Cowley's:

"From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
And like the old Hebrew many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And on the mountain's top of his great wit
Saw it himself and showed us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer, too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be

To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea;

The work he did we ought to admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'tween th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness."

Many a statesman and many a divine, then and since, have waded without fear or reproach, to keys and mitres through far deeper mire than ever Francois Bacon did; but they had palpable ends in view, understood and applauded also even by those envying their luck. Whereas Bacon, aspiring to an invisible throne, was looked upon as a dreamer, and taxed with self-seeking.

As we must presently turn to the mundane side of his career, it may be expedient to display the views which he entertained of his proper vocation. The following extract indeed belongs to the third year of the reign of James, but he had long been incubating on the thoughts which it contains in that of Elizabeth. There is a considerable gap between his letters at this time, their editor finding none between the date of Bacon's knighthood, July 1603, and the March following. He imagines, however, that the intervening months were among the busiest and most exciting that he had ever passed. "For this is the time when I suppose him to have conceived the design of throwing his thoughts on philosophy and intellectual progress into a popular form and inviting the co-operation of mankind."

The following sentences are translated portions of Bacon's original "stately Latin," printed in the third volume of the *Philosophical Works*, p. 518:

"Believing that I was born [he writes in his preface to "*De Interpretatione Naturæ*"] for the service of mankind, and regarding the cure of the common wealth as a kind of common property, which, like the air and the water, belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be best served, and what service I was myself best fitted by nature to perform.

"Now among all the benefits that could be conferred upon mankind, I found none so great as the discovery of new arts, endowments, and commodities for the bettering of man's life. For I saw among the rude people in the primitive times the authors of rude inventions and discoveries were consecrated and numbered among the gods. And it was plain that the good effects wrought by founders of cities, law-givers, fathers of the people, extirpers of tyrants and heroes of that class,

extend but over narrow spaces, and last but for short times; whereas the work of the Inventor, though a thing of less pomp and show, is felt everywhere, and lasts for ever. But above all if a man could succeed, not in striking out some particular invention, however useful, but in kindling a light in nature—a light which should, in its very rising, touch and illuminate all the border regions that confine upon the circle of our present knowledge; and so spreading further and further should presently disclose and bring into sight all that is most hidden and secret in the world—that man (I thought) would be the benefactor indeed of the human race,—the propagator of man's empire over the universe, the champion of liberty, the conqueror and subduer of necessities.

"For myself, I found that I was fitted for nothing so well as for the study of Truth; as having a mind nimble and versatile enough to catch the resemblances of things (which is the chief point), and at the same time steady enough to fix and distinguish their subtler differences; as being fitted by nature with desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to reconsider, carefulness to dispose and set in order; and as being a man that neither affects what is new, nor admires what is old, and that hates every kind of imposture. So I thought my nature had a kind of familiarity and relationship with Truth.

"Nevertheless, because my birth and education had seasoned me in business of state; and because opinions (so young as I was) would sometimes stagger me; and because I thought that a man's own country has some special claims upon him more than the rest of the world; and because I hoped that, if I rose to any place of honor in the State, I should have a larger command of industry and ability to help me in my work;—for these reasons I both applied myself to acquire the arts of civil life, and commended my service, so far as in modesty and honesty I might, to the favor of such friends as had any influence. In which also I had another motive; for I felt that those things I have spoken of—be they great or small—reach no further than the condition and culture of this mortal life; and I was not without hope (the condition of religion being at that time not very prosperous) that if I came to hold office in the State, I might get something done too for the good of men's souls.

"When I found, however, that my zeal was mistaken for ambition, and my life had almost reached the turning-point, and my breaking health reminded me how ill I could afford to be so slow, and I reflected moreover that in leaving undone the good that I could do by myself alone, and applying myself to that which could not be done without the help and consent of others, I was by no means discharg-

in: the duty that lay upon me, I put all thoughts aside, and (in pursuance of my old determination) betook myself wholly to this work, &c."

For once that this noble disclosure of a steadfast purpose has been copied by extractors, Milton's self-revelations, meditations and conclusions have been presented to readers a hundred times. And yet to our feeling there is much more of real dignity and modesty also in this passage of Bacon than there is in the lofty, but somewhat arrogant, professions of Milton. Bacon is contemplating universal knowledge, Milton an epic poem to live with Homer's and Virgil's and the Delivered Jerusalem. The one has in view a circle of readers, "audience fit if few;" the other the universal good of mankind.

The accession of James to the throne might seem to open for Bacon new prospects of advancement. In a learned age—and if theology be learning the age of James was such—that prince was eminent as a scholar.

"He was very eloquent in speech, whose Latin had no fault, but that it was too good for a king, whom carelessness (not curiosity) becomes in that kind. The masculine work of his set orations commanded reverence, if not admiration, in all judicious hearers. His judgment was most solid in matters of divinity, not fathering books of others, as some of his predecessors; but his works are allowed his own by his very adversaries."

The temper of James led him to cultivate the arts of peace, and he took a lively interest in every great question of the day, sometimes indeed too lively for his station, since where he should have been umpire, he too often engaged actively in debate, and as Brennus cast his sword, so James would throw his sceptre into the scale. With the name of Bacon as a writer and as one of the "learned counsel" of Elizabeth, he had been long acquainted, and he had the reputation of being "most bountiful" to all, especially to scholars. And yet in spite of these circumstances, fair as they were in seeming, Francis Bacon needed all his patience for several years of the new reign.

There was more than one cause for the continued tardiness of his promotion. The part he had taken in the case of Es-

sex was, until the king was better informed on the matter, no recommendation of Bacon to James. The Essex party was the Stuart-succession party also, and a bad word from them to the king would not be wanting in due season. James openly displayed favor and affection to the unfortunate earl's kindred and adherents, and so may have thought it decent to defer Bacon's preferment to a more convenient season, if indeed at the beginning of his reign he thought about it at all. In fact there was no especial vacancy for him just then. The very quietude of the accession was not in Bacon's favor. Not only were the late queen's ministers sufficient for all the business then in hand; but the new king, who brought over the border with him a few sage grave men, had counsellors enough and to spare. Once again we must be on our guard against seeing with the eyes of our own time, and should endeavor to look at the men and measures of 1603 as they probably looked at both themselves. One apparent slight to Bacon is thus explained away by Mr. Spedding:

"Bacon had for some years been employed and described as one of the 'Learned Counsel;' but it was by the verbal order of the queen; he had never been sworn in and had no written warrant. Not being now mentioned by name in the king's letters, and not coming properly under the description of a person 'in office at the queen's death,' he was in effect left out. The omission however was altogether accidental, and as soon as the king was informed of it, was supplied at once."

Bacon's own letters, as printed by their editor, certainly betray no symptom of his being aggrieved. He writes of his majesty's conduct and understanding in phrases very unlike those employed by modern historians in speaking of him, and it would be difficult to reconcile Bacon's account of James with that of Arthur Wilson, had not Fuller given us a hint that "Wilson was more satirist than historian." The credence which his narrative has met with from writers as respectable and painstaking as Dr. Vaughan, affords one more illustration of the harm that satire has so frequently done to history. It has more than once occurred to us while following Mr. Spedding's account of Bacon's disappointments, that however agreeable to James his ready

wit may have been, however seasonable his speeches in Parliament, or his state papers on important questions, his learning would not avail him much with his learned master. Although they stood beside each other, they really belonged to different eras of the world. Had the king been asked whom he considered the most eminent scholars in Christendom, he would, doubtless, have named Scaliger, Lipsius, and Casaubon, and he would have been correct in his opinion, for, according to his own and the received notions of scholarship, they were so. Had Bacon, on his part, presented to his majesty, in 1605, instead of the "Advancement of Learning," a confutation of Arminius, or an attack on Vorstius, or "Proofs that the Pope was the Beast of the Apocalypse," his volume would have been far more welcome to his 'most excellent majesty,' and might have been far better understood by him. The stately harmony of Bacon's sentences could not be lost upon the pupil of George Buchanan; but the matter that he read could scarcely be to his taste, at least beyond the complimentary sentences at the opening of the "Advancement." James would have been pronounced by Dominie Sampson a man of "great erudition," but his learning was that of a time when "Divinity" was held to be the "Queen of Sciences" generally, as well as by Democritus Junior.* The king was deep in the fathers, the councils and the schoolmen, deep also in the theology that grew out of the Reformation abroad and at home. That he had more than a superficial acquaintance with classical literature there is no token, so far as we are aware. Moreover he had a dread of novelties, troubled not his head with the discoveries of Galileo or Copernicus, and was much more concerned in promoting the union of Churches, than in bringing men to be of one mind as to the laws of the universe. James was in short anything rather than a Prince Henry of Portugal, or a *rey sabio*, like King Alphonso. Rather was he a doctor Angelicus or Seraphicus, born out of due time, misplaced on a throne on which, amid the controversies of his day, he too often enacted the part of "Chaos old,"

"And by decision more embroiled the fray."

An early opportunity was offered him for displaying his address as umpire in Church questions. On his progress from his old to his new kingdom, he was met by the Millenary Petitioners, and he had not been twelve months on the throne when he took the chair at the Hampton Court Conference. The advent of James to the crown was a subject of anxiety and hope to each of the religious parties in England. The Romanists, in return for what they had done and suffered for the mother, not unreasonably looked for relief, if not positive favor, from the son's hands. After the last sermon he heard in the Cathedral Church of Edinburgh, he assured the Presbyterians of his affection for their doctrine and discipline, and he had sent encouraging and comforting messages to the English Dissenters even before the queen's decease. The Anglicans, on their part, cherished expectations that a prince, who in unepiscopal Scotland had endured so much contradiction from elders and ministers, synods and sermons, would speedily become enamored of the comparative grace and freedom of their own church establishment. Of the three theological goddesses, the Anglican Venus received the apple from the Caledonian shepherd, and once more it proved an apple of discord. The language and behavior of James at the Hampton Court Conference have many chroniclers who exhibit the usual discrepancies of religious knights in similar passages of arms. Among their conflicting reports, one thing only is certain. The Presbyterians were discomfited, and the English divines declared the royal chairman to have been directly inspired by the Holy Ghost. The Romanists had neither voice nor lot in the debate. They were regarded by the northern and the southern Church alike as beyond the pale of Christian toleration; and, accordingly, like "dogs and sorcerers," they "stood without." Amid many misconceptions of these times to be found in Hume, there is none more flagrant than the view taken by him of this conference. "By entering zealously into frivolous disputes," he says, "James gave them an air of importance and dignity which they could not otherwise have acquired; and being himself enlisted in the quarrel he could no longer have recourse to contempt and ridicule, the only prop-

* Burton's *Anatomy*, p. 1.

er method of appealing it." Thus a philosopher of the eighteenth century writes of the controversies of the seventeenth! The questions debated in January, 1604, at Hampton Court—the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the form of absolution, the meaning of confirmation, bowing at the name of Jesus, baptism by laymen or by women, and excommunication in ecclesiastical courts—were as vital to the disputants as Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade, or Disestablishment of the Irish Church, in these days, and "contempt and ridicule" would have been as unavailing against them as they were, or will be now, for "appeasing quarrels" in which a whole people interests itself. Of the three reports of the Hampton Court Conference, Mr. Spedding prefers Dr. Montagu's conveyed in a letter to his mother, to Fuller's the most lively, and to Barlow's, the one commonly cited. We have no doubt that he has good and sufficient reasons for his preference; but whichever of the three he might have seen cause to adopt, we should have equally desired some foot-notes from Neale's account of the Puritan view of the controversy. These might have been afforded without "letting the Whig dogs have the best of it." We cannot omit, and reluctantly abridge, Mr. Spedding's own opinion of the king's conduct on the occasion:

"He began by treating the questions at issue as matters deserving grave consideration; showed himself ready to allow any alterations which could be proved to be requisite and fit; and with that view invited the leaders of the party which desired alteration to appear and state their case for themselves. If he had stopped there, playing the part of listener only, and reserving the expression of his own opinion for after-consideration, I suppose he could not have done better. His error—a characteristic error, and springing out of what was best in him, considered as a man—was in allowing himself to be drawn personally into disputation. Even if the case of his opponents had been one which admitted of a refutation conclusive and unanswerable in itself, it would have been better not to urge it. The old proverb tells us to 'let losers have their words,' and upon the same principle the authority which can overrule in action should not be too solicitous to defeat in argument. But in this case there was no hope of convincing the opponents that they were wrong, and the attempt was sure to invite opposition and aggravate disappointment. And yet to let an unanswerable argu-

ment pass unanswered was a piece of forbearance to which the scholar-king was not equal; and in comparing the second day of the Hampton Court Conference with the first, the consequences are traceable very distinctly. On the first day, when he was taking order with his councillors what changes should be made, and had only his own Bishops to dispute with, he seems to have gone altogether in the direction which Bacon advised, and to have been disposed to go a good way. Before he had got through the second, when he was engaged in argument with the dissentient doctors, he had committed himself to a position which Bacon would certainly not have approved. 'This,' says he (in answer to a question how far the Church had authority to prescribe ceremonies), 'is like Mr. John Black, a beardless boy, who told me, the last conference in Scotland, that he should hold conformity with his Majesty in matters of doctrine; but every man, for ceremonies, was to be left to his own liberty. But I will have none of that; I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and ceremony. Never speak more on that point—how far you are bound to obey.' Now ceremonies in themselves indifferent, were precisely what the dissentient party most strained at; and such declarations as this, though intended to procure quiet, did in fact warn them that they must either abandon what they took for points of conscience or seek for relief elsewhere, and thereby undid the tranquillizing effect of the concessions which the king was willing to make, and which were not inconsiderable."

James indeed was walking, perhaps unconsciously, in the steps of a far abler monarch than himself in thus imagining that he could persuade or compel men to be of one mind either in external or internal points of religion. But as Charles of Spain discovered too late, that regulate them as he might, his watches would not all keep corresponding time, so James lived long enough to perceive that his royal fiat at Hampton Court was ineffectual in reconciling the feuds between "old priest" and "new presbyter." He did not indeed pay himself the price of his enforced conformity, but he left it as a heavy mortgage on the royal estate to his son, and how the mortgage was foreclosed, is it not written in the book of the "Great Rebellion," and in the regal martyrology of England?

We must now pass from the spiritual to the temporal affairs in which Bacon will be found actively engaged in Mr. Spedding's narrative; not, however,

without recommending the readers of it to weigh well Bacon's paper "dedicated to his majesty," and entitled "Certain Considerations touching the better Pacification and Edification of the Church of England," especially if the reader be taking part in the present controversy between those who deviate from the rubric on the right hand or the left. The form of ceremonies is evanescent, and those of one age appear trifling or burdensome to another. But the substance of ceremonies, the desire to sever the priest from the layman, the hankering after Judaism, is alike in all ages; and in all alike the good sense, moderation, and gravity of such an umpire as Bacon was in his day is the one thing needful, and perhaps seldom more needed than at the present hour.

In strict order of time the question of the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland should have preceded mention of the Hampton Court Conference, for Bacon dedicated (in private) to his majesty a discourse on the former subject. In terming it the "happy union," Bacon's wish was father to his thought; but the project was premature and so fell to the ground. Many years, much misunderstanding, and numerous calamities were to pass over both kingdoms before their union could be happy—or North and South Britons cordially shake hands with each other. In theory the scheme of James was wise and well-meant; but he did not take into account the force of national prejudices; he forgot that the animosity of centuries cannot be extinguished by royal proclamations and Acts of Parliament. By the poorer and less civilized of the two nations the proposal of union was resented as an affront, almost indeed as a proffer of subjection on their part; by the richer it was viewed as little short of an invitation to their barbarous neighbors to exchange barren moors, swamps, and mountains for such valleys as the Vale of Bevor, and such corn land and pastures as skirted the Thames and the Trent. The few Scots who accompanied James across the Tweed, even before a Scotch favorite had made the national name odious in southern eyes, strengthened the aversion of the southern kingdom, and although the parliamentary union took place early in the

next century, the national reconciliation required nearly another hundred years to complete it. It was not indeed really accomplished until Scotland grew rich, until the port of Glasgow rivalled for its West Indian trade the port of Bristol; until the Lothians equalled in fertility the broad acres of Holkham, and oblivion had crept over the "North Briton," "The Prophecy of Famine," and the open or secret influence of John Earl of Bute.

We now pass on; and, indeed, must hasten over the two next of the more important questions in which Bacon took an active part in the House of Commons; and we select these points as much for the value of the biographer's comments as for the practical and far-seeing wisdom displayed in Bacon's state papers. These questions are the prerogative of the crown and the privilege of parliament, and the great contract. In reviewing each of these we must again avoid fancying, as so many historians have done, that the parliament of James I. was on a level with the parliament of William III., still less with the assembly which now guides the destinies of Britain and her dependencies. Frequent, and often fierce, were the collisions between the opposing forces of prerogative and privilege throughout the reign of the first Stuart king of England; but the triumph of the third estate was not assured until James had been more than sixteen years beyond the reach of both spiritual and temporal controversy. In 1604, the third estate was, comparatively with the Long Parliament in 1640, serving an apprenticeship in the business of its privileges, sometimes claiming more than it was entitled to, sometimes recoiling in doubt, if not in alarm, from its own pretensions. The Crown, on its part, if the strenuous administration of the Tudors be taken into account, was by no means unfurnished with precedents for bearing a high hand in and over Parliament, and the wisdom of Bacon is apparent in his occasional arbitration between the opponents. Not the least remarkable, perhaps not the least wholesome, element in the British constitution, is its exemption from system. Fortunately for our liberties, no Abbé de Siéyès has at any moment been employed by us to define the exact limits of royal

or popular authority. James, indeed, shortly before his coming to England had printed, not however apparently published, his much talked of but seldom read *Basilicon Doron*—a manual of the divine right of anointed kings. This volume he doubtless brought with him in his carpet-bag from Holyrood to Whitehall, and doubtless also enlightened his heir, his ministers and favorites with the precepts contained in it, much as good men a hundred years ago fed their children and servants upon doctrines contained in the *Whole Duty of Man*. But, however convinced he may have been of the absolute wisdom conveyed in this manual, it does not appear that in practice he derived much benefit from it. Yet he was not without pretext for supposing that he might, without seriously offending his lieges, be every inch such a king as he imagined a monarch ought to be. In the realm which he had left his authority was incessantly thwarted, and sometimes openly assailed; in the realm which had fallen into his lap that authority had been for more than a century strained to a very high pitch, and when it was unbent, the cords were loosened more by the grace of the crown than through the demands of the Commons. What sovereign, he might fairly urge, had been for more than thirty years firmer in her seat, or more jealous of her prerogative, than Elizabeth; and yet her aggressions, if indeed they were such, evoked, during that period, no rebellion and scarcely any tumult? Here then was a land in which, to one like James, imperfectly acquainted with the people's temper, and also not aware that with their crown he had not inherited the nerve of his predecessors, their personal dignity and their shrewd insight into the proper seasons for saying aye or no, a fair prospect might seem opened for assuming and exercising his theory of government. He erred, indeed, in his reckoning; but so did the monarch after whom he delighted to be named, and in each case the mistake was inherited and expiated by the Rehoboth who reigned instead. "The dispute between privilege and prerogative destined to be the trouble of the times," and the uncertainty which prevailed as to their respective limits, has never been more clearly

set forth than in Mr. Spedding's account of Sir Francis Goodwin's case.

On the next great question, "the Great Contract," or supply of the Crown with a revenue adequate to its wants, Mr. Spedding's remarks afford a valuable commentary, and a wholesome correction to some current opinions as to the grasping tendencies of the Stuarts. We again regret the necessity of abridging his narrative.

"The great political problem which the times of James I. had to solve had been kept waiting hitherto by other business, but could not be kept waiting much longer. During the last two sessions the Union and the Gunpowder Plot had prevented the question how the Crown should be supplied with a revenue adequate to its wants from being pushed to a crisis; the discussion of the Union having occupied the time of the Lower House; and the horror of the conspiracy having disposed them to be liberal. But even in 1606, when their excited loyalty showed itself in so large a grant—a grant without any precedent in a time of peace—the pertinacity with which they insisted that the petition of grievances should be presented to the king before the bill of the three subsidies went up to the Lords, gave sure sign of a struggle to come. The truth was that the business of government had outgrown the provision for carrying it on. The ordinary income of the Crown was no longer equal to the ordinary demands upon it. Even Elizabeth, with all her power of obtaining zealous service without paying for it in money, and with a practice of economy in all departments which every modern historian condemns (in respect to the particular department which he happens himself to favor) as parsimony—parsimony in the reward of servants, in the provisioning of armies, in the keeping up of national defences, in the subsidizing of allies—even Elizabeth could not carry on the government in her later years without calling upon Parliament for annual contributions far beyond all former precedent, nor even then without borrowing money to the amount of a whole year's income, and selling land to the value of as much more. The cause was simple enough. Large estates are costly to manage. The nation had increased greatly in wealth and population; the business and cost of government had increased along with it; but the fund out of which the cost was to be defrayed was comparatively stationary. As the kings of England were never merchants, the patrimony of the Crown could not be expected to grow with the growth of a nation whose commercial activity was bringing honey to the hive from every land over every sea; while prices were rising from the influx

of gold into Europe; and the value of the parliamentary subsidy, in which (as being a direct tax upon real and personal property) a proportionate increase might have been looked for, was, for some reason which I do not clearly understand, gradually *diminishing*.

"This state of things James inherited; and though he inherited along with it a portion of Elizabeth's last subsidies, they were not more than enough to repay the money which she had been forced to borrow. If I understand correctly the financial tables which Mr. Gardiner has collected with such diligence, the ordinary expenditure of the Government during the last five years of Elizabeth must have exceeded the ordinary receipts by more than half the amount. . . .

"Even if James had been ever so much disposed to take Elizabeth for his model in spending money, it may be fairly doubted whether it would have been possible for him to endure the unpopularity which it would have entailed. Elizabeth could do many things which another in her place, even if he had possessed her qualities, could not have done. The whole Protestant population of England then living had been bred in devotion to her. Her age, her renown, her demeanor, her genius, combined to give her an authority which she could use without offence even in courses of which the people are commonly very intolerant. Had James entered upon his kingdom with a resolution to imitate her—to be as strict in accounts, as exigent of service, as sparing in rewards—he would have incurred more dislike for his parsimony than he ever did for the opposite, nor is it by any means certain that he would have been the richer. But it is vain to ask what might have been the consequences of such a thing; the thing itself could not have been. A man cannot alter his nature; and it was not in James's nature to be an economist. He was a man who could not easily deny himself any pleasure, and unfortunately one of his chief pleasures was to give to those whom he liked whatever they wished to have. With this infirmity he had reigned for six years, when on the 19th of April, 1608, his Lord Treasurer, the old Earl of Dorset, died, leaving the Exchequer in such a condition as might have been expected. The ordinary expenditure exceeded the ordinary income by 83,000*l*. The debt had risen to a million. And this at a time when the regular revenue of the Crown was expected to meet all its ordinary occasions without assistance from Parliament."

Historians of the Brodie school, in their zeal to expose the errors of Hume, too lavishly imputed to James a desire to put his hands into his subjects' pockets, and to consider all means lawful for fill-

ing his own. The foregoing extract may induce some readers of English history to modify their opinions on this matter of supply. "King James," writes Fuller, "left his own coffers empty, but his subjects' chests full," and in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, he is correctly made to say "that his exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles's discourses on the Penitential Psalms." In fact, as regards provision for the Crown there had been a transition, perhaps an unmarked one, from payment in kind to payment in money. The Saxon and Norman kings, and the Plantagenets also, were very migratory. The capital of the Saxons was sometimes London, sometimes Winchester or York. The Norman princes, like the first two sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, oscillated between their foreign dominions and England—the Crusades, the French wars, and the Barons' wars kept the Plantagenets in frequent motion,—and while the sovereign was thus uncertain in his residence, provision by purveyance was not an inconvenient mode of supplying his court and followers. Settled habitation began with the Tudors, and then the purveyor became an incumbrance, and the fixed salesman and his booth a convenience. And besides James's facility in giving, which Mr. Spedding notices, he and Charles his son also were ambitious of ranking in magnificence with their brethren the Catholic and Most Christian kings. Their masques and revels dipped deep into their purses, and as their purses were often "*pleni araneorum*," into their credit also. To such as asked them for money, whether as a payment or a gift, they often made grants of land; and to a certain extent every grant of the kind rendered the giver more sensible of his impecuniosity, and more eager to discover and devise means for turning, as Falstaff bid Bardolph do, empty bottles into angels. A century later the land which they had not alienated, would have supplied James and Charles with an income passing the most liberal subsidies voted by Parliament: but in the seventeenth century the land which they retained fell far short of their expenditure for tables and liveries, players and musicians, Vandyke's and Bernini's bills or salaries. Land indeed, such as James was lord of, was in many

cases unremunerative, except, indeed, when it provided beef and venison, poultry and game for the royal larder. The reader need not be reminded of the barrenness of Scotland; and even in the more fruitful south, population was widely scattered, and cereals and root crops sparsely grown. The Stuarts had neither home nor model farms at Windsor or elsewhere: and could have probably put into one purse the yearly rents or royalties they drew from the Duchy of Lancaster, or the County Palatine of Chester. And while the Crown, as Mr. Spedding shows, was growing poorer, the nation was becoming richer: and with the abundance of money prices rose, and unless the wearer of the crown were to re-enact the part of Belisarius, some adjustment was imperative between the expensive position of the one and the increasing wealth of the other. Again, the wealth that was pouring into the country did not in the first instance enrich the landowner, but the merchant who chartered ships. The late queen is reported to have made a good thing of it now and then by going partner with adventurers on the Spanish main, or by the heavy percentage exacted by her from all who took out letters of marque. But the peaceful James kept generally on good terms with his brothers of France and Spain, derived few advantages from piracy and smuggling, and had only the pittance that tonnage and poundage, subsidies and benevolences afforded to aid him against the importunate Mordecai of debt sitting almost as fixed as Theseus at the gate of Whitehall.

We have dealt with Mr. Spedding more as the historian of Bacon's time than as Bacon's biographer and editor, and we trust that no apology will be thought necessary for taking a side rather than a front view of his recent volumes. It

would have been impossible within any ordinary limits to have compressed his narrative and the letters and State papers which it illustrates, so as to render the whole intelligible or interesting to those who have not his work before them. For those who have read it no expositor is needed—the arrangement is so clear, the comment so full and at the same time so lucid, and the light thrown upon the times so equally diffused, that all who take interest in the subject of his volumes can hardly fail to follow them with active curiosity from the first to the last page. As regards Bacon himself he is in this portion of the *Letters and Life* less an individual than a representative man. He impersonates the leader of Parliament as it then was: the Crown's councillor, if not the Cabinet minister; the philosopher at once and the practical statesman; the sage moderator between the progressive and conservative forces of his age. His preferment was indeed painfully and slowly won; we quit him, however, for the present as His Majesty's Attorney-General, and we hope Mr. Spedding will speedily present him to us as the Lord Great Chancellor. With the final act of his career the controversy about his character will revive: but the champion who maintained his integrity in the business of Essex may very possibly again clear Bacon's fame in the latest and severest trial of his life. To commend or even notice the style of a book has become almost a custom out of fashion: yet we will conclude with a word on Mr. Spedding's language. It is—we can find no fitter phrase for it—*Virgilian prose*. It answers all the conditions of excellence as described in Dryden's well-known couplet on Sir John Denham's verses. It is—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage; without overflowing, full."

Fraser's Magazine.

THE TWO COMETS OF THE YEAR 1868.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A. F.R.A.S.

WINNECKE'S COMET.

In the paper on Brorsen's comet* I described the principal features present—

* Published in April No. of ECLECTIC.

ed by comets as they approach and pass away from the neighborhood of the sun. The various hypotheses which have been put forward to account for these peculiarities must now for a brief space claim

our attention. Although we are far from being in a position to theorize with any confidence respecting the nature of comets, still less respecting the purposes which they subserve in the economy of nature, yet the observations made upon the second comet of the year 1868 have resulted in a positive discovery which may serve as a stand-point, so to speak, whence we can examine somewhat more confidently than of old, the various theories which have suggested themselves to those who have studied cometic phenomena.

In considering these hypotheses we have to distinguish between the views which have been entertained respecting the *nucleus* and *coma*, and those which regard the less intelligible phenomena presented by the *tail*. This remark may seem trite and obvious, but in reality the two classes of hypotheses are found singularly confounded together in many works on popular astronomy. Let it be understood then that when, in speaking of an hypothesis respecting comets, no special mention is made of the tail, it is to be assumed that the hypothesis applies solely to the head of the comet. The same holds, by the way, with reference to the phenomena presented by comets. For instance, when we said in the paper on Comet I. that comets grow smaller as they approach the sun, the remark was to be understood to apply to the volume of the head, not to the whole space occupied by the head and tail. In fact, it would have been impossible to assert anything with respect to the volume of comets' tails, inasmuch as the apparent extent of these appendages varies according to the atmospheric conditions (humidity, clearness, and so on) under which the comet is observed, and also according to the light-gathering power of the observer's telescope.

To return, however, to the theories which have been formed respecting comets.

It has been commonly admitted that the substance of which comets are composed is either wholly or principally gaseous. In no other way, it should seem, can the remarkable variations of appearance which comets present as they approach the sun or recede from him, be reasonably accounted for.

Kepler held that comets are wholly

gaseous, and that they are liable to be dissipated in space by the sun's action. He supposed that the process of evaporation which thus led to the destruction of a comet was carried on through the medium of the tail. It need hardly be said that modern observations are completely opposed to this view. Comets have been seen to return again and again to the neighborhood of the sun without any apparent diminution of volume, although at each return a tail of considerable extent has been thrown out. For a long time, indeed, it was thought that Halley's comet was gradually diminishing in volume; but at the last return this magnificent object had recovered all its pristine splendor.

Newton held, on the contrary, that comets are partly composed of solid matter. He supposed that only the gaseous matter was affected to any noteworthy extent by the action of the sun's heat. Raised from the solid nucleus, the vaporized particles passed first into the comet, he imagined, and were thence carried off into space to form the comet's tail. Others so far modified Newton's views as to suggest that the vaporized matter is not wholly carried off but partially reprecipitated upon the head of the comet just as the vapors raised from ocean are precipitated upon the earth in the form of rain.

We have seen that a comet diminishes in volume as it approaches the sun. It will be noticed that both the theories which have been described would account satisfactorily for the observed decrease of volume. But neither of them gives any satisfactory explanation of the fact that a comet recovers its original volume as it departs from the sun's neighborhood. Newton indeed, put forward certain views respecting the emission of smoke from the nucleus during perihelion passage, and he surmised that the true dimensions of the comet might in this manner be veiled to a certain extent: but this part of his theory has the disadvantage of being almost unintelligible, besides being wholly insufficient to account for the *regular* diminution and increase which attend the approach and recession of a comet.

A theory has lately been put forward by M. Valz which accounts for the variation of a comet's volume by the supposi-

tion that the solar atmosphere exerts a power of compression, which, varying with that atmosphere's density, is most effective in the sun's neighborhood. We know, for instance, that a balloon must not be fully inflated at first rising, because when it reaches the upper regions of air, where there is less compression, the enclosed gas expands, and would burst the silk, if the balloon had been fully filled at first. And certainly, on the somewhat bold assumption that the solar atmosphere extends outwards to those regions in which the observed change of volume takes place, and on the additional and equally bold supposition that comets are surrounded with a film of some sort performing the same function as the silk of the balloon (or that, in some other way the substance of the comet is prevented from intermingling with the substance of the solar atmosphere) the theory of M. Valz would have a certain air of probability. Even then, however, it would be insufficient to account for the enormous extent to which the variation has been observed to proceed.

The only probable explanation of the variation in question is that which is put forward by Sir John Herschel in his admirable work on the southern heavens. During his stay at the Cape of Good Hope he had an opportunity of observing the recession of Halley's comet, and he discusses the phenomena with admirable acumen and judgment. The result at which he arrives appears to afford a simple and rational explanation of the observed phenomena. He supposes that as a comet approaches the sun, the action of the solar heat transforms the nebulous substance of the comet into invisible vapor. This action progressing from without inwards, of course produces an apparent diminution of volume. The diminution continues as long as the comet is approaching the sun, and for yet a few days after perihelion passage; but, soon after the comet has begun to leave the sun's neighborhood, the transparent vapor begins to return to its original condition, the solar action being insufficient to keep the whole of the vaporized matter in the gaseous state. Thus the comet gradually resumes its original apparent dimensions.

There are few phenomena which have

given rise to more speculation than those presented by the tails of comets. Astronomers who, in dealing with other matters, have exhibited the soundest judgment, and the most logical accuracy of argument, seem to feel free to indulge in the most fanciful speculations when dealing with this subject.

A favorite theory with the earlier astronomers was founded on the observed peculiarity that the tails of comets are usually turned directly from the sun. It was supposed that the tail is not a really existent entity, but merely indicates the passage of the solar rays through space, after their condensation by the spherical head of the comet. Just as a light received into a dark room through a small aperture, appears as a long ray extending in a straight line through the room, so—according to this theory—the sun's light concentrated by the comet's head, throws a long luminous beam into space. Unfortunately for this view there is a want of analogy between the two cases thus brought into comparison. The light shining into a room produces the appearance of a ray, because it illuminates the air and the small particles of floating dust which it encounters in its passage. There is nothing corresponding to this in the interplanetary spaces. If there were, the sky would never appear black, since the sun would always be shining on matter capable of reflecting his rays.

Kepler was the first to form a reasonable hypothesis respecting comet's tails. He supposed that the action of the solar heat dissipates and breaks up a comet's substance. The rarer portions are continually swept away, he imagined, by the propulsive energy of the solar rays, and are swept in this way to enormous distances from the comet's tail. The denser portions remain around the nucleus and form the coma.

The modern theory respecting light (according to which there is no propulsion of matter from the sun, but a simple propagation of wave-like motion), does not affect Kepler's hypothesis so much as might be imagined. Whatever theory of light we adopt we are forced to assume an extreme tenuity in the matter which forms the tails of comets. And when once we have made this assumption, we are enabled to admit that even

the propagation of a wave-like motion through the ether which is supposed to occupy the interplanetary spaces, might suffice to carry off the attenuated nebulous matter with tremendous rapidity.

The defect of Kepler's theory is that it appears insufficient to account for those anomalous tail-formations which were referred to in our paper on Comet I.

Newton's hypothesis respecting comets' tails was somewhat different. He supposed that the intensely heated comet communicated its heat to the surrounding ether, which thus grew rarer and ascended in the solar atmosphere—that is, flowed away from the sun—precisely as heated air ascends from the earth. The ether thus displaced would carry away with it the rarer portions of the comet's substance, just as smoke is carried upwards by a current of heated air.

It will be seen at once that Newton's theory—like Kepler's—affords no explanation of lateral tails, or of tails turned towards the sun.

In modern times a theory has been founded on the supposition that cometic phenomena may be due to electrical agency. The German astronomer Olbers was one of the first to propound this view, and many eminent astronomers—amongst others the younger Herschel—have looked with favor upon the theory. As yet, however, we do not know enough respecting electricity to accept with confidence any theory of comets founded upon its agency.

The comet respecting which we now have to treat was discovered in the middle of June, 1868, by Winnecke. At first it was a telescopic object, but it gradually increased in brilliancy until it became visible to the unaided eye. In the telescope, at the end of June, the comet appeared as a circular cloud rather brighter in the middle, where there was a roundish spot of light. A tail could be traced to a distance of about one degree from the nucleus.

Mr. Huggins quickly subjected the new arrival to spectroscopic analysis. The result, at first sight, seemed to differ little from that which had been noticed in the case of Brorsen's comet. Indeed, the astronomers at the Paris observatory and the Padre Secchi at Rome were led to pronounce the spectra of the two comets to be absolutely identical. The

more powerful spectroscopic appliances made use of by Mr. Huggins, however, exhibited important differences.

The spectrum consisted of three bands of light separated by dark intervals. Of these bands two were greenish blue, the other greenish yellow. The two former were tongue-shaped, the last was narrowed off at both extremities.

From what we said in our last respecting the nature of spectroscopic analysis, it will be understood that the distribution of the comet's light along the length of the spectrum is the most important circumstance to be attended to in endeavoring to form an estimate of the substance of the comet. But as we see that there are, in this instance, peculiarities affecting the breadth of the spectrum, it will be well briefly to consider their meaning. The matter is, in reality, simple enough, but requires a little attention.

The breadth of the spectrum corresponds to the breadth of the object which is the source of light. If that object is uniformly bright the spectrum is also uniformly bright across its breadth, whatever variations may exist in the direction of its length. But if the object is brighter in some parts of its breadth than in others, the spectrum will show corresponding variations of brilliancy across its breadth. Hitherto we have been assuming that all the light from the object is of the same kind, however it may vary in brilliancy. Suppose, however, that the light from the middle of the object gives one kind of spectrum, the light from the outer parts another; then the spectrum will vary in *character* as well as in brilliancy across its breadth. Suppose for example, that the middle of the object is gaseous while the outer parts are solid or liquid, then the appearance presented would be two thin streaks of rainbow-tinted light, separated by a dark space* across which would be seen the bright lines belonging to the gaseous central part of the luminous object.

Now the breadth of the spectrum seen

* Our readers will of course understand that a *slice* only of the object is brought under spectroscopic analysis at once. If the *whole* of a circular object, whose centre was gaseous, were examined at once, the middle streak of the spectrum would exhibit the compound spectrum of the edge and centre of the object. Such an arrangement would clearly be unfavorable to the formation of clear views respecting the character of the object's light.

by Mr. Huggins corresponded with the breadth of the coma so far as the widest parts of the tongue-shaped bands was concerned. But the narrower parts were about the width of the nucleus. Therefore the first question to be decided was this—is the narrowing of these bands of light towards one extremity, and of the other towards both extremities, to be considered as indicative of any difference, in *character*, between the light emitted by the nucleus and that emitted by the coma? At first sight it seems that no other conclusion could be come to. But a little consideration enabled Mr. Huggins to arrive at a different result. The tongue-shaped bands were not only narrower but very much fainter towards one end. They were also fainter along their outer edges, on account, of course, of the faintness of the coma as compared with the nucleus. Now it was possible that the narrowing down of the bands might be only apparent, and due to the fact that their outer parts, though really existent, became invisible at the fainter end. And there were two modes of attacking the question. First the observer could determine by a careful inspection whether the light at the narrower end of the tongues was so faint that it *ought* to disappear at the edges merely by undergoing the same sort of reduction as the brighter light at the broader end of the tongue: this would show that the coma does not differ in constitution from the nucleus. Secondly, if the strip brought under examination were narrowed by any contrivance, it is clear that any difference which might exist in the constitution of the coma and of the nucleus ought to be exhibited in a more marked manner.

Mr. Huggins applied both methods; and each resulted in showing that the nucleus has the same constitution as the coma, excepting only that the exterior part of the coma seems to give a continuous spectrum. In other words, the nucleus and all the coma except its outer shell consists of the same incandescent vapor; but the outer shell of the coma either consists of incandescent solid or liquid matter or shines by reflecting the solar rays.

So far, however, there is little in the spectroscopic analysis which differs in character from what had been observed respecting Brorsen's comet. But we have

now to record one of the most startling discoveries ever made respecting comets.

Mr. Huggins was reminded by the appearance of the cometic spectrum of a form of the spectrum of carbon which he had observed in the year 1864. It must be premised that the spectrum of an element often assumes a different form according to the circumstances under which it is obtained. Amongst the objects which have spectra thus variable is the element carbon. The particular form of carbon-spectrum which resembled that of the comet, is that obtained when an electric spark is taken through olefiant gas—a substance which, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, consists of carbon and hydrogen, and is one of the constituents of ordinary coal-gas.* Of course the spectrum of olefiant gas exhibits the bright lines belonging to hydrogen; but as these are well known, the part of the spectrum belonging to carbon also becomes determinable.

Having noticed, as we said, the resemblance between the spectrum of the comet and a form of the carbon spectrum, Mr. Huggins determined to compare the two spectra directly. We have not space to explain the contrivances by which this was effected. Suffice it to say that when the two spectra were brought side by side, it appeared that in place of mere resemblance there was absolute identity. The bands of light which formed the comet's spectrum were found not only to coincide in position with those which appeared in the spectrum of olefiant gas, but to present the same relative brightness. Two days later the observations were repeated by Mr. Huggins in company with Professor Miller (who had been associated with him in his earlier spectroscopic labors), and both observers agreed in the opinion that the coincidence between the spectra could not be more exact.

The reader will, of course, understand that the hydrogen lines belonging to the spectrum of olefiant gas are not seen in the spectrum of the comet.

Now only one interpretation can be put on this remarkable result, and that is

* The other constituent is "fire-damp;" also a compound of carbon and hydrogen. Olefiant gas is commonly called heavy carburetted hydrogen, while fire-damp is termed light carburetted hydrogen.

that Winnecke's comet consists of the incandescent vapor of carbon,—*not* of burning carbon be it understood, but of *volatilized* carbon.

But carbon, as we are acquainted with it on earth, is a substance whose chief peculiarity, perhaps, is its fixity at ordinary temperatures; and no phenomenon hitherto presented by comets is more perplexing than the existence of volatilized carbon as the main or only constituent of a comet of enormous real bulk, when that comet was not so near to the sun as to be raised (one could suppose) to an extraordinarily high temperature. There have been cases where comets have been so near to the sun as to account for almost any conceivable change in the constitution of their elements. An intensity of heat of which we can form no conception must have been experienced for example by Newton's comet; and a still fiercer heat dissipated the substance of the comet of 1843. But Winnecke's comet at the time of observation was at far too great a distance from the sun for us to assign to its mass a temperature which under ordinary circumstances would account for the volatilization of carbon.

Nor does the rarity of the atmosphere in which the comet was moving serve to help us in our difficulty. Doubtless we are little familiar with the effects which terrestrial elements would experience if they were distributed freely in the ether occupying the interplanetary spaces. But so far as our experience enables us to judge we should rather look for intensity of cold than of heat under such circumstances. We see the heights of the Andes and of the Himalayas clothed in perpetual snow, though day after day the fierce heat of the tropical sun pours down upon them, and though there is no winter there (in our sense of the word) during which the snows are accumulated. We know that the explanation of this peculiarity lies in the extreme rarity of the air at a great height. It seems, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the cold of the interplanetary spaces must be far greater. Yet here we have an object whose light comes from the incandescent vapor of so fixed and unchangeable a substance as carbon, and thus, in place of an almost inconceivable intensity of cold we find the evidence of intense heat.

It seems impossible, at present, to suggest any explanation of the observed phenomena. That carbon exists out yonder in space in the state of luminous gas or vapor, that is the one fact of which alone we can be certain. Mr. Huggins in his treatment of this fact suggests the possibility that the carbon may be divided into particles so minute, that as the comet approaches the sun, more of the sun's heat is gathered up, so to speak, and that thus the carbon is volatilized. He also points to phenomena of phosphorescence and fluorescence in illustration of the appearance presented by the comet's spectrum; but without suggesting any association between these phenomena and those presented by comets.

One cannot help associating the new views thus opened out to us respecting comets, with the discovery recently made that the meteoric bodies which flash singly or in showers across our skies belong in reality to the trains of comets. We have now every reason to believe that there is not a single member of the meteoric systems, not a single *aérolite*, *bolide*, or *fire-ball*, that has not belonged once upon a time to a comet. The evidence on which this view is founded, though it may seem insufficient at a first glance, is almost irresistible to those who can appreciate its significance. Let us briefly recapitulate the facts.

It has been proved that shooting stars come from the interplanetary spaces, that they form systems, and that these systems travel in regular elliptical orbits about the sun. Two of the systems produce striking meteoric displays, viz. the system encountered by the earth on or about August 10, and the system encountered on or about November 13. Now it had been suggested that the members of the former system follow the track of the conspicuous comet which made its appearance in the year 1862; and it was proved that, assuming the orbit of the meteors to be very eccentric, and assigning to them a period of 147 years (that of the comet), their motions corresponded in the most remarkable manner with the orbital track of the comet. In fact the agreement was so close that very few who had examined the question could believe it to be accidental. But there were two objects on which some stress was laid. First, it had been

necessary to make assumptions respecting the motion of the meteors, secondly, those assumptions were not rendered probable by anything which had been *proved* respecting any meteoric system. The examination of the November star-shower by a host of eminent mathematicians in 1866-7 led to results which at once removed these objections, and brought new evidence—and that of the most striking character—in favor of the theory that comets and meteors are associated. It had been supposed that the November meteors travelled in a nearly circular orbit with a period of somewhat less than a year. Adams proved that they travel in an orbit extending far out into space beyond the orbit of distant Uranus. And the period of this orbit was calculated to be $33\frac{1}{4}$ years. Here then was strong confirmatory evidence in favor of the elliptic orbit and the long period assigned, by way of assumption, to the August meteors. But this was far from being all. Astronomers looked for a comet to be associated with the November meteors; and they found one—a small one, it is true, but with a well-defined character, an orbit calculated beyond suspicion of important error, and agreeing so closely in its motions with those of the November meteors that the chances were millions on millions to one against the coincidence being accidental. It hardly required after this, that an association should be pointed out between other meteor-systems and other comets. Yet this has been done, and thus that which had already been demonstrated was illustrated by new proofs. We may say that nothing which men of science have dealt with has ever been more satisfactorily proved than the fact that meteors are the attendants on comets.

Now, how meteors are thrown off from cometic nuclei we are not yet able to say. They differ wholly in character from their source, and thus we learn that the gaseous nature of cometic nuclei is due to the action of causes connected with those to which the nuclear structure of the comet's head is due. But whether the first formation of meteoric systems is associated in any way with the processes which result in the formation of a comet's tail, is not quite so clear. As yet no comet which has had a brilliant tail has been subjected to spectroscopic

analysis, so that we cannot pronounce with any certainty respecting the structure of these singular appendages. Some astronomers are disposed to look on the formation of a track of meteors all around the orbit of a comet as due to the action of influences by which parts of the comet's mass are thrown into orbits of slightly longer period than that of the head, though closely resembling that orbit in figure. Be this as it may, it is certain that the great contrast in character between the meteoric bodies which form the train of a comet, and the gaseous nucleus and coma, remains yet among the mysteries which astronomers have been unable to clear up.

But so soon as it had been shown that a comet's head is formed of a certain well-known terrestrial substance, it was natural that the question should be asked whether this substance is to be found in meteors. Hitherto no great progress has been made in determining the elementary constitution of meteors which have not actually fallen upon the earth. It is so difficult to catch them during their brief transit across our skies that only a few substances, as sodium, phosphorus, magnesium, and so on, have been shown with any appearance of probability to exist in shooting-stars. Certainly carbon is not among the number of those elements which have been detected in this way. But at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, it was stated that several *aërolites* contain carbon in their structure, and Mr. Dela Rue offered a fragment of one of these to Mr. Huggins for analysis. Certainly a strange circumstance that an astronomer who had analyzed the structure of a body millions of miles away from the earth, should take into his hands and subject to chemical analysis a fragment which had once in all probability belonged to a similar comet.

In conclusion, we must notice that there has been a remarkable absence during the past few years of those brilliant and long-tailed comets, which alone seemed calculated to afford the spectroscopist the means of answering some of the difficult questions suggested above. The tail of Winnecke's comet was too faint to give a visible spectrum. In fact the comet itself was only just visible to the naked eye. When a blazing object

like Donati's comet, or the comet of 1861 comes to be subjected to spectroscopic analysis, we may hope for an amount of information compared with which that hitherto obtained is probably altogether insignificant.

Cornhill Magazine.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

EVERY clever young man, I believe, passes through a stage of extravagant ambition. He keeps his day-dreams to himself if he has either common sense or modesty; but at moments—and very pleasant moments they are—he sees himself enshrined in the memory of a grateful world, revolutionizing systems of thought, embodying the aspirations of mankind in undying verse, or scattering plenty through a smiling land, and reading his history in a nation's eyes. It is well if, when those dreams dissolve under the pressure of real work, they leave him content with the modest share of glory or good conscience which falls to the lot of most of us. Whilst they last, the youth is frequently troubled, amongst other weaknesses, by a hankering after omniscience. No bounded field of knowledge satisfies his buoyant sense of unused power; he is ready to plunge into scientific researches, to study universal history, to be a profound theologian and metaphysician, to be familiar with law and politics, and to soften his severer studies by an accurate acquaintance with poetry and the fine arts. It is an act of bitter self-denial when he first forces himself to recognize the fact that the human intellect is limited, and that the essential condition of utility in this world is to restrict oneself to a narrow field of labor. All knowledge is too vast a province for any one in these days; we must be content to work in the confidence that our energies will be supplemented by those of our fellow-laborers, and be satisfied if we have done any real service, however humble, towards helping on the improvement of the world. In time it becomes a positive source of pleasure to reflect upon the vast fields of thought in which we are never called to exert ourselves. I have heard a man of great ability express a sense of humiliation on walking through one of the Universal Exhibitions; at every step, he said, he met something which painfully reminded

him of his own ignorance, and brought vividly before his mind the narrow limits of his knowledge. I confess that the effect upon me is very different. I have walked through acres of textile fabrics, miles of ingenious machinery, tens of thousands of square yards of painting, vast accumulations of all the countless products of human ingenuity, and silently given thanks at every step. Here, I have exclaimed, is yet one more branch of knowledge on which I am, and shall always remain, hopelessly, profoundly, and contentedly ignorant. Here, for example, is a steam-engine: I have not the faintest notion how it is made, or what conditions are necessary for its success. If, by some reversion of the ordinary laws of nature, the tide of time would flow back with me, and set me down, say in the fifteenth century, I could not convey the slightest information to the curious people who would doubtless flock round me. Somehow or other, I would say, if you put water into a boiler and light a fire under it, and make a complicated arrangement of wheels and pistons, the thing will move and carry you in a couple of hours from London to Dover; but if you want to know how it is done you must wait for two or three centuries. It is perhaps wrong to rejoice at not knowing something which, as people are always saying in public speeches, ought to be familiar to every schoolboy of fourteen; but I pity that imaginary schoolboy, and rejoice sincerely that so many people are laboring to remove from me every necessity of investigating the matter for myself. In the ingenious romance of *Sandford and Merton*, a story is told of a gentleman and a carpenter, supposed to be cast away on a savage island; and a moral is drawn for the edification of youth from the fact that the carpenter is much more valued for his power of making baskets than the gentleman for his knowledge of Greek and Latin. The true inference would, of course, be that

the savages were very stupid to value basket-making more than scholarship; and it is a main advantage of civilization that it enables some classes to free themselves from mechanical toil. Yet, though we no longer share the delusion of the eighteenth century as to the superiority of man in a state of nature, we all too often listen to exhortations conceived in much the same spirit. What a shame it is, people exclaim, that we go through life knowing nothing of the most ordinary processes that are going on around us. What a comfort it is, I always reply to myself, that I can get on perfectly well without knowing how to plough, or to make my coats, or to cook my dinner, far less to make an electric telegraph. "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" He was an impossibility, and that circumstance must have been a decided drawback to the state of society in Paradise.

So far, my confession may, perhaps, be regarded with indulgence. One may take a certain epicurean pleasure in the sight of the vast fields of knowledge which one is never destined to tread, and yet feel gratitude for those who consent to explore them. I may hug myself on my ignorance, and feel no grudge against the knowing part of mankind. Yet I confess that I sometimes go a little further than this. There is something depressing in the monstrous accumulation of facts which is going on all round us. There is a loss, as well as a gain, in the results of all this amazing industry. We cannot but envy the great men of old days who could be at once statesmen, and soldiers, and philosophers, and artists, and regret that it is daily becoming more difficult to be anything but an infinitesimal wheel in a machinery of boundless complication. All the societies for the acquisition of useful knowledge, which spread and flourish around us, seem at times to be hostile to a genuine cultivation. We are aghast at the enormous quantity of things with which it is possible, and sometimes necessary, to be acquainted. Undoubtedly all such societies—not including the Social Science Association—have their uses. We laugh at them, and protest against them, and end by admitting that they do good service in their

way. Yet I have sometimes thought that there will soon be room for another society, which might be called the Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge—not so much as a direct opponent, but as a necessary corrective to the energy of its rivals. The first meeting might be held in the Reading-room of the British Museum. Scholars sometimes lament, or affect to lament, the burning of the Alexandrian library, yet I cannot help fancying that they are occasionally laughing in their sleeves; and, that, if it depended upon a word, they would hesitate before tumbling out upon the world those masses of manuscripts which are, fortunately or otherwise, beyond our reach for ever. Consider the countless volumes which encumber the world, and daunt all but the most energetic students, and which owe their existence to the ancient literature now in existence; multiply them in proportion of the remnant to the mass which once existed, and ask whether, by this time, we should not have been forced to do some burning on our own account. The British Museum itself always gives me a melancholy sensation. Suppose that any one should read industriously for ten hours a day, he might, we will suppose, assimilate two or three average volumes in the time—assuming that he has previously acquired the sciences requisite for their due understanding. Even so, many single volumes would take months rather than days of labor. Let us admit, however, that in a year he has thoroughly digested a thousand volumes. In thirty years of uninterrupted labor at this rate he would have got through a very small fraction of the huge stores of literature which crush the shelves of that enormous collection. He would have traversed one region of the great ocean of knowledge, and would still see a boundless expanse extending before him. It is enough to damp the appetite of the most determined bookworm to think of the liberal provision made for his consumption. So far, however, the employment is innocent enough; the most indomitable of literary gluttons feels that an ample feast is provided for him, and may, if he pleases, gloat over the prospect. He may even bestow upon the world the result of his labors, and publish one of those books

in which the mere list of authorities at the foot of the pages sends a shiver through the reader's marrow—especially if the reader is unaware of the display which may be cheaply made by the help of a few skilfully manipulated books of reference. But there is a more painful conclusion behind. Let us think, for example, of what history is rapidly becoming. Formerly, a man might be content if he dashed through a few centuries in as many pleasantly-written octavo volumes, remembered a short list of dates of royal accessions and battles, and some of the floating anecdotes which have become proverbial. Now it takes as long to write history as to live it. Lord Macaulay began swimmingly, and took us through some thirty years in a couple of delightful volumes; but, as he continued, his plan expanded, and it became evident that, if he had happily been spared to complete his original plan, he must have lived a century longer, and would have found that materials were accumulating faster than he could write down the results. The ideal history seems to be one in which we could trace everything that happened to everybody, and know what he thought about it, and how far he was right or wrong. We are required to study all the State papers that were written, to follow the details of every negotiation, to form an opinion of every actor, to know all about the contemporary literature, and, in short, to be as familiar with all the events of some past epoch as the inhabitant of Little Pedlington with the gossip of his charming village. If the plan continues, it is awful to think of the fate of historians in the year 1969. They will have to read through all the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications of the period, from the lists of births, deaths, and marriages to the parliamentary reports; to study all the blue-books as conscientiously as a newly-elected M.P.; to read all the despatches of all the secretaries of state and ambassadors, and everything that was said in answer to them or about them by observers in foreign countries; to study parish registers, and law reports, and tables of statistics; to go through the literature of the period, from ephemeral novels up to works on

metaphysics; to plunge into masses of manuscript letters and memoirs; and, after taking in this and much more, to digest it into some comprehensive whole. The history of a year, instead of being squeezed into a paragraph, will expand over a long series of folios. The materials for such portentous labors are being conscientiously preserved and ranged in due order in the most accessible shape. Every private person of any sense has a periodical gaol delivery, and burns the heaps of correspondence which would otherwise make our houses uninhabitable, and choke every cupboard and available receptacle. The nation, so far from imitating this prudent precaution, preserves every scrap of paper—useless rubbish or invaluable document—as though print were more sacred than human life. Are we not laying up stores of knowledge which will go far to drive some future philosopher mad? Would not such a society as I have mentioned be discharging a useful function if it were to burn, sink, and destroy some ninety-nine hundredths of the waste-paper which, as it seems without hyperbole, the world itself will scarcely be able to contain?

When we were at school, history was surely a pleasant thing. We did not, it is true, know so many facts as are now considered essential to a well-regulated mind. If we complain that our memories are in danger of being swamped, and impatiently tax our remorseless crammers with pedantry, we are, I know, sternly reproved. A love of truth, it is said, is desirable in itself. No pains that are suffered in the service of truth are superfluous; and truth of all kinds is desirable for its own sake, and a sufficient reward for the patient inquirer. The argument surely confounds two very different things. It is not a question between truth and fiction; but between knowledge and ignorance. There are many things which ought simply to be consigned to oblivion, because they are of no real use to any human being, and are so much dead-weight on the memory. A very similar confusion is constantly turning up in disputes about art. If we complain of the photographic style of painting, in which every trifle is conscientiously imitated, in the apparent belief that our eyes are ni

crossscopes, we are taxed with a want of love for truth. Truth has nothing to do with it. The ultimate object of art is to affect our imaginations, not to record the greatest possible number of facts. Labor bestowed upon subsidiary objects is not only thrown away, but positively weakens the effect by distracting our minds. It is undoubtedly necessary that whatever is represented should be represented faithfully, for otherwise it would have no interest for us; but it does not follow that as many things as possible should be represented. History, in the same way, if it is understood to mean an account of everything that ever happened, would include vast masses of rubbish that ought to be left to unbroken repose in the dust-hole. Dryasdust and his brethren have filled libraries with profoundly learned speculations, and, when they did not abuse each other like pickpockets, have kept up an exchange of elaborate compliment, which the poor innocent public has naturally taken in good faith. Who wrote the letters of *Junius*? Who was the man in the iron mask? Where did Julius Cæsar land in Britain? To these and hundreds of other questions of a similar kind, many persons would answer simply, "We don't care." It does not make the very slightest difference in any possible way. Somebody wrote *Junius* who was dead and buried a good many years back, and their influence on politics was just the same whoever was the author. The simplest plan would surely be to follow the precedent of the naval captain, who *makes* it twelve o'clock. Let us assume, in future, that Sir Philip Francis was the writer; the S. S. U. K. would be entrusted with the destruction of all evidence and all arguments making in a contrary direction; the future historians of the eighteenth century would be relieved from a very thankless task, and nobody, so far as I can see, would be one penny the worse. In the same way I would decide, once for all, that Julius Cæsar landed (say) at Deal, and insist upon the question being finally laid on the shelf, and antiquarians turning their energies to some more fruitful field. Such disquisitions have had their use, like the pieces of imaginary gold for which the old man in the fable advised his sons to dig in the vineyard. They have incidentally produced a great turning-over

of original authorities, and thrown light upon more important inquiries. But this is an inducement for children; we are old enough to know what is really valuable, and to seek for it systematically and straightforwardly. It is useful to give boys puzzles to exercise their arithmetical talents; but when they grow to be real mathematicians the puzzles sink to their proper place as mere playthings. It must be added, too, though here I confess that my ground is logically weaker, that there are some cases in which the weakness of the flesh leads one to prefer fiction to truth. Whilst we grow doubly anxious to investigate useless matters of fact, we remorselessly sweep away all the charming fables in which we once rejoiced. To say nothing of Romulus and Remus, of King Hengist and Horsa, and of all the pleasant heroes who had the one fault, and that fault shared with many of the most delightful companions of our school-days, of having never existed, we are in real danger of losing all our villains. Tiberius and Caligula are being changed into amiable monarchs. Richard III. was an excellent uncle, who spoilt his nephews, instead of smothering them; and in the words of the poet, "Never a monster need now despair, and every knave has a chance." It is true that, by way of compensation, some excellent characters are being sadly mauled, and the romance ruthlessly stripped off our ancient idols. It is impossible to see the process without some regret. All visitors to Oxford may remember the grotesque heads, covered with grime, and with highly comic expressions, produced by various accidents to their noses and cheeks, which used to stand upon pedestals round the theatre. The last time I paid them my respects, I was shocked to observe that they had been going through the process which we facetiously describe as restoration. Their green visages had been scraped, chiselled, and filed down, till they wore a most irreproachable and insipid simper. To my eyes their beauty had entirely departed, and they looked like the noble savage of fiction, dressed up in a black coat and a white tie. The process deserves imitation in one respect; for it would be a great saving if, instead of erecting new monuments to recent benefactors of their species, we could

plane down some of the old ones into new forms, and, for example, convert an ugly old Charles I. into a bran-new George III. But I confess that the change conveyed, on the whole, a melancholy moral to my mind. That is the process, I said to myself, through which all our dear old villains are being replaced in history. The ancient monuments are being scrupulously restored, which, in official language, means destroyed, or at least flayed alive. Before long we shall not have a villain to quote in a paragraph. Every old hero, who cut his rivals' throats, strangled his wives, and massacred his subjects, is being converted into a likeness of a comfortable, well-dressed citizen, with everything handsome about him. It does them no good, and deprives us of a great deal of harmless amusement. When our descendants have to refer to Robespierre, instead of loading him, like our grandfathers, with every epithet that indignation and horror could suggest, they will be obliged to speak of him as that amiable, if misguided patriot, whose excellent intentions sometimes led him into measures which, if we only knew what they were, we might possibly condemn from our improved point of view, but which seem to have been, on the whole, in harmony with the moral code of the times. For when it is impossible to deny that a man has committed crimes, it is always open to us to point out that crimes in one century cease to be very criminal in another. What with softening down shadows and slurring over lights, the clear distinctive history of former days, in which every man was a saint or a ruffian, is being toned down into a monotonous record of commonplace people without a single deviation from the average standard. Surely it is permissible in those days of universal respectability to regret the change for a moment. If Richard did not smother his nephews, he ought to have done it,—or, at least, he ought to be held to have done it,—just to increase the pleasure with which infant minds are initiated into history.

I must admit, however, that this is a digression, and, perhaps, will not bear a very strict inspection. Let us have the truth in matters which have any bearing upon history; but do not let us suppose that because a thing really happened, it is a sufficient reason for its never being

forgotten; or, which is a parallel case, that because a thing exists somewhere in the universe, it is important that we should know all about it. We have lost as well as gained by the progress of scientific knowledge. Though I have heard some bigoted conservatives curse the memory of Columbus, we may take it to be a good thing that America was discovered. It is as well that we should know where are the sources of the Nile, and be able to construct a tolerably trustworthy map of Central Asia. In short, we cannot seriously complain that our planet has become a very limited place, in which every hole and corner has been pretty well explored, and laid down in perfectly accessible ground-plans. Yet the loss of mystery is a real loss to our imaginations. There is no room for the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. Prester John and the land of Eldorado have not so much as an unoccupied acre of ground left to hold on by. Once we were like children living in a corner of some huge rambling manor-house, and fancying that all kinds of ghosts and phantoms might be lurking in the remoter rooms to which they had never penetrated. We have grown up and walked through every passage, and peeped into every closet, and find that it is all very commonplace, and that the haunted palace is not much more romantic than an ordinary lodging-house. This is a small set-off, it may be, and yet I think it is a set-off against the practical advantages: the completion of the Pacific Railway, and the establishment of regular lines of steam-communication with the most remote islands of the ocean. The process, indeed, would not stop here, if it depended upon the goodwill of men of science. We have lately heard immense rejoicings over the discoveries which have extended our knowledge even beyond the solar system. It is unspeakably gratifying, it seems, to be able to say that some sort of gas (I entirely decline to write down any specific name, lest I should expose myself to the laughter of all well-informed persons) is to be found not only in this ridiculously small planet, but in the sun, and in Sirius, and in various stars up and down the sky. That the discoverers have shown remarkable powers of mind, I am most willing to believe; but I can't yet derive much

comfort from the knowledge they have gained. Suppose that it is plainly made out that, at a distance of more millions of miles than the mind of man can conceive, there is some unpronounceable stuff, which also exists here, how am I the better for that fact? I do not mean, how will it increase my income, but how shall I be the happier or the wiser? Everybody was in a great state of excitement last summer to hear something about certain red prominences which appear round the sun in eclipses, and to know what they were made of. What, I ask, are the red prominences to me, or I to the red prominences? The moon was always one of my illusions, and it has been cruelly put down by these men of science. We are now informed, if I am not mistaken, that it is nothing but a big burnt-out cinder, which is some use in getting up tides (not that I know very clearly what is the good of tides), but totally unsuitable for intending emigrants, even if they could get there. Every one who has had a proper value for the moon, considered in a poetical or æsthetic point of view, must regret that it turns out to be nothing better than a secondhand earth, with a large quantity of mountains, and not even the ghost of an Alpine Club to climb them. Here, I am aware, I am upon ticklish ground. There is no name of greater power at the present day than that of science; and it is as awkward to say anything against the pretensions of men of science, as it once was to be a heretic of a different order. You cannot, it is true, be burnt alive, or put into an inquisition, but, which is almost as bad, you can be made to look extremely foolish. The men of science regard you through their spectacles with an air calculated to strike terror into the boldest heart, if you venture to question the advantage of their most trifling speculations. Anything which by hook or by crook can be brought under the mantle of an 'ology is a sacred object not to be touched by the profane vulgar. A poor savage sees a civilized being, capable of producing thunder and supplied with unlimited quantities of firewater, devote himself for years to the pursuit of bugs—using that word in the American sense. This strange creature will live for months in a wilderness, and be amply rewarded by collecting a boatload of creeping,

crawling things, which are not even good to eat. The savage thinks that the white man must be little better than an idiot: and the white man, when he comes home, writes his book, and holds the savage up to the derision of an enlightened public.—"Here," he says in effect, "is a poor creature so ignorant as to think me a fool for spending a month in discovering the *Hotonchrononthologus Jonesii*—an animal which differs from all other *Hotonchrononthologi* in having two more spots on his nose, and an extra claw on his hind leg." Is it so plain that the white man has altogether the best of the argument? Suppose that the beast in question had remained unknown, would the human race have been materially the worse? Or, to put it more moderately, could not the month have been spent to more purpose in some other field of labor? Some distinguished martyr to science once planted a colony of some loathsome insect in his thumb, and heroically travelled to Europe with his burden, in the hopes of discovering some new facts about the way in which the animal laid its eggs. Unluckily, if I remember right, the thumb mortified and had to be amputated within sight of land; and we have ever since been called upon to admire the zeal and heroism of the sufferer. I am willing to do so, just as I admire St. Simeon Stylites for standing for twenty years on a column, and saying his prayers 1,244 times a day. Only I cannot help asking, in each case, whether so rare a quality of heroism could not have been turned to some better account? Zeal is not a commodity of which we have such an abundance that we can complacently see it running to waste. Science often means nothing more than accurate and systematic knowledge of facts; and the question always remains whether the facts are really worth knowing. If a man of genius spends years in investigating the habits of a microscopic animalcule, it does not follow that the game was worth the candle, simply because we give to the knowledge gained the mystic name of science. I have been amused, in watching a controversy which has sometimes been carried on upon a trifling point of this nature. A harmless race of lunatics has lately taken to amusing itself by climbing the Alps, and has even formed a club for the purpose of stimulating the natural zeal of English

men to scramble up difficult places at the risk of their necks. If enthusiasts frankly say that they climb because they like it, they are sternly reprov'd, and told that they are unpardonably rash. If they more judiciously swear by the name of science, their critics take off their hats and retire with a graceful bow. But what is the difference? If I go up Mont Blanc to improve my digestion, and have a good time generally, I so far increase the sum of human happiness. If I take a barometer with me, and discover once more that the pressure of the air on the summit is fifteen inches less than at the bottom, I add one more infinitesimal fact to those already known. I advance science in so far as I increase by a microscopic amount the mass of raw material upon which philosophers are to reason. But the effect of my observation upon the virtue or happiness of mankind is so inconceivably minute as to be inexpressible in language or figures. In one case, I directly add to my own happiness and health; in the other, I add one more trifling bit of information to many millions already accumulated, and may possibly do some indirect good to somebody. Is the difference between the two actions so enormous that one should be unsparingly condemned and the other held up to general admiration? Has science so mysterious a power that the most homœopathic expression of scientific intention converts any quantity of equivocal conduct into pure virtue? If people would only remember that science is nothing but knowledge put into formulæ, they would free themselves from this superstitious awe, and see that the line of demarcation is not so broad as they sometimes imagine. It is an historical fact that I walked down the Strand at twelve o'clock on the 1st of May, 1869; it is a scientific fact that the thermometer on that day stood at 60° in my study; but whether either of those facts be worth recording must depend upon the influence which the knowledge of them would exert upon human happiness. The thermometrical fact is, no doubt, the most interesting in the case supposed, but it is possible to have too much of thermometers.

In saying all this, I do not mean for one moment to sneer at scientific people. I love and admire them. I rejoice to see blue flames, and electric sparks, and to

hear loud explosions, and even to smell disagreeable odors at the Royal Institution or at the Polytechnic. I even like to flatter myself that I am making a scientific observation when I tempt the appetite of the hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens with nuts, or offer a rusty nail to the ostrich. Nothing is more gratifying than to watch the ardor with which men throw themselves into disputes as to the origin of species, and the shape of a monkey's brain. I am perfectly content with being a man, and cannot see that it makes much difference whether my remote ancestors were apes or human beings. Still it is pleasant to see people so keen on the subject; and to remark, at the same time, the strong brotherly love which always prevents them from growing bitter in the ardor of controversy, and accusing each other of plagiarism or want of candor. I remember the old grammarian who wished to send his brother's soul "to eternal perdition, for his treatise on the irregular verb," and am glad that a scientific heresy cannot excite an equal degree of animosity. I revere even mathematicians, though totally unable to understand them, and especially unable to make out why the elaborate investigations of some theories is at all more respectable than the discovery of problems in whist or chess, or the invention of Chinese puzzles. But, to be perfectly candid, I think that men of science have one trifling fault. They are apt to be a little arrogant, and to presume upon the respect which they have fairly won. For the genuine leaders of thought this is at least pardonable, but they have introduced a rather unpleasant style amongst persons who, without due authority, love to clothe themselves in their mantle. Every penny-aliner is ready to twaddle about the "inexorable laws of supply and demand"—generally in the most complete ignorance of what those laws really are,—and to indulge in platitudes about the infallibility of economic science. For a similar reason I was truly pleased at reading the other day (I know not whether it was accurate,) that the Gulf Stream had been proved to be a delusion. The Gulf Stream was almost as great a nuisance as Macaulay's New Zealander, or the German who evolves things from

the depths of his consciousness. One could not mention the weather without giving a chance to somebody to clothe himself with the true scientific swagger, and hurl the Gulf Stream at your head. There are certain remarks which nobody ever makes without a certain air of superior wisdom: such as the political commonplace that the tyranny of a mob is as bad as the tyranny of a despot; and the man who affected familiarity with the Gulf Stream always seemed to feel himself six inches taller in consequence. I should have real pleasure in learning that the Gulf Stream had been definitively exploded.

What is the real moral of these remarks? Ought we not, in spite of sophistries, to rejoice in every extension of knowledge, and to believe that sooner or later it will turn to some account? It is all very well to ridicule absurd pretensions, and to groan over accumulations of fact, which threaten to increase the difficulties of learning; but are we not setting ourselves against the general current of improvement, and objecting to a process which, whether we like it or not, must take place if civilization is to improve? The answer, if we are to speak seriously, seems to be very simple. Professor Owen startled us some time ago by the assertion (I quote from memory) that to display properly the various species of whales, there would be need of fourteen galleries, each a mile or so in length. A museum on such a scale might well appal chancellors of the exchequer and sightseers of ordinary appetites for knowledge. Yet, if the whales were conveniently placed, they would undoubtedly be worth seeing. Now our difficulty at the present moment seems to be that we have got whales enough to stretch for fourteen miles, but that they are not properly arranged. Our capaci-

ty for accumulating materials has outrun our powers of putting them in order. No amount of whales would be too great, if they were only classified on intelligible principles; but we are in danger of being swamped by a disorganized chaos of whales. We have so many facts that we don't know what to do with them. Our Dryasdusts have accumulated such vast heaps of rubbish and of valuable matter, that our powers of sifting them and bringing them into shape are unequal to the gigantic task. No one can be familiar with more than a fraction of the whole field of history or with more than some minor branch of scientific inquiry. In time we must be content to get rid of the worthless material, and to arrange what is left on some comprehensive schemes. We want historians who can deduce some living principles from history, and men of science who can reduce the vast masses of observation to some general laws. When that is done, we shall be able to catalogue the facts from which the theories have been deduced, and to put them away for further reference, or destroy some of them altogether. Just now we are in the uncomfortable stage which some of us have experienced when a whole cartload of books—good, bad, and indifferent—has been shot down in our room, and we have not had time to put them in order on shelves. The worst of it is that people are constantly bringing in more, and raising shouts of triumph over their wonderful industry and virtue in bringing in, it may be, a mere mass of waste-paper. All that we can do is to have patience, and submit even to a little unnecessary arrogance, in the hopes that we shall not be quite overwhelmed before some one arises to put things straight.

A CYNIC.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS TARAKANOF.

BY W. R. S. BALSTON.

MANY of the visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 will remember a striking picture in the Russian section, representing the interior of a cell in the Petropavlovsky Fortress at St. Petersburg, during the great inundation of 1777. It

is a picture which cannot fail to produce a strong and a very painful impression on all who see it. Through the broken window of the cell the turbid water is pouring in a great wave: the room is already half flooded, and will soon be

completely submerged. On the bed a young girl is standing, pale and evidently half fainting with fear, and a number of mice are swimming towards it, or, like her, have already taken refuge upon it. The bare aspect of the dreary prison-chamber contrasts strongly with the richness of the young girl's dress, worn and faded as it is, and so does the wild look of despair upon her face with the beauty of the features and the grace of the form of one who seems to have been fitted for far other scenes, for a widely different fate. Few of the spectators who saw this picture of Flavitsky's, turned away from it without a wish to know something about the story which it illustrated, and which the catalogue informed them was known as "The Legend of the Princess Tarakanof." That story we now purpose to tell. It has often been told before, but—as far as English narrators are concerned—always wrongly, and yet it is well worthy of being told aright. But its true nature has not very long been made known even in Russia. It was not till Alexander II. came to the throne that the papers were allowed to be examined on which the book is founded, and from which we are about to take our facts.* It is not wonderful, therefore, that the old legend should not yet have been displaced in England by a true version of the story.

The legend runs as follows: After the Empress Catharine II. had mounted the throne, she discovered that a rival, whose claims might become dangerous to her, existed in the person of a Princess Tarakanof. This princess was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky. She had been brought up abroad in great seclusion, and was living at the time in Italy. Catharine determined to get hold of her, and sent Count Alexis Orlof to Italy, on purpose to entrap her. He contrived to gain the confidence and to win the heart of the young girl, who

was very beautiful and exceedingly charming. Having deluded her by a false marriage, he got her entirely into his power, inducing her to believe that he was going to espouse her cause and make her Empress of Russia. One day she went on board his ship at Leghorn. At first she was treated with the honors proper to royalty, but was suddenly arrested, loaded with irons, confined in the hold, and carried off to Russia. On arriving there she was thrown into a fortress, and treated in the most barbarous manner. Six years afterwards she perished in her prison, during an inundation of the Neva. Such is the legend. We pass on now to the true story.

The Empress Elizabeth was of a very impressionable character. Early in life, some time before she came to the throne, she fell desperately in love with a young officer named Shubine, and wished to marry him. But before the marriage could be brought about, he was suddenly arrested, and banished to Kamschatka, by the reigning Empress Anne. Elizabeth consoled herself as she best could, but she did not forget her former lover, and after her accession, sent a confidential agent all over Kamschatka in search of him. For many months that officer travelled about the country seeking him in vain; all his inquiries were fruitless. No one had ever heard of such a name as Shubine. But at last one day, while he was talking to a group of exiles, he happened to mention the name of the Empress Elizabeth. "Is Elizaveta Petrovna now on the throne?" asked one of them. The officer replied in the affirmative, but the exile seemed to doubt the fact, until he was shown an official document in which Elizabeth was named as Empress. "If that is the case," said the convict, "the Shubine whom you are asking about is standing before you." Elizabeth's long-lost lover was found at last. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Elizabeth received him very kindly, made him a major-general, and conferred various other honors upon him. But the years he had passed in exile had produced a great change in him. His bodily health was shattered, and his thoughts had turned to religion, and especially to its ascetic side. He soon retired from the court, and before long he died. His last days were spent in the

* The book was published last year at St. Petersburg, under the title of "Княжна Тараканова и Принцесса Владимировна." P. Melnikova [Princess Tarakanova and the Princess of Vladimir. By P. Melnikof], but its substance had already appeared in some of the Russian periodicals. A German translation of part of it has been published at Berlin, under the title of "Die vergebliche Tochter der Kaiserin Elisabeth Petrovna."

country, on an estate which the Empress had given him. There, in the village church, are preserved to this day a costly picture of the Saviour and a precious relic, both presented by Elizabeth to her former lover in remembrance of her early attachment.

After Shubine's banishment Elizabeth had turned her attention to another lover. In the same year with herself, in 1709, a certain Alexis Razum had come into the world, the son of a simple Cossack in Little Russia. As the young Alexis grew up, it was discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and he became one of the choristers in the village church. There he was heard one day by an agent collecting singers for the imperial chapel, by whom he was at once transferred to St. Petersburg, where Elizabeth saw him, and took a fancy to him. As soon as she mounted the throne she began to confer on him the first of a long series of honors. The young Cossack Razum soon became the great noble Razumovsky, Count of the Roman as well as of the Russian empire. In the year 1744 the Empress first made him a field-marshal and then married him. From that time till the end of her life he bore himself very discreetly, and never lost his influence over her. After Elizabeth's death, the Empress Catharine II. sent Count Vorontsof to ask Razumovsky to produce the papers bearing on his marriage with her predecessor, and offering to confer on him the title of Imperial Highness. Vorontsof went to Razumovsky's house, and found him "sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and reading the Bible." After the usual compliments Vorontsof explained the cause of his visit. Razumovsky did not utter a word, but silently rose and opened a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he produced a packet of papers enveloped in rose-colored satin. These he began to read, still keeping silence; when he had finished reading them he raised his eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the sacred pictures which hung overhead, crossed himself devoutly, and threw the papers into the fire. Then he resumed his seat and began to speak. According to his account the late Empress had never had any relations with him beyond those of a monarch with a devoted subject, and the story of the

marriage was nothing but an idle legend. For himself, he wished no more than to end his days in prayerful seclusion.

There can be no doubt, however, that the marriage really took place, and that two children were the fruit of it. Of these one was a son of whom nothing certain is known, but tradition relates that he lived till the beginning of the present century, shut up in a distant monastery, and always bitterly lamenting his unhappy lot. Of the daughter more has been ascertained. Of her early life nothing is known, but in 1785, when forty years old, she was sent by the Empress Catharine II. to the Ivanovsky convent at Moscow. There she lived for some five-and-twenty years, leading so secluded a life as to see scarcely any one beyond a few priests. A private corridor and staircase led directly from her cell into the convent church, and so she could go into it unseen. When there mass used to be said privately for her, and on such occasions the church doors were closed and no strangers were admitted. The curtains behind the windows of her cell were always drawn; and if any of the passers-by loitered near and tried to look in, they were immediately driven away. There has been some slight dispute as to the date of her decease, but her tombstone states that she died on February 4, 1810, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The Governor of Moscow and the other great officials attended at her funeral in full uniform, and the crowd of lookers-on was enormous. She was not buried in the cemetery of the convent in which she had lived, but in that of the Novospassky monastery. It is a fitting resting-place for one who had led a quiet life, for it is a very quiet spot, although lying close to one of the large streets in the outskirts of Moscow. The graves seem somewhat huddled up together, and have rather a neglected look, but there are trees which throw a pleasant shade on them, and in the fine weather of spring and early summer the birds sing pleasantly and flowers grow around in profusion. Even an acknowledged princess might find a worse place to sleep in.

So much as regards the real Princess Tarakanof, of whom but little has been written. Now for the pretender to the

title, on whom much ink and sympathy have been expended.

About the year 1771, a certain Van Toers, the son of a Dutch merchant, fled from Ghent, where he left a wife and several creditors, and took up his residence in London. With him came a Madame Tremouille—a lady who had been living in Berlin under the name of Franck, and in Ghent under that of Schöll. She is said to have been very beautiful, although with a slight cast in one eye; and as she was both clever and accomplished, and had a singularly fascinating manner, she succeeded in charming most of the persons with whom she was brought into contact. She and Van Toers lived in great style in London, but before long fresh creditors obliged him to leave England. In the spring of 1772 he appeared in Paris, under the title of the Baron Embs, and thither he was followed, a few months later, by Madame Tremouille, who now began to call herself the Princess of Vladimir. Her story was that her parents, with whose name she was unacquainted, had died while she was very young, and that she had been brought up in Persia by an uncle. This uncle was taking care of her property, which was of fabulous value, and she herself had come to Europe for the purpose of looking after a rich inheritance which had accrued to her in Russia.

Alina, as she called herself, spent the winter of 1772 very pleasantly in Paris, where she added greatly to the number of her admirers and of her creditors, prominent among the former being Oginski, the Polish Ambassador, with whom she became closely allied. But before long Van Toers again became crippled by debts, and in 1773 he had to fly with Alina and some of her friends to Frankfort. Even there his creditors persecuted him, and he was put in prison. Fortunately for Alina, there arrived just then in the city a very foolish sovereign, Prince Philip Ferdinand of Limburg. The fair foreigner was introduced to him, and almost at the first interview completely won his heart. He paid her debts, and treated her with such royal magnificence that she soon deserted her other admirers for him, and in the beginning of June 1773 she left Frankfort and went with him to his castle in Franconia.

There she led a life of luxury and extravagance which exactly suited her, and there she discovered for herself a new family history and provided herself with a new title. She became now "the Sultana Alina," and as the daughter of a Turkish Sultan was styled "Princess of Azof;" moreover she founded the Order of the Asiatic Cross. A little later, however, she explained that she was only "a lady of Azof," not the princess of that country, and that she would soon be recognized in Russia as sole heiress to the property of the house of Vladimir. Meanwhile the Prince of Limburg became more and more infatuated with her, and at last asked her to marry him. She consented, and it seemed as if after all her wanderings and adventures a quiet and enviable life was about to open before her.

But about this time a young Pole named Domanski began to make his appearance at Oberstein, where the "Princess of Vladimir" was then holding a kind of court, and before long she was in close correspondence with several of the Polish nobles, especially with Prince Charles Radziwill. Poland was then smarting under the injustice of the "First Partition," and Radziwill was taking an active part in the proceedings of the Polish committee into which the leading members of the late Confederation of Bar had formed themselves. The successes gained in the east of Russia by Pugachev—the insurgent chief who pretended to be the Emperor Peter III.—had raised the hopes of the Poles, and they were anxious to take advantage of them in order to set a western insurrection on foot. How far their advice may have swayed the action of the "Princess of Vladimir" is not known, but before long rumors began to spread abroad to the effect that she was no less than rightful heiress to the throne of Russia, being the legitimate daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth by her marriage with Count Razumovsky; and that Pugachev, who was the Count's son by an earlier marriage, was her half-brother. With an imperial crown in view no wonder that she disdained the merely princely coronet of the ruler of Limburg, and in the spring of 1774 she left him, never to return.

From Germany she went into Italy,

settling down for a time at Venice, where, under the name of the Countess Pinneberg, she set up a kind of little court. She lived in the house of the French Resident, spent her money freely, and allowed herself every indulgence. Her principal visitors were Poles, but the captains of two Turkish frigates, Hassan and Muhammad by name, were often at her receptions, and so was a well-known English traveller who had a strong taste for all manner of eccentricities—Edward Wortley Montagu. After a time she determined to go to Constantinople, with the idea of trying to persuade the Sultan to support her claim to the Russian throne. Accordingly, she and all her court embarked on board one of the Turkish vessels, the commander receiving her with the greatest respect, and treating her as a royal personage. The ship set sail, but contrary winds drove it to Corfu, whence its captain determined to return to Venice. Several of the followers of the Princess went back in it, entreating her to accompany them; but she would not do so. They left her, and she embarked on board another Turkish vessel, and a second time set sail for Constantinople. But a second time a storm arose, and the ship was obliged to take refuge in the harbor of Ragusa. In that city the Princess took up her habitation, being lodged there, as before at Venice, in the house of the French consul. The French king was said to look with no unfriendly eye on her opposition to the Empress Catharine.

At Ragusa the Princess matured her plans. By way of confirmation of her story, she now produced certain documents of a very suspicious nature, amongst them the wills of Peter the Great and the Empress Elizabeth, on which she founded her claim to the throne of Russia. She also wrote a letter to the Sultan, suggesting an alliance with him against Catharine, and saying that Sweden and Poland were willing to take part in it; and she sent the Grand Vizier a copy of the letter, which she asked him to forward to her half-brother, Pugachef. She did not know that Pugachef was at that moment a fugitive, soon to be betrayed to the Russian general; nor did she suspect that her friend Radziwill had given

secret orders to his agent at Constantinople not to forward the letters she sent to his care for the Sultan and the Grand Vizier.

In her letter to the Sultan, the Princess spoke of an address which she had communicated to the Russian fleet at Leghorn. That fleet was commanded by Count Alexis Orlof, and it was to him that she addressed herself, sending a letter to him which she entrusted to the care of Mr. Wortley Montagu. In it she called upon Orlof to espouse her cause, styling herself Elizabeth II., Princess of Russia, and distinctly claiming the throne as hers by right. Orlof received the letter with delight, and immediately sent it on to the Empress Catharine, telling her that he intended to enter into communication with his correspondent, and that as soon as he could get her on board his ship he would sail straight away with her to Cronstadt.

Catharine sent word to Orlof to get hold of the pretender at all risks, even telling him—if his own account of the matter may be taken as correct—that he was to bombard Ragusa in case the senate of that republic refused to give her up. On the receipt of this letter, Orlof sent an agent to make inquiries at Ragusa about the Princess Elizabeth, and was about to proceed there himself with his squadron, when he learnt that she was no longer there. By this time her affairs were in disorder, and her prospects sadly overclouded. Peace had been concluded between Russia and Turkey, and Pugachef had been taken prisoner and executed, so that Catharine was freed from her most serious apprehensions. Radziwill, seeing that his plans were no longer practicable, abandoned the unfortunate adventuress whose cause he had pretended to espouse so long as she seemed likely to be useful to him. But when asked to betray her, he utterly refused. That act of baseness he left for Orlof to perform. But he did not shrink from leaving her at Ragusa alone and without resources.

From Ragusa the Princess went to Naples, where she made acquaintance with the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, through whose influence she was enabled to obtain a passport, with which she immediately set off for Rome. There she lived for some time

giving herself out to be a noble Polish lady, and professing to wish to lead a life of great seclusion, making few acquaintances, and never going out except in a carriage with closed windows. The truth was, her health had begun to give way, and for a time she really did lead a quiet life in acquiescence with her doctor's advice; but so uncongenial a mode of passing her time did not long satisfy her. Meanwhile, she was not unmindful of her interests. Announcing herself as a penitent schismatic desirous of entering the Roman Communion, she tried to make friends at the Vatican. At this time there was no Pope at Rome, for a successor to Clement XIV. had not yet been elected. Cardinal Albani was talked of as likely to be chosen, and the Princess was very anxious to obtain an interview with him. At last, on January 1, 1775, one of her Polish companions managed to convey a letter from her to the Cardinal, who sent an abbé, named Roccotani, to confer with her. On him she produced a very favorable impression, and even the Cardinal, in spite of the state of pre-occupation in which he then naturally was, could not help being interested in the fair convert, who explained that she was likely to become the Empress of Russia, and would do her best in that case to wean back her subjects from the errors of schism. But she succeeded only in getting a small amount of money from him. Further assistance he would not give, nor would the Polish Resident at Rome, who treated her with marked coldness. As she had taken once more to leading an extravagant life, keeping some fifty servants, and opening her rooms to a large circle, chiefly persons of artistic tastes, she was soon in want of money. In her distress she bethought herself of Sir William Hamilton, and wrote him a long letter explaining her claims to the throne of Russia, her present impecunious position, and the absolute necessity of her borrowing a little money. This letter alarmed the English ambassador, who had no wish to compromise himself in the eyes of the Russian authorities, and he determined to make amends for his error in obtaining her passport. So he sent on the letter to the English consul at Leghorn, Sir John Dick.

Throughout the whole of this story

our countrymen figure to little advantage. Sir John Dick plays a very sorry part indeed, but he had always been on very friendly terms with the Russian authorities, and especially with Orlof, who procured for him the much-valued decoration of the Order of St. Anne — the only instance of a Russian decoration being conferred on an English subject in the eighteenth century.

Sir John Dick seems to have been ready to do anything for Orlof, and at once handed over to him Sir William Hamilton's letter. Up to this moment Orlof had been unable to trace the movements of the victim he was hunting down. Now he knew where to find her. A few days later he was able to send word to the Empress Catharine that one of his officers, Khristenek by name, had been sent to Rome to try and induce the pretended Princess to leave that city, and to place herself within reach of the arm of Russia.

A few days later an English banker named Jenkins introduced himself to the Princess, and offered to open an unlimited credit at his bank for her. A first she thought he came from Sir William Hamilton, but he explained that his employer was Orlof, to whom he had been recommended by Sir John Dick. A vague suspicion flitted across her mind, and at first she refused the tempting offer. About the same time a stranger had been observed curiously gazing at the house she occupied, and asking questions about its inmates. She immediately suspected that he was a Russian agent, and she sent to Cardinal Albani to ask for protection. But the stranger presented himself to her, and explained that he had been sent by Orlof to proffer her his services. At first she told him, as she had told Jenkins, that she did not require them. She justly suspected danger, and she kept herself aloof from the toils. But, unfortunately, it was only for a time. A few days later she yielded to the temptation, listened to Khristenek's advice, and, in accordance with it, set out to meet her doom. About the middle of February, after having had her debts paid by Jenkins, from whom she also borrowed 2,000 ducats on her own account, she set out for Pisa, where Orlof was anxiously awaiting her. On her arrival, he received her with the

greatest respect, had her magnificently lodged and entertained, and treated her as a royal personage. The suspicion she had felt at first with regard to his sincerity soon vanished, and before long she believed in him implicitly. A little later she learnt to love him also. Nor is that to be wondered at, for Orlof was one of the finest and handsomest men of his day, and a consummate master of the art of making love. Intriguer and adventuress as she was, the Princess was entirely taken in by his feigned attachment, and abandoned herself to him with as enthusiastic a devotion as if she had been an artless and inexperienced girl. Orlof played his part well, and refused her nothing. Relying on this, Khristenek was guilty of the unexampled baseness of asking her to obtain for him his promotion to the rank of colonel. She consented at once, and he received his commission from the hands of the unfortunate woman whom he had helped to betray, and whose doom he now felt was sealed.

After a few days, which she passed very happily, Orlof told her that he must leave her for a time. His useful ally, Sir John Dick, had written to tell him that his presence at Leghorn was absolutely necessary. The Princess tried to induce him to stay in Pisa, but he told her that it was impossible. "In that case," she said, "I will go to Leghorn with you." Orlof wished for nothing better. At last, he felt, she was on the point of being in his grasp.

The morning after her arrival at Leghorn, Orlof sent a message to Sir John Dick, to say that he was coming to dine with him; and in the afternoon he appeared with Admiral Greig and several other friends. With him came the Princess, who was received with the greatest apparent respect by the consul and his wife. In the evening she appeared at the opera, where she was naturally the centre of attraction. Every eye was turned towards her, and to almost every spectator her position must have seemed a most enviable one. They little knew that she was then standing on the threshold of a dungeon.

The next morning the English consul entertained his Russian friends at breakfast. The Princess was the queen of the feast, every one striving to do her

honor, and none, it is said, more than Lady Dick and the wife of Admiral Greig. After breakfast the conversation turned on the subject of the Russian ships, and the Princess expressed a desire to see them. Orlof suggested that she should pay his vessel a visit, and she consented at once. The Admiral's barge was got ready, and the whole party embarked in it. In a short time Orlof had the delight of seeing his victim set foot upon the deck of his flag-ship.

It was a beautiful day. The waters of the bay were calm and bright, and the whole spectacle offered to the poor adventuress was very gay and enlivening. The people flocked to the shore in crowds expecting to see the fleet execute some of the manœuvres to which Orlof had accustomed them, and pleasure-boats came off to the ships in numbers. The Russian vessels were decked out with flags, their officers appeared on deck in full uniform, their crews manned the yards, and, amidst the roar of cannon and the cheering of the sailors, the doomed woman was received on board the vessel of her betrayer. She was in high spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant spectacle got up in her honor. A little time passed, and then the vessels began to manœuvre. The Princess stood looking on in silence. Suddenly she heard a harsh voice demanding from her Polish followers their swords. She turned, and saw that Orlof and Greig had disappeared, and that in their place stood a file of soldiers under arms, whose commanding officer was in the act of arresting her friends.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"You are arrested by order of the Empress," was the reply.

The terrible truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. She fainted away, and during her state of insensibility she was carried down to the cabin. Her followers were removed to another vessel.

When she recovered her senses, and asked for Orlof, she was told that he also was a prisoner, and was thus induced to believe that he was sharing her fate. She fully trusted in him and in his love for her, and he was anxious that she should not be undeceived, for he feared that she might commit suicide if she lost all hope

and he was very desirous of gratifying Catharine by providing her with a living victim. Meanwhile the news of her imprisonment had spread far and wide, and the greatest indignation was produced by it in Leghorn. Some of the boats which surrounded the Russian ships, in spite of the threats of the sentries, got near enough to the Admiral's vessel to enable their occupants to see the pale face of the unfortunate prisoner at one of the cabin windows. The story of Orlof's audacity and treachery became known at Pisa and at Florence, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany protested vigorously against the act of violence committed within his realm. But the Russian Court paid no attention to his protests.

The day after her arrest Orlof went to see Sir John Dick, and asked for some books for the Princess to read. He looked pale and excited, said the English consul afterwards—and he well might be. The next day the Russian fleet put to sea, but Orlof set off for St. Petersburg by land. This was in the second week of March, 1775.

Before very long the fleet arrived off Plymouth, and remained at anchor there for some little time. It was during this stay in English waters that the poor woman whom Orlof had betrayed first learned his perfidy. Up to that moment she had remained tolerably calm, always hoping that he would manage to rescue her. But at last, while the vessel lay in Plymouth harbor, the full truth was revealed to her, and she was made aware that Orlof's love for her had been feigned throughout; that he had all along been merely leading her on to her fate, and that he had now gone to Russia in order to claim his reward for having ensnared her. And this was the man who had professed such devotion to her, whom she had so fondly, so blindly loved. After the first stunning influence of the shock had passed away, she made a desperate attempt to escape. An English vessel was lying alongside the Russian man-of-war on board of which she was confined, and she tried, but tried in vain, to get to it. Then she attempted to fling herself into the sea, and was only withheld from doing so by force. On two or three different occasions she tried to drown herself, and

at last Admiral Greig was obliged to quit Plymouth Roads sooner than he had intended, so nervous was he about the proceedings of his now desperate prisoner.

On the 29th of April the Russian fleet reached the Sound, and on the 22d of May cast anchor off Cronstadt. On the 4th of June an officer named Tolstoi was sent for by the Governor of St. Petersburg, Field-Marshal Galitsin, and, having been sworn to eternal secrecy on a copy of the Gospels, was sent to Cronstadt to receive Admiral Greig's prisoner, and to convey her to the Petropavlovsky fortress at St. Petersburg.

Silently, by night, the vessel which bore Tolstoi on his errand dropt down to Cronstadt. During the ensuing day that officer remained in concealment on board the Admiral's flag-ship. The following night, while all on board the surrounding shipping and all the inhabitants of the neighboring shores were fast asleep, his vessel silently made its way back up the stream to St. Petersburg. Before the sun rose on the 6th of June Tolstoi had handed his prisoner to the commandant of the Petropavlovsky fortress, who conducted her to one of the casemates in the Alexief ravelin.

During the month of June the nights are delicious at St. Petersburg. The air is full of a kind of magic light, and long after the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and long before it reappears, the sky is tinged with delicate pink and amber hues on which the eye is never tired of gazing. Seen from the opposite side of the river, the waters of which are bright with reflected light and color, the fortress, with its long low walls and its tall and graceful spire, rises dark against the eastern sky. Very dark and dreary it must have seemed then to that unfortunate woman, who, just as the sunlight began to fall on the gilded domes and spires of the sleeping city, passed within the granite walls of that prison-house from which she was destined never to emerge.

As soon as Catharine heard that her enemy was at last in her power, she ordered her to be subjected to a close examination, in hopes that some light might be thrown upon the intrigues with which she had been connected, and the supposed conspirators of whom she had been the tool or the ally. Accordingly

Prince Galitsin examined and cross-examined her and her fellow-prisoners—for the Polish followers were also lodged in the fortress, though not allowed access to her—but without arriving at any satisfactory result. She maintained that she did not know who her parents were, that she had been at first brought up in Kiel, but at nine years old was taken away into the interior of Russia, where some one gave her poison, from the effects of which she suffered for more than a year; that she was then sent to Bagdad, where a rich Persian took charge of her till she was eleven, when she was removed to Ispahan, where she passed under the care of a Persian prince, who told her that she was the daughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Russia. That at the age of seventeen the Prince took her to Russia, and thence to Germany and England. That she spent two years with him in London, and afterwards went to Paris, and that she soon afterwards met the Prince of Limburg, to whom she became betrothed. All these statements she repeated many times, and it was found impossible to obtain any other story from her. This obstinacy on her part so greatly irritated the Empress that she wrote to Galitsin, telling him to have recourse to "rigorous measures" in his treatment of the prisoner. Accordingly he gave orders that she should be put upon prison fare, and have only just as much of that as was necessary to sustain life; that her servant-maid should be denied access to her, and that an officer and two soldiers should be stationed day and night in her cell. These orders were carried into effect. For two days and two nights she underwent the indignity of being continually watched by guards, who never quitted her for a moment. All that time, too, she passed without taking food; for the gruel and cabbage-soup, which were served up to her in wooden bowls, were so revolting that she could not touch them. Meantime her health became rapidly worse, the cough from which she had been suffering for some time increased, and she began to spit blood. At last, by signs, she managed to explain that she wished to send a letter to the Governor, and writing materials were supplied to her. On receiv-

ing her letter, which contained a pathetic appeal to his feelings and those of the Empress, Galitsin paid her a visit, and again tried to extract some information from her as to her accomplices, but without success, although he went so far as to threaten her with "extreme measures." On leaving her cell he told her that she must not expect any mitigation of the hardships she had lately endured, though in reality his heart was touched by her sufferings.

Galitsin was a man of more than usual kindness, and could not bear to see a young and attractive woman—one, moreover, accustomed to an easy and luxurious life—exposed to such sufferings and such indignities as she had to undergo. She was also evidently in a state of such physical and mental prostration, that her life did not seem likely to be much prolonged; and so, in spite of the distinct commands of the Empress, he found himself incapable of continuing the "rigorous measures" which had proved so fruitless. Before quitting the fortress he gave orders that the severity of her treatment should be mitigated, and that the sentries should no longer be stationed inside her room.

Meantime her two Polish fellow-prisoners had been examined by Galitsin, and every means taken to obtain some useful confession from them. One of them, Domanski by name, declared that it was merely love for her that had made him follow in her train, and that even now, if she would marry him, he should consider himself the happiest of men; even though he had to spend the rest of his life in a prison. Some hope seems to have been held out to him of the possibility of such marriage, and Galitsin suggested the idea to the Princess—if we may be allowed still to give her that title—but she treated it with contempt, saying that Domanski was far too contemptible and uneducated a man for her to think of as a husband, even if she were not bound by her plighted troth to the Prince of Limburg. Galitsin then tried to obtain a confession from her by promising that, if she would say what her origin really was, she should be allowed to go back to her betrothed in Germany. For a time she seemed to waver in her denial of all knowledge of her history, and promised to send Galitsin a

could command interment as prompt as the fears of her bereaved husband could desire. And Ginevra was wrapped in a shroud, and hurried away to the sepulchre which has been described above, within a few hours after closing her eyes.

Ginevra, however, was not dead, nor had she been in anywise stricken by the pestilence. It had been simply a case of suspended animation, from which the unfortunate young wife awoke a few hours after she had been consigned to the vault of the Agolanti. Happy that it was a vault, and not a grave! Happy that in that time of panic and of death, no thought of a coffin had been allowed to interfere with the promptness of the interment! The tomb, hastily opened by means of the round stone opening on the steps of the cathedral which formed its means of access, had received the body swathed in a shroud, and had been as hastily closed. Ginevra waked from her trance to find herself in darkness in a cold damp air, and bound! She called aloud in the utter stillness, and the strange dull echo from the vaults—the sole result of her cries—startled her with a horrible suspicion of the truth! Perhaps she felt that those who had laid her there in such haste, had been only too glad of any colorable excuse for making all speed to do so!

For awhile the horror of her position overcame her, and she sank back, almost returning to a state of unconsciousness, and almost content to do so! At two-and-twenty, however, the instinctive love of life speaks strongly, and it forbade Ginevra to yield without a struggle to her fate.

After some efforts she succeeded, we are told, in liberating her hands from the swathing bands that confined them; and that having been accomplished, had then less difficulty in liberating her feet from their ligatures. And then the dreadful suspicion that had flashed upon her mind became a certainty. She felt the damp cold sunless ground; she was conscious of the heavy and foul odor of death; her hands encountered dreadful objects, the nature of which imagination but too readily suggested.

And all was utter—utter darkness!

Nor had she any means of guessing the locality of her prison-house. For

four short years only a wife, it had never chanced that she had been made acquainted with the burying-place of the family of which she had become a member. Some patrician families buried in one church, and some in another. In most cases the vaults beneath the pavements of the churches were closed by enormous flagstones, shut down by masonry, and as much beyond her power to move them as it would have been to lift the Duomo! Ginevra had many a day tripped lightly over those huge stones, sculptured mostly with the arms of the family whose dead reposed below. And her heart sunk dead within her as she thought of the utter hopelessness of escaping from a prison so closed.

Again, again, and again she raised her voice to its utmost power, and strained her ear in the clinging hope of catching some answering sound. But all was dead, dead silence—silence as intense as the intensity of the dreadful darkness.

Some three hours, as it was calculated afterwards, she must have passed amid the horror of that dreadful place, and the agonies of gathering despair. Hideous, nameless terrors—dread of what might meet her touch if she moved from the spot on which her body had been laid, or attempted with groping hands and step to explore the limits of her prison-house, prevented her from changing her place. And she had sunk down on the earth again almost maddened by the horrors of her position and the prospect of the dreadful death before her, when suddenly she almost fancied that she saw a gleam of light. It was very faint and fitful, sometimes a little more decided and sometimes fading away, till Ginevra found it impossible to decide whether the appearance was real or only the product of her imagination. Gradually, however, the pale gleam, shining into that depth of darkness, became stronger—not sufficiently strong to illumine any part of the vault in such sort as to render the objects in it visible; but strong enough to set at rest the doubt whether indeed a ray of blessed light had really penetrated into that horrible charnel-house. Yes! from a quarter of the vault opposite to her, there certainly was shining, and now more steadily, a ray of light!

The first notion that struck Ginevra

was that the ray must proceed from the candles carried in the procession of some sacred function going on in the church which was doubtless over her head. And the notion brought with it a gleam of hope. If, as might be expected, the procession should pass over the pavement above her, or even near to the place of her imprisonment, might she not hope to make her voice heard? She strained her ear, but all was still—utter, utter silence. Still her heart beat wildly with hope. The bearers of the candles that cast the blessed ray of light were doubtless still in a far part of the church. They would come nearer. And again she listened intently, with organs stimulated to the utmost to catch the faintest sound . . . in vain! Strange that no foot-step should be audible! Strange that there should be no sound of chanting voices! And then, sudden as the death-stroke of a dagger, shot into her mind the thought that, if those who were moving and doubtless chanting aloud in the church above were inaudible to her, her voice would necessarily be inaudible to them.

With desperate force she shrieked with cry redoubled upon cry, till her parched throat refused to give forth sound! Still only those hideous mocking echoes answered; and then all was again silence—the silence of the tomb!

Still the light!—and now certainly stronger!—strong enough she thought to enable her straining eyes to distinguish that the space immediately in front of her—between her and the light—was void and unencumbered by any object. Fearfully and slowly, with half-outstretched hands, she groped her way towards the side from which it came. And presently she encountered something, from which her first impulse was to withdraw her hand, as if it had burned her. Gradually and cautiously, however, venturing again to put her hand to it, the feel of it did not shock her with the sensation that the other objects she had touched had produced. It was wood evidently, dry and clean apparently, unlike all else in that horrible place. A little further examination showed that the thing first touched was evidently one of the rungs of a ladder! And the light came from immediately above it!

Another momentary flash of hope! fol-

lowed by the despairing thought of the impossibility that her strength should suffice to move one of those huge grave-stones which her eye had so often rested on with indifference, even if she was enabled to reach it.

Nevertheless, slowly, hesitatingly, cautiously, she climbed the ladder step by step. A very few of them brought her into contact with the vaulting of the sepulchre; and then the small orifice from which the light streamed was immediately above her, and within her reach. A little more exertion enabled her to bring her eye close to the opening.

And lo, the moon!—the moon placidly sailing in tranquil silence in the clear blue sky!

The moon! Where then could she be? Where had they hurried her so impatiently to her grave? There was then no dark vault, no dark church nave above her; only the blue vault of heaven!

Again she placed her eye close to the hole from which the light streamed, and strove to catch the form of some object that might enable her to guess the locality of her place of sepulture.

A tall black line—a tower!—yes, evidently a dark tower between her and the moonlight! And—stay! yes! surely, now coming within the range of her sight, figures of men!—living men!—at no great distance near the tower's base!—men with flambeaux, conducting a cart drawn by oxen!

Suddenly the truth flashed upon her mind. The tower was the tower of the Guardamorto, the dead-house of Florence, and the tomb of which she was the living occupant was one of those under the marble steps at the west front of the cathedral.

That there were sepulchres of several of the patrician families of Florence beneath those steps Ginevra knew well. For often and often, like the other maidens and young men of the city, had she sat on those steps to enjoy the cool evening hour after a blazing summer's day. It was one of the coolest places to be found within the walls; and it was a common summer habit with the Florentines to go and sit there for the double enjoyment of the coolness and that social chat so dear to every Florentine man or woman. So general was the habit that,

andiamo ai mormi,—literally, “let us go to the marbles,”—was well understood to mean an invitation to go and sit on the cathedral steps. Yes! many a lovely moonlight night like that she was now looking out on, had Ginevra sat on the stones which now formed her prison; listening too well, perhaps, to forbidden whisperings from Antonio Rondinelli, to have ever noticed that the Agolanti, among others, had their place of burial there.

And there was the black old tower of the Guardamorto just opposite, by the southern side of the baptistery. It formerly stood just on the spot at the corner of the *Via dé Calzainoli*, where the beautiful little *loggia* of the hospital of the Bigallo now stands; and was the place, as its name imports, to which the Florentine dead were consigned previously to their interment.

In that autumn of 1400, the space at the foot of the grand old Guardamorto tower was the likeliest in all Florence to find men stirring and abroad in the dead of the night. For few were the hours in that time of pestilence during which no dead were brought to the dead-house!

With what frantic eagerness did Ginevra cry aloud as she saw what appeared the certainty of help so near her! But the cruel vault shut in her voice. The rough men intent on their hideous and dangerous duty, and eager only to have done with it as soon as possible, heard her not, and probably would have paid little attention, if they had heard it, to any night-cries disturbing the silence of the plague-stricken yet often roystering city.

Quickly depositing their horrible cargo within the dead-house, the men with their cart and flambeaux hurried off, the silence once more unbroken, and the placid moonlight unbroken by their hideous shadows. And that hope faded from the mental vision of the poor prisoner!

Thus left alone with her terrible thoughts, however, Ginevra suddenly bethought her that she had formerly seen and noted—noted mechanically, as one does that which is of no sort of interest to us—that the sepulchres under the steps of the cathedral were closed, not with huge flagstones, as large as the vault itself, such as she had seen in the

floors of the churches, but with circular stones not more than two feet in diameter. And it struck her that if the approach to the place she was in were thus closed, and if the stone were not fastened down by cement, it might not perhaps be impossible for her to move it from its place.

With some difficulty, and after several trials, she did at last succeed in getting her shoulder into such a position that she could bring the whole strength of her muscles to bear with an upheaving force on the stone above her—and with a desperate effort did heave it from its place.

And there was the way open before her to return once more from the charnel-house to the haunts of the living!

Slowly and with difficulty raising herself through the aperture, she crept forth; and, exhausted by the effort not less than by the emotions she had undergone, she sat herself down to rest awhile on the old familiar steps where she had so often sat before.

To rest awhile—and to think! The whole of the *Piazza San Giovanni* was as silent as the charnel house from which she had escaped. Since the men who had brought the cart of plague-stricken dead to the Guardamorto had gone off, no living soul had been visible, and no sound of life had been audible! And there sat Ginevra by the side of the open sepulchre in her grave clothes! And as she sat thinking what next she should do, the moon, which had served her so well to light the way to her escape, hid herself behind the clouds; the sky became overcast, and the first drops of a shower began to fall. Autumnal rains come heavily in southern latitudes when they do come. They come with a bleak and pitiless *Libeccio* wind from the Leghorn coast; and in another ten minutes poor Ginevra, in her ghost-like toilette, was wetted to the skin and shivering with cold.

So with a piteous and wistful look around the desolate piazza, she rose from her seat, having made up her mind to go to her husband's house. It was not far off. She had to pass beneath Giotto's campanile tower, to cross the open space around the cathedral, and then to turn down a small narrow street which opens out of the *Piazza del Duomo*, to the southward, and passing by the side of

the oratory of the company of the Misericordia, would bring her to the door of the Palazzo Agolanti, the front of which was in the Corso degli Ademari.

Rising from her seat on the marble steps not without an effort—for she was now suffering from the reaction following the terrible tension of mind and nerve during the last hour or more, and was wet to the skin, and shivering with cold—she drew the one garment that covered her (her shroud) around her, and cowering along beneath the shadow of the broad eaves of the houses through the silent and solitary street, soon reached the door of the Palazzo Agolanti.

Timidly using the huge knocker, she let it fall on the hammer, and started as the sound echoed through the narrow silent street, and rumbled in the large, empty, vaulted hall of the Palazzo. Long and patiently she waited, though shaking in every limb and ready to drop. But no answer came to her summons. Again and again, knocking at last more boldly and with more decision, she tried to obtain some answer. At last Francesco Agolanti himself, her husband, appeared at an upper window, and demanded who disturbed the house and the neighborhood at that hour of the night?

"Francesco! It is I, Ginevra! your unfortunate wife! It is I, Francesco! For the love of God, open the door!"

In the bad and miserable days of that memorable autumn, men were living in Florence amid daily recurring scenes of horror and dismay—amid sights and sounds and emotions calculated to foster every sort of superstitious dread, and to keep the nerve strung to an abnormal degree of tension. The Florentine of the old republic, like his descendant of the present day, was in ordinary circumstances little given to trouble himself with thoughts and fancies connected with the denizens of another world. But death in those days was rife around him—that portal of the unseen world was so constantly and so widely open, that in derogation of their ordinary habits of mind, men were prone to imaginations which would not otherwise have assailed them, and were led to fancy, that the widely-opened and constantly-traversed way leading from this world to the other might possibly be more than in ordinary times repassed by those who had already

travelled it, as it was more frequently traversed by those departing hence.

And under the impression of such emotions, and of the astonishment and dread of the moment, Francesco Agolanti doubted not that the ghost-like figure, clothed in the garments of the grave, who thus in the stillest hour of the night revisited her once home, was in truth an unblessed wandering spirit from the other world, whose proper abiding place was at all events not amid the haunts of living men, and beneath the glimpses of the moon! Perhaps, also, four years of unloving wedlock had left a consciousness in Francesco's heart that the spirit of his wife, doomed or permitted to revisit thus the scenes of her past life, had not resought her married home with any feeling or purpose that could tend to render her an agreeable or desirable visitor there.

So Ginevra's husband, hastily muttering such Latin words of adjuration as the amount of his acquaintance with church formulas rendered possible to him, bade the unquiet ghost begone to her own place; and slamming to the heavy wooden shutter, hastened back to bury himself under the bed-clothes, which were no doubt in those days, as in these, known to be the safest refuge from all ghostly visitors—perhaps from the non-conducting qualities of the blankets!

Thus repulsed, the unhappy woman turned from the unopening door, and dragged herself to the house of Bernardo Almieri, her father. It was situated behind the Church of St. Andrew, in the Marcato Vecchio, not far from the river. But there, too, she met with a similar reception; and at the house of an uncle, who lived hard by, it was the same thing. No one would believe that that ghost-like figure of one whom they all knew to be dead and buried, thus wandering about the city in her grave-clothes in the dead of the night, was other than a denizen of the world of spirits, who ought not by any means to be encouraged in such unholy and uncanny practices.

Refused and rejected on all hands, poor Ginevra began to give herself up to despair. Was then the open tomb which she had left, really the only asylum in which to hide her head? Were

all who had known her determined to hunt her back into the grave, into which they had prematurely hurried her? Retracing her steps towards the cathedral, as if really with the object of going back to the tomb, to which everybody bade her to return, she wandered up the Via Calzainoli, and passing by the Loggia di San Bartolomeo, which then, but now no longer, existed there, laid herself down under the arches of it to die.

And lying there she bethought her that there was yet one other person in the world, who had once known her well, and who possibly might—for the sake of old long since vanished days—find the heart to welcome her even though she came to him in her grave-clothes! Would Antonio Rondinelli, who had so worshipped that poor form of hers when decked in other fashion, turn from it with terror and loathing when clad in cerements? Rondinelli, the first and only one who had ever poured a love-tale in her ear, the only man she had ever loved . . . would he too drive her from his door? It is easy to understand all the feelings that would naturally oppose themselves to the idea of her seeking an asylum in Rondinelli's house. But driven as she was from door to door, despairing, and feeling like to die, she once more dragged herself to her feet from off the pavement of the Loggia di San Bartolomeo, and with tottering steps made her way to the Palazzo Rondinelli.

Once more she knocked; and more timidly this time, when an upper window was opened, cried—

"It is I, Ginevra! Do you not know me, Signor Antonio? It is I. Neither my husband nor my father will open their doors to me? Will you, too, drive me away?"

Perhaps Antonio Rondinelli had that in him which Francesco Angolanti had not; and thence it had come to pass that Ginevra had loved the one, and could never find in her heart any love for the other. Perhaps, though Love may be blind, there are some things which the eyes that he has touched can see more unmistakably than any other eyes whatever! At all events, the possibility that Ginevra herself in the flesh was standing before his door, had more weight

with Rondinelli than any ghostly terrors! He had as much reason as any of the others, at whose doors the unhappy Ginevra had so fruitlessly knocked, to think her an unsubstantial visitor from the world of spirits. But it was impossible to him to hear that well-remembered voice appealing to him and to remain deaf to the appeal. Rushing down to the door, his first act was to bring the half-fainting woman into the house; his second, to call up his mother, that every care and fostering attention might be given to the poor wanderer.

Antonio and his mother soon succeeded in restoring her strength and vital forces, and then her strange and terrible tale was told! But what next was to be done? Early before the dawn Rondinelli hurried out to the steps of the cathedral, found the stone which formed the opening of the tomb of the Angolanti displaced, obtained thence full confirmation—if confirmation had been necessary—of poor Ginevra's story; and carefully replaced the stone. The husband, the father, and the uncle, who had closed their doors against her, whatever they might have whispered to each other, took very good care to keep to themselves all mention of so scandalous a fact as the unhallowed walking from her grave of their wife, daughter, and niece. In Florence, while Ginevra was recovering health and strength in the most secret chamber of the Rondinelli Palace, she was deemed by everybody to be dead and safely buried beneath the marble steps of the Duomo.

But still what were they to do—they—Antonio and Ginevra?

What was done was this!

Rondinelli applied to the authorities of the republic for license to marry Ginevra—"late Ginevra dei Angolanti;" and backed his application by regular certificates of the death and burial of the lady who had borne that name! He related publicly, moreover, how Ginevra had returned from the tomb to the house of her former husband, to that of her father, and to that of her uncle; and how all of them had persisted in their determination to consider her dead, and in their refusal to recognize, or to have anything further to say to her!

And thereupon, as the historians assure us, it was authoritatively decided, that

Ginevra degli Agolanti was to all legal intents and purposes dead; and that the lady produced by Antonio Rondinelli was free to wed with him or anybody else on whom she might choose to bestow herself.

And of course Antonio and Ginevra were forthwith married: and of course they "lived happily ever afterwards."

A writer of the first half of the present century, Agostino Ademollo, in his book entitled "*Marietta de' Ricci*," having occasion to allude to this tradition of Ginevra, remarks that there is nothing improbable in the legend, with the exception of the marriage with Rondinelli, with which the story concludes. And assuredly no "*doctor utriusque juris*" would undertake to support the canonical validity of the marriage between Antonio and Ginevra under the circumstances related. But those who know what sort of things were often done in such matters in those days—who specially are acquainted with the sort of spirit that prevailed among the citizens of the master-

ful old republic, which once, when excommunicated by the Pope, caused the theologians of the commonwealth to reply by hurling back an excommunication of his Holiness:—those who remember this and other such like specimens of the old Florentine proclivities, will probably not find it very difficult to believe that Florence may, when the story of Ginevra was told, have thought it very fair, reasonable, and proper that Rondinelli should have the lady for his pains; and so thinking, may have decreed that he should have her to wife, let Roman civilians and canonists say what they might about it!

Besides, if anybody needs any further and more entirely undeniable evidence of the authenticity of the legend, is there not still extant in the City of Flowers, the Via della Morta, the little street running out of the Piazza del Duomo by the side of the Misericordia, down which Ginevra passed when escaping from her tomb to the house of her husband, and which received its name from that fact?

Macmillan.

THORVALDSEN'S MUSEUM IN COPENHAGEN.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

COPENHAGEN is one of the most interesting capitals of Europe, and yet it is difficult to point out exactly in what the interest connected with it lies. Its situation is not picturesque, and its buildings are not distinguished for architectural beauty, consisting chiefly of lofty brick structures covered with stucco, and presenting a very bald and monotonous appearance. The people are very quiet and primitive in their ways; and, with the exception of the *fêtes* in the Tivoli Gardens and the Alhambra, there are none of those fashionable gaieties and amusements which are to be found in such abundance in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. Perhaps the serenity and repose of the place, and the simplicity of the manners and customs, may contribute much to the indefinable charm, as well as the feeling that one is beyond the usual tourist ground, and in a region comparatively fresh and unknown. In summer the sky overhead is peculiarly bright, and the sunshine warmer than it

is in Britain. Everywhere in the city there is the gleam of water, for it is intersected and islanded in all directions by canals and harbors, and the placid Sound reflects the overhanging buildings on its bosom, and brings the fresh breath of ocean into the most crowded market-places. So common is this element of beauty, that Copenhagen has been called "the Venice of the North." The magnificence of the avenues of lime and chestnut trees that lead from the heart of the city to its suburbs, especially when in full blossom, loading the air with fragrance, and lighting up the green gloom with their white flowery candelabra, requires to be seen in order to be appreciated. All ranks meet and mingle in the various places of public resort on familiar terms, and with mutual consideration and respect. The society of the better classes is fully as cultivated and refined as it is anywhere in Europe. We in Britain know very little of the literature of Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen being al-

most the only Danish author with whose writings we are acquainted. And yet in history they have had the two Niebuhrs, father and son; in poetry and general literature, Evald, Baggesen, Wessel, Holberg, Grundtvig, Rabbell, Heiberg, Mølbech, Ingemann, and, greatest of all, Oehlenschläger, whose statue, in bronze, is conspicuous in one of the squares. Worssaa, the successor of Thomsen, the founder of the unique Museum of Northern Antiquities, is one of the most accomplished antiquarians in Europe; Steenstrup has a world-wide reputation as a scientific discoverer; and Carsten Hauch, the poet, has inherited the mantle of Oehlenschläger, and continues to enrich the poetic stores of his country by his dramas and lyrics. But by far the most illustrious of the great names of Denmark is that of Thorvaldsen. Copenhagen is in fact the city of Thorvaldsen—the Mecca of sculpture. His museum is the "sight" of the place. His memory is the glory of the people. The booksellers' shops are full of photographs of his person and works; and copies of his busts and statues, in all sizes and materials, may be seen exposed for sale in almost every second window.

Of course we visited the shrine of this remarkable hero-worship, and ceased to wonder at the popular enthusiasm. Thorvaldsen's museum—and also his mausoleum, for he is buried within its walls—is situated on an island formed by an encircling canal towards the west-end of the city. It is so close as almost to form part of the huge pile called the Christiansborg Palace, and is a square yellowish-looking building in the Egyptian style, singularly ugly. The outside is covered with pictures, produced by the inlaying of differently-colored cements in the walls, representing on one side the hero's triumphant return home, after an absence of eighteen years, in the same ship which conveyed his works from Rome; and, on the other side, the transport of these works by an enthusiastic crowd to the museum. The façade represents Fame in her fiery car drawn by four horses, in bronze. Passing in by a side door, we examined with interest the colossal plaster busts, statues, and friezes in the entrance-hall—models for monuments which Thorvaldsen executed for different cities—prominent among

which was the statue of Pius VII. seated in the papal chair, supported by allegorical figures. Before inspecting the contents of the corridor—Christ's Hall—and the different rooms on the ground-floor, the keeper led us to a wide court in the centre of the building paved with stones and roofed by the sky, at that moment one brilliant flawless sapphire. The surrounding walls were painted with palms and other decorations of antique tombs. "There is his grave," said our guide, pointing to a small plot of ivy growing almost on a level with the pavement in the midst of which it was set. The sun shining in through the open roof lingered on the green spot, and burnished the ivy leaves, while the shadows projected by the walls elsewhere were cool and dark. It was touchingly simple. No marble monument, no elegiac inscription—not even his name carved on the pavement—nothing but the small-leaved ivy, clustering closely together, that wreathes alike the ruins of human art and the remains of man himself with its unfading green. It might be said of him, as it was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, "If you wish to see his monument, look around." There he reposes amid the creations of his genius—no less than six hundred and fifty in number, most of which have achieved a world-wide reputation. There is no other mausoleum like it in the world. No monarch ever had such a resting-place, as this son of a poor ship-carpenter. I longed to pluck a leaf as a memorial, but I felt that it would have been a species of sacrilege. Gazing with uncovered head upon the ivy, I remembered that Thorvaldsen himself had stood on the same spot, and looked down for a long time in silence into the open grave, which, according to his instructions, the architect had made when the building was completed. I thought of that wonderful funeral procession of which the King of Denmark and his son formed the head, and in which almost the whole nation were mourners, and of the garland of flowers woven by the hand of the queen, placed beside Thorvaldsen's chisel on the coffin. Surely never was artist so honored in life and death. And this little plot of ivy was the end of it all!

Around the court-yard runs a series of

small apartments, each opening into the other, and each of a different color and design. The walls are neutral-tinted, and the ceilings painted in the Pompeian style with brilliant colors and with much artistic skill—the work of the pupils of the Copenhagen Academy of Arts. Each apartment contains a single marble statue or group, while the walls are decorated with appropriate bas-reliefs, whose playful fancy and endless variety are exceedingly charming. The light in each room is so arranged as to be as much as possible that of the studio, that each statue and bas-relief may be seen in the light in which it was executed; while the neutral tint of the walls brings out the exquisite whiteness of the marble and the beautiful outlines of the forms with the utmost distinctness. The arrangement and light of each apartment are such as to show its precious contents to the utmost advantage, and to impress them most vividly upon the mind and memory. It would be impossible within the limits of an article like this to go over all the sculptures in these rooms in detail: I can only briefly notice those which are considered by the best judges of art to be the gems of the collection. In the first room, there is the lovely Ganymede pouring water into an empty cup, whose attitude and expression are perfect. In the eighth room, are marble reliefs of Night with her children Death and Sleep; and Morning with Aurora, the genii of light, accompanied by Cupid culling flowers from the stony ground, and collecting shells for an ornament. These *reliefs* have a European reputation, have been copied in marble and biscuit innumerable times, and may be seen in photographs everywhere. In the corridor is a splendid group of Hector the Trojan hero in the chamber of Helen reproaching Paris for his cowardice; and also a model in stucco of the celebrated Lion of Lucerne.

The statue, however, upon which we gazed the longest, not only on account of its own high artistic merits, but also on account of the interesting personal associations connected with it, was that of Jason with the Golden Fleece, exhibited in the fifth room. This statue illustrates the turning-point in the life of Thorvaldsen. It was the foundation of all his marvellous success and reputation. He

conceived the idea of it when in Rome studying at the expense of the Academy of Copenhagen, and made a model, which he broke up in a fit of despondency. Afterwards he returned to the subject; and, working with extraordinary enthusiasm, soon completed a new model in clay larger than life, which excited general admiration. Canova was greatly struck with it when visiting the young artist's studio, and from it prophesied his future fame. For two months the Roman *dilettanti* and art-idlers visited Jason, and expressed much approval, but gave no substantial token of their admiration. Meanwhile, the circumstances of Thorvaldsen were as unfavorable as they could well be. His whole career in Rome up to this period was singularly unfortunate. He happened to come to the Eternal City at a time when the Papal government was brought into collision with the victorious armies of Napoleon Buonaparte, and a series of skirmishes and internal convulsions took place, which ultimately resulted in the proclamation of a Roman Republic from the Capitol, the flight of the Cardinals, and the expulsion from the Chair of St. Peter of poor frail Pius VI., who shortly afterwards expired in exile. In this stormy political atmosphere there was obviously no calm or leisure in the city for the prosecution of the study of art. The principal statues had either already been sent away, or were packed up and waiting to be conveyed to Paris—whither Napoleon was in the habit of sending the works of art of which he had spoiled the galleries of Europe in his all-conquering march. The Apollo Belvedere, the group of the Laocöon, the Venus de' Medici, and the celebrated Torso, were indeed in Rome, but they were enclosed in packing-cases; and for purposes of study might as well have been immured in their native quarries. The climate, too, proved very unhealthy to his northern constitution. He was constantly subject to the Roman fever, which laid him aside from all work for long intervals. Add to this that the groups of sculpture which he found leisure and strength to execute for the Copenhagen Academy—to satisfy his patrons regarding his progress and diligence—were detained on their passage home, and were kept so long at the custom-house that they failed to accomplish the object which he had in view

and not one of them was exhibited at the Royal Exposition of Arts. The two years which the Academy had granted him for study in Rome had expired; he had no means of his own to lengthen the period; his funds were so reduced that he had hardly enough money remaining to pay his passage home. He had heard nothing of or from his parents since he had left them. Everything seemed to conspire against him; so that his spirits, naturally somewhat melancholic, sank to zero, and he is reported to have said to a friend, "I cannot understand how a grown-up person can laugh." Despairing of success, the desponding sculptor made up his mind to leave Rome forever. The day of his departure was actually fixed; the *veturino* drove up to the door at the hour agreed upon, and everything was ready for the journey. But a Prussian sculptor with whom he had agreed to travel home failed at the last moment to make his appearance. After considerable delay he came, announcing that he was unable to get his passport properly *visé*, and therefore would not be allowed to go out of Rome that day. As Thorvaldsen had resolved not to travel without him, they had no alternative but to dismiss their *veturino* and postpone their departure till the following morning. Regarding this as another of the complications of fortune against him, he returned to his studies with a bitter heart. Late in the day a wealthy Englishman, the well-known Mr. Hope, called to see the model of Jason, which the sculptor had packed up in readiness to be sent home after him. Greatly struck with its beauty, Mr. Hope asked him how much it would cost in marble. Thorvaldsen agreed to execute it for three hundred guineas, which was far too small a sum for so important a work. But the artist was glad to get anything to do on almost any terms. Mr. Hope paid him £63 in advance; but the block of Carrara marble which he had to purchase for the statue cost upwards of £140, so that the commission actually made him poorer than before. But, though in a pecuniary sense unprofitable, the patronage of the Englishman turned the tide of Thorvaldsen's fortune. The fame of his statue went forth immediately to the world. The Danish minister at the Neapolitan court, Baron Schubart, hap-

pening to be in Rome, and hearing of the genius of his young countryman, became greatly interested in him; and, besides bringing him under the notice of his sister the Countess Charlotte of Schimmelmann, who was high in favor at Court and the patroness of all the eminent poets and artists of the day, gave him an introduction to the highest circles of Roman society. The celebrated Baron Humboldt received him as a familiar friend into his house, and exerted his powerful influence in his behalf. Proud of the rising reputation of his subject the King of Denmark sent him a congratulatory note, with a considerable sum for his expenses; Hansen, the architect of the new palace at Copenhagen, engaged him to execute some statues for the decoration of the large saloons; the Countess Woronzoff ordered several marble groups, and commissions began to flow in upon him from crowned heads and the leading connoisseurs of sculpture in Europe. Everywhere he was beginning to be recognized as the equal, if not the superior, of Canova, his early teacher, and as the restorer of the long-lost art of Phidias and Praxiteles. The Academy of Florence, the most renowned in Europe, elected him one of its professors; a distinction which was speedily followed up by a similar appointment in the Copenhagen Academy. Greatly cheered by these proofs of universal appreciation, and with his health restored and his pecuniary circumstances much improved, Thorvaldsen, now in his thirty-fifth year, resolved to remain in Rome and work steadily, notwithstanding a most flattering and tempting invitation from the Crown Prince of Denmark, as President of the Danish Academy, to return to his native city for a time. Such being the associations connected with Jason, we are not surprised that he should have regarded it as his favorite statue. In the eighth room of the museum there is a statue of Hope, after an ancient Greek idea, in which he seems to have expressed all the pathos of his nature; and, as if practically punning upon the name of his first patron, he executed a model of himself in his seventieth year, leaning on a figure of Hope, which may be seen in the corridor. And yet the truth must

be told: with a strange and unaccountable insensibility to the claims of Mr. Hope upon him, he delayed finishing the marble statue of Jason for no less than twenty-five years, although he had received part of the price in advance, and had been frequently reminded, and sometimes in pretty sharp terms, of his engagement. Want of leisure could not have been urged as the excuse, for he had found time to execute a hundred commissions for others during the long interval; but the plea offered by his friends is that he was engaged in working out new ideas, which were more congenial to him than an old subject, and that an artist's engagements cannot be measured by the rules that apply to ordinary merchandise.

That portion of the museum called Christ's Hall is one in which the spectator is disposed to linger long. It contains casts of the statues of Christ and the Apostles; but, as these can be seen in marble in the Frue Kirke or metropolitan church of Copenhagen, they should be inspected there also, in order to form a correct idea of their matchless beauty. This church is one of the most interesting in Europe. Its interior is severely simple in its architecture, but very grand and imposing in its proportions. It has no other ornaments save the works of Thorvaldsen. These are so arranged as to form one harmonious whole—an epic in marble from the portico to the altar. The pediment is ornamented by an altorelievo of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; while the frieze over the entrance represents the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem. On both sides of the great central aisle are ranged colossal marble statues of the Apostles—six on each side; St. Paul being substituted for Judas. It was originally intended that these statues should fill niches in the walls of the church, which the architect had made for the purpose; but when they came home, and were unpacked, they were found much too large for the niches, which had consequently to be filled up, and the statues were erected where they now stand. Thorvaldsen, it was well known, greatly disliked the common fashion of exhibiting works of art in niches, which he regarded as an ingenious method of lessening the labor

of the sculptor and concealing defects behind. He wished that his statues should be seen on all sides, and found complete in every part; and therefore, instead of remonstrating with the authorities, which he knew to be useless, he adopted the above simple expedient of compelling the architect to accede to his wishes. The wisdom of this plan is obvious to every one who visits the Frue Kirke; for nothing can exceed the grandeur of these twelve colossal figures—admirably lighted, standing out bold and well-defined in all their exquisite symmetry, in the centre of the building. Each of the Apostles exhibits the individuality of character indicated in the Gospels, and the traditional style of dress and habit; but all are noble in their simplicity. St. James, with his palmer's hat slung behind him, was the sculptor's favorite statue; but were I to give an opinion of their respective merits, I should prefer St. John, which, to my mind, admirably expresses the manly fire and womanly gentleness of Boanerges, the beloved disciple. St. Peter and St. Paul were the only statues entirely modelled by Thorvaldsen himself. The others were modelled from his sketches and under his own inspection by a few select pupils; he himself giving the finishing touches before they were cast in plaster. It seems that the execution of these statues was the darling project of his life. No testimonial could have proved half so flattering to him as the order to prepare them in imperishable marble for the principal church of Denmark. "Thus," he was often heard to say, "should an artist be honored."

We walked between these magnificent figures with a feeling of solemnity and awe—an avenue of genius leading up to the principal object of attraction, the statue of Christ behind the altar. In front of it, in the centre of the chancel, is an exquisitely lovely statue of a kneeling angel bearing a large concha on its outstretched arms. This forms the font; and the first child christened from it was that of Professor Bissen—the favorite pupil of Thorvaldsen, who acted as sponsor—in the presence of the king, queen, and royal family. None of the works of Thorvaldsen have attained half the celebrity of the statue of Christ; with none of them are we in this country

so familiar. The first view of it is somewhat disappointing—for, contrary to the sculptor's canon of art already noticed, it is placed in a niche surmounted by a heavy canopy of marble, supported by pillars. The projections of this background cast shadows which greatly interfere with the proper expression of the different parts of the figure. Were they removed altogether, and the statue seen in clear outline and relief in empty space, like the Apostles, its effect would be greatly enhanced. For an adequate idea of the Christ one should see the plaster cast in the Christ's Hall of the museum, which has no canopy or niche to shadow it. There one is lost in admiration of its matchless beauty and expressiveness. It is the most perfect representation I have ever seen of my ideal of our Lord. In my musing moments it often haunts me. It is certainly that "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever."

There are many, I am aware, who have conscientious scruples regarding any outward representation of Christ. The subject is too high, too sacred for the sculptor or the painter. To a certain extent I sympathize with this iconoclastic feeling. I cannot but regard it as a most convincing proof of the divine origin of Scripture, that while in all human writings a description of the personal appearance of their subjects is given, there is not in the Four Gospels, or in any of the sacred writings, a single word, a single hint, upon which to found any description of our Lord's personal appearance. We have the fullest portrait of the moral and spiritual lineaments of Him whom, not having seen, we love; but there is nothing whatever told us of His bodily features—His voice, His figure, His habits. This fact shows us how intensely spiritual is our Christianity; and I cannot but think it a wise intention of heaven, owing to our proneness to cleave to some visible object of worship, that not a single authentic relic connected with the earthly life of our Saviour can be pointed out at the present day; and the type of His appearance usually embodied in Christian art—with which we are all familiar alike in the picture-book of the child, and in Raphael's Transfiguration on the walls of the Vatican—is a merely ideal conception, a

work of the imagination, resting on no preserved original, and having no warrant from Scripture.

But while I sympathize thus far with the feelings of the iconoclasts, I should not wish to proscribe altogether artistic representations of sacred subjects. To do so would be to banish pictures from our Bibles, and to deprive young and old alike of the rich source of delight and instruction which they derive from illustrations of the Great Biography. I believe that the desire to have an outward semblance of Christ is an instinct of our nature; an instinct that began to show itself practically from the earliest extant painting of our Lord in the catacombs of St. Calixtus in Rome, through the writings of the Fathers, on to the highest efforts of art in the paintings of the great masters; and so long as the representation is not worshipped as an idol, or made to minister in any way to a sensuous religion, whose spirituality has vanished amid the gorgeousness of its outward appearance,—so long as it is regarded as a mere artistic embodiment, I cannot see any harm in it. At all events, when admiring the statue of Thorvaldsen, or the painting of Raphael, I do not feel that I am guilty of idolatry, or sinning against the spirituality of my religion. I know that, as no human language could give an adequate description of our Saviour's outward form, even though the Evangelists had attempted it, so no work of art can worthily describe the ideal of Christ in the mind and heart. But still I can derive deep pleasure from the highest efforts made by men to embody this ideal, and the loftier the work the higher does my own ideal, like a sky, rise above it, and the more I am convinced that the subject baffles representation. The very limitations of the statue or the painting speak powerfully of the surpassing glory of the inspiring object.

Previous to these efforts of Thorvaldsen, sculptors had sought their subjects entirely from profane history and poetry, and it was feared by his admirers that, from his inexperience in this new field, and want of religious susceptibility, he would not be able to do justice to sacred subjects. But the result agreeably disappointed all; and though the artist, in common with many

other men of genius, it is more than probable, regarded only the poetical aspect, and not the saving influence of Christianity, and treated the Founder of it and His Apostles as he would have done the beautiful and noble creations of Homer's genius, still no one can gaze upon his statue of Christ unmoved. It was indeed a labor of love to him. No other hands touched it save his own. The preliminary sketches occupied him a long time, and so many were destroyed before he was satisfied, that he almost despaired of succeeding. At first he represented our Saviour with His arms raised to heaven as if in prayer; but afterwards he altered the model to its present attitude, as if in the act of blessing the assembled throng of worshippers, and uttering the invitation from St. Matthew's Gospel, engraved on the pedestal, *Kommer til mig*, "Come unto Me." The drapery and attitude are singularly graceful, while the expression of the countenance is exquisitely lovely. A holy, superhuman calm broods over every feature, speaks through that eye of sorrow, and reigns on that august brow. It is as perfect a representation in material form as man can make of the face of Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, who pursued, amidst ill's past finding out, the even tenor of His way, as placidly as the earth turns upon its axis, while winds and waves are raging around it, and who at the close of life said to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." And yet, wonderfully perfect as the statue seems, it is recorded of Thorvaldsen that, when he had finished it, he was overwhelmed with melancholy, and when asked the reason, he touchingly replied, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why, here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again." This, it may be remarked, has been the case with all men of true genius, whether expressing themselves in form, or word, or color. It is only God Himself, as it has been finely said who could look down

upon His creation and behold that it was all very good.

Having thus examined the principal objects of interest on the ground-floor of the museum, and the casts of the statues and bassi-relievi in Christ's Hall, which are executed in marble in the Frue Kirke, we went up stairs to the second story. The rooms of this floor are filled with minor works of art, and with an immense number of busts, some of which are admirably done, while others are utterly unworthy of the genius of the sculptor. We were specially interested in a plaster cast of the bust of Sir Walter Scott, and in a model of the famous statue of Lord Byron, which was refused admission into St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and was ultimately placed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hans Christian Andersen graphically describes the interview between Byron and Thorvaldsen in Rome in his *Mährchen meines Lebens*. He says that when the artist was modelling the bust, "Lord Byron sat so uneasily in his chair, and kept changing the expression of his features to such a degree, that he was at length obliged to request him to keep his face still, and not to look so unhappy." On Byron's making answer that such was the usual expression of his countenance, Thorvaldsen merely replied, "Indeed," and went on with his work, producing an excellent likeness. Byron was dissatisfied with the expression; but Thorvaldsen retorted that it was his own fault, he would look so miserable. A far more favorable impression was produced by the visit of the great Scottish novelist in 1831. Though Sir Walter Scott strangely neglected, during his stay in Rome, to visit the Vatican, where so many of the greatest statues and paintings in the world are to be seen, he was nevertheless very anxious to make the acquaintance of Thorvaldsen in his studio. Owing to ignorance of each other's language, the interview between the two great men was very short and awkward. But it made up in warmth for what it lacked in elegance and intelligibility. By signs and gestures, and much pressure of hands, they strove to convey their mutual regard; and when they parted they affectionately embraced, and

followed each other with their eyes as long as possible.

What strikes one chiefly in passing through the rooms of the museum, is the enormous amount of work which Thorvaldsen accomplished. He was constitutionally lazy, and took a great deal of pleasuring in life, but he has notwithstanding left behind him upwards of seven hundred works of art, many of which required labor and delicate handling. His life was indeed exceptionally long, for he died in 1844, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and he began his art-career when very young. The explanation usually given of the circumstance is, that he constantly kept a large number of pupils, and economized his own labor by availing himself of their aid in preparing models and carving statues up to a certain point, when he gave the finishing touches himself. But, notwithstanding this help, he must have been very industrious to have sketched and finished such a great variety of subjects, and executed so many statues single-handed. Though lounging often in idleness, and mixing freely in all the gaieties of the highest society, yet, when the glow of creative energy seized him, he worked like one of those trolls or brownies in Scandinavian folklore, who were able to build a city in a single night. He himself has told us, regarding his noble statue of Mercury, what was true of most of his productions. "I immediately began modelling, I worked all the evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light and worked at my model for three or four hours, after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest; again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since."

A suite of rooms in the upper story of the museum is devoted to a valuable and instructive collection of paintings, Etruscan and Roman relics, antique coins, bronzes, vases, and other curiosities which Thorvaldsen had amassed during his long residence in Rome. One small apartment contains the furniture of his sitting-room, arranged exactly as it was when he last occupied it. A Dutch clock on a table still marks the hour of his death, when, in accordance with a

superstitious feeling common to all Northern nations, it was stopped for ever. The cast of a bust of Luther, which he commenced on the morning of that day when his lifeless body was carried home from the Royal Theatre, stands beside it, and near at hand the black slate easel on which a day or two before he had drawn in white chalk a sketch for a new bas-relief called "The Genius of Sculpture." These affecting relics showed how death by apoplexy overtook him in the full plenitude of his powers, and when his fruitful mind was still meditating future works. Of the several portraits of himself in the gallery of paintings, we were particularly interested in the one by his faithful friend Horace Vernet. It is said to be an admirable likeness, representing the old man with a broad, open, fresh-colored face, keen light-blue eyes, and long white hair, standing out like a halo all round his head.

The contrast between the departure of Berthel Thorvaldsen from Copenhagen—the son of a poor carver of figure-heads for ships—sent out to study sculpture in Rome by the charity of the Danish Academy, and his return in a royal frigate as the wealthy and unrivalled sculptor, loaded with all the honors that art could bestow, is one of the most remarkable in the biography of great men. His journey northward was more like the march of a popular king through his dominions than the return home of a Danish artist. Every city through which he passed received him with public hospitality and rejoicing. Kings and courtiers vied with each other in entertaining him, and learned universities exhausted their vocabulary of praise in his favor. For days before his arrival in Denmark, the popular enthusiasm, from the king to the humblest peasant, was at the highest pitch. When he landed in Copenhagen, the excitement was altogether unprecedented; thousands became half delirious with joy. And from that time on to the day of his death his life was a constant succession of banquets and levees. The newspapers greedily detailed every scrap of gossip they could pick up about him, and his letters and petitions were so numerous that he found it impossible to read them, and had to employ a

secretary for the purpose. On such terms of intimacy was he with the royal family, that he could decline without embarrassment an invitation to dinner from the king, on the ground of a previous engagement, "setting aside the universal rule that an invitation from the sovereign cancels all others." And when he died and was buried, all Denmark went into mourning.

What was the cause of this vast popularity? We cannot attribute it to a universal appreciation of sculpture. Of all the fine arts, the sculptor's, I should say, from the very nature of the subject, is the one least likely to be widely popular. Infants, it is well known, prefer color to form; and it is only as they grow up that they learn to know and value the outlines of objects. Most people are in the infantile condition of mind; they like paintings, but they are slow to discover the colder and quieter excellences of a statue or a frieze. The color of a flower is admired, when the exquisite color of a snowy mountain against the blue sky evokes no feeling. Robertson of Brighton has remarked that the contemplation of an exquisite form or outline is one of the purest and highest pleasures that one can have; but this implies an amount of culture and refinement to which comparatively few can attain. So long as the great majority of mankind are what they are, the gallery of paintings and the music saloon will be crowded while the studio of the sculptor, where an equal or even greater amount of genius is displayed, will only be visited by a select few. It clearly, then, was not critical knowledge of art that created the Thorvaldsen mania in Denmark and throughout the Continent. A probable origin for it was the appreciation of the princes and great people of Europe, who at the time were deeply interested in antique art. Thorvaldsen was confessedly the greatest disciple of the classical school that had arisen since the genius of Greece drooped and wasted away under the yoke of Rome; and, therefore, his works suited the taste of the age. And when the great who adored on critical grounds led the way, the humble who knew nothing about the matter obediently followed. Thorvaldsen became the rage—apart alto-

gether from his merits—just as a singer or an acrobat, or even a dwarf, happens to become the rage. Denmark, of course, being a small country, felt itself elevated by the extraordinary reputation of one of its sons; and, therefore, as in duty bound, applauded to the echo.

A perusal of the various biographies of Thorvaldsen, by Plon, and Thiele, and Barnard, from which some of the preceding facts have been gleaned, leaves upon the mind an unfavorable impression of Thorvaldsen's character. There must indeed have been something personally attractive about the man, otherwise he could not have inspired so much affection in the hearts of those with whom he came into contact. But his morality was very much on a level with that of the pagan heroes whose forms he delighted to model. His sculpture is as pure as the marble itself; but, alas! his escutcheon has more than one bar sinister on it. It would serve no purpose to drag up the discreditable parts of his life from the deep waters of oblivion under which, so far as most people are concerned, they at present lie; but were they set in order, and exhibited in their bare unvarnished truth, they would afford a melancholy proof of the hopelessness of that gospel of art or beauty upon which so many at the present day are setting their hopes as the great regenerator of mankind. It is undeniable that beauty has a refining and purifying influence; that art has a tendency to elevate and ennoble the nature. They are God's blessed agents of civilization. But it is a woful mistake to suppose that they are sufficient for this purpose alone. Unmentionable, almost inconceivable, social depravity co-existed in Greece with sculpture, whose mutilated fragments, spared by time, have a loveliness which no modern art can hope to rival. We are shocked to see the grossest scenes and actions immortalized in those carved jewels, cameos, and intaglios, which are handed down to us from ancient times; the rarest skill and the loveliest material combined to shed lustre upon all that is most vile in man's imagination and life. The cases of Byron, Edgar Poe, and Thorvaldsen, as well as of hundreds more, show to us that the finest poetic and artistic

genius may be united with the disgraceful animalism of a satyr. It cannot be too often repeated or too deeply impressed upon the mind that the Gospel of Christ is the only means of purifying the heart and ennobling the life; and the beauty of poetry or sculpture, of painting or music, without it, can only move our sensuous nature, and create in many a keener relish for sensual pleasure. Bezaleel and Aholiab were filled with the Spirit of God in wisdom,

and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, in order to qualify them for constructing the Tabernacle according to the pattern shown in the mount; and those who are artists among us, and we who enjoy their works, must both be possessed of the same heavenly spirit if the beauty of art is to produce on them and on us the purifying and ennobling influence which God intended.

Temple Bar.

MUSCOVITE SKETCHES.

BY AN ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

I. WILNA.

AFTER a long and tedious journey I found myself at last at the Russian frontier. Only those who know what it is to travel for several days without intermission will be able to appreciate the pleasure I felt when I found that I was drawing near the place of my destination. So great, indeed, was my satisfaction, that for the time I quite forgot that I was a stranger whom no familiar faces were about to welcome, and that I was about to enter on the morrow upon an utterly new and untried career, and should have to make my way as I best could—a governess in a foreign land, unbefriended and unknown.

On arriving at the frontier we had to pass through the much-dreaded ordeal of having our passports examined and our luggage searched; but the operation had little of the severity which I had been led to expect. At first I was somewhat alarmed by the sight of the fierce-looking men whom I saw walking about on the platform, dressed in rough sheepskins, and appearing to partake not a little of the nature of those bears with which Russia had always been associated in my mind. But there was nothing in common between those wild Scythians and the persons by whom I was received when I entered the custom-house. All the officials whom I found there showed me so much politeness and consideration that my fears soon vanished. Contrary to all my preconceived ideas, they seemed to be anxious to do their duty without giv-

ing needless annoyance, and to my great astonishment I had to undergo none of those disagreeablenesses to which I had been subjected in so many other continental custom-houses. It must be confessed, however, that the process was a slow one, for just as there seemed to be no want of space, so there appeared to be no want of time in the new country in which I had arrived. No one looked as if he were in a hurry, and, indeed, I afterwards found out that Russians very seldom do hurry themselves about anything.

The investigation of the baggage being finished, the bell rang for the train to proceed, and I hastened to enter the first carriage that came in my way. It was a very different carriage from any that I had ever seen, either at home or abroad, being very long, and divided into several compartments. Some of these had a door of their own, so that the inmates could indulge in complete privacy, while others afforded a kind of common room, in which the travellers could enjoy the pleasures of society.

In the compartment into which I made my way three ladies were seated, all of whom, to my great surprise, were engaged in smoking cigarettes. One of them first addressed me in some language which I could not understand, and then asked in French, "Are you going to St. Petersburg?"

"No, to Wilna," I replied.

"Then you are more fortunate than I,"

she said, "for in a few hours your journey will be finished."

The ice thus broken, we soon made acquaintance, and began chattering away. She told me that she, like myself, was a governess, and that she was a Pole—a fact which accounted for the statements which she then most kindly proceeded to make.

"You little know," she began, "what you are about to undertake. The Russians are a terrible people, utterly without kindness and without honor. Mind you keep your eyes open, for they will try to deceive you in everything."

"You surely don't mean that?" I replied, opening them very wide, and feeling anything but reassured by this prospect.

"Yes," she added; "and mind you look everything up, for Russian servants are regular thieves; and as for your salary, take care to draw it regularly; and I strongly recommend you to keep your opinion to yourself on all matters concerning politics. You never know who is listening, and your harmless talk may bring you into a very unpleasant position."

These cheerful remarks of my new friend plunged me into a reverie, from which I did not emerge till I was aroused by the cry of "Wilna!—Wilna!" shouted out by the guard. Then, after a hasty good-bye to my companions, I hurried from the carriage to the door of a brilliantly-lighted room, across which I made my way with some difficulty, passing between numbers of groups of gentlemen who were sitting and smoking around the little tables with which the room was studded. When I reached the luggage department I was surprised to hear nothing but German spoken by the men who stood around, and who seemed to belong to the very lowest class. I could not help expressing my astonishment at this fact to one of the superior officials who stood near, on which he informed me that they were "only Jews," uttering the words in a tone of sovereign contempt, as though he were almost demeaning himself by even mentioning such a people; nor could I wonder much at the fact of his despising them after I looked at them attentively, for a more unwashed and less dignified set of men I never had

seen. Their gait was slouching and shuffling; many of them were clad in rags, and those who wore good clothes had long coats reaching down to their heels, and caps which rested upon their noses. Their mouths were wide open, their eyes were half-shut, their hair was hopelessly entangled, and the dirt seemed half-an-inch thick on their faces. Whenever an officer or any other great man passed by, the whole party shuffled backwards, trying to get out of his way as fast as possible, and if they were not quick enough they were driven back like dogs. There they stood, rolling their eyes about in all directions, until at last they caught sight of the friendless foreigner, and then in a moment they came rushing around her. All sorts of services did they offer to perform. Could they do this?—could they carry that? One took my trunk, another seized a handbox, a third made off with my bundle of wraps, and a fourth fled into the night with my umbrella. They scrambled, they fought, they seemed disposed to kill each other, but all ended peaceably; and at last, after I had given up all idea of resisting their attacks, I was able to recover my luggage, which had been placed on a small open sledge, upon which I somewhat diffidently took my seat. I threw a few small coins to the Jews who were standing around, their hands deep in their pockets, their shoulders caressing their ears, and then off I set into the stillness of the night.

Not a soul was stirring as we passed; not a sound could be heard beside the scarcely audible movement of the sledge, as it glided over the fields of snow, save the tramp of some solitary sentry as he paced to and fro. On, on we sped, across the long waves of snow, passing by silent houses, churches, and other buildings, under shadowy arches, across great deserted squares, until, having left the town behind, we came in sight of the open country. How can I describe the scene which then revealed itself before my eyes? The moon shone high overhead, so high that it scarcely threw shadows, and from it a flood of silver light poured forth, giving to everything that stood around a kind of fairy lustre, looking different from anything that I had ever seen before. All the outlines were sharp and clear, with nothing dim or blurred

about them. The snow sparkled so brightly that its sheen almost pained the eye. Every dark patch stood out with strange prominence against the white light, and all seemed so near as to be almost within reach of an outstretched hand. Every now and then dark and shadowy clouds came sailing by, until they seemed to rest on the mountains, which lay like sleeping giants at a little distance, half shrouded in dark pine forests spangled with snow. Down below a broad river, on which large blocks of ice were floating, wound across the plain and disappeared in the distance; and dimly seen in the broad moonlight, a thousand specks of stars looked down from the sky upon the plain. The beauty of the landscape entered into my heart. I not only admired it, but I felt soothed by it. It seemed that the night sympathized with me, and I felt happier as I looked upon it, and prayed that God would bless and guide me on my as yet untried career.

As I crossed the threshold of what was to be my home, the church-bell solemnly tolled the midnight hour; and thus, with the beginning of a new day, I entered upon my new life. All was quiet in the house. It seemed at first as though all the inmates were sleeping, and there was no one to receive the stranger; but presently a sleepy porter appeared, rubbing his eyes with one hand, while he held open the door with the other. In a few minutes the lady of the house came forward to receive me—a tall dignified lady who spoke in a kind and friendly tone—asked me if I was not tired, hoped that I had had a good journey, and trusted that I should be happy in her family, saying that she would do her best to make me so. "But I will not detain you any longer now, for I am sure you must be tired after so long a journey. Come with me and I will show you your room."

We crossed a number of spacious apartments, all with polished wooden floors, and came at last to a different set, which belonged to the children. As I went along I stumbled over a heap of something soft, which turned out to be a human being.

"It is only one of the nurses," said the lady, as she lifted the curtain which hid the door leading into my room.

I could not help feeling that a certain air of barrenness seemed to pervade the whole room. Instead of the familiar fireplace there stood an immense stove, covered with white china tiles, which made it glimmer like a ghost in the half-light. Beside this, the whole furniture consisted of a bed, with a kind of square rug by its side, a writing-table, several chairs, and a richly-carved cabinet. The lady wished me "Good night," and then withdrew. I thankfully went to bed and tried to sleep, but still throughout my dreams passed varied reminiscences of my long journey—thoughts of other times and other places, and forebodings of a coming time of which I knew but little.

The next morning I was met by the master of the house, who wore a general's undress uniform, and who, in kind and frank tones, welcomed me to Wilna. "Not that you will remain here long," he added; "as soon after Easter as the road will permit, you will go with my wife and children to pass the summer in Little Russia." I dare say you think you have already come far enough; but we will show you what Russian travelling really is."

At this moment the rest of the family arrived. "These are my children, your pupils," said the lady of the house, as she wished me "Good morning." "This is Caterina, my eldest daughter; and here are Viera and Nadejda, the two younger ones."

As she named them they came forward, making very formal courtesies, and behind them came a couple of boys, who bowed low, each putting his right foot forward, and then drawing it back with a jerk. I was rather astonished to see that the girls were dressed in white, seeing that this was the middle of winter, and my countenance must have expressed my thoughts, for Madame K— remarked:

"Doubtless you are surprised to see us dressed like this; but Easter will be here in a couple of days, and we always take the Holy Communion before then."

"It is a dull time for you to have arrived in Russia," remarked the General; "but in two or three days we will show you how we Barbarians, as the foreigners call us, rejoice on the Resurrection Day."

"Perhaps you would like to go to church with us to-day?" said Madame K—.

I gladly consented, and we all set off together.

As I entered the carriage I could not help admiring the beautiful prospect in front of the house. Before us flowed the river Wilna, on the opposite bank of which, rising high above the waters, stood a Roman Catholic Church, its pale green and white walls, turrets, and spire standing out in bold relief against the dark line of pine forests which stretched southward as far as the eye could see. On the highest point of the mountains stood three crosses, marking the spot on which were burned the first Polish martyrs. On those same mountains, as I afterwards learned, many young martyrs had lately perished, for it was there that many of the leaders of the last Polish insurrection had been executed.

On one of the highest peaks stood the remains of the old castle of the ancient Grand Dukes of Lithuania, now doing duty as a barrack. All the country around was broken up into wooded hills and dales, now for the most part covered by the winter's snow; but in summer, as I afterwards learned to know well, shining bright with different colors, and offering a thousand lovely contrasts of light and shade, of gleaming limestone cliffs and gloomy pinewood forests, meadows of the richest green, and wild heaths like those of our own land.

The carriage stopped in front of the palace of the Governor-General, a large pile of building which had but small pretensions to beauty, but to which its bright walls and gaily-painted roof gave a look of cheerfulness which seemed considerably out of keeping with the melancholy air of the grey-coated soldiers who kept guard around it. We entered the chapel and took up our places within it, remaining of course standing; for no seats are allowed in Greek churches. My companions at once began prostrating themselves to the ground; at least they almost touched it with their foreheads. All around a great deal of bowing and crossing was visible, but at first I could not see that any service was going on.

The greater part of the chapel was but simply decorated, only a few pictures being hung around, but the doors

which divided the sanctuary from the people were gorgeously emblazoned. Presently these doors were thrown open, and the priest appeared bearing the Holy Sacrament on his head, followed by a deacon who carried a large book in a similar manner, both of them arrayed in rich sacerdotal robes, purple and green in hue. When the Host was held aloft, all who were present bowed down, and then the girls, who were dressed in white, went forward to receive the Sacrament, followed by a number of nurses who carried young children in their arms, in order that those little ones might communicate also. A monotonous chant arose from the choir, and then the whole congregation approached the altar, and pressed to their lips the cross which the priest held in his hand. When the service was over, all who had received the Sacrament were embraced and congratulated by their friends, and then the church emptied and we all went home, stopping at times, however, on our way, in order to admire the different preparations for Easter, especially those provided by the confectioners, who had set out bonbons of every kind, eggs of all colors, and cakes of countless shapes, all decorated for the occasion with every ornament that culinary fancy could devise. In the shops devoted to these luxuries all was bustle and energy; in the open space we traversed, swings and other gymnastic appliances were being erected for the amusement of the people; and meanwhile from all the belfries around the bells were tolling and people were entering in at the open church-doors. When we returned home I had to dine alone; for the rest of the family merely took a piece of dry bread and a little almond-milk. Madame K— begged me to excuse the absence of all but meagre dishes, as the cook would think it a dreadful sin to prepare anything else towards the end of Passion Week.

During the days that intervened before Easter Sunday I had few opportunities of making myself acquainted with the town or its inhabitants, that being a time at which it is not usual for calls to be exchanged, everybody remaining as much as possible at home. But at last Easter Eve arrived, and I accompanied Madame K— to the midnight service in the

Palace Chapel. When I entered the building I fairly started, so astonished was I by the gay scene which revealed itself before my eyes. "Am I really in a church?" I thought, for it was filled by gaily and magnificently dressed ladies, whose jewelled heads sparkled in the light which fell upon them from a thousand tapers, and by a crowd of officers dressed in their gayest uniforms. Old generals with massive gold epaulets on their shoulders, and bright crimson scarves across breasts which glittered with stars and crosses, and young officers who looked as if they had got themselves up for a ball, and whose bronzed faces formed a strange contrast with the pale waxen complexions of the young girls in their flowing white dresses. The gay crowd divided for a moment as the Governor-General entered the church, surrounded by his staff; next appeared the choristers in their green dresses, who soon began to intone a slow and melancholy chant. Presently the sanctuary door was thrown open, and the priest passed through the church, followed by the deacon and singers. As they left the sanctuary the door closed upon them, and they stood without and chanted a sort of sad and wailing song. But as the midnight hour sounded their tones suddenly changed to those of gladness, and at the same moment the bells from every church pealed out joyously. Then the procession came back again. Clouds of incense went slowly up to the roof, rising above the prostrate multitude within the church, and outside shouts of gladness ascended to the sky. All who were present held aloft their lighted tapers, the crowd heaved, moving with an undulation like that of a mighty sea, and then, amidst general embracing, a great cry went up to heaven: "The Lord has ascended! Jesus has risen again!"

The next day, what a running to and fro there was in the house! what congratulations were to be heard! what beaming faces were to be seen on every side! It was as if some piece of special good fortune had fallen upon the family in which I found myself. The General, as the head of the house, led the way to the Easter table, which was spread with every kind of delicacy, all of which had been previously blessed by the priests, and then laid out under the sacred

images belonging to the household. On that day all partook of the same fare, from the highest member of the family down to the soldier at the door and the scullion in the kitchen; for this was no time for invidious social distinctions. On the day on which Our Lord rose from the dead, all Russians who hold the same faith rank as brothers. Soon afterwards visitors began to arrive, and all the morning long a constant stream of military and civil officials flowed through the rooms. All those whose rank was inferior to that of the General were expected to pay him a visit that day, and many of them were evidently very glad of this reason for showing themselves, being fresh from the pleasant process of promotion or decoration, and eager to air their new titles or cheerfully to bear their added cross. For on this day the Emperor of Russia promotes numerous batches of officers, and distributes stars and orders with a liberal hand.

In the evening came a ball. All balls have a family likeness, wheresoever they may take place, so I need not minutely describe the dances or dwell on the appearance of those who figured in them. I may, however, relate one anecdote which was told me that evening.

While I was quietly watching all that was going on, my pupil Caterina came up to me and said: "Do you see that gentleman in the long coat, with a full beard and long hair parted in the middle? He is a Russian merchant and a millionaire; a few years ago he was very poor, being one of three brothers whose whole fortune consisted in a small house, which they let to a poor couple who had eight children. Well, one cold winter's night the father of the children died, leaving his widow friendless and penniless. What was to be done? She could pay no rent, that was certain; but, for all that, it would never do to turn her out of doors. Nor must she be allowed to starve. So, although the three brothers had but little to live upon themselves, yet they managed to support the whole of that family. Well, you see, from that moment all seemed to prosper with them, and especially with our friend yonder: whichever way he turned, money flowed into his pocket. By this time he has made a very large fortune. But if you ask him how he made it, he

will tell you that he got it 'through the widow;' and to this day he supports her. He has had her boys educated and placed out in good positions, and he has given each of her girls a wedding portion. If any one praises him on account of his kindness, he replies, 'I am only giving her her due. It is but right that she should share the prosperity and the fortune she brought to my door!'

The next day was that set apart for visits paid by ladies, and in my capacity of governess I accompanied Madame K—and the children to make a round of calls. I need not dwell upon the conversation which took place, and which was, for the most part, held in French. In almost all countries ladies talk about much the same subjects, especially about their children and their servants. Only in England they usually delight in abusing their servants, whereas in Russia it is generally the deficiencies of the governess on which they dilate, the servants being considered beneath their notice.

A few days later all the rank and fashion of Wilna assembled at the Governor's house, in order to take part in the drawing of a lottery for the benefit of the poor. On this occasion an incident occurred which was not a little calculated to astonish a new comer like myself. We had gone there like the rest, and scarcely had we taken our seats when the German governess of the Countess B— rushed into the room in a state of the greatest agitation.

"What is the matter?—what is the matter?" exclaimed every one.

"Ah, dear me!—ah, dear me!" was all that could be got out of her for a time. After a few minutes, however, she recovered herself sufficiently to say, "Half-a-dozen policemen took me in charge close to the Polish church."

"Why?" was the general question.

"I was passing by just as the congregation came out, and I happened to be dressed in black, and so the police mistook me for a Pole, and took me up. Fortunately, some one recognized me, and so I got off; but oh, dear me, how frightened I was!"

"But why did they take her in charge?" I asked. "What difference did it make if she was in black?"

"All the difference in the world,"

answered a lady: "Poles must not put on mourning."

"Why not?" I asked, in wonder.

"Oh! because after the last insurrection they took it into their heads to go into mourning for their country, and such demonstrations could not be allowed."

"You don't seem to like the Poles very much?" I observed.

"I should think not," was the reply; "they are so treacherous and revengeful; and we have plenty of other reasons for not liking them. When a Pole wants a favor done, no one can be more amiable; but when once he has got it, neither you nor I, nor any one else, will be allowed to stand in his way. Besides, we can have no faith in them. They hate all Russians; they are taught to do so from their very cradles."

I thought of what the Polish lady in the railway carriage had said to me about the Russians, and pondered over the difficulty of reconciling warring national opinions.

Together with Easter and its gaieties the last vestiges of winter passed away. The snow melted here and there, and made way for verdure which spoke of the coming summer and sunshine; but in the meantime nothing could be more wretched than the state of the streets, and the roads were perfectly abominable. The rivers became swollen by the melted snow overflowing the whole face of the country, and stopping all traffic and communication. Everywhere gloom and discontent seemed to prevail. It was impossible to judge of the town under such circumstances. I did my best to visit its chief monuments, such as the Museum, which is not very large, but is rich in manuscripts and old books—spoils taken from the Polish monasteries which were ransacked during the recent revolution; or the beautiful little chapel, a real gem of Byzantine art, built to commemorate the recent deliverance of the Emperor Alexander II. from the hands of an assassin.

Before the middle of May came we had begun to think of preparing for our journey southward. It was evident that the roads were open, for numbers of Jews of all descriptions began to arrive with their wares. I had seen many or them before, but those who now came in

from the country seemed even more astonishing than the sufficiently unfavorable specimens of their race to which I had become accustomed. Nothing could be stranger than these singular people: the old men with their worn and wrinkled faces, their long grey beards, their bushy eyebrows, and their sharp eyes glowing like coals beneath them; the young men with their long corkscrew ringlets, jet black and glistening with grease, hanging down on either side of their faces, and giving them a remarkably unprepossessing appearance; the married women with their shaven heads—for after marriage they are no longer allowed to wear their hair, but shave their heads, and cover them either with wigs or with pieces of silk; the younger women dressing themselves out in huge crinolines and robes of staring colors, jarring with all one's ideas of natural selection and taste—all of them, when taken together, making up a group which might be attractive at a distance, but which was often the reverse of pleasant to a close observer.

At last the longed-for day fixed for our departure arrived. All was ready: the carriages, piled with luggage, stood at the door; the horses pranced and snorted and tossed their heads until all the

bells rang again, as if the general impatience had communicated itself even to them. But, before departing, we all repaired to the hall, and there, in accordance with the custom which is universal throughout Russia, we offered a short prayer to the Almighty. After the prayer the whole party sat down, and remained silent for a few minutes. Then they all rose, made the sign of the cross, and embraced each other. Nothing could be more impressive than this simple ceremony; a certain sense of awe is produced by the stillness in which it takes place. And on such a parting as this it is pleasant to look back in after years, and to remember that the last words exchanged with one's friends were words of prayer, and the last actions in which they shared were a blessing and a kiss.

On crossing the threshold we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of servants, peasants, and beggars. Beggars always seem to hear of a departure, and, at the parting moment, no one likes to deprive himself even of a beggar's blessing; so we opened our purses, and handed over all our small coins to the supplicants who stood around, and then, under cover of their benedictions, away we drove.

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THE LANGUAGE OF LIGHT.

Concluded from Page 268.

[A World on Fire—Comets and their Language—The Nebulæ—News from the Nebulæ—Motion of the star Sirius in space—Marvelous powers of the Spectroscope.]

BUT as Sirius or Aldebaran differs from the sun, so one star differs from another in the glories of its spectrum. In Betelgeux, where the inspectors fixed the places of some two or three hundred lines, and where iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, bismuth, are kept in permanent stock, the hydrogen lines are totally wanting. This appears to be a very significant fact. Some stars are colored. Amongst the double, triple, or multiple orbs (for there are many which have no companions of similar rank, though doubtless well supplied with sa-

tellites), the most charming diversity of tint occasionally prevails. One of these suns may be a beautiful orange, whilst its consort may be an indigo-blue; one may pour a flood of green light upon its attendant planets, the other may deluge them with ruby rays, or dawn upon them with a vermilion day. May there not, then, be some connection between the hue of stars and the rays which are arrested in, or suffered to filter through their atmospheres? It has been found, for example, that the hydrogen lines are strongly marked in the spectra of most of the white stars, whilst the metallic lines are comparatively feeble. On the other hand, whilst a red or yellow star may be rich in its metallic indications,

the tokens of hydrogen may be slenderly expressed. In two orbs, Betelgeux and β Pegasi, they are entirely wanting. But, however this may be, it is obvious that if any particular portion of the spectrum be heavily scored with dark lines, the tint of that portion will be so far weakened, and the remaining portions will give a dominant hue to the orb. Further, some stars exhibit changes of complexion in themselves. Sirius, as stated, was once a ruddy or rather a fiery-faced orb, but has now forgotten to blush, and looks down upon us with a pure, brilliant smile, in which there is no symptom either of anger or of shame. Over the countenances of others, still more varied tints have rippled within a much briefer period of time. May not these be due to some physical revolutions, gradual or convulsive, which are in progress in the particular orb, and which, by affecting the constitution of its atmosphere, compel the absorption or promote the transmission of particular rays? The supposition appears by no means improbable, especially if we call to mind the hydrogen volcanoes which have been discovered on the photosphere of the sun. Indeed, there are a few small stars which afford a spectrum of bright lines instead of dark ones; and this, we know, denotes a gaseous or vaporized state of things, from which it may be inferred that such orbs are in a different condition from most of their relatives. And, as if for the very purpose of throwing light upon this interesting question, an event of the most striking character occurred in the heavens almost as soon as the spectroscopists were prepared to interpret it correctly. On the 12th of May, 1866, a great conflagration, infinitely larger than that of London or Moscow, was announced. To use the expression of a distinguished astronomer, a world was found to be on fire. A star, which till then had shone meekly and unobtrusively in the Corona Borealis, suddenly blazed up into a luminary of the second magnitude. In the course of three days from its discovery in this new character by Mr. Birmingham, at Tuam, it had declined to the third or even fourth order of brilliancy. In twelve days, dating from its first apparition in the Irish heavens, it had sunk to the eighth rank, and it went on waning un-

til the 26th June, when it ceased to be discernible except through the medium of the telescope. This was a remarkable though certainly not an unprecedented proceeding on the part of a star; but one singular circumstance in its behavior was, that after the lapse of nearly two months, it began to blaze up again, though not with equal ardor, and, after maintaining its glow for a few weeks, and passing through sundry phases of color, it gradually paled its fires and returned to its former insignificance. How many years had elapsed since this awful conflagration actually took place, it would be presumptuous to guess; but it must be remembered that news from the heavens, though carried by the fleetest of messengers, light, reach us long after the event has transpired, and that the same celestial courier is still dropping the tidings at each station it reaches in space, until it sinks exhausted by the length of its flight.

Now when this object was examined, as it was promptly and eagerly by Professor Miller and Mr. Huggins, they found to their great wonder that it yielded *two* spectra—the one imposed upon the other, though obviously independent. There was the prismatic ribbon, crossed by dark lines, which belongs to the sun and stars generally, but there was another in which four bright lines figured; and these, according to the canons of interpretation previously mentioned, indicated that some luminous gas (or gases) was also pouring out its light from the surface of the orb. Two of the lines spelled out hydrogen in the spectral language. What the other two signified did not then appear; but inasmuch as those four streaks were brighter than the rest of the spectrum, the source from which they came must obviously have been more intensely heated than the underlying parts, or photosphere, from which the normal stellar light proceeded. And as the star had suddenly flamed up, was it not a natural supposition that it had become enwrapped in burning hydrogen, which, in consequence of some great convulsions, had been liberated in prodigious quantities, and then, combining with other elements, had set this hapless world on fire? In such a fierce conflagration the combustible gas would soon be consumed, and the glow

tion returned comes from its true centre; in Saturn only about half; whilst Jupiter reflects six tenths of the radiance it receives.

But what of the comets?

From the days when Whiston supposed them to be a sort of wandering planets, freighted with lost beings, who were alternately exposed to a heat fiercer than that of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, and to a cold incomparably more crushing than that of the poles, there has been a great change of opinion respecting the constitution of those celestial vagrants. Recognized for the most part as mere filmy masses, of such extraordinary tenuity that the light of the faintest stars perforates them as easily as water or air passes through a sieve, the nucleus was the only portion where solid matter could be supposed to exist, if it really existed at all. Upon this point, the spectroscope would speak when the opportunity arrived. But comets are not always lounging about in the heavens. If a splendid fellow, like the renowned rover of 1660, or the magnificent visitor of 1861, were to swim into view this summer, a host of observers would rush out upon him with their instruments, and compel him to declare his character in intelligible terms. Failing these magnates, however, two humbler members of the profession were put upon trial. In the faint spectra they afforded, bright lines appeared. That was one expressive fact. It showed that the source was a vaporous mass, shining by its own light. But these bright lines did not stretch right across the spectrum; they fell short, as the lines of print in a page fall short of the edges. What did this indicate? Since a comet generally presents the appearance of a nucleus, surrounded by a coma or nebulosity, it was presumable that the former yielded the central, and the latter the marginal portion of the spectrum. The first, the nucleus, was, therefore, stripped of all pretensions to solidity, and resolved into a self-luminous gas; the second, the coma, strange to say, might put in some claim to materiality, though of course in a sense so refined that we can scarcely associate it with the idea of *avoirdupois* weight any more than we could bring a cloud under the jurisdiction of the inspectors of weights and measures. Prob-

ably, the whole matter of many a large comet, which appears to cover millions of miles of space, might, if condensed, be screwed down into an ordinary hog's-head.

Another comet, known as Brorsen's, when catechized by the spectroscope, gave somewhat different, but equally striking replies. The nucleus was found to consist of vapor in a luminous condition; but the surrounding portions of the coma were shown to be gaseous also, whilst the external parts seemed to be composed of matter in some concreter form, whether solid or liquid, this matter not being lighted by its own fires, but by reflection from the sun. That the central portion should thus prove apparently to be hotter than the outer envelope, which is liable to be blistered by the solar beams, showed that a comet is a much more independent institution than was commonly assumed, considering that its proceedings are regulated to such a large extent by its proximity to the sun, and that its most conspicuous feature (the tail) is governed in its growth, and almost in its existence, by its position with regard to that luminary. Possessing the power to give out light of their own, and maintaining this power, notwithstanding their long and distant voyages into space, the matter of which they are constituted must exist in some peculiar condition, or under some peculiar arrangements, which we of this grosser sphere can scarcely be expected to understand.

Of course it became a point of great importance to determine the kind of gas of which the nucleus and other vaporous parts consisted. Of the three bright lines which appeared, one vivid streak lay in the green department of the spectrum; the other two belonged to the yellow and the blue. The first almost coincided with the principal line which characterizes the spectrum of nitrogen; but as the other lines denoting the presence of this gas were not exhibited in the cometic spectrum, no conclusion upon the point could be confidently drawn. The other bands did not seem to accord with the lines produced by any of our terrestrial gases.

Shortly afterwards, however (June, 1868), a still more sparkling voyager sailed into our celestial seas, and was

discovered by Dr. Winnecke, as well as by M. Becquet at Marseilles. The morning after the observations were made, says Mr. Huggins, it was found that its spectrum appeared to agree exactly with one of a series of the spectra of carbon obtained from the decomposition of various carbon compounds. In 1856, Professor Swan* had shown that all hydrocarbon flames yielded yellow, green, light-blue, and rich violet bands of light; and Dr. Atfield proved that, as dissimilar compounds containing that element emitted similar rays of light, the bands in question were characteristic of the ignited vapor of carbon. And a beautiful spectrum this substance affords: for "the lines composing each band of light regularly diminish in brightness in the direction of greatest refraction, and appear to retreat from the observer like pillars of a portico seen in perspective." Further scrutiny of Winnecke's comet confirmed the conclusion already deduced, and showed that its spectrum agreed with that of carbon as obtained by the decomposition of olefiant gas, though the lines of hydrogen natural to the latter were wanting in the former. There seems no reason, therefore, for doubting that part of the cometary light at least is really derived from this element. But, remarks Mr. Huggins, "the difficulty of accepting what appears to be the obvious teaching of these observations arises from the very high temperature necessary to raise carbon to a state of vapor; for it appears to be alone when carbon is in the condition of luminous vapor that the characteristic spectrum of the bright bands appears. A degree of heat sufficient, perhaps, even for this purpose has been experienced by a very few comets. A temperature less excessive might, indeed, be sufficient, if we were free to suppose that comets consist of some compound of carbon which is decomposed by the sun's heat."

Scarcely less exciting was the question,

What kind of revelation may we expect from the nebulae by means of the spectroscope? These strange, weird-like objects, with their dim indefinite forms stealing out at dead of night, as if they were ghosts of departed suns and systems, are even greater mysteries than the comets. About some of them, as seen through telescopes of considerable power, there is an awful fascination, which De Quincy has well described in his vivid language; and we have before us at this moment a portrait of one which, innocent as it seems when viewed through an ordinary instrument, started up into a phantom of frightful aspect when examined through Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector. With two round staring eyes, the pupils horribly asquint, the mouth drawn up on one side with a ghastly leer, the brow scored or rather cleft by two deep concentric furrows, the countenance gashed and hideously scarred, whilst the tufted hair stands erect, as if the spectre were in awe of its own dread ugliness—not even Dante himself could have imagined a more unearthly head; nor could William Blake have pencilled a much more appropriate horror, when Satan appeared at the staircase window and coolly sat to him for his likeness.

Now, with regard to these objects, there is one question of transcendent interest. Sir William Herschel, it is well known, was of opinion that the nebulous substance was the raw material out of which stars were formed: it was a fine, diffuse vapor scattered through space, or collected in vast patches in particular portions of the universe, there to remain until in the fulness of time it should be worked up into worlds. The process, indeed, as he supposed, was actually in progress before our eyes, though conducted, as so many other cosmical proceedings are, on a scale of such gigantic tardiness that its reality could only be discovered by comparing a vast number of nebulae amongst themselves. In proportion as the luminous matter was condensing round some central point, was the embryo orb advancing to the natal hour when its brothers of the morning should sing together for joy that a new star was born. Some there were (the planetary nebulae) which appeared to have progressed so far that the shining fluid had nearly all consolidated, leav-

* This gentleman has paid considerable attention to the subject of spectrum analysis, and is entitled to credit of his own, for his observations on the red protuberances on the sun. "The first person," says Professor Roscoe, "who pointed out the characteristic property of sodium, was Professor Swan, in 1857, and it is to him that we owe the examination and the determination of the very great sensitiveness of this sodium reaction.

ing only a hazy envelope of unapplied material. Unfortunately, however, for this captivating hypothesis, when telescopes of a more piercing character were applied to the nebula, one after another of the mystic masses broke up into separate points, from which it was inferred that each was composed of orbs so distantly located, but so thickly clustered, that the light from them ran into one luminous sheet. Even the magnificent nebula in Orion, which for years resisted all attempts to shatter it into sparkling sands, at last gave way, or seemed to do so, under the stern scrutiny of Lord Rosse's gigantic instrument, equipped with its six-foot mirror. It was all over, therefore, apparently, with Herschel's romance of the skies.

When, however, genius had armed itself with the new implement, and began to talk with the stars in their courses, and to wrest their secrets from them at pleasure, it was not long before its powers were brought to bear upon the nebulae. The spectroscope was pointed at some of these extraordinary figures, more especially at the Great Hunter (Orion), in whose sword-handle appears a shape which Sir J. Herschel compared to the head of a monster animal with a huge proboscis attached to its snout. In a few moments, more information was obtained from a planetary nebula in the Constellation Draco than had been acquired by half a century of speculation. Three bright lines shone in the prismatic field. The spectrum was not crossed by dark streaks, and, therefore, the source of the light could not be a substantial body, like the sun or stars, with an envelope of vapors capable of arresting a number of its rays. Orion, too, spoke out with an equally unfaltering voice, and declared that neither in his mistier portions, nor yet in his more granular parts, was there any solid distinction. Consequently the theory that this nebula was built up of separate orbs, rendered indistinguishable as individuals by the simple power of distance, was quickly and completely disproved. Those three bright bands denoted gaseous matter in a glowing, self-shining condition. But what kind of gas? One of the luminous characters was the blue symbol represented by the letter F

in the spectral alphabet, where it is appropriated to hydrogen; another, in the green section, represents nitrogen; whilst the third, also lettered green, belongs to some element not within the compass of our earthly chemistry. From several more of these curious creations corresponding replies were extracted. The famous dumb-bell nebula limited itself to a single bright line. Another of a spiral structure exhibited not less than four. But, one or four, nitrogen was certain to be present wherever a luminous band or bands appeared. From many others, as, for instance, from the one in Andromeda, continuous spectra were procured, though with certain reservations, which seemed to indicate that part of the light was tampered with before it escaped from its source, or enfeebled to such a degree that it ceased to be perceptible. Indeed, more extended observations fully confirmed the conclusion, that whilst there are nebulae which are capable of resolution, and which clearly consist of clustered stars, there are others which stubbornly resist all attempts at reduction by the telescope, and prove themselves by their behavior in the spectroscope to be aggregations of self-shining gas. Somewhat strangely, one of the first specimens examined by Mr. Huggins showed symptoms of a compound character, for in addition to the three bright lines previously mentioned there was an exceedingly faint continuous spectrum, formed apparently by a minute point of light situated about the centre of the nebulae; from this he inferred that there was a nucleus consisting not of luminous gas, but of opaque matter, "which may exist in the form of an incandescent fog of solid or liquid particles." After all, therefore, the elder Herschel came nearer to the truth in his speculations than was generally supposed, and Laplace's gigantic theory of the universe seemed to shape itself into something more than a mere dream of the day; for, though the few elements which have hitherto been recognized in the nebulae cannot curdle into a composite body like the sun or the stars, yet such a number of these objects have been found to be purely gaseous, that the existence of huge heaps of unconsolidated matter, littered

(if the phrase may be allowed) in various localities, is now well attested. In some of them, too—those, for instance, of a spiral form—the structure is too suggestive of internal movement to be overlooked; and the remarkable mass in Argo, which Mr. Abbott, of Hobart Town, has kept under astronomical surveillance for years, exhibits changes of so startling a character that, according to Sir J. Herschel, they resemble those of a “cloud drifted by the wind.”

Further, the spectroscope has been brought to bear on the November meteors; and, transitory as is the appearance of these bodies, enough has been ascertained to show that they do not consist of materials which are foreign to our planet. One very remarkable fact in connection with these cosmical chips has been recently discovered. Their orbit having been calculated by Professor Adams, was found to agree with the route taken by a comet astronomically under the charge of Mr. Temple, but spectroscopically studied by Mr. Huggins. It was difficult to reject the idea that this association indicated something more than a mere fortuitous concurrence of movement. A shoal of shooting stars, travelling in the wake of one of these mysterious wanderers, seemed to suggest that the parties were not entirely unknown to each other.

“It appears clear to us,” writes Mr. Proctor, in an instructive paper on the subject, “that this flight of cosmical bodies may be looked upon as constituting the tail of the comet, an invisible tail in this as in many other instances. But for the accident that the comet’s track intersects the earth’s path in space, we should have remained forever ignorant of the fact that the comet has any other extent than that which is indicated by its telescopic figure. Now, however, that we know otherwise, we recognize the probability that other comets which have been looked upon as tailless may have invisible tails, extending far behind them into space.” *

Nor has the Aurora Borealis escaped attention. Ångström tested the luminous arc which bounds the dark circle in these splendid apparitions, and found that it exhibited a single brilliant band,

situated to the left of the group of calcium lines; he also detected traces of three very feeble streaks located near to that very peculiar line, F. Not only so, but in the month of March, 1867, he discovered the same bright band in the spectrum of the zodiacal light, which, to the present hour, forms a riddle no astronomer has been able to read. “It is a remarkable fact (says Ångström), that this bright band does not coincide with any of the known rays of simple or compound gases which I have as yet examined.”

But the magical manner in which this simple instrument, the spectroscope, grapples with problems at once the most delicate and yet most gigantic, may be further evinced in the information it has supplied respecting the motion of the star Sirius. We call all the celestial bodies “fixed,” except the members of our own system, and those nomades of the heavens, the comets. Nor is it surprising that we should deem them stationary, if we consider that all attempts to take their parallax failed until recent times, when, out of the few which yielded to astronomical importunity, the distance of the first (α Centauri) was ascertained by Professor Henderson to be 225,920 times as great as that of the sun—a space which a ray of light could not traverse in less than three years and a half. The same authority estimated the parallax of Sirius at 0.23, indicating a distance equivalent to 896,804 sun-intervals, and requiring a period of fourteen years for the transmission of its light.

But though utterly impossible to detect any motion in such excessively remote bodies by direct observation, it occurred to Mr. Huggins that this result might possibly be achieved through the instrumentality of the spectroscope. Why not catechize a star—Sirius, for example, that brightest, and, if the word may be allowed, that most intelligent looking of the heavenly host? There was one way in which he thought it might be done, and a very ingenious way it was; indeed, using the term in its most honorable sense, we may call it an excessively “artful” device.

The difference between a red ray of light and an orange ray is, that in the former case the ethereal medium vibrates

* “The Two Comets of the Year 1868.” By Richard A. Proctor, B.A. “*Fraser’s Magazine*,” 1869, p. 163.

458 billions of times in a second, and in the latter, 506 billions: in the first instance, the length of the luminous wave is 0·0000266th part of an inch, in the last 0·0000240th. By some astounding prerogative—so astounding that it almost makes us shudder at ourselves, and would be utterly incredible were it not hourly attested,—the eye can appreciate this distinction, though it depends upon such an inconceivably minute interval of time or fraction of space. To talk of a ray of light requiring a thousandth part of a second for a single vibration, would be as coarse and clumsy a conception, compared with its actual velocity, as it would be to talk of a watch which could only execute a couple of ticks in a century. But it will be readily understood that a very slight alteration in the rapidity or length of those undulations, an alteration compared with which a second is a sort of lifetime or an inch a mile, would be sufficient to transform one hue into another—a red wave into an orange wave, or an orange wave into a yellow one, and so throughout the whole gamut of color.

Now, suppose that an object emitting a given ray should be in such rapid motion itself that a greater number of undulations are borne to the retina of the observer within the same period, the effect would probably be to produce the impression of a higher hue. When a cannon-ball is approaching, it will be noticed that its whiz grows sharper as it advances, or, to adopt a more familiar illustration (for no man can be expected to study acoustical phenomena when his head may be whisked off during the process), every person who has stood on a railway platform whilst an express train dashed past, will have observed how the shriek of the whistle rose in its pitch or elevation whilst the engine advanced, but declined as it receded. If that whistle had been so constructed that it would sound the note *la* (A), which requires about 430 vibrations in a second for its production, and the train were travelling towards us with such celerity that 483 vibrations would reach the ear in the same period, the metallic musician would seem to be sounding *si* (B).

Acting, then, upon the principle thus partially expressed, it appeared by no

means improbable that if a star like Sirius were in rapid motion (and our own sun, with its entire retinue, is known to be galloping through space with immense velocity), some symptoms of this movement might be detected through the agency of the spectroscope. The position of those tell-tale lines might be altered in such a way, and to such an extent, as to indicate whether the star was approaching or receding. In the atmosphere of Sirius, hydrogen is obviously a favorite element, and the characteristic letter F, denoting this gas, afforded Mr. Huggins a ready means of testing the question. Should there be any perceptible variation in reference to this particular line between the spectrum of the star and the spectrum of ordinary terrestrial hydrogen, the difference might fairly be placed to the credit of the principle thus propounded. After much patient and refined experimentation, explicit results were obtained. A certain amount of discrepancy appeared; the line F in the one spectrum differed from that in the other by about the $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of an inch. It was therefore concluded, without difficulty, that Sirius was flying swiftly through the limitless field of ether, and had no more stability about him than a cannon-ball when in the height of its murderous motion. But in what direction? From us, or towards us? The spectroscope gave a prompt answer to this question also. The displacement of the line F was on the side of the red end of the spectrum—that is, towards the end where the vibrations are executed with less rapidity than in other portions of the decomposed beam. In other words, it indicated a loss in the luminous pulsations, which, being roughly estimated, was found to amount to about the 5,000th part of the whole per second. Translated into travelling language, this implied that Sirius was speeding away from the earth at the prodigious pace of 41 miles a second; but as our planet was at the same time journeying along in her orbit in a contrary direction at the rate of 12 miles a second, it became necessary to reduce the star's gallop to 29 miles. This result, again, must be qualified, by taking into account the sun's proper motion on the one hand, and the star's cross or transverse motion

on the other; for, in computing the rate of recession, we must know whether the object is proceeding directly from us or travelling across country, as it were. After all needful allowances had thus been made, the net velocity of Sirius was set down at from 24 to 40, or about 32 miles per second. What was once regarded, therefore, as a motionless orb, fixed in its everlasting seat, and flinging its bright and placid smiles upon the feverish children of earth, untroubled itself by fear of change, is now shown to be a wandering body, "ohne Hast, ohne Rast," shooting through space, none knows whither but Him who made it, with a speed of 1,000,000,000 of miles in the year. Similar results may of course be presumed in reference to other stars.

Who has not heard of Mahomet's famous nocturnal journey, when, mounted upon Al Borak, he rode from Mecca to Jerusalem, and then, ascending by a ladder of light under the guidance of Gabriel, reached the first heaven; and after passing through the whole seven, and seeing sights such as no mortal had ever witnessed, returned to the side of the slumbering Ayesha before she had time to run through a swift dream of the night? Had this impudent fiction been true, it would scarcely have been more marvellous than the facts which have been revealed by means of the spectroscope. Here is an instrument which can carry us in an instant to the remotest object that is visible in the sky—which can convey us from star to planet, from planet to comet, from comet to galaxy, until we have made the tour of the whole heavens—which is as available for the study of the blazing beams of the sun as it is for the interpretation of the faint misty light of some nebulae whose phosphorescence is not equal to the 20,000th part of the lustre of a farthing candle, even when glimmering at the distance of a quarter of a mile—and which, when pointed in succession to the many wonderful forms that stud the firmament, has told us more in a few moments of their nature and constitution than centuries of astronomical research have done. Ought we not to be proud of a little instrument which, whilst it is competent to scrutinize a grain of any terrestrial element and to reveal the presence even of unsuspected substances in

the very air we breathe, acts at the same time as a dissolver of distances, and by showing us what kindred substances exist in other orbs, has drawn the bonds of affinity closer, and proved that the Shining Ones really constitute one glorious fraternity under the rulership of one great power? Mute till now in a great measure, the stars have at length found interpreters amongst men. Soon there will be no "speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out (might we not say lines?) through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

We cannot close this paper without calling special attention to Professor Roscoe's work on "Spectrum Analysis." We need scarcely say that it is not only the latest, but the most attractive and comprehensive treatise on the subject. A handsomer volume, in the strict sense of the term, it is difficult to conceive. With its gay back, on which there glitters a rainbow-tinted spectrum, with its brilliant chromo-lithographs exhibiting the prismatic images of stars, nebulae, metals, and various terrestrial materials, with its magnificent type and paper, as well as its beautifully-executed illustrations, it is a book to catch the eye, and invite the most indifferent to inquiry. Nor will the letter-press in any degree disappoint the expectations which this gleaming exterior excites. As a scientific expositor, Professor Roscoe has attained high distinction; and this work will not only confirm but extend the reputation he has so worthily acquired. Though the matter of the book was delivered in the form of lectures, in which necessarily the popular element must prevail, the author has given it all the body it requires, by the insertion of some of the most valuable papers and memoirs which have been published on the topics discussed. Not the least important feature in the volume is an elaborate list of all the treatises and articles, both British and Foreign, which have appeared in the various branches of "Spectrum Analysis," so that the student has before him a complete *résumé* of the literature connected with the subject. Very business-like, too, we should observe, are these lectures. Every principle is clearly put, and, where practicable, illustrated by diagrams or experiments. Optical treatises

tises may not be in good odor amongst readers at large, but we think that no one who brings a reasonable amount of intelligence to bear upon the study of "Spectrum Analysis" can have any difficulty in following so lucid and experien-

ed a guide as Dr. Roscoe, and we are equally sure that no one who has already dived deep into the topic will fail to appreciate as it deserves this noble and captivating production.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MISS STANBURY'S WRATH.

PUNCTUALLY at eleven o'clock on the Friday morning Mr. Gibson knocked at the door of the house in the Close. The reader must not imagine that he had ever wavered in his intention with regard to Dorothy Stanbury, because he had been driven into a corner by the pertinacious ingenuity of Miss French. He never for a moment thought of being false to Miss Stanbury the elder. Falseness of that nature would have been ruinous to him,—would have made him a marked man in the city all his days, and would probably have reached even to the bishop's ears. He was neither bad enough, nor audacious enough, nor foolish enough, for such perjury as that. And, moreover, though the wiles of Arabella had been potent with him, he very much preferred Dorothy Stanbury. Seven years of flirtation with a young lady is more trying to the affection than any duration of matrimony. Arabella had managed to awaken something of the old glow, but Mr. Gibson, as soon as he was alone, turned from her mentally in disgust. No! Whatever little trouble there might be in his way, it was clearly his duty to marry Dorothy Stanbury. She had the sweetest temper in the world, and blushed with the prettiest blush! She would have, moreover, two thousand pounds on the day she married, and there was no saying what other and greater pecuniary advantages might follow. His mind was quite made up; and during the whole morning he had been endeavoring to drive all disagreeable reminiscences of Miss French from his memory, and to arrange the words with which he would make his offer to Dorothy. He was aware that he need not

be very particular about his words, as Dorothy, from the bashfulness of her nature, would be no judge of eloquence at such a time. But still, for his own sake, there should be some form of expression, some propriety of diction. Before eleven o'clock he had it all by heart, and had nearly freed himself from the uneasiness of his falsehood to Arabella. He had given much serious thought to the matter, and had quite resolved that he was right in his purpose, and that he could marry Dorothy with a pure conscience, and with a true promise of a husband's love. "Dear Dolly!" he said to himself, with something of enthusiasm as he walked across the Close. And he looked up to the house as he came to it. There was to be his future home. There was not one of the prebends who had a better house. And there was a dovelike softness about Dorothy's eyes, and a winning obedience in her manner, that were charming. His lines had fallen to him in very pleasant places. Yes;—he would go up to her and take her at once by the hand, and ask her whether she would be his, now and for ever. He would not let go her hand, till he had brought her so close to him that she could hide her blushes on his shoulder. The whole thing had been so well conceived, had become so clear to his mind, that he felt no hesitation or embarrassment as he knocked at the door. Arabella French would, no doubt, hear of it soon. Well;—she must hear of it. After all she could do him no injury.

He was shown up at once into the drawing-room, and there he found—Miss Stanbury the elder. "Oh, Mr. Gibson!" she said at once.

"Is anything the matter with—dear Dorothy?"

"She is the most obstinate, pig-headed young woman I ever came across since the world began."

"You don't say so! But what is it, Miss Stanbury?"

"What is it? Why just this. Nothing on earth that I can say to her will induce her to come down and speak to you."

"Have I offended her?"

"Offended a fiddlestick! Offence indeed! An offer from an honest man, with her friends' approval, and a fortune at her back as though she had been born with a gold spoon in her mouth! And she tells me that she can't, and won't, and wouldn't, and shouldn't, as though I were asking her to walk the streets. I declare I don't know what has come to the young women;—or what it is they want. One would have thought that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"But what is the reason, Miss Stanbury?"

"Oh, reason! You don't suppose people give reasons in these days. What reason have they when they dress themselves up with handboxes on their sconces? Just simply the old reason—'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;—why I cannot tell.'"

"May I not see her myself, Miss Stanbury?"

"I can't make her come down-stairs to you. I've been at her the whole morning, Mr. Gibson, ever since daylight pretty nearly. She came into my room before I was up and told me she had made up her mind. I have coaxed, and scolded, and threatened, and cried;—but if she'd been a milestone it couldn't have been of less use. I told her she might go back to Nuncombe, and she just went off to pack up."

"But she's not to go?"

"How can I say what such a young woman will do? I'm never allowed a way of my own for a moment. There's Brooke Burgess been scolding me at that rate I didn't know whether I stood on my head or my heels. And I don't know now."

Then there was a pause, while Mr. Gibson was endeavoring to decide what would now be his best course of action. "Don't you think she'll ever come round, Miss Stanbury?"

"I don't think she'll ever come any

way that anybody wants her to come, Mr. Gibson."

"I didn't think she was at all like that," said Mr. Gibson, almost in tears.

"No,—nor anybody else. I have been seeing it come all the same. It's just the Stanbury perversity. If I'd wanted to keep her by herself, to take care of me, and had set my back up at her if she spoke to a man, and made her understand that she wasn't to think of getting married, she'd have been making eyes at every man that came into the house. It's just what one gets for going out of one's way. I did think she'd be so happy, Mr. Gibson, living here as your wife. She and I between us could have managed for you so nicely."

Mr. Gibson was silent for a minute or two, during which he walked up and down the room,—contemplating, no doubt, the picture of married life which Miss Stanbury had painted for him,—a picture which, as it seemed, was not to be realized. "And what had I better do, Miss Stanbury?" he asked at last.

"Do! I don't know what you're to do. I'm groom enough to bring a mare to water, but I can't make her drink."

"Will waiting be any good?"

"How can I say? I'll tell you one thing not to do. Don't go and philander with those girls at Heavitree. It's my belief that Dorothy has been thinking of them. People talk to her, of course."

"I wish people would hold their tongues. People are so indiscreet. People don't know how much harm they may do."

"You've given them some excuse, you know, Mr. Gibson."

This was very ill-natured, and was felt by Mr. Gibson to be so rude, that he almost turned upon his patroness in anger. He had known Dolly for not more than three months, and had devoted himself to her, to the great anger of his older friends. He had come this morning true to his appointment, expecting that others would keep their promises to him, as he was ready to keep those which he had made;—and now he was told that it was his fault! "I do think that's rather hard, Miss Stanbury," he said.

"So you have," said she;—"nasty, slatternly girls, without an idea inside

their noddles. But it's no use your scolding me."

"I didn't mean to scold, Miss Stanbury."

"I've done all that I could."

"And you think she won't see me for a minute?"

"She says she won't. I can't bid Martha carry her down."

"Then, perhaps, I had better leave you for the present," said Mr. Gibson, after another pause. So he went, a melancholy, blighted man. Leaving the Close, he passed through into Southernhay, and walked across by the new streets towards the Heavitree road. He had no design in taking this route, but he went on till he came in sight of the house in which Mrs. French lived. As he walked slowly by it, he looked up at the windows, and something of a feeling of romance came across his heart. Were his young affections buried there, or were they not? And, if so, with which of those fair girls were they buried? For the last two years, up to last night, Camilla had certainly been in the ascendant. But Arabella was a sweet young woman; and there had been a time,—when those tender passages were going on,—in which he had thought that no young woman ever was so sweet. A period of romance, an era of enthusiasm, a short-lived, delicious holiday of hot-tongued insanity had been permitted to him in his youth;—but all that was now over. And yet here he was, with three strings to his bow,—so he told himself,—and he had not as yet settled for himself the great business of matrimony. He was inclined to think, as he walked on, that he would walk his life alone, an active, useful, but a melancholy man. After such experiences as his, how should he ever again speak of his heart to a woman? During this walk, his mind recurred frequently to Dorothy Stanbury; and, doubtless, he thought that he had often spoken of his heart to her. He was back at his lodgings before three, at which hour he ate an early dinner, and then took the afternoon cathedral service at four. The evening he spent at home, thinking of the romance of his early days. What would Miss Stanbury have said, had she seen him in his easy chair behind the "Exeter Argus,"—with a pipe in his mouth?

In the meantime, there was an uncomfortable scene in progress between Dorothy and her aunt. Brooke Burgess, as desired, had left the house before eleven, having taken upon himself, when consulted, to say in the mildest terms, that he thought that, in general, young women should not be asked to marry if they did not like to;—which opinion had been so galling to Miss Stanbury that she had declared that he had so scolded her, that she did not know whether she was standing on her head or her heels. As soon as Mr. Gibson left her, she sat herself down, and fairly cried. She had ardently desired this thing, and had allowed herself to think of her desire as of one that would certainly be accomplished. Dorothy would have been so happy as the wife of a clergyman! Miss Stanbury's standard for men and women was not high. She did not expect others to be as self-sacrificing, as charitable, and as good as herself. It was not that she gave to herself credit for such virtues; but she thought of herself as one who, from the peculiar circumstances of life, was bound to do much for others. There was no end to her doing good for others,—if only the others would allow themselves to be governed by her. She did not think that Mr. Gibson was a great divine; but she perceived that he was a clergyman, living decently,—of that secret pipe Miss Stanbury knew nothing,—doing his duty punctually, and, as she thought, very much in want of a wife. Then there was her niece, Dolly,—soft, pretty, feminine, without a shilling, and much in want of some one to comfort and take care of her. What could be better than such a marriage! And the overthrow to the girls with the big chignons would be so complete! She had set her mind upon it, and now Dorothy said that it couldn't, and it wouldn't, and it shouldn't be accomplished! She was to be thrown over by this chit of a girl, as she had been thrown over by the girl's brother! And, when she complained, the girl simply offered to go away!

At about twelve Dorothy came creeping down into the room in which her aunt was sitting, and pretended to occupy herself on some piece of work. For a considerable time,—for three minutes perhaps,—Miss Stanbury did not speak

She had resolved that she would not speak to her niece again,—at least, not for that day. She would let the ungrateful girl know how miserable she had been made. But at the close of the three minutes her patience was exhausted. "What are you doing there?" she said. "I am quilting your cap, Aunt Stanbury."

"Put it down. You shan't do anything for me. I won't have you touch my things any more. I don't like pretended service."

"It is not pretended, Aunt Stanbury."

"I say it is pretended. Why did you pretend to me that you would have him when you had made up your mind against it all the time?"

"But I hadn't—made up my mind."

"If you had so much doubt about it, you might have done what I wanted you."

"I couldn't, Aunt Stanbury."

"You mean you wouldn't. I wonder what it is you do expect."

"I don't expect anything, Aunt Stanbury."

"No; and I don't expect anything. What an old fool I am ever to look for any comfort. Why should I think that anybody would care for me?"

"Indeed, I do care for you."

"In what sort of way do you show it? You're just like your brother Hugh. I've disgraced myself to that man—promising what I could not perform. I declare it makes me sick when I think of it. Why did you not tell me at once?" Dorothy said nothing further, but sat with the cap on her lap. She did not dare to resume her needle, and she did not like to put the cap aside, as by doing so it would seem as though she had accepted her aunt's prohibition against her work. For half an hour she sat thus, during which time Miss Stanbury dropped asleep. She woke with a start, and began to scold again. "What's the good of sitting there all the day, with your hands before you, doing nothing?"

But Dorothy had been very busy. She had been making up her mind, and had determined to communicate her resolution to her aunt. "Dear aunt," she said, "I've been thinking of something."

"It's too late now," said Miss Stanbury.

"I see I've made you very unhappy."

"Of course you have."

"And you think that I'm ungrateful. I'm not ungrateful, and I don't think that Hugh is."

"Never mind Hugh."

"Only because it seems so hard that you should take so much trouble about us, and that then there should be so much vexation."

"I find it very hard."

"So I think that I'd better go back to Nuncombe."

"That's what you call gratitude."

"I don't like to stay here and make you unhappy. I can't think that I ought to have done what you asked me, because I did not feel at all in that way about Mr. Gibson. But as I have only disappointed you, it will be better that I should go home. I have been very happy here,—very."

"Bother!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury.

"I have,—and I do love you, though you won't believe it. But I am sure I oughtn't to remain to make you unhappy. I shall never forget all that you have done for me; and though you call me ungrateful, I am not. But I know that I ought not to stay, as I cannot do what you wish. So, if you please, I will go back to Nuncombe."

"You'll not do anything of the kind," said Miss Stanbury.

"But it will be better."

"Yes, of course; no doubt. I suppose you're tired of us all."

"It is not that I'm tired, Aunt Stanbury. It isn't that at all." Dorothy had now become red up to the roots of her hair, and her eyes were full of tears. "But I cannot stay where people think that I am ungrateful. If you please, Aunt Stanbury, I will go." Then, of course, there was a compromise. Dorothy did at last consent to remain in the Close, but only on condition that she should be forgiven for her sin in reference to Mr. Gibson, and be permitted to go on with her aunt's cap.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MONT CENIS.

THE night had been fine and warm, and it was now noon on a fine September day when the train from Paris reached St. Michael, on the route to Italy by Mont Cenis,—as all the world knows St.

Michael is, or was a year or two back, the end of railway travelling in that direction. At the time Mr. Fell's grand project of carrying a line of rails over the top of the mountain was only in preparation, and the journey from St. Michael to Susa was still made by the diligences,—those dear old continental coaches which are now nearly as extinct as our own, but which did not deserve death so fully as did our abominable vehicles. The coupé of a diligence, or, better still, the banquette, was a luxurious mode of travelling as compared with anything that our coaches offered. There used indeed to be a certain halo of glory round the occupant of the box of a mail-coach. The man who had secured that seat was supposed to know something about the world, and to be such a one that the passengers sitting behind him would be proud to be allowed to talk to him. But the prestige of the position was greater than the comfort. A night on the box of a mail-coach was but a bad time, and a night inside a mail-coach was a night in purgatory. Whereas a seat up above, on the banquette of a diligence passing over the Alps, with room for the feet, and support for the back, with plenty of rugs and plenty of tobacco, used to be on the Mont Cenis, and still is on some other mountain passes, a very comfortable mode of seeing a mountain route. For those desirous of occupying the coupé, or the three front seats of the body of the vehicle, it must be admitted that difficulties frequently arose; and that such difficulties were very common at St. Michael. There would be two or three of those enormous vehicles preparing to start for the mountain, whereas it would appear that twelve or fifteen passengers had come down from Paris armed with tickets assuring them that this preferable mode of travelling should be theirs. And then assertions would be made, somewhat recklessly, by the officials, to the effect that all the diligence was coupé. It would generally be the case that some middle-aged Englishman who could not speak French would go to the wall, together with his wife. Middle-aged Englishmen with their wives, who can't speak French, can nevertheless be very angry, and threaten loudly, when they suppose themselves to be ill-treated. A middle-aged English-

man, though he can't speak a word of French, won't believe a French official who tells him that the diligence is all coupé, when he finds himself with his unfortunate partner in a round-about place behind with two priests, a dirty man who looks like a brigand, a sick maid-servant, and three agricultural laborers. The attempt, however, was frequently made, and thus there used to be occasionally a little noise round the bureau at St. Michael.

On the morning of which we are speaking, two Englishmen had just made good their claim, each independently of the other, each without having heard or seen the other, when two American ladies, coming up very tardily, endeavored to prove their rights. The ladies were without other companions, and were not fluent with their French, but were clearly entitled to their seats. They were told that the conveyance was all coupé, but perversely would not believe the statement. The official shrugged his shoulders and signified that his ultimatum had been pronounced. What can an official do in such circumstances, when more coupé passengers are sent to him than the coupés at his command will hold? "But we have paid for the coupé," said the elder American lady, with considerable indignation, though her French was imperfect;—for American ladies understand their rights. "Bah; yes; you have paid and you shall go. What would you have?" "We would have what we have paid for," said the American lady. Then the official rose from his stool and shrugged his shoulders again, and made a motion with both his hands, intended to show that the thing was finished. "It is a robbery," said the elder American lady to the younger. "I should not mind, only you are so unwell." "It will not kill me, I dare say," said the younger. Then one of the English gentlemen declared that his place was very much at the service of the invalid,—and the other Englishman declared that his also was at the service of the invalid's companion. Then, and not till then, the two men recognized each other. One was Mr. Glascock, on his way to Naples, and the other was Mr. Trevelyan, on his way,—he knew not whither.

Upon this, of course, they spoke to each other. In London they had been

well acquainted, each having been an intimate guest at the house of old Lady Milborough. And each knew something of the other's recent history. Mr. Glascock was aware, as was all the world, that Trevelyan had quarrelled with his wife; and Trevelyan was aware that Mr. Glascock had been spoken of as the suitor to his own sister-in-law. Of that visit which Mr. Glascock had made to Nuncombe Putney, and of the manner in which Nora had behaved to her lover, Trevelyan knew nothing. Their greetings spoken, their first topic of conversation was, of course, the injury proposed to be done to the American ladies, and which would now fall upon them. They went into the waiting-room together, and during such toilet as they could make there, grumbled furiously. They would take post horses over the mountain, not from any love of solitary grandeur, but in order that they might make the company pay for its iniquity. But it was soon apparent to them that they themselves had no ground of complaint, and as everybody was very civil, and as a seat in the banquettes over the heads of the American ladies was provided for them, and as the man from the bureau came and apologized, they consented to be pacified, and ended, of course, by tipping half-a-dozen of the servants about the yard. Mr. Glascock had a man of his own with him, who was very nearly being put on to the same seat with his master as an extra civility; but this inconvenience was at last avoided. Having settled these little difficulties, they went in to breakfast in the buffet.

There could be no better breakfast than used to be given in the buffet at the railway terminus at St. Michael. The company might occasionally be led into errors about that question of *compé seats*, but in reference to their provisions, they set an example which might be of great use to us here in England. It is probably the case that breakfasts for travellers are not so frequently needed here as they are on the Continent; but, still, there is often to be found a crowd of people ready to eat if only the wherewithal were there. We are often told in our newspapers that England is disgraced by this and by that; by the unreadiness of our army, by the unfitness of our navy, by the irrationality of our laws, by the immobility

of our prejudices, and what not; but the real disgrace of England is the railway sandwich,—that whitened sepulchre, fair enough outside, but so meagre, poor, and spiritless within, such a thing of shreds and parings, such a dab of food, telling us that the poor bone whence it was scraped had been made utterly bare before it was sent into the kitchen for the soup pot. In France one does get food at the railway stations, and at St. Michael the breakfast was unexceptional.

Our two friends seated themselves near to the American ladies, and were, of course, thanked for their politeness. American women are taught by the habits of their country to think that men should give way to them more absolutely than is in accordance with the practices of life in Europe. A seat in a public conveyance in the States, when merely occupied by a man, used to be regarded by any woman as being at her service as completely as though it were vacant. One woman indicating a place to another would point with equal freedom to a man or a space. It is said that this is a little altered now, and that European views on this subject are spreading themselves. Our two ladies, however, who were pretty, clever-looking, and attractive even after the night's journey, were manifestly more impressed with the villany of the French officials than they were with the kindness of their English neighbors.

"And nothing can be done to punish them?" said the younger of them to Mr. Glascock.

"Nothing, I should think," said he. "Nothing will, at any rate."

"And you will not get back your money?" said the elder,—who, though the elder, was probably not much above twenty.

"Well;—no. Time is money, they say. It would take thrice the value of the time in money, and then one would probably fail. They have done very well for us, and I suppose there are difficulties."

"It couldn't have taken place in our country," said the younger lady. "All the same, we are very much obliged to you. It would not have been nice for us to have to go up into the banquettes."

"They would have put you into the interior."

"And that would have been worse.

I hate being put anywhere,—as if I were a sheep. It seems so odd to us, that you here should be all so tame.”

“Do you mean the English, or the French, or the world in general on this side of the Atlantic?”

“We mean Europeans,” said the younger lady, who was better after her breakfast. “But then we think that the French have something of compensation, in their manners, and their ways of life, their climate, the beauty of their cities, and their general management of things.”

“They are very great in many ways, no doubt,” said Mr. Glascock.

“They do understand living better than you do,” said the elder.

“Everything is so much brighter with them,” said the younger.

“They contrive to give a grace to every-day existence,” said the elder.

“There is such a welcome among them for strangers,” said the younger.

“Particularly in reference to places taken in the coupé,” said Trevelyan, who had hardly spoken before.

“Ah, that is an affair of honesty,” said the elder. “If we want honesty, I believe we must go back to the stars and stripes.”

Mr. Glascock looked up from his plate almost aghast. He said nothing, however, but called for the waiter, and paid for his breakfast. Nevertheless, there was a considerable amount of travelling friendship engendered between the ladies and our two friends before the diligence had left the railway yard. They were two Miss Spaldings, going on to Florence, at which place they had an uncle, who was minister from the States to the kingdom of Italy; and they were not at all unwilling to receive such little civilities as gentlemen can give to ladies when travelling. The whole party intended to sleep at Turin that night, and they were altogether on good terms with each other when they started on the journey from St. Michael.

“Clever women those,” said Mr. Glascock, as soon as they had arranged their legs and arms in the banquette.

“Yes, indeed.”

“American women always are clever, —and are almost always pretty.”

“I do not like them,” said Trevelyan —who in these days was in a mood to like nothing. “They are exigent;—and

then they are so hard. They want the weakness that a woman ought to have.”

“That comes from what they would call your insular prejudice. We are accustomed to less self-assertion on the part of women than is customary with them. We prefer women to rule us by seeming to yield. In the States, as I take it, the women never yield, and the men have to fight their own battles with other tactics.”

“I don’t know what their tactics are.”

“They keep their distance. The men live much by themselves, as though they knew they would not have a chance in the presence of their wives and daughters. Nevertheless they don’t manage these things badly. You very rarely hear of an American being separated from his wife.”

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than Mr. Glascock knew, and remembered, and felt what he had said. There are occasions in which a man sins so deeply against fitness and the circumstances of the hour, that it becomes impossible for him to slur over his sin as though it had not been committed. There are certain little peccadilloes in society which one can manage to throw behind one,—perhaps with some difficulty and awkwardness; but still they are put aside, and conversation goes on, though with a hitch. But there are graver offences, the gravity of which strikes the offender so seriously that it becomes impossible for him to seem even to ignore his own iniquity. Ashes must be eaten publicly, and sackcloth worn before the eyes of men. It was so now with poor Mr. Glascock. He thought about it for a moment,—whether or no it was possible that he should continue his remarks about the American ladies, without betraying his own consciousness of the thing that he had done, and he found that it was quite impossible. He knew that he was red up to his hairs, and hot, and that his blood tingled. His blushes, indeed, would not be seen in the seclusion of the banquette; but he could not overcome the heat and the tingling. There was silence for about three minutes, and then he felt that it would be best for him to confess his own fault. “Trevelyan,” he said, “I am very sorry for the allusion that I made. I ought to have been less awkward, and I beg your pardon.”

"It does not matter," said Trevelyan. "Of course I know that everybody is talking of it behind my back. I am not to expect that people will be silent because I am unhappy."

"Nevertheless I beg your pardon," said the other.

There was but little further conversation between them till they reached Lanslebourg, at the foot of the mountain, at which place they occupied themselves with getting coffee for the two American ladies. The Miss Spaldings took their coffee almost with as much grace as though it had been handed to them by Frenchmen. And indeed they were very gracious,—as is the nature of American ladies in spite of that hardness of which Trevelyan had complained. They assume an intimacy readily, with no appearance of impropriety, and are at their ease easily. When, therefore, they were handed out of their carriage by Mr. Glascock, the bystanders at Lanslebourg might have thought that the whole party had been travelling together from New York. "What should we have done if you hadn't taken pity on us?" said the elder lady. "I don't think we could have climbed up into that high place; and look at the crowd that have come out of the interior. A man has some advantages after all."

"I am quite in the dark as to what they are," said Mr. Glascock.

"He can give up his place to a lady, and can climb up into a banquette."

"And he can be a member of Congress," said the younger. "I'd sooner be senator from Massachusetts than be the Queen of England."

"So would I," said Mr. Glascock. "I'm glad we can agree about one thing."

The two gentlemen agreed to walk up the mountain together, and with some trouble induced the conductor to permit them to do so. Why conductors of diligences should object to such relief to their horses the ordinary Englishman can hardly understand. But in truth they feel so deeply the responsibility which attaches itself to their shepherd-ing of their sheep, that they are always fearing lest some poor lamb should go astray on the mountain side. And though the road be broad and very plainly marked, the conductor never

feels secure that his passenger will find his way safely to the summit. He likes to know that each of his flock is in his right place, and disapproves altogether of an erratic spirit. But Mr. Glascock at last prevailed, and the two men started together up the mountain. When the permission has been once obtained the walker may be sure that his guide and shepherd will not desert him.

"Of course I know," said Trevelyan, when the third twist up the mountain had been overcome, "that people talk about me and my wife. It is a part of the punishment for the mistake that one makes."

"It is a sad affair altogether."

"The saddest in the world. Lady Milborough has no doubt spoken to you about it."

"Well;—yes; she has."

"How could she help it? I am not such a fool as to suppose that people are to hold their tongues about me more than they do about others. Intimate as she is with you, of course she has spoken to you."

"I was in hopes that something might have been done by this time."

"Nothing has been done. Sometimes I think I shall put an end to myself, it makes me so wretched."

"Then why don't you agree to forget and forgive and have done with it?"

"That is so easily said;—so easily said." After this they walked on in silence for a considerable distance. Mr. Glascock was not anxious to talk about Trevelyan's wife, but he did wish to ask a question or two about Mrs. Trevelyan's sister, if only this could be done without telling too much of his own secret. "There's nothing I think so grand as walking up a mountain," he said after a while.

"It's all very well," said Trevelyan, in a tone which seemed to imply that to him in his present miserable condition all recreations, exercises, and occupations were mere leather and prunella.

"I don't mean, you know, in the Alpine Club way," said Glascock. "I'm too old and too stiff for that. But when the path is good, and the air not too cold, and when it is neither snowing, nor thawing, nor raining, and when the sun isn't hot, and you've got plenty of time, and know that you can stop any

moment you like and be pushed up by a carriage, I do think walking up a mountain is very fine,—if you've got proper shoes, and a good stick, and it isn't too soon after dinner. There's nothing like the air of Alps." And Mr. Glascock renewed his pace, and stretched himself against the hill at the rate of three miles an hour.

"I used to be very fond of Switzerland," said Trevelyan, "but I don't care about it now. My eye has lost all its taste."

"It isn't the eye," said Glascock.

"Well; no. The truth is that when one is absolutely unhappy one cannot revel in the imagination. I don't believe in the miseries of poets."

"I think myself," said Glascock, "that a poet should have a good digestion. By-the-bye, Mrs. Trevelyan and her sister went down to Nuncombe Putney, in Devonshire."

"They did go there."

"Have they moved since? A very pretty place is Nuncombe Putney."

"You have been there, then?"

Mr. Glascock blushed again. He was certainly an awkward man, saying things that he ought not to say, and telling secrets which ought not to have been told. "Well;—yes. I have been there—as it happens."

"Just lately do you mean?"

Mr. Glascock paused, hoping to find his way out of the scrape, but soon perceived that there was no way out. He could not lie, even in an affair of love, and was altogether destitute of those honest subterfuges,—subterfuges honest in such position,—of which a dozen would have been at once at the command of any woman, and with one of which, sufficient for the moment, most men would have been able to arm themselves. "Indeed, yes," he said, almost stammering as he spoke. "It was lately;—since your wife went there." Trevelyan, though he had been told of the possibility of Mr. Glascock's courtship, felt himself almost aggrieved by this man's intrusion on his wife's retreat. Had he not sent her there that she might be private; and what right had any one to invade such privacy? "I suppose I had better tell the truth at once," said Mr. Glascock. "I went to see Miss Rowley."

"Oh, indeed."

"My secret will be safe with you, I know."

"I did not know that there was a secret," said Trevelyan. "I should have thought that they would have told me."

"I don't see that. However, it doesn't matter much. I got nothing by my journey. Are the ladies still at Nuncombe Putney?"

"No, they have moved from there to London."

"Not back to Curzon street?"

"Oh dear, no. There is no house in Curzon street for them now." This was said in a tone so sad that it almost made Mr. Glascock weep. "They are staying with an aunt of theirs,—out to the east of the city."

"At St. Diddulph's?"

"Yes;—with Mr. Outhouse, the clergyman there. You can't conceive what it is not to be able to see your own child; and yet, how can I take the boy from her?"

"Of course not. He's only a baby."

"And yet all this is brought on me solely by her obstinacy. God knows, however, I don't want to say a word against her. People choose to say that I am to blame, and they may say so for me. Nothing that any one may say can add anything to the weight that I have to bear." Then they walked to the top of the mountain in silence, and in due time were picked up by their proper shepherd and carried down to Susa at a pace that would give an English coachman a concussion of the brain.

Why passengers for Turin, who reach Susa dusty, tired, and sleepy, should be detained at that place for an hour and a half instead of being forwarded to their beds in the great city, is never made very apparent. All travelling officials on the continent of Europe are very slow in their manipulation of luggage; but as they are equally correct we will find the excuse for their tardiness in the latter quality. The hour and a half, however, is a necessity, and it is very grievous. On this occasion the two Miss Spaldings ate their supper, and the two gentlemen waited on them. The ladies had learned to regard at any rate Mr. Glascock as their own property, and received his services graciously indeed, but quite as a matter of course. When he was sent from their peculiar corner

of the big, dirty refreshment room to the supper-table to fetch an apple, and then desired to change it because the one which he had brought was spotted, he rather liked it. And when he sat down with his knees near to theirs, actually trying to eat a large Italian apple himself simply because they had eaten one, and discussed with them the passage over the Mount Cenis, he began to think that Susa was, after all, a place in which an hour and a half might be whirled away without much cause for complaint.

"We only stay one night at Turin," said Caroline Spalding, the elder.

"And we shall have to start at ten,—to get through to Florence to-morrow," said Olivia, the younger. "Isn't it cruel, wasting all this time when we might be in bed?"

"It is not for me to complain of the cruelty," said Mr. Glascock.

"We should have fared infinitely worse if we hadn't met you," said Caroline Spalding.

"But our republican simplicity won't allow us to assert that even your society is better than going to bed, after a journey of thirty hours," said Olivia.

In the meantime Trevelyan was roaming about the station moodily by himself, and the place is one not apt to restore cheerfulness to a moody man by any resources of its own. When the time for departure came Mr. Glascock sought him and found him; but Trevelyan had chosen a corner for himself in a carriage, and declared that he would rather avoid the ladies for the present. "Don't think me uncivil to leave you," he said, "but the truth is, I don't like American ladies."

"I do rather," said Mr. Glascock.

"You can say that I've got a headache," said Trevelyan. So Mr. Glascock returned to his friends, and did say that Mr. Trevelyan had a headache. It was the first time that a name had been mentioned between them.

"Mr. Trevelyan! What a pretty name! It sounds like a novel," said Olivia.

"A very clever man," said Mr. Glascock, "and much liked by his own circle. But he has had trouble, and is unhappy."

"He looks unhappy," said Caroline.

"The most miserable looking man I ever saw in my life," said Olivia. Then

it was agreed between them as they went up to Trompetta's hotel, that they would go on together by the ten o'clock train to Florence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VERDICT OF THE JURY—"MAD, MY LORD."

TREVELYAN was left alone at Turin when Mr. Glascock went on to Florence with his fair American friends. It was imperatively necessary that he should remain at Turin, though he had no business there of any kind whatever, and did not know a single person in the city. And of all towns in Italy Turin has perhaps less of attraction to offer to the solitary visitor than any other. It is new and parallelogrammatic as an American town, is very cold in cold weather, very hot in hot weather, and now that it has been robbed of its life as a capital, is as dull and uninteresting as though it were German or English. There is the Armory, and the river Po, and a good hotel. But what are these things to a man who is forced to live alone in a place for four days, perhaps a week? Trevelyan was bound to remain at Turin till he should hear from Bozzle. No one but Bozzle knew his address; and he could do nothing till Bozzle should have communicated to him tidings of what was being done at St. Diddulph's.

There is perhaps no great social question so imperfectly understood among us at the present day as that which refers to the line which divides sanity from insanity. That this man is sane and that other unfortunately mad we do know well enough; and we know also that one man may be subject to various hallucinations,—may fancy himself to be a teapot, or what not,—and yet be in such a condition of mind as to call for no intervention either on behalf of his friends, or of the law; while another may be in possession of intellectual faculties capable of lucid exertion for the highest purposes, and yet be so mad that bodily restraint upon him is indispensable. We know that the sane man is responsible for what he does, and that the insane man is irresponsible; but we do not know,—we only guess wildly, at the state of mind of those, who now and again act like madmen, though no court or council of experts has declared them to

be mad. The bias of the public mind is to press heavily on such men till the law attempts to touch them, as though they were thoroughly responsible; and then, when the law interferes, to screen them as though they were altogether irresponsible. The same jurymen who would find a man mad who has murdered a young woman, would in private life express a desire that the same young man should be hung, crucified, or skinned alive, if he had moodily and without reason broken his faith to the young woman in lieu of killing her. Now Trevelyan was, in truth, mad on the subject of his wife's alleged infidelity. He had abandoned everything that he valued in the world, and had made himself wretched in every affair of life, because he could not submit to acknowledge to himself the possibility of error on his own part. For that, in truth, was the condition of his mind. He had never hitherto believed that she had been false to her vow, and had sinned against him irredeemably; but he thought that in her regard for another man she had slighted him; and, so thinking, he had subjected her to a severity of rebuke which no high-spirited woman could have borne. His wife had not tried to bear it,—in her indignation had not striven to cure the evil. Then had come his resolution that she should submit, or part from him; and, having so resolved, nothing could shake him. Though every friend he possessed was now against him,—including even Lady Milborough,—he was certain that he was right. Had not his wife sworn to obey him, and was not her whole conduct one tissue of disobedience? Would not the man who submitted to this find himself driven to submit to things worse? Let her own her fault, let her submit, and then she should come back to him.

He had not considered, when his resolutions to this effect were first forming themselves, that a separation between a man and his wife once effected cannot be annulled, and as it were cured, so as to leave no cicatrice behind. Gradually, as he spent day after day in thinking on this one subject, he came to feel that even were his wife to submit, to own her fault humbly, and to come back to him, this very coming back would in itself be a new wound. Could he go out again

with his wife on his arm to the houses of those who knew that he had repudiated her because of her friendship with another man? Could he open again that house in Curzon street, and let things go on quietly as they had gone before? He told himself that it was impossible;—that he and she were ineffably disgraced;—that if reunited, they must live buried out of sight in some remote distance. And he told himself, also, that he could never be with her again night or day without thinking of the separation. His happiness had been shipwrecked.

Then he had put himself into the hands of Mr. Bozzle, and Mr. Bozzle had taught him that women very often do go astray. Mr. Bozzle's idea of female virtue was not high, and he had opportunities of implanting his idea on his client's mind. Trevelyan hated the man. He was filled with disgust by Bozzle's words, and was made miserable by Bozzle's presence. Yet he came gradually to believe in Bozzle. Bozzle alone believed in him. There was none but Bozzle who did not bid him to submit himself to his disobedient wife. And then, as he came to believe in Bozzle, he grew to be more and more assured that no one but Bozzle could tell him facts. His chivalry, and love, and sense of woman's honor, with something of manly pride on his own part,—so he told himself,—had taught him to believe it to be impossible that his wife should have sinned. Bozzle, who knew the world, thought otherwise. Bozzle, who had no interest in the matter, one way or the other, would find out facts. What if his chivalry, and love, and manly pride had deceived him? There were women who sinned. Then he prayed that his wife might not be such a woman; and got up from his prayers almost convinced that she was a sinner.

His mind was at work upon it always. Could it be that she was so base as this—so vile a thing, so object, such dirt, pollution, filth? But there were such cases. Nay, were they not almost numberless? He found himself reading in the papers records of such things from day to day, and thought that in doing so he was simply acquiring experience necessary for himself. If it were so, he had indeed done well to separate himself

from a thing so infamous. And if it were not so, how could it be that that man had gone to her in Devonshire? He had received from his wife's hands a short note addressed to the man, in which the man was desired by her not to go to her, or to write to her again, because of her husband's commands. He had shown this to Bozzle, and Bozzle had smiled. "It's just the sort of things they does," Bozzle had said. "Then they writes another by post." He had consulted Bozzle as to the sending on of that letter, and Bozzle had been strongly of opinion that it should be forwarded, a copy having been duly taken and attested by himself. It might be very pretty evidence by-and-by. If the letter were not forwarded, Bozzle thought that the omission to do so might be given in evidence against his employer. Bozzle was very careful, and full of "evidence." The letter therefore was sent on to Colonel Osborne. "If there's billy-dous going between 'em we shall nobble 'em," said Bozzle. Trevelyan tore his hair in despair, but believed that there would be billy-dous.

He came to believe everything; and, though he prayed fervently that his wife might not be led astray, that she might be saved at any rate from utter vice, yet he almost came to hope that it might be otherwise;—not, indeed, with the hope of the sane man, who desires that which he tells himself to be for his advantage; but with the hope of the insane man, who loves to feed his grievance, even though the grief should be his death. They who do not understand that a man may be brought to hope that which of all things is the most grievous to him, have not observed with sufficient closeness the perversity of the human mind. Trevelyan would have given all that he had to save his wife; would, even now, have cut his tongue out before he would have expressed to any one,—save to Bozzle,—a suspicion that she could in truth have been guilty; was continually telling himself that further life would be impossible to him, if he, and she, and that child of theirs, should be thus disgraced;—and yet he expected it, believed it, and, after a fashion, he almost hoped it.

He was to wait at Turin till tidings should come from Bozzle, and after that he would go on to Venice; but he would

not move from Turin till he should have received his first communication from England. When he had been three days at Turin they came to him, and, among other letters in Bozzle's packet, there was a letter addressed in his wife's handwriting. The letter was simply directed to Bozzle's house. In what possible way could his wife have found out aught of his dealings with Bozzle,—where Bozzle lived, or could have learned that letters intended for him should be sent to the man's own residence? Before, however, we inspect the contents of Mr. Bozzle's dispatch, we will go back and see how Mrs. Trevelyan had discovered the manner of forwarding a letter to her husband.

The matter of the address was, indeed, very simple. All letters for Trevelyan were to be redirected from the house in Curzon street, and from the chambers in Lincoln's Inn, to the Acrobats' Club; to the porter of the Acrobats' Club had been confided the secret, not of Bozzle's name, but of Bozzle's private address, No. 55, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough. Thus all letters reaching the Acrobats', were duly sent to Mr. Bozzle's house. It may be remembered that Hugh Stanbury, on the occasion of his last visit to the parsonage of St. Diddulph's, was informed that Mrs. Trevelyan had a letter from her father for her husband, and that she knew not whither to send it. It may well be that, had the matter assumed no other interest in Stanbury's eyes than that given to it by Mrs. Trevelyan's very moderate anxiety to have the letter forwarded, he would have thought nothing about it; but having resolved, as he sat upon the knifeboard of the omnibus,—the reader will, at any rate, remember those resolutions made on the top of the omnibus while Hugh was smoking his pipe,—having resolved that a deed should be done at St. Diddulph's, he resolved also that it should be done at once. He would not allow the heat of his purpose to be cooled by delay. He would go to St. Diddulph's at once, with his heart in his hand. But it might, he thought, be as well that he should have an excuse for his visit. So he called upon the porter at the Acrobats', and was successful in learning Mr. Trevelyan's address. "Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough," he said to him-

self, wondering; then it occurred to him that Bozzle, and Bozzle only among Trevelyan's friends, could live at Stony Walk in the Borough. Thus armed, he set out for St. Diddulph's;—and, as one of the effects of his visit to the East, Sir Marmaduke's note was forwarded to Louis Trevelyan at Turin.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS NORA ROWLEY IS MALTREATED.

HUGH STANBURY, when he reached the parsonage, found no difficulty in making his way into the joint presence of Mrs. Outhouse, Mrs. Trevelyan, and Nora. He was recognized by the St. Diddulph's party as one who had come over to their side, as a friend of Trevelyan who had found himself constrained to condemn his friend in spite of his friendship, and was consequently very welcome. And there was no difficulty about giving the address. The ladies wondered how it came to pass that Mr. Trevelyan's letter should be sent to such a locality, and Hugh expressed his surprise also. He thought it discreet to withhold his suspicions about Mr. Bozzle, and simply expressed his conviction that letters sent in accordance with the directions given by the club-porter would reach their destination. Then the boy was brought down, and they were all very confidential and very unhappy together. Mrs. Trevelyan could see no end to the cruelty of her position, and declared that her father's anger against her husband was so great that she anticipated his coming with almost more of fear than of hope. Mrs. Outhouse expressed an opinion that Mr. Trevelyan must surely be mad; and Nora suggested that the possibility of such perversity on the part of a man made it almost unwise in any woman to trust herself to the power of a husband. "But there are not many like him, thank God," said Mrs. Outhouse, bridling in her wrath. Thus they were very friendly together, and Hugh was allowed to feel that he stood upon comfortable terms in the parsonage;—but he did not as yet see how he was to carry out his project for the present day.

At last Mrs. Trevelyan went away with the child. Hugh felt that he ought to go, but stayed courageously. He

thought he could perceive that Nora suspected the cause of his assiduity; but it was quite evident that Mrs. Outhouse did not do so. Mrs. Outhouse, having reconciled herself to the young man, was by no means averse to his presence. She went on talking about the wickedness of Trevelyan, and her brother's anger, and the fate of the little boy, till at last the little boy's mother came back into the room. Then Mrs. Outhouse went. They must excuse her for a few minutes, she said. If only she would have gone a few minutes sooner, how well her absence might have been excused. Nora understood it all now; and though she became almost breathless, she was not surprised, when Hugh got up from his chair and asked her sister to go away. "Mrs. Trevelyan," he said, "I want to speak a few words to your sister. I hope you will give me the opportunity."

"Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevelyan. "She knows nothing about it," said Hugh.

"Am I to go?" said Mrs. Trevelyan to her sister. But Nora said never a word. She sat perfectly fixed, not turning her eyes from the object on which she was gazing.

"Pray,—pray do," said Hugh.

"I cannot think that it will be for any good," said Mrs. Trevelyan; "but I know that she may be trusted. And I suppose it ought to be so, if you wish it."

"I do wish it, of all things," said Hugh, still standing up, and almost turning the elder sister out of the room by the force of his look and voice. Then, with another pause of a moment, Mrs. Trevelyan rose from her chair and left the room, closing the door after her.

Hugh, when he found that the coast was clear for him, immediately began his task with the conviction that not a moment was to be lost. He had told himself a dozen times that the matter was hopeless, that Nora had shown him by every means in her power that she was indifferent to him, that she with all her friends would know that such a marriage was out of the question; and he had in truth come to believe that the mission which he had in hand was one in which success was not possible. But he thought that it was his duty to go on

with it. "If a man love a woman, even though it be the king and the beggar-woman reversed,—though it be a beggar and a queen, he should tell her of it. If it be so, she has a right to know it and to take her choice. And he has a right to tell her, and to say what he can for himself." Such was Hugh's doctrine in the matter; and, acting upon it, he found himself alone with his mistress.

"Nora," he said, speaking perhaps with more energy than the words required, "I have come here to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife."

Nora, for the last ten minutes, had been thinking that this would come,—that it would come at once; and yet she was not at all prepared with an answer. It was now weeks since she had confessed to herself frankly that nothing else but this,—this one thing which was now happening, this one thing which had now happened,—that nothing else could make her happy, or could touch her happiness. She had refused a man whom she otherwise would have taken, because her heart had been given to Hugh Stanbury. She had been bold enough to tell that other suitor that it was so, though she had not mentioned the rival's name. She had longed for some expression of love from this man when they had been at Nuncombe together, and had been fiercely angry with him because no such expression had come from him. Day after day, since she had been with her aunt, she had told herself that she was a broken-hearted woman, because she had given away all that she had to give and had received nothing in return. Had he said a word that might have given her hope, how happy could she have been in hoping. Now he had come to her with a plain-spoken offer, telling her that he loved her, and asking her to be his wife,—and she was altogether unable to answer. How could she consent to be his wife, knowing as she did that there was no certainty of an income on which they could live? How could she tell her father and mother that she had engaged herself to marry a man who might or might not make £400 a year, and who already had a mother and sister depending on him?

In truth, had he come more gently to

her, his chance of a happy answer,—of an answer which might be found to have in it something of happiness,—would have been greater. He might have said a word which she could not but have answered softly;—and then from that constrained softness other gentleness would have followed, and so he would have won her in spite of her discretion. She would have surrendered gradually, accepting on the score of her great love all the penalties of a long and precarious engagement. But when she was asked to come and be his wife, now and at once, she felt that in spite of her love it was impossible that she could accede to a request so sudden, so violent, so monstrous. He stood over her as though expecting an instant answer; and then, when she had sat dumb before him for a minute, he repeated his demand. "Tell me, Nora, can you love me? If you knew how thoroughly I have loved you, you would at least feel something for me."

To tell him that she did not love him was impossible for her. But how was she to refuse him without telling him either a lie, or the truth? Some answer she must give him; and as to that matter of marrying him, the answer must be a negative. Her education had been of that nature which teaches girls to believe that it is a crime to marry a man without an assured income. Assured morality in a husband is a great thing. Assured good temper is very excellent. Assured talent, religion, amiability, truth, honesty, are all desirable. But an assured income is indispensable. Whereas, in truth, the income may come hereafter; but the other things, unless they be there already, will hardly be forthcoming. "Mr. Stanbury," she said, "your suddenness has quite astounded me."

"Ah, yes; but how should I not be sudden? I have come here on purpose to say this to you. If I do not say it now——"

"You heard what Emily said."

"No;—what did she say?"

"She said that it would not be for good that you should speak to me thus."

"Why not for good? But she is unhappy, and looks gloomily at things."

"Yes, indeed."

"But all the world need not be sad

forever because she has been unfortunate."

"Not all the world, Mr. Stanbury;—but you must not be surprised if it affects me."

"But would that prevent your loving me,—if you did love me? But, Nora, I do not expect you to love me,—not yet. I do not say that I expect it,—ever. But if you would——. Nora, I can do no more than tell you the simple truth. Just listen to me for a minute. You know how I came to be intimate with you all in Curzon Street. The first day I saw you I loved you; and there has come no change yet. It is months now since I first knew that I loved you. Well; I told myself more than once,—when I was down at Nuncombe, for instance,—that I had no right to speak to you. What right can a poor devil like me have, who lives from hand to mouth, to ask such a girl as you to be his wife? And so I said nothing,—though it was on my lips every moment that I was there." Nora remembered at the moment how she had looked to his lips, and had not seen the words there. "But I think there is something unmanly in this. If you cannot give me a grain of hope,—if you tell me that there never can be any hope, it is my misfortune. It will be very grievous, but I will bear it. But that will be better than pining and moping about without daring to tell my tale. I am not ashamed of it. I have fallen in love with you, Nora, and I think it best to come for an answer."

He held out his arms as though he thought that she might perhaps come to him. Indeed he had no idea of any such coming on her part; but she, as she looked at him, almost thought that it was her duty to go. Had she a right to withhold herself from him, she who loved him so dearly? Had he stepped forward and taken her in his arms, it might be that all power of refusal would soon have been beyond her power.

"Mr. Stanbury," she said, "you have confessed yourself that it is impossible."

"But do you love me;—do you think that it is possible that you should ever love me?"

"You know, Mr. Stanbury, that you should not say anything further. You know that it cannot be."

"But do you love me?"

"You are ungenerous not to take an answer without driving me to be uncourteous."

"I do not care for courtesy. Tell me the truth. Can you ever love me? With one word of hope I will wait, and work, and feel myself to be a hero. I will not go till you tell me that you cannot love me."

"Then I must tell you so."

"What is it you will tell me, Nora? Speak it. Say it. If I knew that a girl disliked me, nothing should make me press myself upon her. Am I odious to you, Nora?"

"No; not odious,—but very, very unfair."

"I will have the truth if I be ever so unfair," he said. And by this time probably some inkling of the truth had reached his intelligence. There was already a tear in Nora's eye, but he did not pity her. She owed it to him to tell him the truth, and he would have it from her if it was to be reached. "Nora," he said, "listen to me again. All my heart and soul are in this. It is everything to me. If you can love me you are bound to say so. By Jove, I will believe you do, unless you swear to me that it is not so!" He was now holding her by the hand and looking closely into her face.

"Mr. Stanbury," she said, "let me go; pray, pray let me go."

"Not till you say that you love me. Oh, Nora, I believe that you love me. You do; yes; you do love me. Dearest, dearest Nora, would you not say a word to make me the happiest man in the world?" And now he had his arm round her waist.

"Let me go," she said, struggling through her tears and covering her face with her hands. "You are very, very wicked. I will never speak to you again. Nay, but you shall let me go!" And then she was out of his arms and had escaped from the room before he had managed to touch her face with his lips.

As he was thinking how he also might escape now,—might escape and comfort himself with his triumph,—Mrs. Out-house returned to the chamber. She was very demure, and her manner towards him was considerably changed since she had left the chamber. "Mr.

Stanbury," she said, "this kind of thing mustn't go any further indeed;—at least not in my house."

"What kind of thing, Mrs. Outhouse?"

"Well;—what my elder niece has told me. I have not seen Miss Rowley since she left you. I am quite sure she has behaved with discretion."

"Indeed she has, Mrs. Outhouse."

"The fact is my nieces are in grief and trouble, and this is no time or place for love-making. I am sorry to be uncivil,

but I must ask you not to come here any more."

"I will stay away from this house, certainly, if you bid me."

"I am very sorry; but I must bid you. Sir Marmaduke will be home in the spring, and if you have anything to say to him of course you can see him."

Then Hugh Stanbury took his leave of Mrs. Outhouse; but as he went home, again on the knifeboard of an omnibus, he smoked the pipe of triumph rather than the pipe of contemplation.

[To be continued.]

Intellectual Observer.

A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY E. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

THOSE who have studied the stellar system most closely recognize in its structure a complexity which seems to baffle all attempts at the formation of well-defined views respecting it. Some of the peculiarities presented by the Sidereal System must now, for a brief space, engage our attention.

In some regions of the Sidereal System extremely minute stars are seen, so sparsely distributed as to fall very far short of the number which ought to be seen if the system extends to the distance indicated (on the usual theories) by the minuteness of these objects, very far short, in fact, of the number actually seen in other fields not more richly strewn with stars of less minuteness. We seem compelled therefore to assume, either that these very minute stars are actually intermingled with the larger stars which appear in the same field, or that the galactic system thins off rapidly near its edges. In other words, we must either abandon the notion of any approach to uniformity in star magnitudes, or we must concede a want of uniformity in stellar distribution, near the boundaries, at any rate, of the galactic system.* We are, of course, also

free to assume a want of uniformity in *both* respects.

In other regions a yet more noteworthy phenomenon presents itself. The stars seen over the ground of the heavens exhibit an almost uniform lustre, and at the same time a very even distribution. In such a case we are bound to assume a *real* uniformity, both in the magnitude of the individual stars and in the distances which separate them. For the actual uniformity of apparent magnitude can only result from a real uniformity, or from such a distribution of unequal stars at distances proportioned to their magnitude as is wholly improbable. And it is in an equal degree improbable that, if the distances between the component stars were unequal, a peculiarity of arrangement should result in presenting to us the appearance of uniform distribution. It appears to me that there is no way of escaping from the conclusion accepted

probable alternative. "In those regions," he writes, "where the Milky Way is clearly resolved into stars well separated, and *seen projected on a black ground*" (the italics are his), "and where by consequence it is *certain* that we look out beyond them into space, the smallest visible stars appear as such, not by reason of excessive distance, but of a real inferiority of size or brightness."

* It is singular that Sir John Herschel omits all notice of the second, and perhaps the more

by Sir John Herschel, that we are here "looking *through* a sheet of stars nearly of a size, and of no great thickness compared with the distance which separates them from us."

In other cases a double phenomenon of the kind just described is presented, leading to the conclusion "that in such cases we look through two sidereal sheets separated by a starless interval."

It is hardly necessary to point out that the uniformity evidenced by these peculiarities is of a very different kind from that which the elder Herschel took as the basis of his star-gaugings. His results were obtained on the supposition that there are no such starless intervals as must necessarily be assumed to lie on either side of the "star sheets" of Sir John Herschel.

Another law has been detected in the aggregation of stars, a law which tends rather to modify than to negative the results of Herschel's "star-gauging." Among the *possible* explanations of the existence of a galactic zone, there is clearly this one, that in place of a great extension of our system in the direction indicated by that zone, there exists a real condensation of stars in that direction. To determine whether such a condensation, or a condensation of any sort, exists in the neighborhood of the Milky Way, it is necessary to compare not merely the number of stars visible in different fields of view, but the number of stars of the same apparent magnitude. That is, it is necessary to take into account the relative distance of the stars as supposed to be indicated by their relative lustre. This has been done for all orders of stars down to the ninth, inclusive, by the elder Struve. He has shown that there is a marked condensation of stars towards the plane of the galactic circle; a condensation, however, which, as might be anticipated, is far from being sufficient, *per se*, to account for the observed increase of light in that direction. In other words, we are still bound to accept a considerable extension of our system in the galactic plane as fairly deducible from the gauges of Sir W. Herschel, but we have a secondary cause for the law observed in those gauges which is not to be neglected when we are attempting to realize the actual constitution of the

sidereal system. It may be noticed in passing that the condensation detected by Struve is more marked among the smaller stars; but is not wholly wanting amongst the stars of the first four or five magnitudes. Sir John Herschel's gauges in the southern hemisphere gave a different result, and he holds that it is only as we approach the sphere of the telescopic stars that we obtain any appreciable indications of condensation. The difference between the two hemispheres in this respect is worth noticing, and may be looked upon as connected with another peculiarity mentioned by Sir John Herschel, viz., the greater richness of the southern hemisphere in stars of all orders.

We see, then, that in many important respects Herschel's first supposition, that there exists an approach to uniformity in the magnitudes of stars, and in their distribution throughout our system, is found not to be consistent with observed facts. Let us next consider his second supposition, or we believe we should be more correct in saying his tacit assumption, that there is no appreciable extinction of light in traversing interstellar space. The considerations connected with this question are of great importance and interest.

It may seem at first sight, and has been maintained by many eminent scientific men, that if infinite space is occupied by an infinite number of stars, whose average intrinsic lustre is equal to that of our own Sun, then, unless light suffer extinction in its progress through celestial regions, the whole sky would everywhere appear as brilliant as the solar disc. Indeed it may be *proved* that an uniform distribution of such suns, at whatever common distance, and whatever their mean magnitude, must inevitably lead to an illumination of this sort unless light be gradually extinguished as supposed. Or, again, if we suppose that the system of stars whereof our Sun is a member is limited on every side, but that an infinite number of such systems exist uniformly distributed, at whatever interval, throughout space, the same result would inevitably follow. Now wholly incomprehensible as the idea of infinite space is to our finite minds, we cannot escape the admission of its exis-

tence. The only question for us is between an infinity of occupied space and an infinity of vacant space, surrounding a finite universe. Either idea is equally incomprehensible; but the former is merely *beyond*, the latter seems *contrary* to reason. It would seem, therefore, as if we were *compelled* to accept the gradual extinction of light as the only possible explanation of the darkness of the background on which the stars appear to be projected.

But there is another way in which we may explain the darkness of the sky at night, without assuming either the extinction of light, or that occupied space is an infinitely minute speck amidst an infinity of vacant space. So far as I am aware it is new, at least as regards its application to the difficulty we are now considering: In the solar system we are presented with a finite number of bodies placed within a region of unoccupied space, bearing a very large ratio to the dimensions of the solar domain. In the sidereal system we seem to be presented with a finite number of such suns, forming a cluster, which is surrounded on all sides with unmeasured depths of space. Assuming our system to form one of a *finite* number of similar systems, separated from each other by distances bearing a very large ratio to the dimensions of each, and that thus a system of a higher order is formed, which again forms one of a *finite* number of similar systems, and so on continually,—*the dimensions of each system of whatever order being always very small in comparison with the distance separating it from its neighbors*,—there would no longer result as a necessary consequence even an appreciable illumination of the whole heavens. I do not present these views as hypothesis which I wish to support; all I seek to show is, that by assuming the existence of such systems in successive orders, the subject of the extinction of light is left an open one. Of course the question is also left open if we assume that occupied space is finite. Such an assumption appears to me, however, to be inconsistent with the conception of an omnipotent Creator.

The arguments for and against the extinction of light have an important bearing on the theory of our sidereal system.

Few subjects have been more acutely and closely reasoned.

Olbers was the first, I believe, to put forward a definite theory asserting the extinction of light, though Halley, and many other philosophers, had held somewhat similar views. In support of Olbers' theory the elder Struve put forward the following considerations:—

Sir W. Herschel's twenty-foot reflector should have a space-penetrating power of 74·83, the range of the naked eye being taken as unity. Now Struve found, by a computation based on the law of condensation of the stars in the plane of the Milky Way, that such a power as this should result in giving an average of 3021 stars for the telescope's field of view, 15' in diameter. But, instead of this number, Herschel's observations give only 122 stars per field. And Struve calculated that Herschel should have seen as many stars as this with a space-penetrating power of only 25·67, if there is no extinction of light. It seemed to follow, therefore, that the minutest stars visible in Herschel's telescope send no more light to us than stars nearly three times as far off would send if there were no extinction. Therefore the smallest stars visible to Herschel shine—according to Struve—with little more than one-ninth part of their proper lustre; or, more exactly, the diminution of brightness is no less than $\frac{82}{100}$ ths of the whole quantity.

But it is answered by Sir John Herschel that the results on which Struve founds his calculations may be otherwise explained. If there is a diminution in the density of stellar aggregation towards the limits of the Milky Way, corresponding to the observed diminution at right angles to the plane of that zone, the same effects would be perceived as would appear on Struve's hypothesis of an extinction of light.

To this Struve answered that the diminution of density must—in order to account for the results of observation—be assumed to take place on every side of the Sun, which therefore must be supposed to occupy a central position in the sidereal system. But we have no evidence whatever—said Struve—in support of this supposition. He considered that the galactic system is unfathomable—so far as we are concerned. He therefore dismisses the supposition of a dim-

inution in the density of star-aggregation, as altogether inadmissible.

He pointed out another objection to the hypothesis of a diminution of density in stellar aggregation. He found that on the supposition of a stratum of stars of indefinite extent—that is, unfathomable to us—and uniformly diminishing in density on either side of its central plane, there results from Herschel's gauges a *law* of diminution according almost exactly with the law which results from an examination of the numerical relations among stars down to the ninth magnitude. He considers that this agreement cannot be accidental. It must be remarked, however,—before proceeding to positive objections to Struve's view,—that a single agreement of this sort, though antecedently improbable, is not sufficient to establish such a theory as that for which Struve was contending.

But now an argument was brought forward which appears to me absolutely conclusive against the views of Struve and Olbers. It was pointed out by Sir John Herschel that the Milky Way is fathomable in almost every part by the twenty-feet reflector. Therefore, on the one hand, the fact that in nearly every direction the richest portions of the Milky Way are resolved into discrete stars perfectly free from nebulosity, affords decisive evidence that the sidereal stratum is not infinite in extent. On the other hand, the fact that in certain directions the stratum has an increased range which prevents the twenty-feet telescope from completely resolving it, affords equally decisive evidence that light coming from a distance far beyond that which Struve regarded as the limiting range of such a telescope is rendered perceptible to us by its means. "We are not at liberty," Herschel justly points out, "to argue that at one part of its circumference our view is limited by this sort of cosmical veil which extinguishes the smaller magnitudes, cuts off the nebulous light of distant masses, and closes our view in impenetrable darkness; while at another, we are compelled by the clearest evidence the telescope can afford to believe that starstrewn vistas *lie open* exhausting their powers and stretching out beyond their utmost reach, as is proved by that very

phenomenon which the existence of such a veil would render impossible,—namely, infinite increase of number and diminution of magnitude terminating in complete irresolvable nebulosity."

It seems, therefore, that we have as yet no evidence that light suffers extinction at all; and certainly light does not appear to suffer appreciable extinction within the bounds of our sidereal system.

Hence it follows that we must either accept Herschel's view that there is a rapid diminution in the density with which stars are distributed, as we leave the central regions of our system; or else we must suppose that there is a sensible diminution in the magnitude of stars around the borders of the sidereal disk. The latter view, which I believe to be new, seems at least as probable as the other. In either case we must assume that our Sun is not very far from the centre of the system.

There are other features of the sidereal system which are well deserving of a careful scrutiny. The existence of variable stars, and of binary and multiple systems; the sudden blazing forth of temporary stars, some of which have excelled even Sirius in splendor; the reputed existence of dark orbs,—all these and many other evidences suffice to show how much variety there is amongst the denizens of stellar regions. That there should be such variety is what our contemplation of the solar system leads us to expect. And, indeed, when we remember how largely the resources of astronomy have been taxed for the detection of the known peculiarities of the solar system, and that, for aught we know, not a tithe of the various orders of bodies which form that system have yet been revealed to us, surely it seems little likely that what we know of the sidereal system affords the faintest conception of the wondrously varied forms of creation which doubtless exist within the stellar spaces.

But we have yet to consider those mysteries of mysteries—the nebulae.

The discovery that the vault of heaven is bestrewn with multitudes of objects, which differ wholly in character from the fixed stars, may be said to belong to the last hundred years. In 1768, only 68 nebulae had been detected. Singularly enough, 42 of these belonged

to the southern hemisphere. In 1771, Messier published a list of 103 nebulae. But all prior investigations sink into insignificance in the presence of the discoveries made by the two Herschels. In 1786, Sir W. Herschel published a list of 1000 nebulae; three years later he added another 1000; and finally, in 1802, he formed a supplementary list of 500 new nebulae. Sir J. Herschel examined no less than 2306 northern nebulae, of which 500 were discovered by himself; then journeying to the Cape of Good Hope, he formed a catalogue of 1708 southern nebulae. Of the 6000 known nebulae, the Herschels have discovered more than four-fifths.

The views entertained respecting nebulae are so vague that it is hardly possible to present them in any systematic form. But, perhaps, we shall be able to form a tolerably fair estimate of modern notions by considering the two chief hypotheses which have been held by astronomers.

First, we must draw a line of demarcation between nebulous objects which are assumed to belong to the galaxy, and true nebulae. This is not so easy a matter as it might seem at first sight. In the sidereal universe we see binary, triple, and multiple systems; we see also star-clusters, such as the Pleiades, and Præsepe, and that wonderful cluster which adorns the sword-handle of Perseus; we see also clustering collections of stars, extending far more widely than any of these. But already we have touched upon a difficulty. Such spots of light as the cluster in Perseus—are these to be looked on as *certainly* belonging to the galactic system? I have no doubt myself upon the point; nor, so far as I am aware, has any astronomer ever expressed any. Yet it is not easy to see on what grounds we can assume that the spot in Perseus belongs to the Milky Way, while we look upon other clusters—the great cluster in Hercules for example—as lying far out in space beyond the confines of our galaxy. For the present, however, we may content ourselves with the distinction usually drawn by astronomers, and admit irregular and widely-distributed clusters as belonging to the sidereal system, while we place the globular and closely-compacted star-clusters in the list of true nebulae.

Thus there remain five classes of nebulae:

Resolvable nebulae, or nebulae which exhibit such an appearance as leads the experienced astronomer to suspect that with an increase of telescopic power they can be resolved into discrete stars.

Nebulae which exhibit no trace of resolvability.

Planetary nebulae.

Stellar nebulae.

Nebulous stars.

Now, according to one view, which was maintained until quite recently as by far the most probable theory, objects belonging to all these classes (including globular star-clusters) were looked upon as in reality composed of Suns, resembling our own in magnitude and splendor, and separated from each other by distances comparable to, perhaps surpassing, the distances which separate our Sun from neighboring fixed stars. Nebulae, in fact, were looked upon as galaxies resembling our own, some exceeding it, others falling short of it, in richness and splendor: but all of them “island-universes,” to use Humboldt’s expressive verbiage, and all of them—even the nearest—removed from us by distances which exceed, in an enormous proportion, the dimensions of our galaxy. The resolvable clusters were of course considered to be the nearest of the outlying universes. Accordingly, when it is remembered that some of these are clearly resolved by pigmy tubes, while there exist irresolvable nebulae of great apparent extent, which have defied the power of the great Parsonstown reflector, it will be seen how largely—on the hypothesis we are considering—the “island-universes” vary in their distances from us, and in their own dimensions.

According to the other hypothesis, multitudes of the nebulae are outlying universes, but not all of them. Sir W. Herschel, in the beginning of his career, had held the former opinion, following in this respect Cassini and Mitchell. But in the first year of the present century he began to express different views. Admitting that the majority of the nebulae are aggregations of Suns, rendered nebulous only through excessive distance, Herschel was led to the belief that many nebulae are formed in reality—as in appearance—from cosmical vapor. Half a century before, Kant and Lambert had

expressed similar views; but their speculations had not been founded, as Herschel's theories were, upon a long process of research among nebulae. Herschel's treatment of his observations was characterized by his usual clear-sightedness. He pointed out the remarkable contrast that exists between the small yet easily resolved clusters, and such objects as the great Orion nebula, and the "queen of the nebulae" in Andromeda. Both of these are distinctly visible to the naked eye, and are yet absolutely irresolvable even in those monster tubes which the Herschels directed towards the heavens. He dealt also with the peculiarities of the planetary nebulae and of nebulous stars. The former, shining as discs of bluish or greenish light, are very unlike star-clusters of equal apparent dimensions. In many respects also they present a very different aspect from that which we should be disposed to assign to star-universes of abnormally large absolute dimensions, removed to a proportionately enormous distance. As regards the "nebulous stars," there are equal difficulties to encounter. If the central brightness is really, as it appears to be, due to the presence of a single star, how largely must the dimensions of this Sun exceed those of the other members of the system it belongs to; and how different, therefore, must that system be from our own galaxy. On the other hand, if the central brightness affords evidence of a close aggregation of stars, how different is the variety of distribution indicated by this arrangement, from the uniformity attributed to our own sidereal system.

Influenced by considerations such as these, and by others on which I have not space now to dwell, Herschel propounded the hypothesis that many of the unresolved nebulae are not sidereal systems, but are formed of a nebulous fluid resembling in some respects that which is assumed to form the substance of comets. He held, as a natural corollary to this view, the opinion that nebulae thus composed are not necessarily far removed beyond the limits of our own galaxy, but may be situated amidst the interstellar spaces. He showed further how there may be traced among the different orders of vaporous or fluid nebulae the stages of a process of development leading up-

wards, he held, to the formation of suns resembling our own.

I have said that the former theory has been held to be the most probable one. This has arisen from the fact that under the amazing light-gathering power of Lord Rosse's great reflector, and under the exquisite defining power of the Harvard College refractor, the Orion and Andromeda nebulae have been resolved, in part at any rate, into discrete stars.

But the marvellous revelations afforded by the spectroscope, in the able hands of Mr. Huggins, have shown that the one great mistake into which it had been assumed that Herschel had fallen, was in reality the most magnificent of his many anticipations of modern discoveries. We cannot, indeed, assert that Herschel's speculations respecting the genesis of stars have been confirmed. They have not, however, been disproved. And the great fact which he considered as the legitimate deduction from his observations, has been placed beyond a doubt. The spectroscope tells us, in a manner which admits neither of doubt nor cavil, that many of the nebulae are composed of luminous gas, and amongst these are to be included the Orion nebulae and all the planetary nebulae which have as yet been observed. The Andromeda nebulae, about which Herschel expressed no decided opinion, is found to shine with stellar light. The same is the case with all the cluster-nebulae which have yet been examined with the spectroscope.

In my paper on the distribution of the nebulae I have exhibited the very remarkable and significant relations which the nebulae present when viewed as a system. The supposed nebular zone of Sir W. Herschel has been shown not to be a reality. On the contrary, the northern nebulae are found to be gathered into a vast cluster covering about one-fourth of the surface of the northern celestial hemisphere, and situated nearly at the pole of the galactic circle. In the southern hemisphere there is a greater uniformity of distribution, save where, within the Magellanic Clouds, nebulae are found clustered even more closely than in the richest parts of the northern nebular cluster. These mysterious clouds, however, are considered by our leading astronomers to possess a character which separates them as well from

the true nebular system as from the sidereal system. The reasons on which this opinion is founded are sufficiently remarkable *per se*, though they are justified, I imagine, by the theories astronomers have been so long content to hold

respecting the universe: *The Magellanic Clouds*, it would seem, are to be looked on as belonging neither to the nebular nor to the sidereal system, because they exhibit the characteristics of both systems.

Spectator.

MR. J. S. MILL ON SEX.

ALL men, and, we think, most of the women, likely to read the *Spectator*, would, we believe, class this journal among the advocates of what are called "Women's Rights." We have fought earnestly for their claims to education of the highest order, though, we admit, we should prefer that the instruction, while similar in degree to that of men, should differ materially in kind,—a distinction which, to some women, seems to imply a latent treason to their cause. We have fought most cordially for their claims to separate property, and on this point, as it happens, are enabled to go to an extreme length, beyond themselves in fact, believing with all our hearts that every woman, married or unmarried, ought to have exactly the same rights over her own cash, and the same liabilities as to her use of her own credit, as every man has; that a man and his wife, for instance, should, as regards property, stand precisely in the relation which brother and sister now occupy. We advocate to its fullest degree the total abolition of every law and custom which restrict women from following any profession, trade, or pursuit allowed to men, though we admit, to the disgust of some among the sex, that in a good many trades they will simply starve, and in a good many more will be helplessly inefficient. We doubt their ever being highly paid as barristers, for example, but we utterly reject any law forbidding their entrance to the Bar. And, finally, even on their extreme and crucial claim, the right to sit in Parliament, the only objection we raise is this: The day they prove by general and sustained agitation that they are sufficiently interested in politics to wish to enter political life, that day the barrier of sex ought to drop, just as it has dropped

under the same circumstances for different orders of men. The only difficulty, then, will be, that in any country where conscription exists, the liability of women to extra war-taxation must be placed beyond the control of their own votes. We think we may safely say, therefore, that we approach Mr. Mill's pamphlet on the subject,—for it is a pamphlet, though bound in boards,—without prejudice, and so approaching it, we repudiate it as emphatically as if we were upon this question Tories. We repudiate it as based upon an assumption which is demonstrably false, if anything can be held to be demonstrably false—an assumption which, if generally accepted, must lead to results which, like all results based upon falsities, will be mischievous to mankind.

The entire drift of the *Subjection of Women* is to argue that there is, as yet, no proof that there is any natural intellectual or moral difference between the sexes at all; that the entire theory not only of inequality, but of difference, is assumption without evidence, and it may be added, unfair assumption in the interests, or presumed interests, of the strong. To quote only one sentence out of a hundred:—"The profoundest knowledge of the laws of the formation of character is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is, between the two sexes considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge (for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion to its importance, has been so little studied), no one is thus far entitled to any positive opinion on the subject. Conjectures are all that can at present be made; conjectures more or less probable, according as more or less authorized

by such knowledge as we yet have of the laws of psychology, as applied to the formation of character." All the differences we seem to see are the result of education commenced at birth, rigid, searching, and so arranged as to affect the moral and intellectual nature of the subject until women not only become, but believe that they are, different from men. Until they are absolutely released from this subjection, until they are absolutely treated like men, we are without ability to begin to build up a theory upon the subject. When we have revolutionized education, abolished marriage in any sense other than a free will partnership, and swept away every restrictive law, then, and not till then, we shall, according to Mr. Mill, be in a position to begin to form a conclusive opinion.

There never was, we believe, a proposition more opposed to the evidence upon which men must regulate their actions, not even Lemuel Gulliver's,—that if right were done, horses would saddle men, and not men horses. About the results to be deduced from it, we do not, we must premise, care one straw. We accept most of them as stated by Mr. Mill very cordially, though for very different reasons; indeed, with the exception of one,—divorce at will, which does not seem to us a question of sex at all, the principle we accept, whatever it is, being equally applicable to both,—we may say we could accept them all without much hesitation, and certainly without abhorrence. We object, not to the deductions, but to the proposition itself as one which sets all evidence at defiance, in a style which, if extended to other subjects, would make human reason valueless. There is one case, indeed, in which it might be true, or so far true as to be beyond answer, and that is, if the nature of women, as women, were so far hereditary that we could not hope, till generations had elapsed, to discover what was inherent and what the result of hereditary training. But then that is not the case. The girl is no more the representative of her mother only than the boy of the father only, and there is no more reason why she should not inherit her father's brain than why he should not inherit his mother's disposition. Intellectual sex cannot by possibility

be hereditary, and, as a matter of fact, we all know that the father's qualities are as often represented in the girl as the mother's in the boy. Each generation is in this respect separate. Now, is it possible to maintain that if this is the case, there is no intellectual difference between the sexes, no certainty that the difference which appears to be is profound and ineradicable? It is all, Mr. Mill says, the result of education, education, be it remembered, for one generation. Well, we will concede to him that much of it is, though there must be somewhere or other an instinct which has prompted that universal difference,—an instinct other than the slaveholder's love of power—and we will concede, also, that some of the evidence commonly brought forward is either imaginary or based upon a knowledge not of man, but of a particular and exceptional race of men. There is, for instance, very great reason to distrust the Western belief as to the incapacity of women for government,—we do not mean for queenship in the constitutional sense, but for the direct and personal rule of nations. The evidence in the West is against women—though Mrs. Fry could have governed a state—but in the East it is for them. There would appear to be certain stages of civilization, or certain races, it may be, in which women are *more* competent to govern than men. It is, for example, quite true as Mr. Mill, a perfect authority on the point, says, that if experience proves anything, it proves that in India women are abler governors than men; that the mass of testimony on that point is quite overwhelming, and that, we may add, it extends to the government of estates. We believe the explanation is that there are states of society in which the special feebleness of women of business, their microscopic ways and small strictnesses, are precisely the qualities required in authority; but whether that is true or not, the fact must be accepted. So must the other, that women are braver than men in the face of silent dangers, as a qualification to the argument about courage; and this, again, that they govern houses better than men do, as qualification of the argument about business capacity. But still there have existed for centuries pursuits in which women have

had as full opportunities as men, have been educated in the same way, and have accomplished nothing original, have added absolutely nothing to the world's reservoir of thought. The first and the most remarkable of these is the study of theology. For centuries women have been taught on this subject as men have been taught, have taken eagerly to the study, have thought about it with an intentness no men rival, have in all actions resulting from it surpassed men, yet they have never produced one book, one sentence, even one thought, upon theology which can be recognized as clear gain to the world. And this is true as well on the sceptical as on the orthodox side, among women who have broken the trammels of education as among women who have kept within them. If there is a fact true of all ages, all races, all regions, it is that women have had as great opportunities for studying theology as men, and have never shown the slightest capacity to turn their studies to use, far less to increase the potentiality of such study in future ages. From the age of the Lake villages to the nineteenth century, no woman has founded or destroyed a creed. It is nonsense to talk of education,—priest and nun had the same; folly to speak of the fear of punishment, when of the two, women have oftenest braved martyrdom; waste of time to write of opportunities, when in every age women have been allowed to teach

mankind religion. This fact alone, as it seems to us, establishes the existence of a difference,—we do not say an inferiority,—a difference which, we agree with Mr. Mill, can only be described as a defect of originality. For three hundred years, again, at least, more women have pursued the study of music than men, have in some branches of it equalled men; but what have they composed? Mr. Mill says that also is a result of education; but in what form of knowledge of music do the female singers and instrumentalists of to-day fall short of the male; and yet there is no she-Beethoven? And, finally, the education of children has, since the world began, been entrusted to women. Is it they or men who have originated new methods? We say nothing of literature, where women have at least as great a chance as men, and no more produce a Shakespeare than a Newton,—nothing of painting, or sculpture, or architecture, of any science or any art but music, and simply ask why, if there be no difference between man and woman, no radical and incurable disproportion of originating force, she has produced no theologian, no Arnold, and no Beethoven? If there be no ineradicable difference through which even the exceptional women,—the women whose names live,—cannot break, what is the explanation?

Chambers's Journal.

LITTLE VENICE.

WHEN the first Spaniards who came to the American coast, the famous (and infamous) Conquistadores, discovered the territory north of the Brazil, they found the Maracaibo tribe living in huts which were built on piles in a lake. The similarity of this primitive architecture to the style of beautiful Venice suggested to the invaders, who had a turn for poetical nomenclature, to name the new "annexation" Venezuela, or Little Venice. The term, which was more pretty than appropriate even then, is an absurd misnomer now, when it has been extended to a region "four times

the size of Prussia, which comprehends a forest larger than France, steppes like those of Gobi, and mountain tracts which it would take many Switzerlands to match."* Probably very few people who have not been there know much about Venezuela. The charm of the unknown hangs around the South American republics in an unusual degree, considering how very high in the sky is the

* *Venezuela; or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic: with the History of the Loan of 1864.* By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S., &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

sun of universal knowledge at this time of day. People know that they are tremendously big places, in one sense, but conceive that they are very little in another; and outside that not very sound or sagacious generalization, they have a vague notion that the history of these immense tracts of the beautiful earth is roughly composed of revolutions, civil and other wars, a bewildering succession of "Presidents," shaky public credit; loans, attended with difficulty and distrust; hovering wild Indians, popularly known, or rather unknown, as "tribes;" heat, earthquakes, bull-fights, bell-rings, "processions," Spanish manners, and easy morals. As far as Venezuela is concerned, Mr. Eastwick gives his compatriots an opportunity of learning all about life in that part of the world, which they may avail themselves of, without any apprehension of finding the process merely useful.

Landing at La Guaira, which he declares to be "the hottest place in the world"—a distinction which tropical tourists claim for many other localities—he first, of course, abuses the mosquitoes, and then acknowledges that the port, otherwise detestable, is one of the most picturesque places imaginable, with its huge blue, black, and green masses of rock heaped up into the clouds, forming a mountain, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of eight thousand feet. La Guaira is a dirty place, where nobody ever takes any exercise, and where, "as there are no Englishmen, outdoor amusements are unknown;" so the traveller started for Carácas, and had his first experience of a Venezuela mountain-road. After an ascent of a thousand feet, the heat is less unbearable; but the speed is terrific, and the recklessness of the drivers great. Here is a pleasant anecdote: "The turns were so abrupt as to be quite invisible while one was approaching the precipice, from which they diverged almost at right angles. We seemed to be galloping straight into the abyss, and we did reach its very brink, and then swept round by a turn in the road which only at that moment shewed itself. There are similar roads over the mountains in Peru, and it is said that a late president of that country got so alarmed on one occasion, that he shouted to the youth

who was driving, to stop. The *mozo*, however, rather enjoying the joke, drove on faster than ever, till the president, drawing out a pistol, called to him that he would shoot him dead unless he pulled up instantly. This was a hint not to be disregarded, so the youth obeyed, but turned round and said, with the usual freedom or impudence of the country: 'Truly, you're a fine fellow to be President of Peru, if you are afraid of such a trifle as this.'"

Mr. Eastwick arrived at Carácas in the midst of a *fiesta*, which indeed it would seem difficult to avoid. South American Catholicism is very joyous and buoyant in its manifestations. Bell-ringing and fire-works are perpetually going on; and the women, who, at Carácas, are remarkably beautiful and graceful, are perpetually meeting together, and walking to the churches in be vies, a religious exercise which is regarded with much approbation by the male sex. The Venezuelan ladies have dark complexions and little bloom, but they "whip creation," according to enthusiastic Yankee evidence, in the attractive particulars of large black eyes, brilliantly white teeth, slight waists, and faultless feet and ankles. The site of the Venezuelan capital is both strong and beautiful, but Valencia would be a better seat of government, as it possesses the richest soil and the best seaport in South America. The environs of the capital are sadly interesting, by reason of the traces of the awful earthquake of 1812, which did its work with suddenness almost as appalling as that which destroyed Manila. There is much simple force in this description: "On Holy Thursday, 26th March, 1812, the churches were crowded with ladies dressed in their gayest attire. The chapels of the convents were filled with nuns, the streets with people from the neighboring villages. At the barracks of San Carlos, a regiment of six hundred men were mustering under the walls. There was not a cloud in the sky, nor a thought of danger in the heart of any one. Suddenly the earth seemed to move upward, the church-bells tolled, and a tremendous subterranean noise was heard. The perpendicular motion lasted four seconds, and was instantly succeeded by a violent undulatory move-

ment, which continued six seconds more. In those ten seconds that great city, with fifty thousand inhabitants, had become a heap of blood-stained ruins. The churches of Alta Gracia and Trinidad, with towers one hundred and fifty-one feet high, were so completely levelled, that in their place only shapeless mounds remained, spread out to a great distance, but not more than five feet high. Every convent was destroyed, and of the inmates scarcely one escaped. The barrack of San Carlos was hurled forward from its base, and of the six hundred soldiers mustering below its walls, not a man was left alive. A vast cloud of dust rose up to heaven, and with it ascended the shrieks of more than twenty thousand human beings dying or wounded in the ruins. Great rocks came thundering down from the mountains, and at intervals explosions, like the discharge of innumerable pieces of artillery, were heard beneath the earth." No wonder that the survivors were so terrified that they could not go to their customary work for long afterwards, but were continually absorbed with prayer and religious exercises. But one would like to know who was the individual who, amid the horror and the appalling danger of the hour, timed the earthquake so neatly as to know it lasted just ten seconds.

Two objects of interest are to be found in the Cerro d'Avila, near the capital: the first is the Catholic Cemetery, the finest in South America; and the second is the Torna, or reservoir, which supplies the city with water. The Torna is situated in a thickly wooded ravine, and a very narrow path leads to it, surmounted by a rocky terrace, which is a favorite promenade for snakes. It is not uncommon to see a reunion of forty or fifty rattlesnakes and other serpents taking the air and the sun in that spot. Wages are very high in Carácas, trade is good, the people have a taste for amusement, and altogether Mr. Eastwick considers that "if it were not for earthquakes, epidemics, insect plagues, triennial revolutions, and bell-ringing, there would be few more desirable localities for a residence."

Republicanism finds its full expression in Venezuela, not always satisfactorily to the visitor accustomed to other insti-

tutions. Little Venice is the paradise of servants, or rather, as Mr. Eastwick has it, of "the vagrant ladies and gentlemen who pay you short visits to replenish their purses and wardrobes, leave you without notice, and severely repress any attempt to communicate with them as to your domestic arrangements." You may talk with them on general subjects, such as the weather or the theatre, and on politics you may be as expansive as you please; for where any one may become a general or a president in a few days, that subject is universally interesting. The theory that one man is as good as another appears to have acquired in practice in this happy land the Irish corollary of "and better," judging from the following amusing anecdote: "In one of the best houses where I was a guest, the gentleman who cleaned the boots always came into my room with his hat on, and a cigar in his mouth; and another gentleman, whom I had engaged to assist Juan, left me the day after his arrival, on being refused the custody of my keys and purse, which he candidly stated was the only duty he felt equal to. On my sitting down to play chess with the wife of the president of one of the states, half a dozen female servants, of every shade, from tawny twilight to black night, surrounded the table, and began to watch the game. The first time I went to a tailor, I was accompanied by a Creole friend, who undertook to show me the best place. We had to wait some time before the gentleman of the shop appeared. When he did, he came in with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. He raised his hat politely to my friend, walked straight up to me, shook hands, and asked me how I did. He then sat down on the counter, put various questions to me regarding my coming to Venezuela, talked on general subjects, and at the end of a quarter of an hour intimated that he was ready to oblige me if I wanted a coat. This tailor was an officer in the army, and coming in on one occasion to measure a friend of mine, wore his uniform and spurs."

Public honor and honesty do not attain to a high standard. There is too much adventuring, too little stability, and not enough grave, dignified public opinion. Perception of the progress of

the United States, and jealousy of that progress, do not suffice to inspire the Venezuelans with energy and steadiness enough to enable them to emulate it; and education is at a very low ebb. The country, with great resources, is wretchedly poor, and is eternally borrowing. It is difficult to discern the objects of expense. "You Venezuelans," said Mr. Eastwick to a well-informed native of Carácas, "are not extravagant. Your soil is the richest in the world, and has never been trodden by an invader since the Spaniard was driven out. Then why are you always borrowing from other countries? How is it, when the northern republic has made such progress, the population here is all but stationary; the seas and rivers are without steamers, the country without roads, and commerce languishing?" In a condensation of the Creole's reply may be found a sketch of all which Mr. Eastwick's book advances. As to the superiority of North America, he explained it first by the difference in "the breed," by the active and mercurial temperament of the "Yank," and by the fact, that long before Lexington and Bunker Hill, the Northerners were fit for self-government; while the Southerners are not fit for it now. The Spaniards kept their subjects ignorant. There were no schools; and the first printing-press was set up at Carácas in 1816. The Spaniards did nothing to introduce the cultivation of any plant, or improve farming. The culture of the vine and the olive was prohibited, and that of tobacco was made a crown monopoly. Emigration was all but prevented. Under the circumstances, it is rather a wonder that the republic should exist at all, than that it should have made so little progress. Mr. Eastwick enters very fully and lucidly into the causes of the chronic impecuniosity of the country; and sad and serious as the facts are, it is impossible not to feel some amusement at the coolness and ingenuity with which the robbery of the public is carried on. It is not too much to say that all the revolutions at Venezuela commence at the custom-houses. "Owing to the frauds of the officials, the revenue falls short; to make up the deficiency, the customs are raised, until the necessities of life are too dear for men of small means. Thus discontent is sown

broadcast; and discontent leads to conspiracies." According to the published returns, the Venezuelans must be the dirtiest in the world with any pretensions to civilization, since it is officially made out that a quarter of an ounce of soap in a week is all that each person uses. The province of Carácas alone consumes a hundred barrels of flour a day; but according to the custom-house returns, the daily consumption of all Venezuela does not reach sixty-nine barrels. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the public treasury is empty, and that money has to be borrowed in foreign markets. A large portion of Mr. Eastwick's book refers to the proceedings respecting the Venezuelan loan of 1864, for which he was commissioner.

Arrived at Valencia, the stranger is struck with the strictly republican style in which the business of the government is carried on; the council meeting in a plain room, without one superfluous article of furniture, while external loiterers lean on the window-sills, and stare at the debaters. The Valencians seem to be a happy, idle, and ignorant people, with a splendid faculty for basking in the sun, and plenty of sun to bask in. Looking down on the city from the Morro, Mr. Eastwick asked himself how it was that in three centuries it had made so little progress in wealth, population, and importance, endowed as it is with a healthy and beautiful site, a soil unmatched for fertility, a position on one of the great high-roads of South American commerce, and near the unrivalled harbor of Puerto Cabello.

A broad expanse of beautiful vegetation stretches on all sides around the beautiful lake of Taricagua, the principal ornament of one of the loveliest scenes in the world. Looking across its breadth, towards the city, one sees "a glittering expanse of silver water, studded with fairy islets, rich masses of foliage of every hue, a city in the distance that seems built of white marble, and hills that gradually swell into blue mountains." Ascending the mountains, the traveller still sees the beautiful lake, until the grand forests intervene, and the scene then assumes another aspect of the Protean but omnipresent beauty of the tropical countries. In one of the mountain ridges, after he had left far behind him the fa-

mous valley of Araguas, the traveller was caught in a sudden shower of the fierce, pelting, sweeping rain which he had experienced of in similar regions. He and his attendant looked about for shelter, and found it, under these circumstances—the only story of a sinister sound, the only trace of grimness in a remarkably pleasant book. “Seeing a low hut on the side of the road, we made up to it, and knocked. The door was opened by a short but very squarely built woman of middle age and forbidding appearance, who objected strongly to our entering. However, the storm looked even uglier than she did, so we would not take a denial, but went in, and seated ourselves on a rude bench. I asked her how she could live alone in such a wild forest. She said she had had a friend, who had been killed by a snake, but that she was not afraid to remain, though alone. She added that she should very likely be bitten by a snake too, for serpents of all kinds were most numerous, especially *cascabols* (rattlesnakes). There were also *tigres* (panthers), she said, but she did not fear them much. It afterwards occurred to me that she was probably a leper, and consequently safe from human savages, and necessarily an outcast.”

A simple, plain picture of one of the most melancholy conditions of existence possible to a human being—a whole tragedy in a few lines, the story of a life of fear, privation, and utter solitude.

The resources of Venezuela, as regards mineral and vegetable wealth, are enormous. The gold-fields in Guayana are probably among the largest in the world. Between Arva and Nirgua, there is a silver mine. The Quebrada mines, of red copper, yield an ore superior to that of Sweden, Chili, or Australia. There are several other valuable copper mines. Iron is abundant in Panina, in Guayana. Tin mines are numerous, and lead mines exist in Tocuyo. Coal is found in Coro. Trujillo and Cumaná have rich mines of petroleum, and there is a valuable salt mine at Aragua; a sulphur mine at Avéchez, and abundance of earth suitable for porcelain. Garnets are found in the Silla Mountain, near La Guaira; and along the sierra of the coast are inexhaustible supplies of marble, granite, slate, rock-crystal, gypsum, and lime. The vegetable wealth of Venezuela is

almost incalculable, its items are beyond counting. Coffee, cocoa, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco, and indigo are among the chief; and of the extraordinarily abundant coffee-crop, twenty per cent. is generally lost for want of hands to get in the harvest. Among the innumerable treasures of the beautiful tropical forests, the following trees are especially worthy of mention: “First, the palms, which grow at any altitude, from the level of the sea to three thousand three hundred feet above it. They yield fruit, a vegetable like the cabbage, oil, cordage, thread, hats, roofs for the cottages of the Indians, rafters, wine, ship-timber, wax, mats, bread, soup, sieves and baskets, and many other things useful for man, in number at least a hundred. The tuma, or cactus, valuable for its pleasant fruit, its repulsive spicula, which render it the best of all hedges, and as being the abode of the cochineal insect, which is also found on the pear tree. The candelilla supplies tallow for candles, oil for lamps, and a beverage, made from its toasted fruit. More curious still, perhaps most wonderful of all trees, is the *palo de Lecha*, or milk-tree, which supplies a milk like that of cows, but thicker; analysed, this product is found to consist of water, animal milk, and wax as pure as that of bees. Mixed with cotton, this milk is used for candles. To the parched traveller, the *bejuco de agua* supplies the place of wells and fountains, for from each yard of it a pint-bottle of water can be obtained. Not less useful in its own peculiar locality is the *frailejou*, which grows at the height of thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, in the region of the icy wastes called Parámos. Even in these wildernesses of death, the *frailejou* keeps the human body warm. It yields a turpentine superior to that of Venice.”

This is but a faint outline of the subjects treated by Mr. Eastwick in his entertaining and instructive work. The effect of that book is to fill the mind with wondering admiration of the rich and majestic beauty, and the stupendous “potentialities” of the republics, but also to recall to the memory, as applicable to Venezuela, the memorable Irish lamentation: “Ah, then, but the world would be a lovely place, if it wasn’t for the people that’s in it!”

Spectator.

THE AUGUST METEORS.

A VERY ancient tradition prevails in the mountain districts which surround Mount Pelion, that during the night of the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 6) the heavens open, and lights, such as those which surround the altar during the solemn festivals of the Greek Church, appear in the midst of the opening. It has been thought by Quetelet, and Humboldt considered the opinion probable, that this tradition had its origin in the successive apparition of several well-marked displays of the August meteors. If this be so, the date of the shower has slowly shifted,—as that of the November shower is known to have done,—until now another holiday is associated with it, and the simple peasants of Southern Europe recognize in the falling stars of August the “fiery tears of good St. Lawrence the Martyr.”

It is wonderful to contemplate the change which in a few short years has come over all our views respecting these meteors. Ten years ago it was considered sufficiently daring to regard the August system as part of a zone of cosmical bodies travelling in an orbit as large perhaps as that of our own earth. Now, the distance even of Neptune seems small in comparison with that from which those bodies have come to us, which flash athwart our skies in momentary splendor, and then vanish for ever, dissipated into thinnest dust by the seemingly feeble resistance of our atmosphere. Accustomed to associate only such giant orbs as Saturn and Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune, with orbits which must be measured by hundreds of millions of miles, the astronomer sees with wonder these tiny and fragile bodies traversing paths yet vaster than those of the outer planets. And even more remarkable, perhaps, is the immensity of the period which the August shooting-star has occupied in circling around the central orb of our system. Each one of the bodies which will be seen next Tuesday* has been in the

neighborhood of the earth's orbit many times before; yet the last visit made by them took place years before the birth of any person now living, since the period of meteoric revolution has been proved to be upwards of 118 years.

Another strange feature of the August meteor-system is the enormous volume of the space through which, even in our neighborhood, the meteor-stratum extends. The famous November system is puny by comparison. Striking that system at a sharp angle, the earth traverses it in a few hours, so that if the earth went squarely through it the passage would occupy, it has been estimated, less than a hundred minutes. Thus the depth of the November meteor-bed has been calculated to be but a hundred thousand miles or so. But the earth takes nearly three days in passing through the August meteor-system, although the passage is much more direct. For the August meteors come pouring down upon our earth almost from above, insomuch that the radiant point on the heavens whence the shower seems to proceed is not very far from the North Pole; whereas the November meteors meet the earth almost full front, as a rain-storm blown by a head-wind drifts in the face of the traveller. Thus the depth of the August system has been estimated at three millions of miles; and this depth seems tolerably uniform, so that along the whole of that enormous range (to be counted, as we have said, by hundreds of millions of miles), through which the August ring extends, the system has a depth exceeding some four hundred times the diameter of the earth on which we live.

Yet it is probable that the whole weight of the August system, vast as are its dimensions, is infinitely less than that of many a hill upon the earth's surface. For the weight of the separate falling stars of the system has been determined (by one of the wondrously subtle applications of modern scientific processes) to be but a few ounces at the

* August 10.

outside; and even during the most splendid exhibition of falling stars the bodies which seem to crowd our skies are many miles apart, while under ordinary circumstances thousands of miles separate the successively appearing meteors. Indeed, it is well remarked by an eminent member of the Greenwich corps of astronomers, that the planets tell us by the steadiness of their motions that they are swayed by no such attractions as heavily-loaded meteor-systems would exert. "The weight of meteor-systems must be estimated by pounds and ounces, not by tons," he remarked.

The spectroscope has taught us something of the constitution of these bodies, though they never reach the earth's surface. Professor Herschel, third in that line of astronomers which has done so much for science, has employed an August night or two in trying to find out what the August meteors are made of. With a spectroscope of ingenious device, constructed by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S., for the special purpose of seizing the light of these swiftly moving bodies, Professor Herschel was successful in analyzing seventeen meteors. The most interesting of his results is his discovery that the yellow light of the August meteors is due to the presence of the metal sodium in combustion. This metal has a very striking and characteristic spectrum, consisting of two bright orange-yellow lines very close together; and this double line was unmistakably recognized in the spectrum of the August meteors. To use the words of the observer, "their condition" (when rendered visible to us by their combustion) "is exactly that of a flame of gas in a Bunsen's burner, freely charged with the vapor of burning sodium; or of the flame of a spirit lamp newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

It is strange to consider what becomes of all the sodium thus dispersed throughout the upper regions of air. There can

be no doubt that in some form or other—mixed or in combination—it reaches the earth. The very air we breathe must at all times contain, in however minute a proportion, the cosmical dust thus brought to us from out the inter-planetary spaces. Nay, for aught we know, purposes of the utmost importance in the economy of our earth, and affecting largely the welfare of the creatures which subsist upon its surface, may be subserved by this continual downpour of meteoric matter. We know already that the different meteor-systems are differently constituted. For instance, the white November stars are much less rich in sodium than the yellow August ones. Each system, doubtless, has its special constitution, and thus the air we breathe is continually being dosed with different forms of metallic dust,—now one metal, now another, being added, with results in which, did we but know it, we are doubtless largely interested. Nor is it certain that deleterious results do not occasionally flow from an overdose of some of the elements contained in meteors. It might be plausibly maintained on evidence drawn from known facts and dates, that occasionally a meteoric system has brought plague and pestilence with it. The "sweating sickness" even has been associated (though, we admit, not very satisfactorily) with the 33-year returns of great displays of November shooting stars. Without insisting on such hypotheses as these, which scarcely rest on stronger evidence than the notion that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was brought about by an unusually heavy downfall of sodium-laden (that is, salt-laden) meteors, we may content ourselves by pointing out that the labors of eminent chemists have shown that the air is actually loaded at times with precisely such forms of metallic dust as the theories of astronomers respecting meteors would lead us to look for.

MARSHAL SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the recent revolution in Spain is the fact that it has brought no

man of real ability prominently to the front; that since the brief struggle which culminated so triumphantly, it has had

no leader, distinctly recognized as such, but has drifted blindly along in the current of events.

This fact is the more remarkable as differing so widely from the precedents of history. No great revolution, since the overthrow of the Roman Republic by Julius Cæsar, but has personified its tendencies, as it were, and had its representative in an individual man. It is the very nature of social and political convulsions to bring to the surface such men as its needs demand; or, as Carlyle puts it, there has never yet been a great crisis in human history in which a man has not arisen equal to the occasion.

But Spain, which has for so long been supposed to be asleep and content in the arms of absolutism, has furnished us the most democratic revolution known to our annals. Everything that has been done or attempted since the outbreak of the revolt has been done by the Cortes, Juntas, and other popular bodies; and there has been no measure, not even the pressing one of finance, in attempting which any individual has attracted marked attention. This has probably been largely due to the spirit of the age, which is inimical to the individual preponderance, to the apprehended jealousy of neighboring powers, and to the unexpected public spirit and absence of personal enthusiasm manifested by the Spanish people; but it was due far more to the consciousness of inability on the part of those whom adventitious circumstances have placed at the head of the movement, and also to their mutual jealousy.

Those who have "led" the revolution have contributed nothing to the solution of any one of the problems which it presents. Though Spain is threatened with bankruptcy, and the annual deficit is something appalling as compared to the total revenue, there seems not to be the most shadowy conception of a financial policy or even a disposition to save anything from the catastrophe which, unless something is interposed, is inevitable. The vigorous measure of Baron Beust's secretary, which saved Austria after the wreck of the late civil war, when financial ruin appeared imminent, and advanced her securities in the markets of Europe, has had no counterpart in Spain; and unless more decided

capacity for affairs is developed than the interregnum has yet produced, there will be none. Marshal Serrano, General Prim, (who is said to be "the soul and brains of the revolution,") Admiral Topete, Olozaga; and their colleagues, will pass into history rather from having, by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, been assigned prominent parts in the most important revolution of the century, than from any individual or collective ability of their own, provided that revolution does not die a natural death in their hands.

Francisco Serrano, Marshal, Duke de la Torre, and Regent of Spain, is now a little more than seventy years of age, having been born near the close of the last century. Of his early life it has been impossible for us to learn anything; and even the facts concerning his late career, which are known to us, are very meagre, and can be given in a few words.

He received a military education, and fought in the war of Spanish Independence. The first that is known of him politically, is the part he took in the overthrow of the administration of Espartero in 1843. After the fall of M. de Salamanca, he became a member of what was known as the "Liberal Union" party; was exiled in 1854; but soon returned, and supported with considerable ardor the O'Donnell and Espartero administration. When these two entered into conflict he sided with O'Donnell, and was by him created Duke de la Torre in 1856. Ever since 1865, when he became captain-general of Madrid, Serrano has belonged to the party of "Progressists," which also numbered among its adherents Espartero, Prim, Olozaga, and Madoz. It is to this party that he owes his present elevation.

We now come to that portion of his career which is more distinctly connected with his present fortune.

Spain had been for a long time in a state of political fermentation, the people and deputies were continually combining against the ministry, and the Carlists had made preparations for a general rising in February, 1868, which, however, utterly failed. The situation became more grave in July. The government claimed to have information that the three political parties had united in a more extensive revolutionary scheme.

than had yet threatened the throne of Isabella, and on June 7th Generals Serrano, Cordova, Dulce, Bedoya, and others, were arrested at Madrid, lodged in prison, and subsequently banished the country. This act, together with the exile of Montpensier, was the torch which lighted the fires of revolution. Preparations were made for a general rising, and on September 17, 1868, the revolution began by an insurrection at Cadiz, which was at once triumphant, when Admiral Topete, commander of the fleet, declared in its favor. Within a few days *pronunciamientos* were issued in every province, local and provisional Juntas were formed, and the exiled generals, together with Prim, appeared upon the scene to lead the movement.

On September 28 the government troops were defeated at Alcolea by Marshal Serrano. He entered Madrid in triumph on October 3d, General Prim on October 7th, Queen Isabella fled the country, and the revolution was a success.

The Central Junta of Madrid immediately called upon Serrano to organize a ministry, which he did as follows: Serrano, President of Council; Prim, Minister of War; Topete, Marine; Figuerola, Finance; Lorenzana, Foreign Affairs; Ortiz, Justice; Sagasta, Interior; Ayala, Colonies; and Zorilla, Public Works.

The regular organization of the country, and the determination of the form of government, were left to the Constituent Cortes elected by universal suffrage. When the Cortes met in December, a very liberal constitution was adopted, but a large majority were in favor of a monarchy as against a republic. The majority, however, have been unable to agree upon a candidate, and Marshal Serrano has been called upon by the Cortes to act as Regent during the interregnum. The oath of office was administered to him on Friday, June 18th of the present year, when he delivered the following inaugural address:

"SEÑORS DEPUTADOS: With the creation of constitutional power which you have deigned to confide to me, and which I gratefully accept, a new period of the revolution of September commences. The epoch of great dangers has passed away, and another of reorganization commences, in which we have nothing to fear, unless it may be from our impatience,

our distrust, our exaggerations. We have first raised the stone which weighed upon Spain, and we have afterward constituted her under the monarchical form, traditional with our people, but surrounded with democratic institutions.

"The moment has now arrived to enroll and consolidate the conquests realized, and to fortify the authority which is the protection of all rights and the shield of all social interests, strengthening at the same time our diplomatic relations with the other powers. The enterprise is difficult for my weak powers, but your high wisdom, the decided adhesion of all the sea and land forces, the vigorous patriotism of the citizen militia, and the sensitive and noble spirit of our regenerated nation, inspire me with confidence in the result. From the post of honor to which you have elevated me I do not see political parties. I see only the essential Code, which is obligatory on all, and on me first, and which will be obeyed and respected by all. I see our beloved country as anxious for stability and repose as she is eager for progress and liberty. Finally, I see, as supreme aspiration in the fulfilment of my honorable trust, the end of an interregnum, during which the constitution of the state will be practised sincerely and loyally; individual rights will be exercised peacefully and orderly; our credit will be augmented both in and out of Spain, and liberty be extended upon the firm base of moral and natural order, so that the monarch whom the Cortes Constituyentes may hereafter elect may commence his reign prosperously and happily for the country, to which I have consecrated all my anxieties, all my watchfulness, and my whole existence."

It may be seriously questioned whether in fact "the epoch of great dangers has passed away." The Regency has been recognized by the European powers, and everything seems working smoothly enough; but, though a year has passed since the triumph of the revolution, the majority has failed to agree upon a settled policy, the whole Roman Catholic priesthood is arrayed, secretly or openly, against the government, disorders are increasing, and the Carlists for a month past have been battling all over Spain. An interregnum, during which all parties are in a state of suspense, is necessarily a dangerous period, and morally certain to redound to the benefit of the opposition, whatever it may be. Very significant is the fact, that the Captain-General of Madrid has resigned and threatened to retire from the country, as hopeless of the revolution, unless a king is soon

elected. When disaffection spreads in the army the cause is lost.

There is a rumor afloat just now of a movement on foot to proclaim Serrano King of Spain. We may safely say that is now impossible, whatever may have been its feasibility six months ago. The Republicans alone are strong enough to

prevent it; and General Prim, who, with the allegiance of the army, is master of the situation, is too jealous of his colleague to allow to him to found a new dynasty. However, events are now too critical to justify us in asserting, with any degree of confidence, what the future may or may not bring forth.

POETRY.

PRO MORTUIS.

WHAT should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life:
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finish'd thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

One gem of song, defying age;
A hard-won fight; a well-work'd farm;
A law, no guile can twist to harm;
Some tale, as our lost Thackeray's, bright, or sage
As the just Hallam's page.

Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
To strike the circle of his years
A perfect curve through joys and tears,
Leaving a pure name to be known, or not,—
This is a true man's lot.

He dies: he leaves the deed, or name,
A gift for ever to his land,
In trust to Friendship's guardian hand,
Bound 'gainst all adverse shocks to keep his fame,
Or to the world proclaim.

But the imperfect thing, or thought,—
The fervid yeastiness of youth,
The dubious doubt, the twilight truth,
The work that for the passing day was wrought,
The schemes that came to nought,

The sketch half-way 'twixt verse and prose
That mocks the finish'd picture true,
The splinters whence the statue grew,
The scaffolding 'neath which the palace rose,
The vague abortive throes

And cruelties of joy or gloom:—
In kind oblivion let them be!
Nor has the dead worse foe than he
Who rakes these sweepings of the artist's room,
And piles them on his tomb.

Ah, 'tis but little that the best,
Frail children of a fleeting hour,
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower!
Ah, let all else be graciously suppress'd
When man lies down to rest!

F. T. P.

LOVE SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

WHEN a laughing urchin, gaily
Many a merry game I play'd,
In life's sunshine basking daily,
Knowing nought of grief or shade;

For a garden of enjoyment
Was the world I then lived in;
Tending flowers my sole employment,
Roses, violets, jessamine.

By the brook's side, on the meadow,
Sweetly mused I in those days;
Now I see a pale thin shadow,
When upon the brook I gaze.

Pale and thin my grief hath made me,
Since mine eyes upon *her* fell;
Secret sorrows now pervade me,
Wonderful and hard to tell.

Deep within my heart I cherish'd
Angel forms of peace and love,
Which have fled, their short joys perish'd,
To their starry home above.

Ghastly shadows rise unbidden,
Black night round mine eyes is thrown;
In my trembling breast is hidden
A sad whispering voice unknown.

Unknown sorrows, unknown anguish,
Toss me wildly to and fro;
And I pine away and languish,
Tortured by an unknown glow.

But the cause why I am lying
Racked by fiery torments now,
Why from very grief I'm dying,—
Love, behold!—The cause art thou!

HAMPTON COURT.

THE windows of the fountain court
Are glittering in the moon,
But no more in the palace hall—
You hear the dance and tune—
No more beyond dim corridors
Lamps spread a golden noon.

No longer from half-open doors
Bursts forth a gust of song ;
No longer with a roll of drums,
Sweeps by a silken throng,
With diamond stars keen glittering,
The ribbons blue among.

No pages bearing each a torch
Now scale the lofty stairs ;
No ladies trip with wealth of pearls,
Banding their wealth of hair ;
No white-capped-cook, with flaming face,
Bears up the dish with care.

The swarthy king with heavy brows
Paces no more the court ;
Base Rochester and Killigrew
Have long since ceased to sport.
No more fair wantons at the cards
Think the long night too short.

Silent the court, and still the hall,
Lights long ago put out,
The color's faded from the silks
That deck the walls about ;
No longer at the outer gates
The noisy rabble shout.

INFELIX.

WHERE is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow ?
Ere errors, agonies, and fears
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers ;
Where sleeps that promise now ?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours,
Still, still to memory sweet !
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of Sorrow and Deceit.

I look along the columned years,
And see Life's riven fane,
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose mocking sneers
Forever hiss within mine ears,
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace ;
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain,
And bids Earth's tumult cease.

Myself! alas for theme so poor,
A theme but rich in fear ;
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A houseless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here.

LALAGE.

I COULD not keep my secret
Any longer to myself ;
I wrote it in a song-book,
And laid it on the shelf ;
It lay there many an idle day,
'Twas covered soon with dust :
I graved it on my sword-blade,
'Twas eaten by the rust :
I told it to the zephyr then,
He breathed it through the morning,
The light leaves rustled in the breeze,
My fond romances scorning :
I told it to the running brook,
With many a lover's notion,
The gay waves laughed it down the stream,
And flung it in the ocean.
I told it to the raven sage,
He croaked it to the starling :
I told it to the nightingale ;
She sang it to my darling.

W. H. POLLOCK.

AFTER CATULLUS.

LESBIA, let us live and love,
Careless how Old Age reprove—
A fig for all his shrugs and sighs !
Suns may set and suns may rise.
We, when Life's brief day is done,
And Death's dreary night begun,
Side by side must still sleep on.
Love! a hundred kisses give me,
Now a thousand, I implore,
Now, or thy neglect will grieve me,
But one hundred thousand more ;
Till at last, when count of kisses,
Love, begins your soul to vex,
With reprisal such as this is—[*Kissing her*]
All your reckoning I'll perplex ;
For to kiss by calculation
Could but spoil the sweet sensation ;
Or, if Echo us report,
Spite may cut th' addition short.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

ONCE when the midnight stars were fully bright,
And the round moon stood in the centre sky,
I paused beside a brook which wandered light,
To hear the burden of night's minstrelsy.
There was a hum of insects on the breeze,
And the pure stream beside my feet was singing ;
A bird of night sang somewhere in the trees,
And in a town close by the bells were ringing.
This mingled music filled the ambient space,
And seemed to reach the stars—for as the notes
Ascended, I did think that each one's face
With twinkling showed its happiness ; and boats
Of vapor, sailing in the airy sea,
Caught the sweet sounds, and went more joy-
ously.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

OF all the personal reminiscences which enrich our language, Mr. Robinson's embrace much the widest field, and longest and most critical period of time. He was old enough to be profoundly moved by the French Revolution, and the intellectual convulsions which preceded and accompanied it; lived through the twenty years' struggle with Bonaparte, and saw in his own country the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, the Emancipation of the Catholics, the passage of the Reform Bill, in fact the whole of the great political revolution which the past century has brought about in England; while his personal acquaintance embraced almost all the notabilities of three generations. Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Tieck, Schelling, Schlegel, Knebel, and the Duchesses Amelia and Louisa of Weimar, among the Germans; Madame de Stael, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, Benjamin Constant, Villers, and Count D'Orsay, among the French; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, Blake, Flaxman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir John Franklin, Rogers, Godwin, Edward Irving, Brougham, Jeffreys, Lady Byron, Madame D'Arblay, Clarkson, De Quincey, and in fact almost every man of eminence during the last three quarters of a century, in England; together with scores of others in Holland, Italy, Spain, and Sweden, figure in his *Reminiscences*, and many of them were his warm personal friends.

Without the tact, simplicity, and infinite faculty for details of Boswell, without the *naïveté* of Mr. Secretary Pepys, or the sagacious perception of Evelyn, Mr. Robinson has been enabled, by the vastness of his opportunities and the wealth of material at his command, to leave behind him a work which is possibly more valuable than that of any one of them, whatever may be its popular interest.

Mr. Robinson's "*Reminiscences*" extend from 1775 to 1811, and include some of the most interesting portions of his life. He seems, through youth and early manhood, to have drifted about "between desire and resolve," unable to devote himself to any particular avocation, with a placid predilection for letters, but without the self-confidence or energy to undertake literature as a profession. As he himself says: "I early found that I had not the literary ability to give me such a place among English authors as I should have desired; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them." He studied law while a youth, and practised it later in life, but his self-distrust, and the contempt which he seems always to have felt for almost all public success, injured the fibre of his mind, gave him an antipathy to steady professional work, and made him "a busy idle man" for life. It is to this busy leisure, however, that the world is indebted for the rare treasures which he has garnered up in these volumes.

When about twenty-five, Mr. Robinson wandered over to Germany, apparently without any

definite object, where he remained five years, and became one of the very few Englishmen who fifty years ago knew anything of German literature. "He was a missionary of English poetry to Germany, and equally of German literature to England." Here he formed many of those friendships which were the "glory of his life," the souvenirs of which add so much to the value of his *Reminiscences*. Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder were then in the zenith of their fame at Weimar; and like every one else who is brought within the influence of that great mind, he became at once a passionate admirer of Goethe's writings. Of his first meeting with Goethe in 1800, Mr. Robinson writes: "I had said to Seume that I wished to *speak* to Wieland and *look* at Goethe—and I literally and exactly had my desire. My sense of his greatness was such that, had the opportunity offered, I think I should have been incapable of entering into conversation with him; but as it was, I was allowed to gaze on him in silence. Goethe lived in a large and handsome house—that is for Weimar. Before the door of his study was marked in mosaic, *SALVE*. On our entrance he rose, and, with rather a cool and distant air, beckoned us to take seats. As he fixed his burning eye on Seume, who took the lead, I had his profile before me, and this was the case during the whole of our twenty minutes' stay. He was then about fifty-two years of age, and was beginning to be corpulent. He was, I think, one of the most oppressively handsome men I ever saw." Though he never lost this awful reverence for "the grandest intellect the world has known for centuries," Mr. Robinson became a lifelong friend of Goethe, and some of the most valuable portions of his work are recollections of the great poet.

Valuable *Reminiscences* of Schiller, Wieland, and the other great men of Germany, will be found in his work; and here also he met Madame de Stael, whom he seems disposed to depreciate, as he does, with true British instinct, everything French. He furnished her very material assistance in suggesting material for her famous work on Germany, and met her afterward when she was on her way to England, but he evidently considered her more brilliant than solid, and too much of a talker to be very conscientious or reliable.

Mr. Robinson returned to England in 1805, and soon afterward accepted a position upon the *Times*, which carried him to Holland during the German campaign of Napoleon, and subsequently to Spain.

With 1811 begins the regular "*Diary*" which Mr. Robinson continued to within five days of his death, and the great superiority in interest of this class of composition over any other, however elaborate and skilful, is at once manifest. After this year the editor gives the *Diary* much the most prominent place, using occasionally suggestive reminiscences by Mr. Robinson, and introducing at intervals scraps of correspondence which the specimens lead us to regret that it is not more largely drawn on. It was about this period that Mr. Robinson became acquainted with Coleridge, Lamb, Blake, and other literary celebrities then living.

Much interesting matter concerning Coleridge, who seems to have exercised very powerful fasci-

nation upon the author, will be found in the Diary for this and the succeeding years, up to Coleridge's death; and many choice fragments are added to our relics of the "Gentle Elia." Blake, too, the mad mystic, poet, artist, and seer, receives liberal attention; and we think that on the whole a more vivid conception of this singular character will be found in these volumes than can be obtained elsewhere.

With the "Lake Poets" also Mr. Robinson was intimate, especially Wordsworth, whom he admired next to Goethe, and he preserves valuable reminiscences of them all. He lived, however, to see all his friends of this period drop one by one into the grave, and in the latter portion of his Diary he has to do with a new generation.

Mr. Robinson died on February 5th, 1867, and the last entry in the Diary is dated January 31st, so that he was, though ninety-one years old, able to continue his work to within five days of his death.

Of the qualifications essential to success in such a work as he undertook, Mr. Robinson possessed many, and several of a high order. He had the widest catholicity of ideas, tastes and sympathies, great information, an acute and receptive mind, complete self-abnegation, and a most wonderful memory.

Said Mr. Taylor, in his address at Hygate, "Robinson's house was a centre of attraction for minds from the most opposite points in the wide horizon of opinion. Softened by his genial spirit, and animated by his cheerful flow of kindly and interesting talk, Tories and Liberals, High-Churchmen and Dissenters, found themselves side by side at his hospitable board, without suspecting that they were enemies, and learned there, if they had never learned it before, how much deeper and stronger is the common human heart, which binds us all in one, than those intellectual differences which are the witness of our weakness and fallibility, and sometimes the expression of our obstinacy and self-will."

One great qualification, however, which we are compelled to think Mr. Robinson lacks, is genuine depth of feeling. He himself seemed to be conscious of this when he wrote, "We of colder temperament and more sober minds, feel ourselves oppressed by the stronger feelings of more passionate characters—at least this is the case with me. At the same time I fully recognize the dignity of passion, and am able to admire what I have not, and am not." It was the absence of this that caused the deficiency he used to lament: "That he had not the faculty of giving a graphic account of the illustrious men with whom he came in contact." Vivid description can only result from vivid feeling. This also explains the uncomfortable impression we have in reading, that the author is, as it were, outside of his subject and writing, with his mind fixed on his readers. Another illustration of the melancholy fact that the cardinal intellectual virtue of perfect toleration is inevitably accompanied by a deficiency of mental qualities, which are very admirable in themselves.

Despite this deficiency, however, even if it be conceded to exist, we believe Mr. Robinson's work to furnish the richest store of personal anecdotes and reminiscences to be found in our literature, and it deserves to be placed at once among the

classics of the language, on the shelf with Boswell and Pepys. Its value, too, will be recognized more clearly by posterity than by us who live so near the time, and are familiar with the "tone" of society and the events which it depicts. As an example of the manner in which works of this kind are mellowed by time, we would refer our readers to the *naïve* description (in Vol. ii., p. 184) of his first ride in a "steam-carriage," which travelled at the fearful speed of 180 miles a day. The author writes (in exclamation points), of a train "which would have carried 150 passengers!" and of the "change which it will produce in intercourse!" "I should have observed before that the most remarkable movements of the journey are those in which the trains pass one another. *The rapidity is such that there is no recognizing the features of a traveller.*" On several occasions the noise of the passing engine was like the whizzing of a rocket. Guards are stationed in the road, holding flags to give notice to the drivers when to stop." Does not this read like a relic of the Lake-Dwellers?

Of course much material not used by the editor, who, by the way, has performed his work in a most masterly manner, was left by Mr. Robinson, and we are glad to hear from the editor that "all the papers will be carefully preserved, with a view to any historical value they may acquire by the lapse of time." Many additions and some cancellations will doubtless be made before these volumes assume their permanent historical form.

The Seven Curses of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD. New York: Harper & Bros. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE apparent utter powerlessness of society to cope with the problems which civilization, if it has not caused, has at least aggravated and brought to the surface, is never so painfully thrust upon us as on reading the books which contain the reflections on these problems, and the suggestions concerning them of those who might reasonably be expected to know most about them. The unfortunate apathy with which a very large portion of the public, and even of legislators, regard those gigantic evils which are corroding the social fabric and threatening its existence; the fatal resignation with which they "accept the inevitable," are not to be wondered at, when the almost superhuman efforts made by legislation and by State and private charity to abate them, have failed even to check their portentous growth; and when a writer like the "Amateur Casual," who has spent half a life-time in studying these evils, has nothing to say about them but an incomplete classification of them, a more or less complete mass of horrible statistics, and a series of anecdotes and narratives which would be entertaining could such fearful subjects furnish entertainment, and instructive if they led to anything even suggestive of a remedy. No wonder the public feel that it has "had enough of it," when it has seen so many magnificent efforts prove utterly ineffectual, and when it finds that knowledge of the subject apparently renders a man more hopelessly incapable of anything like action than the most indifferent ignorance. And as long as human nature remains what it is, the vast majority of men will avoid the loathsome pool which, so far as experience goes, they can neither re-

move nor purify, even though it threatens to compromise, in no distant future, their own personal safety and that of society itself.

The evils which Mr. Greenwood specifies as The Seven Curses of London, are: "Neglected Children;" "Professional Thieves;" "Professional Beggars;" "Fallen Women;" "The Curse of Drunkenness;" "Betting Gamblers," and "Waste of Charity;" and concerning all of them he writes with deep feeling and a genuine desire to enlighten public opinion with regard to them; but, with one or two exceptions, he seems to have no idea what is to be done to remove, or even abate them. The exceptions are a plain and feasible method of rendering the seducer of women more responsible to society than he is at present, and a suggestion for the abolition of betting swindles. On the "Waste of Charity," his remarks are acute and valuable, but by no means so full or so satisfactory as those made during the recent debates in Parliament.

Mr. Greenwood, like every man who has been brought much in contact with individual suffering, has a sentimental horror of general laws which must necessarily bear hard upon individual cases. His most hostile criticism, though his whole book is a criticism on what has been done rather than a suggestion of what is to be done, is upon the proposition of Colonel Fraser with regard to Habitual Criminals. Colonel Fraser is the Chief of London Police, and he proposed to brand criminals who are thrice brought to justice, and again for each successive offence, and to empower the police to arrest them at discretion and compel them to prove that they are gaining an honest livelihood. This would undoubtedly bear very hard upon many cases, and Mr. Greenwood waxes hot in denunciation; but the individual, and if necessary a generation, must be sacrificed to the good of the race. There is no system known to man so altogether admirable and yet so unjust in exceptional instances as "the majestic fabric of English law." We suspect that it is the recognition of the melancholy fact that the good of all is very seldom in accordance with the good of each, and his deep sympathy with human suffering, which render Mr. Greenwood's book so barren of clearly-defined remedial suggestions; and this explains, too, why writers of his class contribute so much knowledge of facts, and yet do so little of real value in developing a general conception of how any wide-spread evil is to be handled. Besides this, Mr. Greenwood is not invariably so careful in his statements, and he does not always agree with himself in the estimate which he makes of the relative importance of evils. At one time it is Prostitution which is the social evil *par excellence*, at another "no sane man will contest the fact that Drunkenness has wrought more mischief than all other social evils put together," and still again Betting is the "barrier of modern and monstrous growth, that blocks the advancement of social purity, and causes perhaps more ruin and irreparable dismay than any other two of the curses herein treated of."

Many of the facts and statistics in the work are valuable, and the treatment lively and interesting; but the English of the "Amateur Casual" has suffered somewhat from association with "casuals" and "cadgers," and the book is on the

whole a very excellent one for young people to remain ignorant of.

It may be as well to state that Fields, Osgood & Co.'s edition of the book is in a handsome cloth volume, and Harpers in neat 8vo. paper.

Friends in Council. By ARTHUR HELPS. New York: James Miller.

If Mr. Matthew Arnold were called upon to specify one of his apostles of "sweetness and light," of that serene culture, removed alike from apathy and fanaticism, which he would almost substitute for religion, we fancy that the name of Arthur Helps would be the first to present itself to his mind. It unfortunately is not often that a mind so chaste and delicate as that of Mr. Helps, so little in harmony with the restless spirit of the age, has the energy, or boldness, or breadth of sympathy, to impel it to the production of such rare works as he has given to the world. A man can seldom diverge very widely from the tendencies of his time and yet enter upon the career of an author. But the appreciation which Mr. Helps and William Morris have attained would seem to indicate that the tastes of many men, like their affections, go by contraries, and that beneath every very strong movement there lies a reactionary element.

"Friends in Council" is not a new work, though it is far less known than it should be in this country. It was first published some ten years ago, and has already become one of the purest classics of our language. It is a work altogether *sui generis*, without an antetype in our literature, and, excepting Realism, by the same author, without a successor. The placid serenity of its tone, its temperateness and sagacious wisdom, the entire absence of anything like polemic heat, isolate it widely from the fever and tumult of our times. It might have been written in Acadie, and enjoyed by the peasants of Grand Pré, or the "gentle Elia" might have written it had Elia been more a man of the world.

The friends whose councils are the subject of the book, are Dunsford, a college professor, and Milverton and Ellesmere, who had been his favorite pupils at the University. In the second series, in order to secure a little more variety, two young female cousins of Milverton are added to the councils. These friends meet together, an essay is read, followed by conversation and criticism, and the meetings are connected together by a slender thread of narrative whose interest develops placidly with the progress of the work. This plan was doubtless adopted by Mr. Helps as best enabling him to present all sides of a subject, and to exercise the calm judicial tone which is the principal characteristic of his intellect. He abhors special pleading instinctively, and is conscientiously careful never to obscure any single aspect of a question; and this intellectual truthfulness is what constitutes the rare value of the work.

The essays are of course the most important feature of "Friends in Council," and they cover a field wide as human life. Truth, Conformity, Despair, Recreation, Greatness, Fiction, History, Education, Government, Public Improvements, Slavery, and the Art of Living, are only a few of the subjects treated of. It would seem scarcely just to rank these essays among the strictly best

ones in English literature. Mr. Helps lacks the nervous vigor of expression and nice sense of the value of words which are essential to a first-rate essayist like Carlyle, and yet who shall we place with him if we rank him among the second?

But if their kind is not the best, in the most rigid interpretation of that word, they are certainly unequalled of their kind; and those who have yet to make the acquaintance of the "Friends in Council," have a pleasure in store for them which does not often remain to an ordinarily well-read man.

Mr. Miller has published the work in two handsome volumes, worthy of the place which will be assigned them on the library shelves; and it is to be hoped that he will follow them up with a uniform edition of Mr. Helps' works. It is astonishing that, with the proverbial enterprise of our publishers, it should be impossible to get a uniform edition of the works of so many of the best writers in our language.

Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812. By BENSON J. LOSSING. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

MR. LOSSING in the present volume has done for the War of 1812 what, in the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," he did for our struggle for Independence. He has gone out into the by-ways and hedges, and brought in facts and details which other historians have neglected; gathered up the fragments which the great stream of human history strands here and there upon its banks, too often to be totally forgotten. He "has travelled more than ten thousand miles in this country and in the Canadas, with note-book and pencil in hand, visiting places of interest connected with the War of 1812—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico—gathering up, recording, and delineating everything of special value not found in books illustrative of the subject, and making himself familiar with the topography and incidents of the battle-fields of that war. Access to the archives of the governments, State and National, and to private collections, was freely given him; and from the lips of actors in the events of that struggle he received the most interesting information concerning it which might have perished with them," had it not been thus preserved. The work begins where the former volume left off, at the end of the Revolution, and terminates with the text of the treaty of peace signed at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814.

It is hardly necessary to enter into a criticism of Mr. Lossing as a historian. He has attempted no philosophical deductions from his subject, and as the great highway of events had already been frequently and clearly marked out, he could deviate but slightly from the record. He has performed a laborious and tedious work carefully, conscientiously, and thoroughly; and collected together many details, sketches, and personal anecdotes, some of which are valuable, and all of which are interesting. It would be difficult to conceive of works better adapted than these two Field-Books to introduce children to the study of history. Vivid in description, lively and sketchy in narrative, they will prove to them an appetizing preparation for the severer study of events.

The Field-Book is issued by the publishers in very elaborate style, with clear and legible type,

descriptive headlines on each page, and illustrated with 882 wood-cuts. A carefully prepared index adds very materially to the completeness and value of the work.

George Eliot's Novels. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

To their "Household Edition" of the novels of Reade and Thackeray, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have, with their usual tact and good judgment, now added those of George Eliot. They will comprise "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life," complete in five volumes.

It is scarcely necessary for us to speak of the position which these works hold in English literature. They are unanimously ranked among the very best novels in the language, and many competent critics in England place "Romola" and "Adam Bede" at the head of contemporary Fiction. Nor has this appreciation been confined to England. She obtained as immediate and wide recognition in this country as in her own, and in an autograph letter to the publishers, prefixed to "Adam Bede," she bears testimony to the fact. "Some of the most intelligent and generous sympathy I have received has come to me from your side of the Atlantic, and has given me a belief in my public there, which is a precious source of encouragement."

For ourself, for wide and solid culture, for masculine vigor and truthfulness of conception, and for perfect mastery of English prose, we would place George Eliot at the head of every female novelist who has at any time graced our literature. We also believe that posterity will accept her novels as the most characteristic which the age has produced. This, it would seem, is as much as we who live so near her time can safely assert, for after all, and at the best, contemporary criticism is an exceedingly fallible tribunal. But we have heard a *litterateur*, for whose judgment we have unbounded respect, say, "Sir, for luminosity of intellect and breadth of information, Dickens and Thackeray, as compared to George Eliot, are but children, tasteful and brilliant it is true, but children nevertheless; and for depth of feeling and clear perception of the great truths of human nature, she is not only now without a rival, but has never had one."

The "Household Edition" of our classical novels will furnish a long-desired opportunity to the thousands of readers with good taste but slender purses; and, as we have had occasion to say before, combines the special features of "cheapness, legibility, compactness, and elegance," in a more considerable degree than any other series of works which has for a long time been put in the market.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Foul Play. By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCHAULT. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo. paper, pp. 148.

White Lies. By CHARLES READE. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo. paper, pp. 171.

Meta's Faith. By the Author of *St. Olave's*, &c. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo. paper, pp. 124.

False Colors. By ANNIE THOMAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. paper, pp. 152.

Mexico and the United States. By GORHAM D. ABBOTT, LL D. New York: G. P. Putnam, Sen. 8vo. cloth, pp. 391.

Zell's Encyclopædia. Semi-monthly. Part No. 9. Philadelphia: T. E. Wood Zell. Large quarto. pp. 48. Illustrated.

Hospital Sketches, and Camp and Fireside Stories. By LOUISA M. ALCOCK. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 379.

SCIENCE.

An Unknown Island.—Up to the time of the destruction of whale ships by Semmes at the Ascension Islands, no American man-of-war had ever visited this important rendezvous of whalers in the Pacific Ocean. There are hundreds and even thousands of islands in the Pacific, many of which have no name; others are only sighted by an occasional ship going to or returning from ports in Asia. We send expeditions to discover the phenomena of the North Pole, but the Pacific Archipelago—a great island world—is to-day half unknown. There ought to be an American naval station somewhere among these islands. At present they are attached to the East India station, and for this reason are almost wholly neglected. When a shipmaster desires to commit barratry, he has a secure hiding place among these islands. Our national ships are never seen there, and merchant-men keep clear of them, unless an occasional landing is made for vegetables and other supplies. A few years since a shipmaster now sailing out of this port stopped at one of these unknown islands for a supply of wood. He found there two English runaway sailors (probably), and about fifteen native women. There was nothing upon the island but an abundance of coconuts, with great numbers of fish in the lagoon. The captain left an assortment of such tropical seeds as he had with him, including melons, oranges, and sweet potatoes, adding to the little stock a pair of small pigs. The island soon afterwards became a marvel among whalers for the wealth of its tropical fruits, and some years afterwards a load of live hogs was brought from that island to this market. There are hundreds of these islands over which no sovereignty has been extended, some inhabited, and others waiting for inhabitants, and nearly all of the larger ones capable of producing a profusion of tropical fruits. These islands, if not already, are likely to become the rendezvous of all the robbers and pirates of the Pacific Ocean. Here the free-booters can find refuge, and settle the fate of many a ship so certainly that no one will be left to say by what "peril of the sea" she was lost. There ought to be a naval station where war ships may rendezvous, and have some special watch and oversight of this unknown island world.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Experiments with Liebig's Food for Children.—We believe we were the first journal to call attention in this country to this valuable prepara-

tion. Indeed we were the first to do so, for it was in our pages that Baron Liebig himself described the substance as a soup for infants. We are, therefore, interested to perceive that at a recent meeting of one of the continental scientific societies, Dr. Kjelberg related his experience of the use of Liebig's food for infants as a remedy. Six cases of diarrhoea occurred in his Children's Hospital among infants of from 1½ to 2 years; five of them had already been treated with medicine without effect. A thin broth made from the "food" was given them as their only nourishment, and all medicine was discontinued. The motions at once assumed a better appearance. In one case, which had no previous treatment, the effect of the exclusive use of Liebig's food was very striking. Dr. Kjelberg says that he had used the treatment in two cases of children, private patients, in whom not diarrhoea, but obstinate constipation was the malady. The children were still suckled, while the food was administered. The peristaltic function of the bowels rapidly became normal and regular. Dr. Kjelberg thinks that Liebig's food possesses the capacity of regulating the activity of the intestinal canal.

Life on the Deep-sea Bottom.—The Americans continue their important dredging inquiries in the Gulf Stream. A recent number of the *Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology* (No. 7) gives the second series of reports of results. Mr. L. F. Pourtales, who supplies the record, states that the utmost depth reached with the dredge was 517 fathoms, or 3,102 feet, or over 1,000 feet beyond the late researches near Spitzbergen. The bottom has been divided into three regions, extending in zones around the Florida reefs:—1. From the reef outwards four or five miles to the depth of 90 fathoms; 2. From 90 to 250 or 350 fathoms; 3. The bottom of the channel, which does not much exceed 500 fathoms. The first region is barren, and covered only by dead and broken shells, showing that the fauna of the reef itself does not extend seaward. The second is "rich in animal forms," and is particularly interesting to the geologist. It is a limestone, gradually increasing by the accumulation of the calcareous remains of Corals, Echinoderms, and Mollusks. These débris are consolidated by the tubes of Serpula, the interstices filled up by Foraminifera and smoothed over by the Nullipores. It is supposed that this will eventually thicken until the water is shallow enough for the Astrea and Madrepora to begin their work of founding a new barrier similar to the existing reefs. This limestone is filled with recent fossils, furnished in great part by the animals now living on the bottom, but a few contribute by sinking after death from the higher regions of the superincumbent water (teeth of fishes and shells of Pteropods), and others are brought by currents from littoral regions (bones of the Manatee, and fragments of littoral plants). All the branches of the animal kingdom, so far as their marine carnivorous orders are concerned, are abundantly represented in this region, but it is destitute of plants. The third region is sparsely inhabited by a few Mollusks, Radiates,

and Crustaceans, but the peculiar animals are the microscopical Globigerinae whose siliceous shells have covered the bottom of the channel with a thick deposit. The deep-sea animals of the second and third regions are of smaller size than allied forms of the littoral zone. The only exception is an Echinus, which is nearly of the average size, and an Actinia.

The Conformation of the Negro Cranium.—At the meeting of the Physical Society of Edinburgh, on April 7, a paper was communicated by Dr. J. S. Smith and Professor Turner, on eight negro crania, recently sent from Old Calabar. Four of the skulls were those of males and four females. They were the crania of slaves of the Calabar negroes, and were probably of the Iboe tribe, having been brought from the delta of the mighty Niger or Quorra. These negroes have been described as being among the most degraded of the negro race. The skulls, however, showed no such appearance of degradation, and one of the male skulls had an internal capacity or brain bulk of 93 cubic inches. The crania also exhibited a much greater variety of size than was to have been expected in a rude negro people. Mr. Robb considers that the degraded state of the delta negroes has been much exaggerated. He has lived among them, and states that they are simply what paganism makes them, but their nature is similar to our own.

The Physics of the Gulf Stream.—Mr. James Croll, who has published some papers on this subject, speculates thus as to the stream as a heat-carrying medium. The total quantity of water, he says, conveyed by this stream is probably equal to a stream 50 miles broad and 1,000 feet deep, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour. And the mean temperature of the entire mass of moving waters is not under 65° at the moment of leaving the Gulf. I think we are warranted to conclude that the Gulf Stream, before it returns from its northern journey, is on an average cooled down to at least 40°, consequently it loses 25° of heat. Each cubic foot of water, therefore, in this case carries from the tropics for distribution upwards of 1,500 units of heat, or 1,158,000 foot-pounds. According to the above estimate of the size and velocity of the stream, 5,575,680,000,000 cubic feet of water are conveyed from the Gulf per hour, or 133,816,320,000,000 cubic feet daily. Consequently, the total quantity of heat transferred from the equatorial regions per day by the stream amounts to 154,959,300,000,000,000 foot-pounds. From observations made by Sir John Herschel and by M. Pouillet on the direct heat of the sun, it is found that were no heat absorbed by the atmosphere, about 83 foot-pounds per second would fall upon a square foot of surface placed at right angles to the sun's rays. Mr. Meech estimates that the quantity of heat cut off by the atmosphere is equal to about 22 per cent, of the total amount received from the sun. M. Pouillet estimates the loss at 24 per cent. Taking the former estimate, 64.74 foot-pounds per second will therefore be the quantity of heat falling on a square foot of the earth's surface when the sun is in the zenith. And were the sun to remain stationary in the

zenith for twelve hours, 2,796,768 foot-pounds would fall upon the surface.

Men Reported to have Tails.—A Calcutta *savant*, who signs himself "A. Cameron," has startled India with an extraordinary proposal. He is disposed to believe in the existence of tailed men and women somewhere in Borneo, and calls upon government, the Bengal Asiatic Society, and the Indian Museum authorities to aid in getting up a scientific expedition to go in search of them! Cameron says:—When I was in Sarawak, I met now and then with traders who had been in the Kyan country to the north-west of the northern peninsula or projection of Borneo, who gave me detailed and definite accounts of a race of men (not the orang-utang) who dwelt amongst dense forests, living up trees (which are of gigantic size) with their wives and children, with their bows and arrows, and other rude implements, whatever they may be. They lived entirely by hunting, and had no sort of agriculture. I do not recollect now, after the lapse of such a long period, whether I was informed that they made use of fire, or whether they cooked at all. They went, of course, entirely naked. They had no intercourse with any other people, and spoke a gibberish of their own. It was only now and then that Kyans, Malays or Dyaks ever came upon their leafy habitations, when of course a speedy retreat used to be beat by the strangers. These accounts, by people who had been in that part of the country, were confirmed by other Dyak tribes and by Malays."—*The Homeward Mail*.

A Cure for Somnambulism.—Professor Pellizari, of Florence, has hit upon a cure for somnambulism. It simply consists in winding once or twice round one's leg, on going to bed, a thin flexible copper wire, long enough to reach the floor. Eighteen somnambulists, treated in this way, have been either permanently or temporarily cured. The *Gazetta Medica*, of Venice, which reports the fact, says that copper wire is known to dissipate magnetic somnambulism, and that this circumstance led the professor to have recourse to this strange remedy.

New Lime Light without Oxygen.—A brilliant and steady light has been obtained by the Messrs. Darker from a mixture of common gas and atmospheric air, the latter of which contains more than a fifth part of oxygen. The air and gas are either mixed as in the Bourbouze lamp, or are emitted singly, as in some forms of the oxy-hydrogen burner. Instead, however, of the intense heat thus obtained being employed to raise to a white heat a platina gauze cap, as proposed two years ago by M. Bourbouze, Messrs. Darker cause the flame to impinge upon lime or magnesia, either singly or in combination with asbestos, and thus obtain a light of great purity and intensity. The lime light has thus been got without the trouble and expense attendant upon the employment of pure oxygen.

Two spirited Frenchmen, Messieurs Tissandier and de Fouvielle, have undertaken the daring enterprise of reaching the north pole in a balloon. The machine in which the bold adventurers are about to embark on their perilous journey, and

which is appropriately named "Le Pôle Nord," is now being completed in the Champ de Mars, which the government have placed at their disposal for the purpose. The car, a marvel, it is said, of strength and lightness, is constructed to carry ten passengers, 4,000 lbs. of ballast, and provisions for a month.

The Excavations at Herculaneum.—The excavations commenced a few months ago at Herculaneum promise rich results. It is known that the Pompeians were able to return to their buried dwellings and recover their most precious effects; but at Herculaneum that was impossible owing to the far greater depth and more solid character of the strata of volcanic matter which overwhelmed that city. In fact, to reach Pompeii the excavators had only to penetrate a deposit of from eighteen to twenty-one feet in thickness, but the lost Herculaneum lies under a fifty-foot strata of the hardest lava. Working through it is very laborious and requires the constant use of the pick. On the 7th inst. two gold brooches were found attached to portions of a dress, probably a *peplum*. Later in the same day, a marble faun was discovered, a mediocre copy of an excellent original.

Origin of Species.—Caerleon, Barmouth, June 7, 1869. I have received a letter from Germany on the increase of the elephant, in which a learned professor arrives at a totally different result from that of Mr. Garbett, both of which differ from that of your correspondent "Ponderer." Hence perhaps you may think it worth while to publish a rule by which my son, Mr. George Darwin, finds that the product for any number of generations may easily be calculated:—"The supposition is that each pair of elephants begins to breed when aged 30, breeds at 60, and again, for the last time, at 90, and dies when aged 100, bringing forth a pair at each birth. We start, then, in the year 0 with a pair of elephants aged 80. They produce a pair in the year 0, a pair in the year 30, a pair in the year 60, and die in the year 70. In the year 60, then, there will be the following pairs alive, viz.—one aged 90, one aged 60, two aged 30, four aged 0. The last three sets are the only ones that will breed in the year 90. At each breeding a pair produces a pair, so that the number of pairs produced in the year 90 will be the sum of the three numbers 1, 2, 4, i.e. 7. Henceforward, at each period, there will be a set of pairs, aged 30, 60, 90 respectively which breed. These sets will consist of the pairs born at the three preceding periods respectively. Thus the number of pairs born at any period will be the sum of the three preceding numbers in the series, which gives the number of births at each period; and because the first three of this series are 1, 2, 4, therefore the series is 1, 2, 4, 7, 13, 24, 44, &c. These are the numbers given by 'Ponderer.' At any period, the whole number of pairs of elephants consists of the young elephants together with the three sets of parents; but since the sum of the three sets of parents is equal in number to the number of young ones, therefore the whole number of pairs is twice the number of young ones, and therefore the whole number of elephants at this period (and for ten years onwards) is four times the corresponding number in

the series. In order to obtain the general term of the series, it is necessary to solve an easy equation by the Calculus of Finite Differences." CHARLES DARWIN, in the *Athenæum*.

Payments for Cotton.—The value of the raw cotton imported into the United Kingdom in the first two months of this year was 6,702,255*l*., as compared with 4,686,843*l*. in the first two months of 1868, and 6,264,899*l*. in the first two months of 1867. Of these sums 3,854,179*l*. went to the United States in the first two months of this year, as compared with 3,401,177*l*. and 3,309,885*l*.; 715,259*l*. to Brazil, as compared with 303,432*l*. and 520,786*l*.; 1,129,858*l*. to Egypt, as compared with 602,843*l*. and 1,706,611*l*.; and 857,701*l*. to British India, as compared with 328,176*l*. and 465,165*l*.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—On the evening of the 30th May the inhabitants of Greiffenberg and the neighboring villages, for more than a German mile in circuit, were the witnesses of an extraordinary natural phenomenon. Between nine and ten o'clock thunder-clouds seemed to be gathering around the Iser and Riesengebirge, to the south, while the rest of the sky appeared to be covered only by light clouds. Now and then a few flashes of lightning were seen in the far distance. Suddenly all eyes were blinded by a fall of fire, differing both in form and color from common lightning, which was followed in four or five seconds by a deep and terrific report, like a loud peal of thunder. All the windows rattled and the houses seemed shaken to their foundations. Those who were in the open air say that they seemed to be wrapt in fire and deprived of air some instants. A mild and moderate rain, without thunder or lightning, followed. Opinions differ as to whether the above appearances are to be attributed to a meteor or to a sudden discharge of electricity.—*North German Correspondent*.

Victor Hugo on the Science of Navigation.—The day when navigation, now a routine, shall become a mathematical science; the day, for instance, when men will try to find out why, in our climate, hot winds sometimes come from the north and cold ones from the south; the day when we shall understand that the diminutions of temperature are proportioned to the depths of the sea; the day when we shall have before our minds the fact that the globe is a great magnet, polarized in space, having two axes, one of rotation, one of effluvium, cutting each other at the centre of the earth, and that the magnetic poles revolve round the geographic; when those who risk their lives shall choose to risk them scientifically; when the unstable medium of navigation shall have been studied; when every captain shall be a meteorologist, every pilot a chemist, then will many catastrophes be avoided. The sea is as much magnetic as watery; an ocean of forces floats, unknown, in the ocean of currents—down stream, we may say. To see in the ocean only a mass of water is not to see it at all; the ocean is a coming and going of fluid as much as a flux and reflux of liquid, affected even more by attraction than by hurricanes. Molecular adhesion (shown by capillary attraction, among other phenomena) shares, in the ocean, the grandeur of the ocean's volume, and the waves of

effluvium sometimes assist, sometimes oppose, the waves of the air and the water. He who knows not the electric laws knows not the hydraulic, for they interpenetrate. True, no study is more difficult or more doubtful; it borders on imposture, as astronomy borders on astrology. But without it there is no real navigation.—*L'homme qui rit*.

The Transits of Venus.—The approach of the transits of Venus has made it a duty of official astronomers to consider what steps ought to be taken now in preparing for their observations. With much care and with the consumption of much time, Mr. Airy examined into the circumstances of the two transits, and has come to the conclusion that after every reliance is placed on foreign and colonial observatories, it will be necessary for the British Government to undertake the equipment of five or six temporary stations. It is much to be desired that authority should be promptly given for procuring the instruments which will be required. On those by which local time and longitude will be determined there is no uncertainty; on the viewing-telescopes there may be some question.—*Athenæum*.

Professor Huxley on Physical Geography.—Professor Huxley delivered another of his lectures recently. He said the land extending from the south-eastern shores of England to Mount Snowdon in Wales was distinguished for having been subjected to six most important geological changes. The formation of coal was due to the existence of successively submerged and emerged forests and vegetable matter. The successive layers of geological strata extended to a depth of 70,000 feet. The calculation of the entire series of strata would be almost beyond the range of human conception. Each successive layer of coal in the bed might have taken about 100 years in forming; and how old might not the Nova Scotia coal-beds be, seeing that these beds contain from 60 to 70 layers one upon the other? England and the British Islands were but the bed of some old sea.

ART.

We had a ramble last month through the galleries and art-shops of Philadelphia, and have come to the conclusion that either the state of art in that city is sadly misrepresented by the pictures on exhibition, or that the mathematical madness of her streets has proved too much for the artists. There was scarcely a painting in any of the rooms we visited which could be considered worthy of a centre stand in an auction sale-room.

In the Academy of Fine Arts are, of course, many pictures worth seeing—notably the great cartoons of Benjamin West, which are in some respects much better than anything which our own Academy possesses; but they occupy far too large a space on the walls, causing the rooms in which they are hung to appear small and insignificant, and giving them the aspect of tapestried chambers. Other paintings there are which render the Philadelphia Academy better

worth visiting, on the whole, than any of our own Exhibitions, but none of them are either new or unknown, and we forbear criticism. The collection of casts from the *antique* is valuable and complete, but the figures are ranged round like the gallipots on a druggist's shelves (when they are ranged at all), and almost tempt one to suspect that they were pitched down-stairs as miscellaneous débris, and left to themselves. They are too close together, and many of the best of them are discoverable only after pretty keen search. The marbles, comprising some of the best statuary in America, occupy a portion of the West Room, and are huddled together, like sheep in a pen. Even such a work as Mr. Jackson's "Death of Abel," placed, as it is, in the centre of a heap, is utterly insignificant. This is pure indifference and neglect on the part of the Committee that should attend to the arrangement of the works, and we hardly expected to find it tolerated outside of New York city.

Much the best picture recently placed on exhibition is one by W. T. Richards, whom we would be inclined to rank first among our pre-Raphaelite artists. The theme which he has chosen is one which very few painters would have dared attempt, and which fewer still would have executed successfully. It represents nothing but gray sky, and sea, the latter meeting the former in the dim and hazy distance, and surging, heaving, and lapping in countless involutions along the foreground. The shore is near, as evinced by the short broken waves and eager eddies, but invisible. No vestige of life is seen save a couple of seagulls which hover lazily over the water, and they are only perceptible on close scrutiny. Nothing theatrical; nothing sensational or "striking." The photographic realism for which Richards is celebrated and sometimes censured, the elaboration of details, the perfection of every little bubble and current, the spray which the careering wavelets throw off, are the only means by which the effect of the picture could have been produced. And such an effect! What a human sympathy there is about the sea! How it speaks to us in its strife and turmoil, in its ceaseless unrest and "dumbly passionate" panting after the unknown and unattainable, of the fitful fever of human life. Nature, notwithstanding the poets, is sadly unsympathetic. Her sternness and magnificence are as one, and she bares a breast of stone to those who have been defiled by the life of cities and the breath of civilization. She drapes herself or puts aside her vesture, she smiles or frowns, all unmindful of us poor creatures who nestle to her bosom, as if conscious of some higher worship. But the sea speaks to us in a language we can understand. It tells us of struggles and aspirations and agonies similar to our own, and it never oppresses us with the monotony of silence and solitude.

Another picture which may deserve mention principally on account of the goodness of the architecture and the rare excellence of the coloring, is "Esther denouncing Haman" by George Bensell.

The figures are all attitudinizing in a first class theatrical manner; they are put into excellent anatomical positions for the special purpose of being drawn by the artist; the king is a vulgar

scowling gladiator crouching for a spring upon his prey; while we are inclined to think that Mr. Bensell is amenable to the statute against cruelty to animals for inflicting such an arm as Queen Esther stretches toward Haman upon any woman of less stature than Penthesilea. But the warm voluptuous color of the East is well caught, the architectural drawing is excellent, and the conception true to the time, with the exception of the pillars, which are too nearly Doric in style for a crude age in which massiveness and grandeur were the prevailing taste.

But while my thoughts were thus wandering back to the walls of the Academy, the spirit in my feet had led me to the Odéon—there to see and hear the most extraordinary thing imaginable—a *speaking machine*, the invention of a Viennese, Faber by name, now dead. His nephew and niece work and explain this triumph of mechanical science. I found twenty or thirty people sitting before a large doll, in ringlets and a blue satin gown, its hands crossed in its lap, leaning against a species of tent bedstead, to which is appended what seems a bit of the interior of a pianoforte. A lean intelligent-looking girl in a low dress and short sleeves, touches the keys of the pianoforte projection, and the doll's painted mouth opens and shuts, while a loud monotonous voice repeats hundreds of words and sentences, in different languages, at the dictation of the showman. Of course, one naturally thinks that some one is hidden in the tent bedstead till the guide, pulls down the drapery, detaches the blue satin gown, leaves nothing but the hideous head hanging on the frame-work in front of a large pair of bellows (which perform the duty of the lungs), and finally, takes away the mask itself (after which the poor machine loses, with its nasal organs, the power of speaking French), leaving only something that, when shut, reminds one of the mouth of a tortoise magnified, when open presents an exact imitation in black gutta-percha of the chief organs of speech. The movement of the tongue is extraordinary to see, the pronunciation, though tiresomely monotonous, is very perfect, with the exception of a preparatory *hiss* in the letter *s*, and a lingering *gurr* in the *r*. I wonder whether any will have the courage to make another, perhaps a singing as well as speaking machine, or whether the machine and the idea will drop away together into oblivion and ruin.

What a wonderful place is the Erz-Giesserei (Bronze Foundry)! Surely the Titans must have had a battle here! See the colossal legs and arms and heads strewn over the vast chambers! No, I am in some new circle of Dante's Inferno, where dark little demons are burning, and beating, and scraping, and scratching the torn members of many a hopeless sinner! Old Roman friends of mine are here; I recognize the boots of President Lincoln by Rogers, and the fine face of Emma Stebbin's "Angel." Herr Müller—the benevolent head ogre of this den—now leads me gently from the scene of horror, to where? Amid immense halls filled with colossal statues, I feel like Gulliver in Brobdignag; I am among the many models that have passed through the hands of the great bronzist. What pleased me

almost more than all was the recumbent figure by Stigmayer of Caroline von Mänlich, who died in her twentieth year, her beautiful hair sweeping shroud-like down to her very feet. Near her, stricken into age, but not out of beauty, lies the form of her warrior lover, who died years after, like the old king of Thule, "faithful even till the grave." With yet deeper interest I gazed on the grandest statue of Germany's greatest man, Crawford's Beethoven, and long after other images of the bronze foundry have faded from my mind, I shall see that noble brow, borne down by its own weight of brain, framed in those lion-like masses of hair, those spiritual and spirit-seeing eyes, the melancholy mouth, with its creased and falling corners—all that beautiful, sorrowful face, so well acquainted with grief, so childlike, innocent of guile and hatred!—*Speculator*.

A canopied statue of Queen Victoria, designed by Mr. Noble, is about to be sent from London to India, as a present from the King of Baroda to the Victoria Gardens in Bombay, where it will be set up. The figure of the Queen is of colossal proportions, being more than eight feet in height, seated. Her Majesty is seated on a throne, in her full robes of State, with the sceptre and orb, and presents a very dignified appearance. The material of the statue is white marble. The canopy, which is forty-two feet high to the top of the finial, is of white Sicilian marble. It is of Gothic type, and well executed. The background of the interior is slightly relieved with a pale Sienna tinted marble, enriched with a diaper incised, and an inscribed garter. The pillars on each side of the front are also of pale Sienna marble, richly chiselled. The base is composed of steps, the lowest of which is eighteen feet wide, and twenty-two feet deep from front to back.

The statue of Lord Palmerston, lately uncovered at Southampton, is thus described: As a work of art, its design is semi-classical; the cloak which Lord Palmerston actually wore, it is said, at the opening of Hartley Institute, in Southampton, being introduced, with its pendent folds, to qualify the modern garb of coat and trousers. His left hand holds a scroll, and the books at his feet are inscribed with the titles of his offices, from the year 1809 to the time of his decease, October, 1865. The statue is of Sicilian marble, eight feet high, and stands on a pedestal, with granite sub-plinth, making a total height of seventeen feet.

This year's exhibition in Paris contains 4,230 works of art. The place of honor is occupied by four large pictures: "Apollo and the Muses," by Bouguereau, an "Ascension," by Bonnat, a "Stag Hunt," by Courbet, and "An Inundation" by Leullier.

Mr. Story's statue of George Peabody was successfully cast at the Royal Bronze Foundry in Munich, on the 4th and 5th of July. It is a sitting figure, one-third larger than life-size, in ordinary morning costume.

The German art critics heartily commend the

simple realistic manner in which the sculptor has performed his task. The statue has been erected in London, in the centre of the square around which Mr. Peabody's lodging-houses for workmen have been built.

The publication of a magnificent artistic work has been commenced in Munich; "Monuments of Italian Paintings from the Decadence of the Antique to the Sixteenth Century, by Ernst Förster." It will be issued in 125 folio numbers, each containing two engravings with descriptive text. Twenty-five of them will appear annually, until the work is completed. The cost will be about fifty cents (gold) per number or only \$12.50 per annum.

The excavations in Athens, in the neighborhood of the Bazaar, have been resumed. Two colossal headless statues have been discovered, buried only to the depth of three feet. On the hem of the rich drapery with which one of them is adorned is the inscription: "Made by Jason, the Athenian"—a name not hitherto known. Some remains of the Roman period have also been found at the Piræus.

The statue of David, by Michael Angelo, has stood for nearly three centuries and a half in its present position in front of the Old Palace in Florence. It is now found that the elements are doing the work serious damage. One of the legs is cracked, and longer exposure, it is thought, would be likely to cause its destruction. The work is accordingly to be removed to the National Museum, and kept under cover.

The southern portal of Cologne Cathedral is now completed. It is ornamented with one hundred and seven statues, thirty-eight of which are life-size, and eight reliefs representing the passions of our Saviour. These have all been designed and executed by Professor Mohr.

The Arundel Society in London intend to reproduce their publication by photography, one-fifth of the original size, and issue them in five quarterly volumes, at a guinea each. This will place some most admirable works of art in the reach of moderate purses.

Judging from the involved and rambling notice in the London *Spectator* of the National Art Exhibition, recently opened in Munich, we should say that it hardly maintains the reputation of that ancient art centre.

After the recent revolution in Spain, a great deal of fine old tapestry was discovered in the Royal Palace at Madrid. This has been collected and arranged, and will be placed in the Galleries of the Escorial.

Notwithstanding the fact that only 20,000 francs are required for the projected monument to Lamartine, the subscriptions are not yet sufficient. Adam Solomon has been selected sculptor.

A curious old portrait has been discovered of Napoleon I., painted at Ajaccio, in March, 1773,

by Cavalucci. The future Emperor was then but four years old. He is dressed in a sailor's costume, of dark olive green, and wears pointed shoes with silver buckles. Thick hair falls over the child's forehead, but the features wear a decided resemblance to subsequent likenesses. The picture is in the possession of M. Giacometti, brother of the poet, and forms part of a collection which few private persons can rival.

Jackson, the American sculptor in Florence, has completed the model of his group for the Central Park, and it will soon be packed and sent off, to be cast either in Germany or America.

Santarelli has lately completed the designs for the monumental doors of the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, which, for more than five centuries, have been wanting.

A monument to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian is about to be erected at Hietzing, near Vienna.

A statue of Oliver Cromwell, in marble, is to be erected in the new Town Hall in Manchester. The work is to be executed by Mr. Noble.

The Emperor Napoleon has conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon the artists Bierstadt and Constant Meyer.

A bronze statue of Louis XVI. is about to be erected at Bordeaux.

VARIETIES.

The Ruins of Sebastopol.—After the lapse of thirteen years we are re-conducted to the Crimea, and invited to look upon the ruins of Sebastopol and the places around it. The first thing that strikes us is the completeness of the ruin. No city cursed by prophetic lips has ever encountered a more appalling destruction. Sebastopol is now not only no fortress; it is not even an ordinary trading seaport. A miserable and half-beggared population, reduced, perhaps, to a tenth of the old number, still haunts the ruins to talk of the old times, and wonder if the Czar will ever give the word which is to re-establish the fallen greatness of the city. The beautiful southern coast of the Crimea is still the resort of noble and wealthy Russians; the coasts of the Black Sea are receiving every year more and more of the influence of civilization; that great basin has become the scene of a commerce of which no one can foresee the limits; and yet Sebastopol, which but a few years ago was the most famous city of its shores, and possesses natural advantages such as belong to few others, still lies in the ruins of 1856. There has been seemingly no attempt even to encourage the stay of the old population, or to give the place a new chance as a seat of trade. The Russians, we are told, are wonderfully candid and outspoken. They do not pretend to extenuate the loss they have suffered. They are proud of the heroism of their army in holding the town so long under such a storm of shot and shell as was poured upon it, and they

count the Crimean campaign as one of the most glorious in their annals. But the reality of the defeat and the important consequences of the Treaty which followed are too present to their minds for them to seek to persuade others of their insignificance. The destruction of Sebastopol has changed the relations between the Russian Empire and the Porte. In the time of Nicholas it was believed that the next war with Turkey would be a very simple affair. The naval power of the Ottoman had declined, while that of Russia was especially formidable in the Black Sea. The ships, if not numerous, were of great size and in good condition; and of the resources of Sebastopol it is enough to say that they astonished even those, both English and French, who had formed the highest opinion of the strength of Russia. The colossal scale and completeness of the works, the immense stores of guns and material of war, are too well-known to be recapitulated. There would have been little doubt as to the result of a war between the Czar and the Sultan if the Sultan had been left to his own resources. Former Russian campaigns against the Turk had been comparatively difficult from the necessity of a regular advance by land; but had Turkey been opposed to Russia after the creation and completion of Sebastopol, the case would have been very different. One or two such victories as that of Sinope would have given the command of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus entirely to Russia. The Turkish Empire would have been cut in two, the soldiers furnished by the Asiatic provinces would have been confined to their own side of the Strait, Constantinople itself would have lain open to a naval expedition, and the European province might have been revolutionized and conquered with comparative ease. This was, beyond a doubt, the forecast of the late Czar. He had no idea that the Western nations would ever send troops to Turkish soil. He had rather reason to think they would some day turn their forces against each other. In that event Sebastopol would have become the base of operations against Constantinople; and Turkey, without an ally to support or encourage her, would have fallen before the long-prepared attack. Of the future it is difficult to speak. A railway to Sebastopol would no doubt develop the capabilities of the place as a seaport for Southern Russia, and it may be that the present desolation will be succeeded by a period of peaceful prosperity, in which a harmless Sebastopol will be visited by the unwarlike squadrons of trade. In the meantime the town and district remain as they were on the morrow of the war, except that time and neglect are destroying even what war had spared.

The Court at Paris.—The *dames d'honneur* at the French Court receive each a salary of about £480 per annum. They are not lodged in the palace, but apartments are assigned to them in Paris. The gentlemen of the Court and the *demoiselles d'honneur*, however, have rooms in the Tuileries. The day's service of the *dame d'honneur*, or, as we should say, lady-in-waiting, does not commence until half-past twelve, when a Court carriage is sent to the one on duty to convey her to the palace. The Emperor and Empress breakfast quietly together at 11 A.M., and at one the Empress requires the attendance of

her suite. The lady-in-waiting repairs to the drawing-room, and is present at the audiences given there by the Empress; a drive follows, and she then returns home to dress for dinner; the Court carriage is absolutely at her service and orders for the whole term of the week's duty. Dinner over, if there are no theatrical entertainments, childish games are allowed for the amusement of the Prince Imperial. Tea is introduced at ten. There was very lately a violent discussion between the *dames* and the *demoiselles d'honneur* as to which of the two had the right of handing the Empress a cup of tea. But as the *dames d'honneur* urged that they presided over the tea-table, they triumphed, and to them the privilege was conceded. At 11.30 P.M., the Court carriage once more conveys the lady back to her apartments. It is the custom while in Paris for two always to be on duty at the same time.

Relics of Waterloo.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, during their recent stay in Paris, witnessed a muster of the old soldiers of the Grande Armée, at the foot of the Napoleon column, preparatory to attending mass in the chapel of the Invalides. Their number appears this year to have diminished to about 80, of whom two-thirds were invalids in full uniform, one of whom carried the standard given to them by the present Emperor. Among the remainder were several artillerymen, one of Marceau's hussars, (still wearing the orthodox pigtail,) one naval officer, one of the famous Old Guard, together with a drummer of the Guard, who beat the assembly on the occasion. Almost all had long white moustaches, and all, with the exception of the Old Guard, were exceedingly little men, showing that the military standard of height had fallen extremely low under the first empire.

Causes of Lunacy.—We often hear people assuming that lunacy is more common than it used to be, and speculating upon the causes of the supposed increase. Sometimes it is ascribed to education, sometimes to religion, and more frequently to the railways or the telegraph. The conception of proper treatment for lunatics is modern, and provision for giving practical effect to it belongs to the present century; and perhaps Providence has ordained that the number of subjects for treatment should increase in order to prevent so much good philanthropy from being wasted. It is probably correct to say that the middle and upper classes of Englishmen are more temperate than they were a century ago, and it would be disappointing to conclude that those who used only to get drunk now go mad. We are told that politics and statesmanship do not produce many lunatics, neither does law, literature, or the fine arts. We know that clergymen sometimes make their hearers mad, but we do not know that they go mad themselves. The army and navy send few patients to the asylums; and, on the whole, it is concluded that intense devotion to business is the chief cause of madness. The speed at which we live is said to be too high, and if a man comes up to business by express train in the morning, receives and answers telegrams all day, and returns home by express train in the evening, it is supposed that his brain must

be in process of deterioration. Another conjecture is that people have too much pleasure or too much variety in life, and that the best preservative of a sound mind was the dulness of a country town of the last century.—*Saturday Review*.

Practical Jokes.—Monsieur was very fond of writing ridiculous letters. Of course he could only imagine their effect, but that was quite enough for him. For instance: he wrote to the Bishop of N—, a very holy and studious man, in the name of a celebrated English prize-fighter, proposing an international match for five thousand francs a side, and stating that several well-known gentlemen (who were mentioned) had been induced to take the matter in hand and were eagerly awaiting his reply. This letter had the London postmark and all the appearances of being in good faith; and its effect upon the very quiet and harmless person to whom it was addressed may be easily conjectured. Other strange epistles were sent about almost every week—one to a distinguished Minister, as coming from a Spanish sailor, offering for sale a fierce and extraordinary species of the orang-outang; another to a certain grave professor of philosophy and mathematics, under the signature of Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of a London theatre, containing a proposition that the learned recipient should perform a comic part in the original Greek, in Plautus' *Mænecmus*, at a consideration of twenty pounds per night; another to the celebrated Dr. Pusey, stating that the writer was a murderer by profession, but having been driven from Italy by force of circumstances, he had come to Paris in the hope of finding employment; and having understood that Doctor P. was a liberal man, he would plainly and respectfully state that he was ready to do any private business in his line upon easy terms. He begged to mention, however, that he would engage in nothing where any other parties were employed who were unknown to himself. These letters, and hundreds of others of the same ludicrous character, were gotten up in such a manner, and with so many marks of genuineness, that, as has been discovered, they were nearly always received in good faith. The wonderment and alarm they occasioned must have been thoroughly laughable.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Rome and the Romans.—The population of the Eternal City, it has been said with equal truth and sarcasm, consists of priests, nobles, and beggars. Within the walls of Rome there is no trade, industry, or commerce of any kind. Such work as may be done here is invariably performed by the mountaineers and provincials, who flock into the capital for employment. The native Romans support themselves by letting lodgings, by selling modern curiosities for antiques, by attending the studios of artists as middlemen between models and painters, or by obtaining the patronage of some priest, friar, or convent. For sordid, squalid poverty the back streets of Rome surpass those of any other European city. The lottery eats up the scanty earnings of the poor; the system of espionage, so universal in Rome, destroys all sense of moral dignity; and the indiscriminate charity of the religious orders removes the only incentive which could drive a debased and degraded populace to honest labor.

One of the choicest passages of the Tavistock poet is his description of a rose:

Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
Betrays her beauties to the enamored morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious north
Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born.
Or else her rarest smells delighting
Make herself betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.

Last Moments of Queen Elizabeth.—"Hir Majestie hath bin by fits troubled with melancholy some three or four monethes, but for this fortnight extreame oppressed with it, in soe much that shee refused to eate anie thing, to receive anie phisike, or admit anie rest in bedd, till within these two or three dayes. Shee hath bin in a manner speechless, for two dayes, very pensive and silent; since Shrove-tide sitting sometymes, with hir eye fixed upon one object many howres together, yet shee alwayes had hir perfect senses and memory, and yesterday signified by the lifting up of hir hand and eyes to heaven, a signe which Dr. Parry entreated of hir, that shee beleaved that fayth which shee hath caused to be professed, and looked faythfully to be saved by Christes merits and mercy only, and noe other meanes. Shee tooke great delight in hearing prayers, would often at the name of Jesus lift up her handes and eyes to heaven. Shee would not heare the Archbishop speake of hope of hir longer lyfe, but when he prayed or spake of heaven, and those joyes, she would hug his hand, &c. It seemes she might have lived yf she would have used meanes; but she would not be persuaded, and princes must not be forced. Hir physicians said shee had a body of a firme and perfect constitution, likely to have lived many yeares. A royall Maiestie is noe priviledge against death." Next day a short paragraph concludes the tale.—"This morning, about three at clocke, hir Majestie departed this lyfe, mildly like a lambe, easily like a ripe apple from a tree. Dr. Parry told me that he was present, and sent his prayers before hir soule; and I doubt not but shee is amongst the royall saints in Heaven in eternall joyes."

A Healthy Mind in a Healthy Body.—How beneficent is the scheme in which joy begets health, and health promotes joy. Good news will give a good digestion. The sight of land has cured the scurvy in sailors. And so the head and stomach act and re-act upon each other; the head being king, the stomach a loyal and ever-grateful subject, that bounteously returns all good favors. The stomach that is well served produces a healthy body, in which the healthy mind dwells at ease, and is ever fully alive to all honorable and holy pleasures. On the body in perfect health, the mind has perfect control. Then surely the first care of every rational being should be to put all in order in the mind's tenement, since the art of attaining high health is that of reaching sound morals and elevated thoughts.

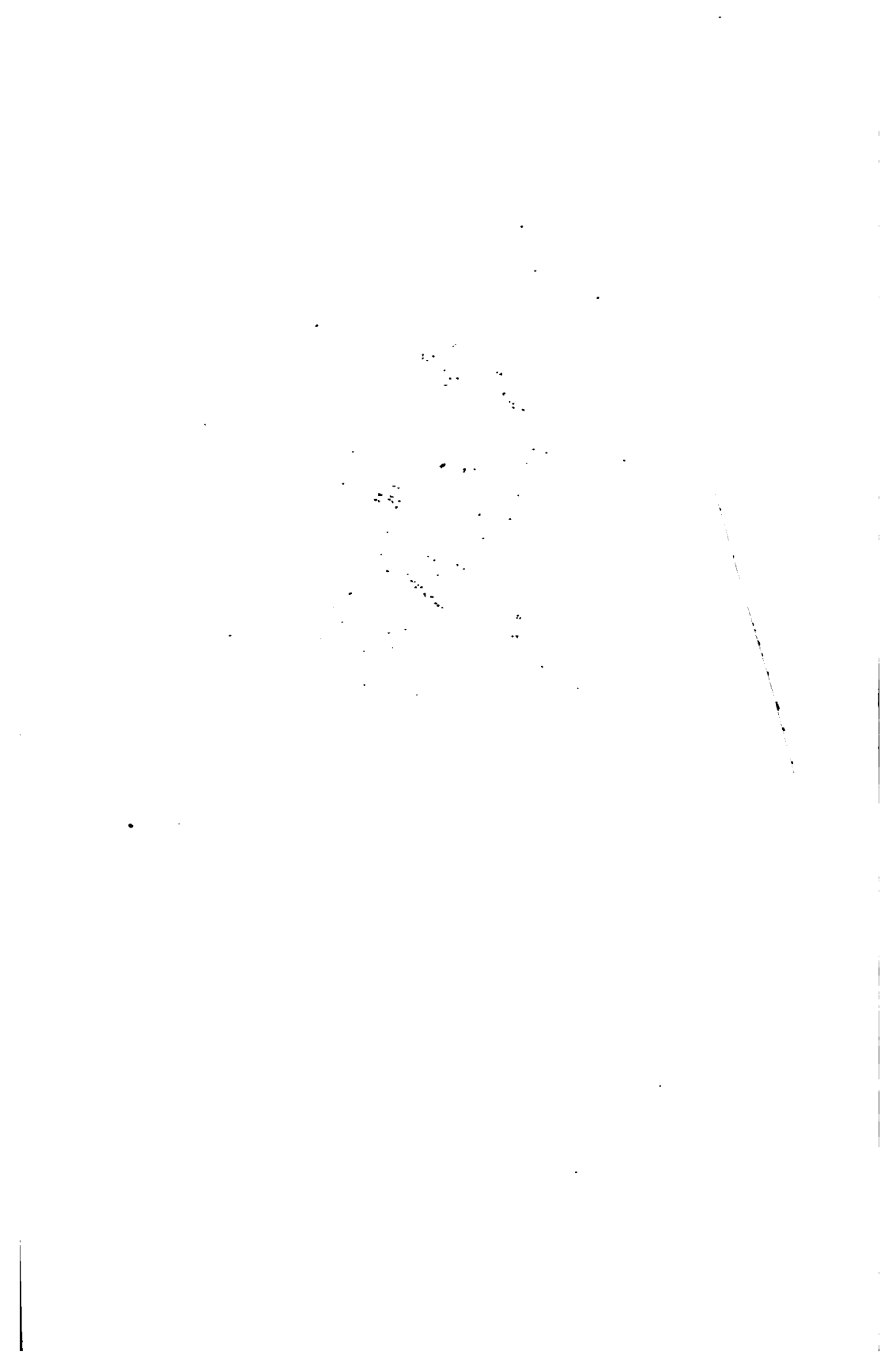
Unfortunate Peculiarity.—A very common peculiarity of our nature is to undervalue what we possess, and to long only for that which is beyond our reach.

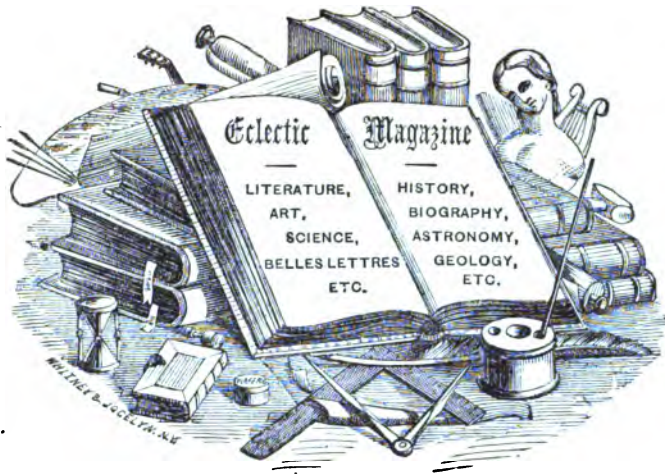


Engraved for the National Portrait Gallery, 1857

Portrait of John Ruskin, 1857







Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

{ New Series,
Vol. X., No. 5. }

NOVEMBER, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

The North British Review.

DR. HANNA'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

1. *The Earlier Years of our Lord's Life on Earth.* 2d Ed. 1868.
2. *The Ministry in Galilee.* 2d Edition. 1869.
3. *The Close of the Ministry.* 1869.
4. *The Passion Week.* 1866.
5. *The Last Day of our Lord's Passion.* 17th Edition. 1868.
6. *The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection.* 5th Ed. 1868.

"I WOULD rather," said one of the noblest men who have taught Ethics from a University chair to his generation, "I would rather be the author of a brief series of expositions of the life of Christ, executed after the idea of Lord Bacon's *First Flowings of the Scripture*, so as to help my fellow-men to understand that life better, than be the author of the grandest system of speculative ethics." The volumes before us go far to realize this aspiration. Their pre-eminent aim is to unfold the Sacred Individuality of Christ, in its unique glory,

as that is seen in the successive incidents of his human life. They show, without parade, the results of much meditation on problems not directly stated, with an insight that is rarely delicate as to the great Character they strive to delineate. Fragments of apologetical evidence are thus inwoven into the course of the narrative, and some deep soundings of moral evidence are taken in a very simple manner, while the lectures contain hints of some ulterior questions touching the very essence and genius of the Christian faith. Though enriched by contributions from several foreign fields, they are a genuine product of British soil, and will appeal peculiarly to the British type of mind.

Six years ago Dr. Hanna offered to the public the first volume of this series, selecting "the last day of our Lord's Passion" as his special theme. His aim in that volume was to construct "a continuous and expanded narrative, intended to bring out, as vividly as possi-

* THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D. 6 vols. foolscap 8vo. Edin.
NEW SERIES—VOL. X. No. 5

ble, not only the sequence of the incidents, but the characters, motives, and feelings of the different actors and spectators in the events described, refraining from all critical or doctrinal discussions." In the following year, the author issued a companion volume on "the forty days after the Resurrection." In its Preface he states that he "has long had the conviction that the results of that fuller and more exact interpretation of the books of the New Testament to which Biblical scholars have been conducted, might be made available for framing such a continuous narrative of the leading incidents in our Redeemer's life as would be profitable for practical and devotional rather than for doctrinal or controversial purposes." While that volume was passing through the press, the *Vie de Jesus* of M. Renan was published. Dr. Hanna makes a brief allusion to this work, and while expressing his desire that "a full and critical exposure of all its arbitrary assumptions and denials, affirmations without proofs, doubts without reasons, inconsistencies and contradictions, errors historical and exegetical," should be undertaken by some competent critic, he speaks of

"a simpler, more direct, and more effective method of dealing with the work by exposing the flagrant failure of its capital design and object—viz., to eliminate all that is supernatural and divine from the character and life of Christ, and yet leave him a man of such pure and exalted virtue, as to be worthy of the unreserved and unbounded love and reverence of mankind." "The singular result of this attempt to strip Christ of all divine qualities and properties is, that it maims and mutilates his character even as a man. Without any controversial treatment, the effect of M. Renan's work may be neutralized by a simple recital of the life of Jesus, so as to show that the blending of the natural with the miraculous, the human with the divine, is essential to the coherence and consistency of the record; that the fabric of the Gospel history is so constructed that if you take out of it the divinity of Jesus the whole edifice falls into ruins."

These sentences sufficiently explain the design of the two earlier volumes. The success which attended their publication* encouraged their author to

complete the series; and at intervals during the last four years he has issued one volume devoted to "the Earlier Years," one connected with "the Passion Week," and two relating to "the Public Ministry."

The idea which lies at the root of this latest effort to unfold and illustrate the life of Christ, is, that the facts recorded by the four evangelists are their own best witness-bearers, evidence, and defence; and that the record is historically inexplicable, if the divine element which the Church catholic has inferred from it be eliminated from the life of Jesus. In this respect there is a marked affinity between the work of Dr. Hanna and the treatise of Dr. Young, entitled, *The Christ of History*. Dr. Young starts with the presupposition that the records of the Gospels are but fragments of ancient history, in which we may expect to find all the characteristics of past literature transmitted to a modern age. He claims for them in the first instance no higher credit than that which criticism accords to the pages of Herodotus or Livy. But as he proceeds to examine the record of the four evangelists, he finds that they narrate the acts and words of One whose existence is utterly inexplicable as a product of the known forces that work in history and form human character, as they reveal a life from first to last ideally perfect; and as it is an axiomatic truth that like ever produces like, he infers that such a character could not have arisen out of the soil of humanity propagated from the past, but must have been a descent into that soil from above. We have come into contact with a life which historical processes cannot explain, and which cannot on any *scientific* principle be ranked in the common category of men. Its solitude, uniqueness, and completion force us to infer that it could not have sprung from a parentage that was incomplete, one-sided, and defective. To say that the loving adoration of the biographers and others transformed a really imperfect life into one ideally complete, is but to transfer the miracle from Christ to his followers. For, granting the perfection of the character that has

* The first volume of the series has been translated into the Dutch, French, and German lan-

guages, and republished in France and Germany by two of the leading Societies for the diffusion of Christian literature.

come down to us (whatever be the origin of the record, and the process of its transmission), its existence without a reality to give rise to it is much more inexplicable than is the reality itself. The poetic idealization by a band of disciples who should all agree as to details—illiterate men, sprung of a biassed, schismatic race, creating out of their own enthusiasm, with the most slender basis in fact, the only pattern of a life approaching to the measure of the stature of the perfect of which history makes mention, is much more difficult to account for than is the appearance of the ideal itself.

To a mind amenable to this and cog-nate processes of reasoning, Dr. Hanna's work will appear a valuable complement to Dr. Young's. In almost every page he will find corroboration of the line of argument. The evidence arising from the character and moral individuality of Christ, as the ideal of humanity made real, is the centre round which everything else revolves, and to which everything is made subservient. The outlying questions of religious criticism are passed over. We have no discussion as to the origin of the Gospel narratives. The vexed questions of date and authorship are not entered upon. The problem of the supernatural in its relation to natural law and order, the philosophy of the Christian faith as to the person of its Founder, the historical preparation for the Advent at the confluence of the several streams of Oriental and of western thought, the relation of Christ to the religious systems of the past and the existing sects of Judaism, are nowhere formally discussed. In short, all the *prolegomena* to a study of the life are subordinated to a simple recital of the life itself. The former inquiries are doubtless essential to a learned and scientific theology. Questions of philosophy and of history, in the words of Pressensé, "hold the approaches to the subject;" and we may even admit that everything depends upon the accuracy of our historical narrative, and upon the precise date of the documents which record it. But, on the other hand, if the main event recorded—the divinity of that human life—carries its own light within itself, it may indirectly prove the accuracy of the story. A distinct function is therefore

fulfilled by those who adopt the less ambitious method of portraying the Life in its divine sequences and harmonies, that it may be left to attest itself, and be its own evidence. We hold it possible for a wise and thoughtful mind, without the aid of a vast critical apparatus, and with nothing but the four Gospels in his hand, to arrive at a conclusion, *strictly philosophical*, as to the origin of Christianity and the claims of its Founder.

Historical study cannot solve the questions which the course of Church history has raised. Those who have gone most deeply into the problems of modern criticism are convinced that mere archæological research cannot clear up any controversy touching the supernatural. Erudition is not needful for the determination of the main question at issue.* The critical questions are as to the authenticity of date and authorship, and the competency of the historians; as to when and by whom the books claiming an apostolic origin were written, and whether their authors were competent witness-bearers. To solve these questions we must proceed backwards up the stream of Time, studying century by century, examining the quotations of successive commentators and opponents, that we may be sure that the books have come down to us unimpaired. We have to pierce through the accumulated literary strata of eighteen centuries. Without much difficulty we can traverse fifteen of these. When we come, however, to the second, or even to the third century, we find the ground less firm, while the air grows gradually dim with mist. The further back we travel, our authorities are fewer and less trustworthy, less scientific, more given to gossip, less able to distinguish between fact and rumor. The age of the first two centuries of our era was one of manifold literary activity,

* On this point we have the testimony of Strauss himself. In the Preface to his *New Life of Jesus*, written for the German *populace*, he says, "It is a mere prejudice of caste to fancy that ability to comprehend these things belongs exclusively to the theologian or the man of learning. On the contrary, the essence of the matter is so simple that every one whose head and heart are in the right place [N. B.] may well rest assured that whatever, after due reflection and the proper use of accessible means, still remains incomprehensible to him, is in itself of very little value."—(Page viii. of Preface, Eng. Trans.)

but the majority of its records have perished, and its testimony is on the whole obscure. Hence the difficulty of reaching the solid ground of scientific certainty by the processes of historical criticism alone. We must satisfy ourselves that the writings of the early Fathers, which allude to the gradual formation of the canon, are themselves authentic; we must discover the qualifications which these writers possessed for forming a judgment on the matter in question, the range of their critical insight, their freedom from bias, their love of fact and reality, and their success in reaching it. This leads us into the domain of contemporary literature—to a comparison of the religious and the secular writers; into questions touching the philosophy, morality, the social state and customs of that age; and the very treatises accessible to the student of history are for the most part written in some special interest, and are the product of some foregone conclusion. But suppose our critical apparatus complete, and the historical inquiry ended, the very question which we had hoped to solve by history *returns* in all its magnitude, *as a problem of philosophy*. Therefore, since it must in any case remain for solution after the critical inquiry is closed, its study may validly precede any attempt thus to ascend the stream of history. In short, the function of historical criticism seems to lie in an intermediate region between the preliminary question of the supernatural (which is one of speculative philosophy) and the problem to which we must in any case return—the religious significance of the life of Christ (which is a philosophical inference from certain unique moral phenomena).

The idea of rewriting the Life of Jesus, already written in the Gospels, is a thoroughly modern conception. So long as the doctrinal conclusions of the Church as to the person of Christ were more valued than the facts of the sacred Biography itself, and so long as the work of our Lord overshadowed his life, anything approaching to a psychological analysis of his character and acts seemed an idle, if not an irreverent procedure. It is not too much to affirm that the divinity of our Lord for ages overshadowed his humanity, so as to cast it into the shade. But during the latter portion of the

eighteenth, and more particularly from the beginning of this century—mainly through the influence of Schleiermacher—the attention of theologians has been increasingly turned towards the human life, in its relations to the age in which it appeared, and the revolution which it has accomplished in the world. And it is only *in its humanity*, as a life exhibiting the signs of growth and progress, that a historical or biographic study is possible. Within the last hundred years, innumerable “Lives of our Lord” have been written by friend and by opponent; and it is singular that while in each case we must mainly revert to the four original recorders, alike for our materials and for the touchstone by which to try any new commentary or analysis, such is the hidden wealth of these four biographies, that it has been impossible for any one mind, or for any single generation, to exhaust their fulness, and, by drawing it fully forth, to supersede the need of future commentary. It is equally evident that the four biographers, being contemporaries of our Lord, and addressing a contemporary audience (while ignorant of the vexed controversies as to their record that would arise in the future), would necessarily take much for granted, would leave many gaps in their narrative, unimportant in themselves, but which would give room for future study and reverent conjecture. They present us, it is true, with more than a skeleton record, yet they leave much for the tact of a wise interpreter in collecting the fragments of their narrative, and illustrating their significance as a whole. The task of those who attempt this work anew is thus to transplant themselves to the apostolic age, and to re-state, in the light of their own time, the distinctive features of that “life which is the light of men.” The very multiplication of these “lives of our Lord” has become an indirect testimony to the grandeur of the Original. Successive historians exhaust the life of an ordinary man, and future recensions of it become tedious, repetitive, and bald. For example, if we compare the two biographic sketches of the greatest Greek of the ancient world, the Socrates of Plato and of the *Memorabilia*, with the manifold attempts to write the Life of Christ, the contrast is arresting. Strauss has indeed asserted

that the picture of Socrates is the clearer of the two; and that a comparison of Xenophon and Plato with Matthew and John is unfavorable to the latter. Such an assertion is not surprising from one who has had the hardihood to affirm, that however consistent the testimony for the apostolic origin of the latter might be, he could put no faith in it, simply because it bears witness to the supernatural. But this much is self-evident,—that the world has not welcomed so many lives of Socrates as of Christ; and biographers have not attempted to write them, because, in the former case, they have not found the moral uniqueness, the many-sided and mysterious grandeur which has drawn successive interpreters to the latter. And we affirm with confidence that the issue of new lives of our Lord will never cease. Each future generation will be impelled by an inner *necessity* to travel backwards for itself along the stream of history to the fountain-head, carrying thither the burden of its perplexities for solution.

We have a guarantee, in the very nature of the case, that the biographers of our Lord would be more faithful to their original than the friends of Socrates were. Far from attempting to idealize their Master, they were from the first incapable of understanding his ideal greatness. Little as they understood him, they felt that they were in contact with a character far above themselves. Their adoration, though imperfect, would restrain them from putting into the lips of their Master what he did not really say, or recording what he did not really do. Exaggerate his greatness they could not; diminish it they dared not. But the fact that Plato, a philosophic thinker of equal calibre and greater comprehensiveness, was the recorder of the moral teaching of his predecessor (much of which he rejected and superseded)—instead of being, as Strauss asserts, a guarantee of impartiality and historical veracity, might easily lead the founder of the Academy into exaggerations to which the fishermen of Galilee were not exposed. It was of less consequence to Plato and to Platonism that the dialogues should exactly reproduce the oral teaching of Socrates, than it was to the disciples (who had no philosophy but that of their

Master), to draw a [photographic portrait of his life.

We have alluded to the peculiar difficulty we encounter in ascending by the light of history to the apostolic age, from the dimness of some of the intervening links, from the breaks in the continuity of the stream. In addition to this, the very growth of theological opinions and creeds, the venerable edifice of systematic thought, and the endlessly divergent commentaries of churchmen, prevent us from seeing the first age with our own eyes as clearly as we would wish; and if they do not at times confuse our vision, they become at least "something between a hindrance and a help." But we are in reality much nearer the age of the apostles and of our Lord than we are to the two subsequent centuries, and much nearer (except in actual time) than were the critical inquirers of the third and fourth centuries. We can understand it better than we understand some of the periods of modern history. No age can measure itself. It must be subjected to the shifting scrutiny of the future before it becomes intelligible. And though we have lost some of the links in the process of transmission, the fact that Christianity, thus sifted and winnowed, now gives forth a clearer light as to its origin, while it holds its ground in the forefront of modern enlightenment, is an indirect testimony to the divinity of its birth. Subjected to the extreme rigor of critical analysis, the life of Jesus is surrounded with a new halo of glory: its significance is enhanced by the strain it has endured and the assaults it has resisted. And our remoteness in time, our distance from the apostolic age, enables us to compute the historical triumph of Christianity by the silently increasing monument which the Ages are building to its Founder. Remote from the apostles, we do not breathe the atmosphere of a time when the very haze of floating philosophies and vague aspirations, with the obscure origin of the new religion, might have hid its divinity from us; and while we do not rest the evidence of our faith upon a process of critical inquiry, the fact that the efforts of destructive criticism have continually failed in tracing Christianity to a natural source, is an accumulation of testimony

the other way, and reduces to a minimum the likelihood of any future discovery adverse to the faith of Christendom. The conclusion which we reach, independently of historical criticism, is not likely to be shaken by a series of puzzles which criticism itself is yearly diminishing.

There are other reasons which lead us to prefer the psychological to the critical study of the Gospels. When the merely critical instinct is predominant, it usually renders the mind as unfit for weighing moral evidence wisely, as the exclusively mathematical intellect is incompetent to deal with probable evidence. It sometimes checks the more sacred instinct of worship, and, sharpening one faculty, it blunts another. It may disqualify a man for duly appreciating some of the grander facts of history, of which the causes are hid, because they have their origin in the mystic region of personality. It may diminish reverence for what is obscure only because it is deep and fathomless, and may conceal the latent glory of those phenomena of human history which point upwards to the supernatural. The best antidote to this one-sidedness will be found in a devout study of the facts of our Lord's life on earth, in their sequences and harmonies, in the relation of the parts to the whole, and of the whole to the parts, in their origin, import, and final purpose. In these facts, theologians of the most opposite tendency, and who have reached very opposite conclusions as to detail, will find their common meeting-ground and rallying-point. The theory or doctrine of inspiration which they may chance to hold is of less consequence than their treatment of the facts which the inspired documents authenticate. And the theology that is by each successive system-builder derived from a fresh, patient, and earnest study of these facts, will be at once larger and deeper, more exact and more profound, than any that tradition can transmit or criticism construct. Theology becomes a series of wise inferences from the words and acts, from the scope and tendency, of our Lord's life; not a mere articulated skeleton formed by the juxtaposition of texts, but a living body of interdependent truths—in a word, *the interpreta-*

tion of fact. But to accomplish this many things are needed: the patient skill of an interpreter, "one among a thousand," who can appreciate the divinest elements in human life—the far glance of the religious seer—freedom from bias and preconception of what the life ought to be, or to accomplish—humility wedded to insight—intellectual integrity in alliance with the docile spirit that has learned its own ignorance—and, we must add, an appreciation of the world's need of light, as well as a readiness to welcome the supernatural ray.

A brief glance at some of the efforts to write a harmonious narrative of the life of our Lord may suffice to bring out the points of resemblance and contrast between them and this latest British work. We must confine ourselves to a few, excluding the commentaries and dissertations, however excellent. The bibliography of the subject is very fully given in the fourth edition of Hase's *Life of Jesus*.

In patristic times theologians merely sought to arrange the facts of the sacred biography in a harmonious order. Criticism was then unknown. The mediæval Church-commentary was tedious and fantastic, consisting chiefly of catenas from the Fathers; while the tendency to write legendary lives of the saints led some to add apocryphal stories to the narrative of the four Gospels. Not even at the time of the Reformation was the theological mind turned with any freedom to the human side of our Lord's life. It may even be said that the idea of a psychological explanation and study of it is foreign to the genius of all the Christian centuries till we come down to the last hundred years.

The *Great Exemplar* of our English bishop, Jeremy Taylor, however excellent in design and felicitous here and there in detail, is circumlocutory, diffuse, full of irrelevancies, and burdened with superfluous learning. It may be doubted whether any reader of that treatise ever reached a more enlarged and luminous view of our Lord's life as a whole by means of it. It is only just, however, to remember that the great English prelate speaks most humbly of his work, as but "an instrument and auxiliary to devotion." He was "weary," he tells us,

"and toiled with rowing up and down the sea of controversial questions," and therefore turned to that "which is wholly practical, and which makes us wiser, because it makes us better."

Shortly after the middle of last century, J. J. Hess of Zürich published an admirable biographic sketch, in which we recognize two noteworthy features. The value of the miraculous element in the Gospel histories he considers as entirely subservient to the moral results to be attained. As a mere display of power, apart from these results, it could have no inherent value. Hess was also one of the first to signalize the ideal *beauty* of our Lord's life, and the satisfaction it affords to the purest æsthetic sense, as one evidence of its origin. He was a careful, reverent compiler, and whenever a miracle can be explained as an acceleration of natural phenomena he abstains from supposing any other agency at work in the process.

In 1796, Herder published a treatise on the synoptics, and a sequel in the following year on the narrative of St. John. He concentrated his attention almost exclusively on the moral and spiritual aspects of the divine life, and their influence on humanity, striving also to harmonize the different records. The miraculous element he thought of little moment, incapable either of proof or of disproof by a later age. All the miracles that could (in his estimation) be explained by natural causes, such as the exorcism of evil spirits, the transfiguration, the phenomena attendant on the baptism, etc., he thus accounted for; others, such as the cure of the sick, the transformation of water into wine, and the resurrection of Lazarus, he explained as symbolical of the spiritual truth of Christ's influence over the lives of men. It is difficult to understand Herder's exact position in reference to this second class of miracles. Possibly it was not clear to his own mind. He seems to admit the reality of the resurrection, yet he attaches little value to its outward form. The spiritual and continuous miracle of moral resurrection which it symbolized is to him the main point in the narrative. Nevertheless he firmly maintained the divinity of the life of Christ.

Paulus, in his *Gospel Commentary*

and subsequent *Life of Jesus*, further develops the view of Herder, carrying it however to a one-sided extreme. A disciple of Spinoza and of Kant, he rejected entirely the idea of the miraculous as supernatural. He seems to regard it as a later addition to the original record of the text, appended by unwise interpreters. The evangelists he thinks make no assertion of supernatural power attending the works of Jesus; they rather hint that he employed natural means to effect his ends. He does not wish to explain away the reality of remarkable works (such as cures of the sick, etc.), but only to put these on an intelligible basis. For this purpose he endeavors to divest the recorded miracles of a certain clothing of opinion which he imagines to have been wrapped around them—subsequent accretions to the original fact—forgetting that in the narrative of the evangelists these details are the very substance of the story.

He was followed by Schleiermacher, one of the most powerful intellects and one of the noblest men that Germany has produced. He held fast by the divine element in the life, but denied the violation of natural law in the miracles; and to account for these he stretched the idea of the natural to its widest limits. He endeavored to account for Christ's foresight by supposing an organization marvellously susceptible. The healing of the sick he explains by the simple forth-putting of unique power upon the minds of the diseased, which in turn reacted on their organism. Miracles were wrought by the supernatural might of one who was above nature, but that power effected its end through natural agency. However we may dissent from his explanations of the miraculous, we cannot forget the reverence and faith of Schleiermacher. He has contributed perhaps more powerfully than any single mind in modern times to direct the current of theology to the person of Christ, and to the ethical significance of his work. His influence is everywhere traceable in subsequent theological literature.

In the year 1829, Hase offered an important contribution to German theology in his *Manual*. Following Schleiermacher in his rational explanation of the miraculous, as far as that is possible, and

attributing our Lord's works of healing to the power of the will over the body, the raising of the dead to the restoration of suspended animation, he nevertheless held that all these works were strictly miraculous, "the clear dominion of spirit over nature; no interruption of Nature's laws, but only a restoration of her pristine harmony and order." Unknown powers, possessed alone by Jesus, accelerated natural processes; this sinless perfection giving him an unique control over the material—a power of which sin had bereft the race. "In every matter of fact," he says, "which has been handed down as a miracle, it belongs to science to search for its natural causes; when these cannot be shown with historic truth and certainty, then the miracle indicates either the limits of our natural powers and natural knowledge, or else those of the age in which the miracle is recorded." He thus defines the fundamental thought of his book, "that a divine principle revealed itself in Jesus, but in a purely human form." The reports of our Lord's words and acts, however, he thinks may contain minor inaccuracies, due to the imperfect narration, and the blending of their own opinions by the historians. Hase, even more than Neander, represents the *via media* in Germany theology, midway between a frigid naturalism and a blind uncritical supranaturalism.

Six years later, in 1835, Strauss issued his famous *Life of Jesus*, intended only for the learned; and, after twenty-nine years, he has followed it by a *New Life of Jesus*, designed for the populace. The aim of the former treatise, as defined in the later, was to show that "all attempts to conceal or explain away the supernatural in the Gospel details were vain, and that consequently they were not to be claimed as strictly historical." The miraculous element was to be rejected *a priori*, and in addition a number of "contradictions and inconsistencies" could be freely pointed out. But how to account for the origin of the Gospel image of Jesus was the special puzzle which Strauss set himself to solve. His solution is well known as "the mythical theory." He admitted an original substratum of fact in the narratives, but round that nucleus of fact an imaginary series of myths had gathered, and the function of

the historian was to separate or disintegrate the two. The original fact might be somewhat as follows:—There existed at the time of Christ's birth a special messianic hope in Palastine. A remarkable Jew appeared, and conceived the idea of morally revolutionizing his age, in accordance with the prevalent hope that God was about to interpose in behalf of the nation in some signal manner. His early popularity led some of his followers enthusiastically to call him the Messiah. He received the homage reluctantly at first, but afterwards willingly. Coming into collision with the traditional Jewish party, he, without difficulty, foresaw his own death, past instances of the prophet's fate perhaps suggesting it. After his death, his disciples, mourning his lot, began most naturally to idealize their departed master. They found in the books of the Old Testament words which they twisted into messianic predictions of what had actually happened. They believed that their late teacher was not really dead; and by their excited imaginations spectral visions of his presence were easily mistaken for the reality. They proceeded, under the delusion of his continued existence, to magnify the events of his previous life, freely to idealize them, and to attribute to him the highest conceivable greatness. Thus Strauss finds in the four Gospels, instead of the history of the real Christ, a later idealized conception of him, "a legendary deposit of contemporaneous messianic ideas, the latter, perhaps, partially modified by his peculiar individuality, his teaching, and his fate."

The fundamental assumption which runs through Strauss's work is the impossibility of any history of a being other than one "entirely and clearly human. A personage half human and half divine may figure in poetry, but never in fact." Miracles are absolutely and inherently impossible. Miracle he repeatedly *defines* as "that heterogeneous element in life that resists all historical treatment." He refuses to believe in its real occurrence on any conceivable evidence whatever. To hear testimony from an eyewitness "would do no good; we should tell him downright that he was trifling, that he must have dreamt it, if we did not lose our opinion of his honesty, and

accuse him of absolute falsehood." As to the evangelical miracles, "not one has been recorded by an eye-witness, but, on the contrary, by those who were disposed to do anything rather than try their tradition by a critical test." He therefore proceeded to apply the same principle of explanation to the Gospel miracles which had been applied so successfully by Welcker and others to explain the growth of Greek legends and Oriental fables. They were a series of later myths, which the reverence of an after age had created, and by which it had surrounded a remarkable man with a halo of posthumous glory! And these myths had been, by the same process, historically displaced, and thrust, like a fault in geologic strata, backwards in time. The Christian myths were "not, in their original form, the conscious and intentional invention of an individual, but a production of the common consciousness of a people or religious circle." The term "myth" Strauss would limit "exclusively to those original unconscious formations which arose as by necessity."

But gradually other stories palpably unreal were invented. In the narratives of the fourth Gospel, in particular, he has the hardihood to assert that we meet with much that is conscious and deliberate invention—mere fraud, in short. In his later work, Strauss acknowledges that, "mainly in consequence of Baur's hints, he allows more room than before to the hypothesis of conscious and intentional fiction." Retaining only the fundamental ideas of his former work, the principal if not the sole consideration is to decide what the gospel history is *not*. The negation consists in this, "that in the person and acts of Jesus no supernaturalism shall be suffered to remain: for no single Gospel, nor all the Gospels, can make us debase our reason to the point of believing miracles." The affirmative counterpart to this negation is twofold—*1st*, The determination of the real history of Jesus; and, *2dly*, The explanation of the way in which the unhistorical parts of the narrative arose.

We need not follow Strauss minutely in a counter-analysis of his "peculiar apparatus for causing miracles to evaporate in myths." It is of more importance to

show how he has failed as a historical student of the era which witnessed the rise of Christianity. A deeper analysis of the state of Palestine at the time of the advent will prove the impossibility of the growth of a series of myths in the apostolic age. The very chaos of that time, the heterogeneous character of the Jewish sects, the perplexed state of political relationships, the variety of forces at work in society, the absence of simple spontaneous movements and social impulses—in short, the general alertness and multitudinousness of the time—was fatal to the growth of such a series of legends as those which Strauss has indicated. The age of the apostles was more critical and reflective than spontaneous and impulsive. There was doubt and hesitation, as well as expectancy, in the general mind. Enthusiastic idolatry of men was rare, hero-worship almost unknown. But it is only in the infancy of a nation that the mythical instinct has any range or field of operation—only in the twilight of national culture that fiction is mistaken for fact; while it is to the deification of the powers of nature (as in the polytheistic tendency) rather than to the deification of a man that the mythical instinct turns. But long prior to the advent, the Jewish mind had reached a high-water mark of intellectual vigor. Palestine had been divided for generations into opposite philosophical schools, led by astute and learned rabbis: and during the lifetime of our Lord a hot controversy raged between the pure theism of the Pharisees and the materialism of a sect which boldly denied the supernatural. If the existence of the sect of the Sadducees, and our Lord's frequent collisions with its leaders, be admitted, it is easy to see how eagerly they would have seized upon any alleged miracles that could be denied, and exposed them. This sect continued to flourish, and was variously modified, after the founding of the apostolic churches. If, then, some of the earliest acts of the church-leaders consisted in the elaboration of mythical incidents, it is inconceivable that the history of the first century should not have preserved some record of the collision of the disciples with the rationalistic sects of Palestine. The recorded "acts of the apostles" make it clear that no such col-

lision took place; and the apostolic epistles give no hint of controversies within the churches, or around them, as to the reality of our Lord's miracles—which may be deemed a proof that no such controversies existed—while the historical evidence we possess as to the moral character of the apostles, excluding on the threshold the supposition of conscious fraud, equally forbids the idea of credulity, and acquiescence in imposture. Further, the imagination of the apostles could scarcely have created the facts, when one of these which they record is their own incompetence to comprehend their Master's character, and the wonderfully delicate, but far-piercing rebukes they received for their repeated obtuseness of soul: truly a highly elaborate myth for a company of fishermen to concoct! In the Gospel narratives we are indeed in wonder-land; but it would be the *ne plus ultra* of marvels to imagine the disciples to have invented this fact, implying a dexterous artificial fraud and a wholly modern ingenuity the better to secure their credit. Besides recording without scruple these facts against themselves, some of them shortly afterwards sealed their testimony by their death. Men do not willingly die for the honor of legends. They must therefore have believed them to be facts; and if they could not easily be impostors, they must either have been true witness-bearers or the dupes of fallacious evidence. Let us therefore examine those documents received as authentic by almost all critics—the epistles of St. Paul to Rome and Corinth, and his first epistle to Thessalonica. These letters are based upon the facts of Christ's life. They imply that they were recent and well known; and we ask if a legend could grow in twenty years into such dimensions? Could a series of elaborate and unparalleled myths spring suddenly into life, and sway a whole community, within the space of two decades, especially when we remember how slowly great movements grew in that age, compared with the swift current of our modern times?

Still further, while the creation of myths is thus negatived by the character of the first Christian age, the unopposed reception of fabulous stories in the second or third age, in reference to an event so momentous, is equally

inconceivable. There were hundreds and thousands of contemporary Jews who could have silenced the testimony of a few apostles, if it had been possible to contradict or to expose it; while there were many cultivated Greek and Roman minds, not predisposed in favor of Jewish tradition or Oriental legend generally, who, during the lifetime of the apostles, gave in their adherence to the Christian faith. The conquest of *their* minds by a series of Hebrew myths is a fact which Strauss does not attempt to explain. Nor does he inform us how, if this be the natural genesis of the Christian faith, it has arisen but once, in one age, and amongst one people. The formation of such myths should have proceeded equally from several centres, and thus the uniqueness of the Christian faith is unexplained by the mythical theory. Strauss has told us that he will admit the uniqueness of Jesus only "when other instances of the same unique perfection shall be clearly proved from history;"—an utterly unwarrantable dictum. But we may validly reply that we will believe in the *possibility* of a mythic origin of the Gospel narratives when other instances of the same unique perfection shall have been proved to spring from legend, or even if we could discover one parallel instance of such a growth from such a nucleus.

In the positive part of his work, Strauss endeavors, as he had done in his earlier treatise, "to point out what might have formed the historical kernel." By the most reckless and haphazard guesses he tries to remove the first deposits of the unhistorical, and to show how layer after layer may have risen above each other. But we are left in the end to gather up the fragments of an imaginary Straussian Christ. The contrast between such individual conjecture and the ascertained results of modern science (with which it invites comparison) is even startling. Guesses are not tolerated in the scientific world, though a modest conjectural hypothesis may lead the way to the discovery of unknown laws. But while the temple of science is slowly reared by pupils who build humbly on foundations laid by their teachers, literary critics do not scruple to begin their labors by an

attempt to abolish the work of their predecessors.

The admirable work of Neander on the life of Christ was mainly a reply to Strauss. But its controversial portion is not so valuable as its positive contribution to a true estimate of the life. It is so well known that it need scarcely be referred to; and amongst all subsequent "Lives" it still holds a place of honor. Defective on many points, and unmethodical in others, the manifold wisdom of the book, its large suggestiveness and rich detail, are unrivalled; while its innate truthfulness has called forth a tribute even from Strauss. Neander explains miracles by referring them to "laws of Nature as yet undiscovered," a fertile hint, which has been largely developed since, but which may be delusive if the new processes are put in the same category of "law" with the old.

Baur, Weisse, Ewald, Olshausen, Tholuck, Harless, Lange, Stier, and Ebrard, amongst German theologians, have since treated the life of Jesus with varying talent and success. Ewald is learned, profound, intense; Lange, rich in devotion, felicitous in fancies, but attenuated in his moral insight, is occasionally so fantastic that some of his thoughts depend for their beauty on the mere form of the words. There is a good deal of the mirage in his work. Stier is rich in exegetical suggestion, more imaginative than discriminative, prolix at times, and, though with occasional narrowness, has written an earnest and loving treatise on our Lord's life and works. Ebrard's is one of the most condensed and learned treatises on the subject. He considers the Gospel history first according to its form, and next according to its contents, his primary aim not being polemical, and being convinced that the statement of what he regarded as the true facts of the case is the best way to reply to objections. His tone is occasionally imperious and pragmatical, and there is a slight admixture of vanity in his work; all others having, in his opinion, failed to do that which he has succeeded in doing.

The work of M. Renan, which startled Europe in 1863, is a well-known book. Within a year it is said to have called

forth a hundred replies. It is the natural sequel in the province of French religious criticism to the dominant *Philosophie Positive*. In the years 1860-'61 M. Renan had charge of the French scientific mission to Phœnicia; and he tells us that, while traversing the country in all directions, "the history which at a distance seemed to float in the clouds of an ideal world, took a form, a solidity, which astonished me. The striking agreement of the New Testament text with the places, the marvellous harmony of the Gospel ideal with the country which served it as a framework, were like a revelation. I had before me a *fifth Gospel*, torn, but still legible." But as his philosophy abjured the supernatural, he had to *construct* a new life of Jesus by eliminating the miraculous element; and, given the problem, how to find a natural explanation of the origin of Christianity by reducing its alleged marvels within the limits of natural causation, or denying the more unmanageable ones as fictions, the ingenuity of M. Renan is great, though tainted by recklessness, and the "easy" morality which winks at minor faults. It is not difficult to see that a system which starts by denying the personality of God cannot end by admitting the divine personality of Jesus. It is a slight concession, that M. Renan admits the apostolic origin of the fourth Gospel, against the school of Tübingen. This Gospel, no less than the others, he must critically test by a process of excision; and no single discourse can be received as authentic, because there were "no stenographers present to fix those fleeting words." It is noteworthy that, while he addresses himself to the stupendous task of reconstructing the history, he is not contented with suggesting a few facts as a possible nucleus, but he freely enlarges on its probable details. He has assigned himself a task almost rivalling the labor of Cuvier, who, from the fragment of a fossil bone, reproduced an ancient skeleton; and yet this seems to him one of the simplest processes in the world, requiring only modern enlightenment and the studied rejection of the miraculous! The result and the process together are utterly unscientific. He rejects and accepts at pleasure events which have the same historical vouchers, and for the mutilation of which he supplies us with no

other crucial test than his own critical fancy. One fact is taken, and another is left. This event is true, but that is interpolated, and this is a forgery. No law of selection is stated except the *a priori* dictum that all the supernatural is legendary.*

Strauss and Renan have both said that the miraculous is "that resisting element which defies historical treatment." But to give the investigator license to select, abridge, or erase at will, from a series of documents which come down to us with the identical witness of past testimony, is to transform history into legend, and criticism into romance; and the "fifth Gospel" which M. Renan "saw," and has striven to relate, is reduced to the level of an apocrypha. It is of little use to tell a historian in search of reality that "nothing to be found in the Gospels is strictly authentic," and yet that they "are truer than the naked truth, because they are truth idealized;" while the chemical test which will dissolve the spurious compound, and precipitate the pure truth, is the mere idealistic fancy of a learned and ingenious dilettante.

The chief source to which, according to Renan, we are to trace the early development of Jesus, was the influence of Nature, and the delightful climate of Galilee. The poetic aspiration after a brighter national future, nursed amid the valleys of the north, and beside the waters of its lake, imparted a soft and delicate tone to the earlier years. That delicious pastoral country inspired our Lord with his first ideas of the kingdom of God. Renan asserts that all the earlier teaching of Jesus was mild and gentle, in conformity with the gentleness of the district in which he was reared,—quietly ignoring a dozen facts to the contrary! From the "delicious idyll" of the earlier years, we

pass by an abrupt transition to the period of action, when Jesus "most unwillingly became a thaumaturgist," and the gentle rabbi glided into "the charlatan with a high purpose." The hiatus between these two periods M. Renan has not filled up, even on his own theory. He contents himself with dogmatically assuming the change, as at the fall of the curtain in a drama. Though Jesus commanded his followers, "Let your Yea be yea, and your Nay, nay," and asserted that he came himself to "fulfil the law," M. Renan can affirm that he quietly made a compromise with truth, finessed with his contemporaries, and winked at the innocent enthusiasm of the populace, who ascribed unreal miracles to his power. "His greatest miracle," says he, in a delusive epigram,—“his greatest miracle would have been his refusal to perform any.” Yet they were “disagreeable to him,” “imposed upon him.” Some he only “thought he performed.” Some were natural cures idealized by the populace, in their hunger for marvels; for example, the exquisiteness of his person cast out many devils! All the while the Founder of Christianity was utterly unacquainted with the processes of Nature, and in a state of exquisite “poetic ignorance” of her laws.

It is unnecessary to follow M. Renan through the legendary details of his own work of fiction. Its caricature of the original, its travesty of Christ's doctrine, its outrageous assumptions and utterly reckless manipulations of the story, its errors against art, have been admirably dealt with by M. Pressensé; and the rose-water adulation of the exquisite prophet of Galilee has been well described by another as “a betrayal of the Lord, but not without the kiss.”

Immediately on the appearance of the *Vie de Jésus*, M. Pressensé wrote a short pamphlet in reply, entitled *The Critical School and Jesus Christ*. Few fragments of controversial literature are superior to this small book. He has since then compiled a larger treatise, entitled *Jesus Christ, his Works, Life, and Times*, which covers the whole field discussed by Strauss and Renan. He briefly announces his aim to be to “dissipate some of the misconceptions by which the God-man is veiled from the eyes of my contemporaries.” In an

* He has indeed told us of “an excellent touchstone” to be found in “a kind of splendor, at once mild and terrible, a divine strength which emphasizes the authentic words, and detaches them from their apocryphal context. The real words of Jesus betray themselves spontaneously” (p. 21, Eng. Trans.) A more unscientific dictum could scarcely be devised. We may well ask whether, if a whole synod of critics were assembled, and urged to apply this touchstone independently, two of them would agree in their “detachments” of the text, or the reconstruction of its fragments—either in their analysis or their synthesis? A scientific touchstone should be precise, and not arbitrary or confusing.

orderly manner, dealing first with those questions of philosophy and history "which hold the approaches to the subject," he vindicates the supernatural on speculative grounds, and seeks to prove the originality of the Christian faith by comparing it with the decaying religions of the East, and those Oriental and Western philosophies amidst which it came as a new birth. Pressensé has ably shown that Christianity was not "a product of the various elements in the ancient world, the confluence of its streams," though the resemblances between them prove that the new religion was "made for humanity, to answer its inmost needs." He has brought varied learning to the more delicate task of literary criticism, to which he next advances, dealing with the documents in which the records of Christianity have come down to us, to establish their place and value; and he concludes by unfolding the actual life of our Lord in its chronological sequences. In the latter part of his treatise we find a marked similarity of aim to Dr. Hanna's work. In Pressensé we find the French faculty of clear comprehensiveness. He traverses a wide area, and condenses the results of his survey in a few weighty paragraphs. His sentences shine like out of crystal; but they lack the calmer depth of German thought, and the warm glow of reverent enthusiasm, which pervades the Scotch divine. Clear, subtle, and eager, he has the characteristic fire of the best French writers on morals; but the meditative depth and the poetic sight of the British mind is on the whole more valuable in one who would attempt the great task of writing the Life of the Son of Man.

But the leading characteristics of Dr. Hanna's work will be more fully seen by comparing it with recent efforts in our own literature. We have alluded to Dr. Young's *Christ of History*, a volume of pre-eminent power. It stands somewhat in the same relation to Ullmann's treatise on the *Sinlessness of Jesus*, as these volumes of Dr. Hanna to such a work as the Life by Lange. It is full of genuine English sense and sagacious philosophy, and is pervaded by a high tone of reverence. Ullmann may deal in a more philosophical manner with his special department of evidence, but

for comprehensive wisdom in interpreting the phenomena of our Lord's life, and drawing the legitimate inferences from them, we know no volume equal to Dr. Young's,—though Dr. Bushnell has also ably discussed the same question in a more condensed form, in one chapter of his treatise on *Nature and the Supernatural*.

In the Bampton Lectures for 1859, we find the Bishop of Gloucester endeavoring "to illustrate the connection of the events in our Lord's life, and their probable order and succession." These lectures of Dr. Ellicott's are pervaded by a lofty tone of pious emotion; but they are diffuse, rhetorical, and of slight apologetic value. The notes are better than the text. The aim of the Bampton lecturer was similar to Dr. Hanna's—"to arrange, comment upon, and illustrate the principal events in our Redeemer's earthly history; to show their coherence, their connection, order, and significance." But we miss in this treatise those clear and luminous outlines which Pressensé gives us, and those glances into the inmost secrets of the divine life,—that insight joined to catholicity which pervades the volumes before us. Dr. Ellicott is intense, poetic, reverential. He trembles with emotion in all that he writes. But his thought is too fluent. It loses precision in a deceptive rhetorical glow.

The Rev. Samuel Andrews has compiled a useful manual on the life of our Lord, dealing chiefly with its chronological aspects, in which he mainly follows Tischendorf's *Synopsis Evangelica*. His introductory essays on the dates of our Lord's birth, baptism, and death are valuable. The book is learned and accurate, but it presents a bare outline, useful mainly for reference.

The late Dr. Kitto has left a volume of "illustrations" of the life, which bears a certain resemblance in its aim to Dr. Hanna's. It contains picturesque and vivid descriptions of the chief events of our Lord's ministry. His relation to contemporary Jewish life and the society of Palestine, the state of opinion in reference to him, its fluctuations, and the results of his life-work, are drawn with rare felicity. Kitto is a photographic archæologist, who vivifies his descriptions of place and of manners with an

almost Oriental wealth and profusion of detail.

We notice another English work, not so much for its intrinsic merit as for its partial anticipation of the order and plan which Dr. Hanna has followed. It is a series of seven volumes, by the Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, written in comparative ignorance of the questions of modern criticism, and even with a fear lest "his own inquiries should degenerate into a merely critical or scholastic dissertation;" but in which the devout author ranges over the periods of our Lord's life with the view of introducing into his work "something of the depth and devotional thought of ancient interpretation." It is a work based largely on the ancient catenas, especially on the *aurea catena* of Aquinas. But it is curious to note that the author began with the last day of the passion (issuing a tentative volume), and proceeded thence to the rest of the life, as Dr. Hanna has done. The titles of his volumes are, *The Nativity*, *The Ministry* (2 vols.), *The Holy Week*, *The Passion*, *The Resurrection*.

In the remarkable anonymous work titled *Ecce Homo* we have one of the ablest and most reverent attempts to estimate the meaning of our Lord's life, and his influence in the world. But as it is rather a treatise on Christian Ethics than a biographic study of the sacred character, we abstain from further reference to it.

Adequately to write the Life of our Lord, so as to bring out the wealth which lies half concealed and half revealed in the record of the evangelists, the biographer would require to possess such a combination of separate excellences that we can never expect to find the task executed to perfection. If it be true, as some one has said, that "it would require a second Christ to comprehend the first," it would no less require a divine biographer adequately to record a divine life. Knowledge of the philosophy of human nature, poetic insight into the physical universe and into human life, a wide knowledge of men, of the course of history, and of the forces that swayed the world prior to the Christian era, familiarity with antiquarian lore, a topographical knowledge of Palestine, the power of keen analysis

and of large constructiveness, with personal reverence and devoutness of heart, are all prerequisites to the task. These are not combined in any single individual. It is therefore vain to look for a realized ideal in biography that shall surpass the story of the four evangelists.

The latest complete effort to reproduce the scenes of that distant age, and to reset them in the framework of the nineteenth century, now lies before us. And while most of the "Lives" written recently excel this of Dr. Hanna in some one respect, it may be doubted if any of them presents such a combination of excellences. The historical, analytical, literary, topographical, and devotional features of these six volumes are less remarkable in themselves than in their union, and throughout the whole work there breathes an admirable humility. There is no parade of learning, no distracting foot-notes, no allusions for the erudite alone. It is an unencumbered, unartificial work. We are presented with the products and not with the processes of reasoning; with the results of scholarship without the display of the critical knowledge on which they are based. Dr. Hanna takes, as we have said, all the facts supplied by the four evangelists, and believing that each has its own significance, weaves the whole into a connected thread of narrative. Many surface discrepancies are thus harmonized, and the consecutiveness of the life, with its silently increasing purpose, is disclosed with a singular freshness. In addition, unsuspected harmonies reveal themselves, and evidence to which the harmonist who starts with the idea that the record is full of flaws which require the correction of modern criticism is blind, becomes apparent. It is true that Dr. Hanna relies less on critical analysis in his expositions than on that loving insight which sees into the heart of questions when verbal exegesis stands still at the door. He deals much more fully with the events themselves than with the records or channel by which they come down to us. His pre-eminent aim is to ascertain the inner character of the agents in the scenes, and especially of the central Character in the narrative.

Varied psychological insight reveals itself in all his analyses of character, es-

pecially in the account given of St. Peter, St. John, and St. Thomas. From incidental phases of thought and feeling a large significance is developed. The character of the betrayer, and the motives which led Judas to the commission of the crime with which his name is associated; the "inner workings of conscience and of humanity" in Pilate; the differences between St. Peter and St. John; the explanation of the denial by the former, and of the meaning of the look which led to his repentance; the conflicting elements in the soul of St. Thomas, are all admirably rendered. The dramatic portraiture is vivid, yet most delicate: photographic, as we have said, in the sharpness of the outlines, yet with colored light and shade preserved, and with many of the phases of individuality suggested rather than portrayed; while the recital of the events of our Lord's life, so uncontroversial and undogmatic, so reverent and careful, leads at every stage to the adoration of faith. The classic grace with which the style of these volumes flows on may prevent many from perceiving the real depth of the stream, how clear the waters are, and how the heavens are reflected in them. The pervading tone is that of reverential thoughtfulness and repose. We think that Dr. Hanna's descriptions of place excel those of any other writer, with the exception of Dean Stanley, in a quiet picturesqueness, in the subdued light of local coloring with which he has invested the localities he describes. By a few vivid touches he carries us into the very heart of the scene. We have the advantage of the writer's personal visit to the localities—a fact never obtruded, but which gives a steady background of reality and of vividness to all his descriptions. We have no highly-colored figure-painting, but an exquisite *felicity*, a directness and pictorial precision which leave little to be desired.

In their descriptions of Nature, and its possible influence on our Lord, the difference between Renan and Dr. Hanna is noteworthy. According to the former, "the aspect of Nature" was "the whole education of Jesus." The soft beauty of Galilean lakes and meads, woods and hills, created a correspondingly soft beauty in the soul of the tender prophet of Nazareth; and thus the

whole history of his earlier years is "one delightful pastoral." To the deeper insight of our author, Nature's influence over Christ was only inspiring and suggestive. It supplied illustrations of the laws of his kingdom for the disciples, and the framework of parables for the people. Dr. Hanna does not presume to indicate the thoughts which the thirty years' residence in Nazareth may have quickened, but the place, "so retired, so rich in natural beauty, with glimpses of the wide world around for the morning or evening hours," where he had

"watched how the lilies grew, and saw how their Creator clothed them, had noticed how the smallest of seeds grew into the tallest of herbs; where outside the house he had seen two women grinding at one mill, inside, a woman hiding the leaven in the dough; where in the market-place he had seen the five sparrows sold for two farthings; where the sheep-walks of the hills and the vineyards of the valleys had taught him what were the offices of the good shepherd and of the careful vine-dresser—all those observations of thirty years were treasured up, to be drawn upon in due time, and turned into the lessons by which the world was to be taught wisdom."

It is instructive to note the difference between these two travellers, who have both gone over the same ground, and traced the footsteps of Jesus so far as they can be now identified—the one with a faith in the supernatural, and the other without it—both accurate observers and exquisite narrators. The difference between their interpretations is wide enough, but are we wrong in ascribing the failure of the latter to his prepossession *against* the supernatural, so that "his eye saw only what it brought with it the power of seeing?"

As a specimen of picturesque beauty in Dr. Hanna's narrative, we may select the description of the source of the Jordan at Cæsarea-Philippi (*Galilean Ministry*, p. 317); and for instances in which the visit of the author to the places he has described has enabled him almost to photograph the scene, we may refer to his account of Jacob's Well, of the road from Bethany to Jerusalem past the hamlet of Bethphage, of the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, and his identification of Wady Fik as the ancient Gadara.

But the description of Nature is subordinated to a recital of the main incidents of the Life, and these incidents are again subservient to the development of character. The outward invariably yields to the inward, the physical to the moral and spiritual. Every other interest revolves around the Sacred Biography itself. The figures of the disciples move around their Master, and serve as a background of contrast to him; while all the minor

characters, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Syro-phœnician, are sketched by a delicate pencil and with singular tact. So that from a perusal of these volumes we believe that the sympathetic reader will carry away a more distinct image of the character and life of Christ, and his relation to his contemporaries, than he can gain from the more brilliant page of Pressensé, or the more elaborate discussions of Neander.

(To be continued.)

Macmillan's Magazine.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1869.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II. THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

WHAT was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire?

That after a few centuries a fabric so artificial should fall to pieces is not in itself surprising. Great empires seldom last long; they are by their very nature liable to special evils to which in time they succumb, and so the process of their downfall is commonly the same. Rome was by no means exempt from these special causes of weakness, but we shall find that Rome did not, like other empires, succumb to them. We shall find that she weathered these most obvious dangers, and that the history of her fall is as unique as that of her greatness.

The difficulty which has been found insurmountable in most great empires is their unwieldy size, and the obstinate antipathy of the conquered nationalities to their conquerors. Government must necessarily become difficult in proportion to the extent of the territory governed and the disloyalty of the inhabitants. It follows that in a great empire founded upon conquest the difficulties of government are the greatest possible. To cope with them it is found necessary to create pashas or viceroys of particular provinces, with full monarchical power. Sooner or later government breaks down, overborne partly by its insurgent subjects, partly by these viceroys shaking off its authority.

This, then, is the regular process of dissolution in empires. Subject nationalities succeed at last in recovering their independence, and subordinate governors throw off their allegiance and become kings. Sometimes the two solvents help each other, as Ali Pasha of Janina helped the early attempts of the Greek patriots. Let us take some of the more conspicuous examples which history affords. Alexander's empire was dissolved by his officers making themselves kings, and the kingdom of Pontus was formed out of it by the effort of one of the conquered nationalities. The Saracen Empire split into three independent califates. The Seljukian Empire of Malek Shah was divided in a few generations among independent sultans of Persia, Syria, Roum, &c. The Great Mogul lost his dominion partly to the insurgent Mahrattas, partly to his own viceroys of the Deccan and of Bengal. The German Empire became a nullity when the electors began to raise themselves to the rank of kings. In the Ottoman Empire the process of dissolution shows itself in Greece and Servia recovering their independence, and the Egyptian viceroy making himself a sovereign.

If we look for similar symptoms in the dissolution of the Roman Empire we are disappointed. The subject nationalities do not recover their independence. It is true that they make their separate influence felt long after they have been politically merged. The Greeks, for

example, maintained not only the independence, but the superiority of their language and their culture. Although the greatest writers of this period are Roman, yet, within half a century after the death of Tacitus and Juvenal, Greek not only prevailed in the eastern half of the Empire, but had so far superseded Latin in Rome itself, that the Emperor Aurelius uses it in meditations intended for his own private use. The Asiatic part of the Empire preserved its peculiar ways of thinking. Its religions entered into a competition both with the religions of the West and with Greek philosophy, the religion of the cultivated classes among the Romans. In this contest between the Western conquerors and the Eastern subjects the conquered races had at last the better, and imposed a religion upon their masters. Nor were the African nationalities without their influence. They gave to the Empire, in Severus, the master who first gave unlimited power to the army; and they contributed to the religious reformation its greatest rhetorician, Tertullian; its most influential politician, Cyprian; and, later, its greatest theologian, Augustine.

But though the nationalities retained so much intellectual independence, they never became dangerous to the Empire. There were indeed, in the first century, four considerable wars of independence—the rising of the Germans under Arminius, that of the Britons under Boadicea, that of the Germans and Gauls under Civilis, and that of the Jews. But the first two were not rebellions of nations already conquered, but of nations in the process of being conquered. In the case of the Germans it was the effort by which they saved their independence; in the case of the Britons it was the last convulsion of despair. The other two revolts were, no doubt, precisely of the kind which occur so frequently in great empires, and are so frequently fatal to them. But to the Roman Empire they were not fatal, and can hardly be said to have seriously endangered it. It was owing to the confusion of a revolutionary time that Civilis was able for a moment to sever the Rhenish provinces from Rome, but his success only made it more evident that his appeal to national feeling came too late, and was addressed

to that which had no existence. As soon as the vigor of the central government revived, a single army, not very well commanded, extinguished the feeble spark. Far different, certainly, was the vigor and enthusiasm with which the Jews took arms. But the result was not different. The rebellious nationality only earned by the fierceness of its rising a more overwhelming ruin.

If we reckon the Jewish war of the reign of Vespasian and that of the reign of Hadrian as constituting together one great national rebellion, then the history of the Empire affords no other considerable example besides those I have mentioned of the rising of a conquered nationality. There appear, indeed, in the third and fourth centuries, some phenomena not altogether different. The third century was an age of revolution. I have spoken already of the Roman Revolution which began with the tribunate of Gracchus and ended with the battle of Actium. It would be a convenient thing if we could accustom ourselves to the notion of a second Roman Revolution, beginning with the death of Marcus Aurelius, in A.D. 180, and ending with the accession of Diocletian, in A.D. 285. During this period the Imperial system struggled for its life, and suffered a transformation of character which enabled it to support itself over the whole extent of the Empire for more than another century, and in the eastern half for many centuries. In the fearful convulsions of this revolutionary period we are able to discern the difficulties with which the Imperial system had to cope. And among these difficulties is certainly to be reckoned the unlikeness of the nations composing the Empire. The Empire shows a constant tendency to break into large fragments, each held together internally by national sympathies, and separated from the others by national differences. The Greek-speaking world tends to separate itself from the Latin-speaking world. Gaul, Britain, and Spain tend to separate themselves from Italy and Africa. These tendencies were recognized when the revolutionary period closed in Diocletian's partition of the Empire between two Augusti and two Cæsars, and, afterwards, in the four great præfectures of Constantine. The

division between East and West, after being several times drawn and again effaced, was permanently recognized in the time of the sons of Theodosius, and is written in large characters in the history of the modern world.

The tendency then to division certainly existed, and might at times be dangerous. But it is not to be confounded with that working of the spirit of nationality which I have spoken of as the commonest cause of the ruin of great empires. In most great empires the subject nations have not only a want of sympathy, or it may be a positive antipathy, towards each other; they are influenced still more by an undying hostility towards their conquerors, and an undying recollection of the independence they have lost. Out of these feelings springs a fixed determination, handed down through successive generations, and shared by every individual member of the conquered race, to throw off the yoke at the first opportunity. Where this fixed determination exists, the conquerors have in the long run but a poor chance of retaining their conquest; for their energy is more likely to be corrupted by success than their victims' fixed hatred to be extinguished by delay. And this was the difficulty which, almost alone among conquering nations, the Romans were not called upon to meet. By some means or other they succeeded in destroying in the mind of Gaul, African, and Greek the remembrance of their past independence, and the remembrance of the relentless cruelty with which they had been enslaved. Rome destroyed patriotism in its subject races, though it left in them a certain blind instinct of kindred. When the Empire grew weak, the atoms showed a tendency to crystallize again in the old forms, but while it continued vigorous it satisfied the nationalities that it had absorbed. Whether by its imposing grandeur, or the material happiness it bestowed, or the free career it offered, particularly to military merit, or the hopelessness of resistance, or—more particularly in the West—by the civilization it brought with it; by some of these means, or by some combination of them, the Roman Empire succeeded in giving an equivalent to those who had been deprived of everything by its re-

lentless sword. As Tecmessa to Ajax, the world said to Rome—

ὃ γάρ μοι πατρίδ' ἥρωσας ὄρεϊ
καὶ μητέρ' ἀλαή μοῖρα τὸν φύσαντά τε
παθεῖλεν Αἰδὼν θανάσιμος οἰκήτορας
τίς δῆρ' ἐμοὶ γένοιτ' ἂν ἀντὶ σοῦ πατρίς;
ἢ πλοῦτος; ἐν σοὶ πᾶς ἐγώ γε σώζομαι.

"Thou didst destroy my country with thy spear;

My mother and begetter eyeless Fate
Took to be tenants of the house of death.
Now then what country can I find but thee,
What household? on thee all my fortune
hangs."

Of all the conquered nations, that which had the noblest past was Greece. It is a striking fact that even a hundred years ago there existed among the Greeks no proud remembrance of their heroic ancestors. Leonidas and Miltiades were names which had no magic sound to them. But they were proud of two things—of their religious orthodoxy and of their being the legitimate representatives of the Roman Empire.

The Roman Empire, then, did not fall as, for example, the Parthian Empire fell, by the rebellion of the conquered nationalities. But neither again did it fall by the rebellion of its great officers and viceroys, as the empire of Alexander. It was, indeed, constantly exposed to this danger. It felt, as other empires have felt, the necessity of creating these great officers. The Legati of the Rhine and Danube, the Legatus of Syria, possessed the power of independent sovereigns. They often seemed likely to use, and sometimes did use, this power against the government. In the first two centuries, Galba, Vitellius, Vespasian, Severus, were successful usurpers; Vindex, Avidius, Cassius, Pescennius Niger were unsuccessful ones; Corbulo, and perhaps Agricola, paid with their lives for the greatness which made them capable of becoming usurpers. But these men usurped, or endeavored to usurp, or were thought likely to usurp, the whole Empire, not parts of it. The danger of the Empire being divided among its great generals, did not appear till near the end of that revolutionary period of which I have spoken. Then, however, it seemed for a time very imminent. We might rather say that for some years the Empire was actually divided in this way. In what

is commonly called the time of the Thirty Tyrants, Gaul and Spain were governed for some years by independent emperors, while Syria and part of Asia Minor formed the kingdom of Odenathus. In other parts of the Empire, at the same time, the authority of Rome was thrown off by several less successful adventurers. At this moment, then, the Roman Empire presented the same spectacle of dissolution which other great empires have sooner or later almost always presented. It seemed likely to run the usual course, and to illustrate the insurmountable difficulty of at once concentrating great power at a number of different points, and preserving the supremacy of the centre of the whole system. But the Roman Empire rallied, and by an extraordinary display of energy proved the difficulty not to be insurmountable. It escaped this danger also, and that not only for a time, but permanently. The disease of which it died at last was not this, but another.

Of the first Roman Revolution, Marius, Cæsar, and Augustus are the heroes. The first of these organized the military system, the second gave the military power predominance over the civil, the third arranged the relations of the military to the civil power, so as to make them as little oppressive and as durable as possible. The second Roman Revolution, that of the third century after Christ, had for its heroes Diocletian and Constantine. The problem for them was to give to the military power, now absolutely predominant, unity within itself. Before, the question had been of the relations between the Emperor and the Senate; now it was of the relations between the Emperor and his Legati and his army. But now, as then, the only hope of the Empire was in despotism; the one study of all statesmen was how to diminish liberty still further, and concentrate power still more absolutely in a single hand. As Rome had been saved from barbaric invasion by Cæsar, so it was saved by Diocletian from partition among viceroys. But as it was saved the first time at the expense of its republican liberties, it was saved the second time by the sacrifice of those vestiges of freedom which Cæsar had left it. The military dictator now became a sultan. The little finger of Constantine was

thicker than the loins of Augustus; and if Tiberius had chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions.

The Revolution now effected had two stages. First came the temporary arrangement of Diocletian, who, in order to strengthen the Imperial power against the unwieldy army, created, as it were, a cabinet of emperors. He shared his power with three other generals, whom he succeeded in attaching firmly to himself. Such an arrangement could not last, for only a superior genius could suspend the operation of the law, *Nulla fides regni sociis*; but so long as it lasted the Imperial power was quadrupled, and the Empire was firmly ruled, not from one centre, but from four; from Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Trêves. This plan had all the advantages of partition, while in the undisputed ascendancy of Diocletian it retained all the advantages of unity. This temporary arrangement in due time gave place to the permanent institution of Constantine, who broke the power of the Legati by dividing military power from the civil. Up to that time, the Legatus of a province had been an emperor in miniature—at the same time governor of a nation and commander of an army. Now, the two offices were divided, and there remained to the emperor an immense superiority over every subject,—the prerogative that in him alone civil and military power met. And at the same time that, by disarming all inferior greatness, he made himself master of the bodies, the lives, and fortunes of his subjects, he subdued their imaginations and hearts by his assumption of Asiatic state and by his alliance with the Christian Church.

Thus was the second danger successfully encountered. Rome disarmed her formidable viceroys, as she had subdued and pacified her subject nationalities. Yet in a century and a half from the time of Constantine, the Western Empire fell, and the Eastern Empire in the course of three centuries lost many of its fairest provinces, and saw its capital besieged by foreign invaders. Having escaped the two principal maladies incident to great empires, she succumbed to some others, the nature of which we have now to consider.

The simple facts of the fall of the Empire are these. The Imperial system had been established, as I have shown, to protect the frontier. This it did for two centuries with eminent success. But in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, whose reign I have noted as marking the commencement of the second revolutionary period, there occurred an invasion of the Marcomanni, which was not repulsed without great difficulty, and which excited a deep alarm and foreboding throughout the Empire. In the third century the hostile powers on every frontier begin to appear more formidable. The German tribes, in whose discord Tacitus saw the safety of the Empire, present themselves now no longer in separate feebleness, but in powerful confederations. We hear no more the insignificant names of Chatti and Chauci; the history of the third century is full of Alemanni, Franks, and Goths. On the eastern frontier, the long decayed power of the Parthians now gives place to a revived and vigorous Persian Empire. The forces of the Empire are more and more taxed to defend it from these powerful enemies. One emperor is killed in battle with the Goths, another is taken prisoner by the Persians. But, strengthened by internal reforms, the Empire is found still capable of making head against its assailants. In the middle of the fourth century it is visibly stronger and safer than it had been in the middle of the third. Then follows the greatest convulsion to which human society is liable, that which is to the world of man what an earthquake is to nature,—I mean an invasion of Tartars. The Huns emerge from Asia, and drive before them the populations of Central Europe. The fugitive Goths crave admission into the Empire. Admitted, they engage in war with their entertainers. They defeat and kill an emperor at Adrianople. But again the Empire is avenged by Theodosius. In the age of his degenerate sons the barbaric world decisively encroaches on the Roman. There is a constant influx of Goths. Goths fill the Roman armies, and plunder the Empire under cover of a commission from the emperor himself. Rome is sacked by Alaric. Then most of Gaul, Spain, and afterwards Africa, are torn from the empire by an invasion half-Teutonic, half-

Slavonic. Barbaric chieftains make and unmake the emperors of the West. At last they assume sovereignty in Italy to themselves, and the Ostrogothic kingdom is founded. The East, too, suffers gradually a great change of population. Greece is almost repeopled with Slaves and Wallachians. New kingdoms are founded on the Lower Danube. In the seventh century, Egypt and Syria are wrested from the Empire by the Saracens.

This is what we commonly understand by the fall of the Empire. It was matched in war with the barbaric world beyond the frontier, and the barbaric world was victorious. But it would be very thoughtless to suppose that this is a sufficient account of the matter, and that the fortune of war will explain such a vast phenomenon. What we call fortune may decide a battle, not so easily the shortest war; and it is evident that the Roman world would not have steadily receded through centuries before the barbaric had it not been decidedly inferior in force. To explain, then, the fall of the Empire, it is necessary to explain the inferiority in force of the Romans to the barbarians.

This inferiority of the Romans, it is to be remembered, was a new thing. At an earlier time they had been manifestly superior. When the region of barbarism was much larger; when it included warlike and aggressive nations now lost to it, such as the Gauls; and when, on the other hand, the Romans drew their armies from a much smaller area, and organized them much less elaborately, the balance had inclined decidedly the other way. In those times the Roman world, in spite of occasional reverses, had on the whole steadily encroached on the barbaric. The Gauls were such good soldiers, that the Romans themselves acknowledged their superiority in valor: yet the Romans not only held their own against them, but conquered them, and annexed Gaul to the Empire. If we use the word "force" in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the different forces, material, intellectual, and moral, which can contribute to the military success of a nation, it is evident that the Roman world in the time of Pompey and Cæsar was as much superior in force to the barbaric world as it

was inferior to it in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. Either, therefore, a vast increase of power must have taken place in the barbaric world, or a vast internal decay in the Roman.

Now the barbaric world had actually received two considerable accessions of force. It had gained considerably, through what influences we can only conjecture, in the power and habit of co-operation. As I have said before, in the third century we meet with large confederations of Germans, whereas before we read only of isolated tribes. Together with this capacity of confederation we can easily believe that the Germans had acquired new intelligence, civilization, and military skill. Moreover, it is practically to be considered as a great increase of aggressive force, that in the middle of the fourth century they were threatened in their original settlements by the Huns. The impulse of desperation which drove them against the Roman frontier was felt by the Romans as a new force acquired by the enemy. But we shall soon see that other and more considerable momenta must have been required to turn the scale. For in the first place, if in three centuries the barbaric world made a considerable advance in power, how was it that the Roman world did not make an immensely greater advance in the same time? A barbaric society is commonly almost stationary; a civilized society is indefinitely progressive. How many advantages had a vast and well-ordered empire like the Roman over barbarism! What a step towards material wealth and increase of population would seem to be necessarily made when the bars to intercourse are removed between a number of countries, and when war between those countries is abolished! If in the first two centuries of the Empire there were bloody wars within the Empire, yet they were both short and very infrequent; the permanent condition of international hostility between the nations surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, which had preceded the Roman conquests, was a tradition of the past. Never since has there been over the same area so long a period of internal peace. If we were guided by modern analogies, we should certainly expect that, while barbarism made its first tottering steps in the path of improvement,

the Empire would have made gigantic strides; that its population and wealth would have increased enormously; that instead of failing to defend the frontier it would have overflowed it at all points; and that it would have annexed and romanized Germany with far greater ease than in Cæsar's time it had absorbed Gaul.

In the second place, the balance had already begun to turn before any new weights were put into the scale of barbarism. A long period intervened between the time when Rome was a conquering state and the time when it began to be conquered. During this interval barbarism had acquired no new strength, and yet the Romans had ceased to conquer. And this must have been owing, not to any want of will, but to a consciousness of the want of power. For when Rome ceased to conquer, it was far more completely organized for military purposes and governed more exclusively by military men than in its period of conquest. With a citizen soldiery, summoned from farms and commanded often by civilians, Rome extended her boundaries widely; but with a magnificent standing army, with a crowd of experienced officers, and with an Emperor at the head of affairs, Rome ceased, except at long intervals, to conquer. The maxim of Augustus, that the Empire was large enough, can only mean that the limit of its resources had been reached, and that those resources, for some reason or other, did not grow. And that the maxim was sound, and continued to be sound, is shown by Hadrian's re-assertion of it when he gave up the Parthian conquests of Trajan, and later by Aurelian's evacuation of Dacia. Aurelian was a great general, Hadrian was an active and enterprising man. Both of them must have known that the easiest way to obtain popularity was to carry on wars of conquest. Both must have known that to give up conquests was the readiest way to offend the pride of the Romans, and to excite disaffection towards the government. We may therefore feel sure that it was neither love of ease nor a mere blind respect for a traditionary maxim that induced these two emperors deliberately to narrow the boundaries of the Empire. They must have had a knowledge of the weakness and exhaustion of the State, and of its inadequacy to

new conquests, so certain and clear as to silence all the suggestions of ambition and interest.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the Roman Empire, in the midst of its greatness and civilization, must have been in a stationary and unprogressive, if not a decaying condition. Now, what can have been the cause of this unproductiveness or decay? It has been common to suppose a moral degeneration in the Romans, caused by luxury and excessive good fortune. To support this it is easy to quote the satirists and cynics of the Imperial time, and to refer to such accounts as Ammianus gives of the mingled effeminacy and brutality of the aristocracy of the capital of the fourth century. But the history of the wars between Rome and the barbaric world does not show us the proofs we might expect of this decay of spirit. We do not find the Romans ceasing to be victorious in the field, and beginning to show themselves inferior in valor to their enemies. The luxury of the capital could not affect the army, which had no connection with the capital, but was levied from the peasantry of the whole Empire, a class into which luxury can never penetrate. Nor can it be said that luxury corrupted the generals, and through them the army. On the contrary, the Empire produced a remarkable series of capable generals. From Claudius Gothicus to the patrician Aetius, a period of two centuries, the series is scarcely interrupted, and for the greater part of that time the government of the Empire itself was in the hands of men bred to war and accustomed to great commands. And as in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhadagaisus; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome.

Whatever the remote and ultimate cause may have been, the immediate cause to which the fall of the Empire can be traced is a physical, not a moral decay. In valor, discipline, and science, the Roman armies remained what they had always been, and the peasant-emperors of Illyricum were worthy successors

of Cincinnatus and Caius Marius. But the problem was how to replenish those armies. Men were wanting; the Empire perished for want of men.

The proof of this is in the fact that the contest with barbarism was carried on by the help of barbarian soldiers. The Emperor Probus began this system, and under his successors it came more and more into use. As the danger of it could not be overlooked, we must suppose that the necessity of it was still more unmistakable. It must have been because the Empire could not furnish soldiers for its own defence, that it was driven to the strange expedient of turning its enemies and plunderers into its defenders. Yet on these scarcely disguised enemies it came to depend so exclusively that in the end the Western Empire was destroyed, not by the hostile army, but by its own. The Roman army had become a barbarian horde, and for some years the Roman commander-in-chief was a barbarian prince, Ricimer, who created and deposed emperors at his pleasure. Soon after his fall, another barbarian occupying the same position, Odoacer, terminated the line of emperors, and assumed the government into his own hands.

Nor was it only in the army that the Empire was compelled to borrow men from barbarism. To cultivate the fields, whole tribes were borrowed. From the time of Marcus Aurelius, it was a practice to grant lands within the Empire sometimes to prisoners of war, sometimes to tribes applying for admission. Thus the Vandals received settlements in Pannonia, the Goths of Ulfilas in Mæsia, the Salian Franks along the Rhine. In these cases the Romans were not forced to admit the barbarians. If they were partly influenced by the wish to pacify them, it is certain also that there must have been a vast extent of unoccupied land which the Empire was glad to people in this way. However much disposed we may be to reject as rhetorical the descriptions of utter devastation along the frontier in which our authorities abound, it seems at least to be clear that, however many barbaric tribes might knock for admission, there was room for them within the Empire. Nor did these large loans of men suffice the Empire. It was perpetually borrowing smaller amounts. Under the name

of Læti and Coloni, there seems reason to believe that the Empire was already full of Germans before the great immigration began. It is easy to discover symptoms of every kind of decay in the Roman Empire. We may talk of oppressive taxation and the rapacity of officials; of the tyranny by which the curiales, or the respectable middle class, of provincial towns were crushed; of the decline of warlike spirit shown by the high price of volunteers and the extensive practice of self-mutilation to avoid the conscription; of the general decline of warlike spirit. But, however visible these symptoms may be, they must not divert our attention from the great symptom of all, the immediate and patent cause of the fall of the Empire,—that want of population which made it impossible to keep a native army on foot, and which caused a perpetual and irrepressible stream of barbaric immigration. The barbarian occupied the Roman Empire almost as the Anglo-Saxon is occupying North America: he settled and peopled rather than conquered it.

The want of any principle of increase in the Roman population is attested at a much earlier time. In the second century before Christ, Polybius bears witness to it, and the returns of the census from the Second Punic War to the time of Augustus show no steady increase in the number of citizens that cannot be accounted for by the extension of the citizenship to new classes. A stationary population suffers from war or any other destructive plague far more and more permanently than a progressive one. Accordingly we are told that Julius Cæsar, when he attained to supreme power, found an alarming thinness of population (*δεινὴν ὀλιγανθρωπίαν*). Both he and his successor struggled earnestly against this evil. The grave maxim of Metellus Macedonicus, that marriage was a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge, acquired great importance in the eyes of Augustus. He caused the speech in which it was contained to be read in the Senate: had he lived in our days, he would have reprinted it with a preface. To admonition he added legislation. The *Lex Julia* is the irrefragable proof of the existence at the beginning of the Imperial time of that very disease of

which, four centuries after, the Empire died. How alarming the symptoms already were may be measured by the determined resolution with which Augustus forced his enactment upon the people, in spite of the most strenuous resistance. The enactment consisted of a number of privileges and precedences given to marriage. It was in fact a handsome bribe offered by the State to induce the citizens to marry. How strange, according to our notions, the condition of society must have been; how directly opposite from the present one, the view taken by statesmen of the question of population; and how unlike the present one, the view taken by people in general of marriage, may be judged from this law. Precisely as we think of marriage, the Roman of Imperial times thought of celibacy—that is, as the most comfortable but the most expensive condition of life. Marriage with us is a pleasure for which a man must be content to pay; with the Romans it was an excellent pecuniary investment,* but an intolerably disagreeable one.

Here lay, at least in the judgment of Augustus, the root of the evil. To inquire into the causes of this aversion to marriage in this place would lead me too far. We must be content to assume that, owing partly to this cause, and partly to the prudential check of infanticide, the Roman population seems to have been in ordinary times almost stationary. The same phenomenon had shown itself in Greece before its conquest by the Romans. There the population had even greatly declined, and the shrewd observer Polybius explains that it was not owing to war or plague, but mainly to the general reluctance of his countrymen to rear families. If we can suppose a similar temper to have become common among the Roman citizens, it may still seem at first sight unlikely that the newly-conquered barbarians of Gaul or Britain would fall into an effeminacy incident rather to excessive civilization. But there is reason to think, on the contrary, that the newly-conquered barbarians were especially liable to it. We know how dangerous is the sudden introduction of civilized habits and manners among barbarians. We know how fatally the

* Plutarch: *περί φιλοστοργίας*, c. 2.

contact of Anglo-Saxons has worked upon Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders. The effect of Roman civilization upon Gauls and Britons was similar, if we may take the evidence of Tacitus. They exchanged too suddenly a life of rude and violent adventure for the Roman baths and schools of rhetoric. The effect upon these races was an unnatural lethargy, and apparently also a tendency to decline in numbers. The Helvetians are spoken of by Tacitus as already almost extinct; and the Batavians, who distinguish themselves by their high spirit in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian, have entirely disappeared when their territory is occupied in the fourth century by the Franks.

It remains to point out that the circumstances of the Empire between the times of Cæsar and Constantine were such as rather to aggravate than mitigate the disease. One main reason why civilization in modern times is favorable to the growth of population is that it is industrial. The Anglo-Saxon subdues physical nature to his interest and convenience. Wherever he comes he introduces new industries. He contrives first to prosper, and next he increases. By his side the barbarian, skilled only in destruction, and without the inclination or talent to create anything, feels himself growing weaker and weaker, despairs, and then disappears. But Roman civilization was not of this creative kind. It was military, that is, destructive. The enormous wealth of the Romans had not been created by them, but simply appropriated. It had been gained not by manufacture or commerce, but by war. And it had been gained by the concentrated effort of many successive generations. Probably such a great national effort cannot be maintained for so long a time without giving to the national character a fixed warp or bias. The military inclination would remain to the Romans even when they had lost the power to gratify it. The aversion to all the arts of creation would remain even when nothing but those arts could save them. In the most successful conquering race that has appeared since the Romans,—in the Turks,—the same phenomenon appears. They have lost the power to conquer, but they cannot acquire habits of in-

dustry and accumulation. Their nature has no versatility; it enjoys nothing between fighting and torpid inaction. They could win an empire, but having won it they allow it to fall into ruin. In a less degree the Romans seem to have had the same defect. There runs through their literature the brigand's and the barbarian's contempt for honest industry,—at least when that industry is not agricultural. To make wealth appears to them sordid; to take it, admirable. And accordingly, when the limit of conquest and spoliation had been reached, a torpor, a Turkish helplessness, fell on them. They lived on what should have been their capital. Their wealth went to Asia in exchange for perishable luxuries, a general poverty spread through the Empire, and the unwillingness to multiply must have become stronger and stronger.

Perhaps enough has now been said to explain that great enigma, which so much bewilders the reader of Gibbon; namely, the sharp contrast between the age of the Antonines and the age which followed it. A century of unparalleled tranquillity and virtuous government is followed immediately by a period of hopeless ruin and dissolution. A century of rest is followed not by renewed vigor, but by incurable exhaustion. Some principle of decay must clearly have been at work, but what principle? We answer: it was a period of sterility or barrenness in human beings; the human harvest was bad. And among the causes of this barrenness we find, in the more barbarous nations, the enfeeblement produced by the too abrupt introduction of civilization, and universally the absence of industrial habits, and the disposition to listlessness which belongs to the military character.

A society in such a critical position as this can ill bear a sudden shock. The sudden shock came; "a swift destruction winged from God!" Aurelius, whose reign I have marked as the end of an age, saw the flash. We might say that Heaven, pitying the long death-struggle of the Roman world, sent down the Angel Azrael to cut matters short. In A.D. 166 broke out the plague. It spread from Persia to Gaul, and, according to the historians, carried off "a majority of the population." It was

the first of a long series of similar visitations. Niebuhr has said [that the ancient world never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by the plague which visited it in the reign of Aurelius. We are in danger of attaching too little importance to occurrences of this kind. The historian devotes but a few lines to them, because they do not often admit of being related in detail. The battle of Cressy occupies the historian more than the Black Death, yet we now know that the Black Death is a turning-point in mediæval English history. Our knowledge of the series of plagues which fell on the Roman world during the Revolutionary period from Aurelius to Diocletian, is extremely fragmentary. But the vastness of the calamity seems not doubtful, and it seems also clear that the condition of the Empire was just such as to make the blow mortal. It is also plain that the reconstructed Empire over which, when the revolutionary period was past, Diocletian and Constantine reigned, was different in its whole character from the Empire of the Antonines, and that a new age began then which resembled the Middle Ages as much as it resembled Antiquity.

As the population dwindled, a new evil made its appearance. The expenses of government had always been great: when complete Oriental sultanism was introduced by Diocletian, they became enormous. And the demands of government reached their highest point when the population had been decimated (the word is probably much too weak) by the plague. The *fiscus*, which had always been burdensome, became now a millstone round the neck of the sinking Empire. The demand for money became as urgent as the demand for men. A leading characteristic of the later Empire is grinding taxation. The government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of extortion, and the army of officials which had now been created plundered for themselves as well as for the government. What the plague had been to the population, that the *fiscus* was to industry. It broke the bruised reed; it converted feebleness into utter and incurable debility. Roman finance had no conception of the impolicy of laying taxation so as to depress enterprise and

trade. The *fiscus* destroyed capital in the Roman Empire. The desire of accumulation withered where government lay in wait for all savings—*locupletissimus quisque in prædam correptus*. All the intricate combinations by which man is connected to man in a progressive society disappeared. The diminished population lived once more as *αὐτάρκτοι*, procuring from the soil as much as their own individual needs required, each man alone, and all alike in bondage to an omnipotent, all-grasping government. For safety they had given omnipotence to their government, but they could not give it the knowledge of political economy, nor the power to cure subtle moral evils. Accordingly all the omnipotence of government was turned to increasing the poverty, and consequently the sterility, of the population.

I have not left myself space to describe in detail the pressure of the *fiscus* and the conscription upon the different classes of the people. It is related in many books with what malignant ingenuity the men of property everywhere were, so to speak, chained to the spot where they lived, that the vulture of taxation might prey upon their vitals; and how the peasantry were in like manner appropriated and enslaved to military service. But this oppression, to which government in its helplessness was driven, filled the cup. I conceive that the downfall of the Empire is thus accounted for. Barbarians might enter freely and take possession. Vandal corsairs from Carthage might outdo the work of Hannibal, and Germany avenge at her leisure the invasions of Cæsar and Drusus, for the invincible power had been tamed by a slow disease. Rome had stopped, from a misgiving she could not explain to herself, in the career of victory. A century of repose had only left her weaker than before. She was able to conquer her nationalities. She centralized herself successfully, and created a government of mighty efficiency and stability. But against this disease she was powerless; and the disease was sterility. Already enfeebled by it she passed through a century of plague, and when the plague handed her over to the *fiscus* there remained nothing for the sufferer but gradually to sink. But the causes from

which the disease itself had sprung were such as we can but imperfectly ascertain,—causes deeply involved in the constitution of society itself, and such as no statesmanship or philosophy then in the world could hope to contend with.

NOTE.—The *Spectator*, in a flattering notice of the first of these papers, asks for an explanation of the statement that the Senate was an assembly of life peers freely chosen. The magistrates were chosen by popular election, and election to the higher magistracies carried with

it a permanent seat in the Senate. This is what I meant by calling it an assembly of life peers. I call it freely elected, because every full citizen was eligible and had a vote. No doubt the great houses had such overwhelming influence that they could in ordinary times monopolize the magistracies. But until the Revolutionary period began, I do not think this influence had much coercion in it. The great families were really revered by the people, and were considered to have a sort of moral right to office.

J. R. S.

Colburn's Monthly.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.*

It was regretted by Mr. Hallam, in a letter which lies before us, that, in the education of our youth, so little attention was given to Italian literature. Most of those who leave our schools and colleges know little of the poets and historians of Italy beyond the names of some of the more prominent; and of many of its historical characters they have the same dim knowledge.

LUCREZIA BORGIA is certainly an exception. Of few names has it been the fate—"virum volitare per ora"—so constantly as hers. She has been made pre-eminently synonymous with all that is profligate; and yet, like Mary of Scotland and Joanna of Naples, she has had some warm and believing—and, we think, more successful—defenders. The truth of history requires that her life should be fairly chronicled. Even the frequenters of the Opera may wish to learn something reliable of one who is so often brought before them in the musical record of her guilt, where (following Victor Hugo's drama) time and place and probability are alike disregarded.

Tommasi,† in a life of her more iniqui-

tous brother (l'ammirazione insieme e il terrore del suo secolo), suggests against her obscurely some diabolical innuendos, but with no better authority than the Roman gossip of the day; and, amongst historians, repeating each other with scant investigation,—Guicciardini, for instance, takes her guilt as so little to be questioned or discussed that he dismisses her in a parenthesis as "coperta di molte infamie."

Her ablest defence is in Mr. Roscoe's "Leo X.," where there is a special "Dissertation" on her character. No judgment from the bench was ever more carefully pronounced. We see the influence of his early legal studies in the clearness with which he shows how much of what is insinuated or presumed (and he brings it strongly before us) is incompatible with what we know; how easily the motives of her Neapolitan traducers may be traced; and what improbabilities a belief in the charges brought against her would involve. Mr. Gilbert does not carry the case a step further. Indeed, he sums up her defence by quoting Mr. Roscoe's concluding sentences. But he brings together a good deal of corroborative evidence. We will first, however, take from his volumes a repetition of the principal epochs of her life. She seems to have been born in 1478, one of the five children, by the same mother, who were acknowledged by the Pope as his offspring. She was well educated both in letters and religion—probably in a convent. While still very young she

* Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara. A Biography, illustrated by rare and unpublished Documents. By William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1869.

† We do not recollect upon what authority this is considered as a pseudonym of Gregorio Leti. The Life is in two volumes, and there were to have been published, in a third volume, the "autentici documenti" upon which the work was founded; but these seem to have been suppressed.

had been affianced to a gentleman of Spain; but when her father was raised to the Papal chair the engagement, whether it had originated in affection or convenience, was set aside, and he sought to strengthen his alliances by giving her in marriage to Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro. She was then not more than sixteen. The union was of short duration. She was divorced from the Lord of Pesaro; and the policy of her father having changed, she was now married to Alfonso, Duke of Bisceglie, a natural son of Alfonso II., King of Naples. This was in 1498. The following year she had a son; and soon afterwards her husband was attacked by assassins, from whom he escaped severely wounded. During his sufferings she attended him with devoted affection. When he had nearly recovered, he was again attacked and murdered, suspicion falling upon Cæsar Borgia; but this his sister does not seem ever to have known. She felt deep sorrow at her husband's death, and retired for a time to Nepi. The Pope, who was then forming new political combinations, thought it desirable to ally himself with the House of Ferrara; and in 1502 Lucrezia was married to Alfonso, the eldest son of the reigning duke.

We can scarcely conceive how eight years of a woman's early life could be more satisfactorily accounted for. It must certainly have been difficult to have been entirely pure in such a household as that of Alexander VI. and in "quel secolo dissolutissimo;" but of the atrocities imputed to her at this time, some are unsupported by any reliable evidence, some are contradicted by contemporary records, and some involve inconsistencies which cannot be reconciled. We may account for her divorce from the Lord of Pesaro—a worthless and heartless tyrant—without imputing it to any impure motive; and his having left, by a subsequent marriage, a feeble and sickly son, who did not live to succeed him in the government, is no proof that the reasons for the divorce which were said to have been urged by the Pope were not well founded. In the case of the Duke of Bisceglie, she was certainly guiltless. Next comes before us the supper described by Burchard, of whose diary there is a very good copy in the inexhaustible library of Sir Thomas Phillipps

at Thirlestaine House. In a fair transcript like this, we, of course, cannot judge whether—as alleged—the passage has been interpolated, or not. It must be admitted that it does not harmonize with what precedes and follows it.* If we could believe that it was written by Burchard at the time, and written *truly*, her presence at such a scene of infamous depravity would make us ready to believe almost anything that could be said against her. But Burchard was an enemy; and Mr. Gilbert, we think, calls up a witness who makes the accusation too improbable to be credited. It will be remembered that the event is said to have taken place on the eve of her marriage by proxy to Alfonso of Ferrara. Now, amongst the persons who formed the embassy on that occasion—which included three of Alfonso's brothers—was a gentleman specially deputed by their sister the Marchioness of Mantua, to report to her confidentially on everything that took place; and "he appears," says Mr. Gilbert, "to have performed his duty in a most conscientious and indefatigable manner." His letters, signed S. el Prete, are still in existence. They go into the most minute details; they do not allude in the most distant manner to anything disorderly; "or in fact to any meeting or ceremony not conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum." Another witness says, "In her house all live not only in a Christian manner, but religiously as well;" and the Venetian ambassador, when writing to the senate, most unfavorably of Rome

* Its place in the diary is between a notice of the vigil of All Saints and of the subsequent festival. We must allow, however, that there are other entries equally incongruous. One of them begins with a notice of maskings and festivities, and ends with an account of the death of the Abbot of St. Sebastian extra muros, and the ceremonies that followed. But we disbelieve Burchard's account of the orgies he describes, both as outrageous in itself, and as describing what was not likely to have occurred at a time when, if decency had not been a habit, it would in all probability have been assumed. We have not ourselves any proof that it was an interpolation. We rather regard it as a malicious libel. And, in confirmation of this opinion, we may mention that since the above was written, Sir Thomas Phillipps has obligingly brought to our notice another MS. volume in his invaluable collection (Della Vita di Papa Alessandro VI.), in which the Festino is described, but without any of its more revolting incidents; and, amongst those who were present, Lucrezia is not named.

and of the Pope, "speaks of Lucrezia as being *wise, discreet, and generous*." All this may be fairly placed against a doubtful passage in Burchard.

There certainly seems, in the first instance, to have been a disinclination on the part of the court of Ferrara to receive the Pope's proposals for her marriage with the son of the reigning duke. It is possible that Alfonso may himself have had some unpleasant recollections of the fate of his namesake—the last of her husbands. His father's objections more probably arose from hesitating to connect himself too closely with the political complications of the court of Rome. His were reasons of state. When the successor, therefore, of Charles VIII. of France used his influence to promote the marriage, the astute Duke Ercole saw at once that it was desirable to have the favor of a monarch who was about to pour his armies into Italy, and against whom he had no chance of forming alliances that could successfully oppose him.

In tale stato, in così dubbia sorte
 contrastar non vale.*

His son was still reluctant, but his objections were finally overcome.

On her arrival at Ferrara, Lucrezia at once gained the affection of her husband, and the admiration and respect of his father; and from this time till her death, the only whisper against her more than blameless conduct arose out of her friendship for Pietro Bembo, not yet a cardinal. This, we think, Mr. Gilbert has satisfactorily put to rest by an examination of their letters, and by the whole of the circumstances connected with the intimacy. Indeed, it is in itself an evidence of innocence when we have to seek for proofs of guilt in a friendship that appears to have arisen out of similarity of tastes and of mutual esteem, entirely without concealment or disguise.

As a bride, she had brought with her an ample dowry. Her father had also added considerably to the territory to which her husband was to succeed; and important changes in his favor were made in the conditions under which Ferrara was held as a fief of the Holy See. Great, therefore, were the rejoicings on

the celebration of the marriage. At Rome, too, they were magnificent, though blood-stained by the cruel punishment of some of the disaffected; of whom a few had dared to come forward, out of the thousands who were indignant at such lavish expense at a time of scarcity and of suffering. Even at Ferrara, the expenditure was scarcely justified by the state of the duke's treasury, which had been exhausted by the war with Venice, and was, long after that great calamity, inadequately supplied. He determined, however, that what was now regarded as so auspicious an event should be celebrated with becoming splendor.

She set out from Rome with a retinue so numerous that it has been described as having had the appearance more of an army than a marriage procession. The number of mules and horses given to her by the Pope for her journey could not have been less than a thousand; and, many nobles and ladies having offered to accompany her on her way, there were two hundred carriages. In the midst, the bride "rode on a beautiful mule, which was covered with a housing embroidered in silver and edged with gold fringe. She wore a tight vest of crimson silk, with a sbernia (or loose robe) of gold tissue, with large hanging sleeves, and lined with ermine. On her head she wore a hat of crimson silk, with a feather, and beneath the hat on the left side hung a pendant of pearls which reached to her ear. Altogether she made a magnificent appearance."

Discoursing upon our present theme, we may have fair readers to whom such descriptions as this will not be uninteresting. In the work itself they will find many.

Owing to the defective state of the roads, and to bad weather, her journey was slowly made; she rested a day at Urbino, and then moved onwards to the frontier of Ferrara. The duke made every preparation to do her honor. Ambassadors from all the Italian States were invited; and other guests so numerous, that, "with their officials, suites, and servants," it has been estimated that, altogether, there were "not fewer than two thousand." They were far beyond his means of accommodating them, but his nobility came willingly and hospitably to his assistance. The ambassadors

* Filicaja, in one of the sonnets translated by the Earl of Derby.

were lodged in their palaces, and were waited upon by their sons. Duke Ercole himself had done all that he could. He insisted "that those of the nobles who received his guests, and whose means were not of the amplest, should be at no cost for their maintenance. To prevent any expenditure on their part, he greatly enlarged the kitchens in the Estense palace and the castle, and engaged almost an army of cooks, by whom the food of the guests in the last-mentioned houses was prepared." The "commissariat," which he had also taken into his own hands, was another source of difficulty. He had determined that there should be such abundance as should "keep up the well-earned reputation of Ferrara and its dukes for lavish hospitality;" and, in his anxiety to obtain it, he seems to have collected, begged, and borrowed "so much in excess of what was necessary, that a considerable portion of it was spoiled, and had to be thrown into the river."*

At a castle belonging to the Bentivogli, about twenty miles from Ferrara, Lucrezia had her first interview with the Lord Don Alfonso, her husband. He had gone there privately, anxious to see the destined companion of his life, and he parted from her with feelings of affection that continued unabated during the nineteen years that she survived her marriage. She seems, indeed, to have had a peculiar power over all whom she wished to love her; and not only Alfonso and his father, but even the suspicious Marchioness of Mantua, whose emissary was sent to watch her at Rome, became sincerely attached to her.

Accompanied by this illustrious lady, the friend of her after life, she proceeded in the state barge to Ferrara, where she was received by the duke. He addressed her with great kindness, and, after having kissed her, introduced her to the ambassadors who followed him. She was then conducted to the palace assigned to herself and her husband.

Her dress on this occasion is described as "a camora, or short camisole, cut somewhat in the fashion of a loose-fitting

vest without waist, of crimson satin bordered with gold lace, a loose robe or sbernia of dark-colored satin, lined with beautiful ermine, and having very long and wide open sleeves. On her head she wore a cap or hat of gold tissue artistically embroidered with pearls, from which hung a pendant of jewels of the purest water, and of immense value."

The next day (Wednesday, February the 2d) she made her solemn entry into Ferrara with a magnificence that had never been approached, much as such exhibitions had always been the study and amusement of the duke. There was much cumbrous display, and one or two mishaps. The bride herself rode a splendid charger that became unmanageable; but she dexterously freed herself from the saddle, and was very unwillingly prevented from remounting her restive steed—riding in its stead a beautiful white mule, of which there were eighty-six (some of them splendidly decorated) in her train. At first, more serious consequences were apprehended.*

For the ceremonies, both sacred and profane, Christian and mythological, which took place on the occasion, we must refer to Mr. Gilbert's work, and shall merely copy his description of the bride herself.

"She appears" (says the writer whom he quotes as his authority) "between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, has a beautiful face, lively sparkling eyes, is very graceful, and has a good figure. She is courteous, wise, and cheerful, and made a most pleasing effect on all who saw her." Her reception was enthusiastic.

From the date we have mentioned till the 10th of February, which was the first day of Lent, the marriage festivities continued. There were banquets, balls, and fêtes—after one of which "the bride is said to have danced many Romanesque and Spanish dances to the sound of the tambourine;" and there were many

* When no other authority is quoted, we abridge from Mr. Gilbert's work. Amongst the supplies were fifteen thousand head of poultry, the same quantity of game, and three hundred oxen and calves.

* A more provoking accident happened to a page sent from the duke with a message to the French ambassador when approaching each other in procession. The page's horse, scared by the trumpets and music, leaped with him into the thick mud of the river, giving to those who assisted him, as well as to himself, an appearance destructive of the dignified solemnity which his highness considered essential to such occasions.

offerings of presents, of various value; but, in accordance with the duke's well-known tastes, the representations given in the theatre were to be the great and repeated attraction. In preparing these no cost or labor had been spared. Five of the comedies of Plautus had been selected; of which four—the “Bacchides,” “Miles,” “Asinaria,” and “Casina”—were performed. The first night was given to a kind of prelude. In this two of the actors personated Plautus and Epidicus—why Epidicus, except as a favorite character with its author, is not very clear; they stood, however, on opposite sides of the stage, and described in verse the different parts to be performed by the actors and the actresses, who were now brought before the audience in their respective costumes. Between each act of the comedies there was to be a *moresca*, or kind of ballet; of which we may take the description of the first as a specimen.

“It represented ten warriors, who marched forward and presented themselves to the audience. They were armed after the manner of the ancients, some with large knives, others with maces and two-handed swords, and all with daggers. Having made their obeisance, they commenced a dance to the sound of music; then suddenly they divided themselves into two parties, and in pantomime they expressed their wish to kill each other, and immediately fell to blows, each blow being struck in time with the music. Then those who were armed with maces threw them away, and all drawing their swords, stabbed (*colpi di punta*) at each other with great dexterity, dancing the whole of the time. At a given signal they threw down their swords, and, taking their daggers, attacked each other. At another signal of music, one-half of the number fell on the earth as if wounded, while the others, with the daggers in their hands, stood over them. The conquerors then bound their prisoners, and conducted them off the stage.” In other of these ballets Moors were introduced; one of them was something very like the legend of St. George; in others were men bearing illuminated lanterns on their heads, or satyrs, nymphs, and subjects of rural life; and such were the interludes given between each act of the comedies. We

cannot, therefore, be surprised that the performances at the theatre occupied five hours; and as they were not the only amusements, it must have been fatiguing work. To trace the *morescas* to their origin Mr. Gilbert thinks would be somewhat difficult. The Pyrrhic dance might have been imitated in those of a warlike character; but whatever may have been their origin, we may consider them altogether as the rude models of the modern ballet d'action.

Apart from these buffooneries, he regards it as proving a high state of refinement and cultivation that an audience taken “from the higher and middle classes” should “have enjoyed in Latin” the comedies of Plautus, even with “the aid of the descriptions given by the actor who, dressed as Plautus himself, stood by the proscenium to explain the more difficult and intricate passages.” But is it certain that they really were acted in Latin? Twenty years before this the duke had signalized his revival of the drama by translations which made Plautus intelligible to the people. One of these comedies—the “*Menæchini*”—he had translated himself; and the “*Casina*,” which was among those now performed, had been translated, at the time referred to, by Berardo.

With the arrival of Lent, the illustrious and distinguished guests took their departure; and from this point commences Lucrezia's life of purity and goodness at Ferrara. But Mr. Gilbert's succeeding chapters are more the country's annals than her own. Indeed, throughout his work he carries us backwards and forwards to portions of its history in a somewhat erratic manner. He may be pardoned, however, for he tells much that is curious and interesting. In many things the sixteenth century seems to have made little advance beyond its predecessor. Medicine could scarcely have been in so low a state in the time of Leonicino as when, in [1542?], a diploma was given by the *Judex Sapientum* to the mountebank who swallowed a hash of live toads, that he might show the virtue of his antidote against poison, and who professed, and was believed, to cure incurable diseases; or when scorpions and vipers (sometimes adulterated with earthworms) were made into remedies for the plague. Nor could mechanics have been

much progressing when the public clock, in one of the towers of the castle, was worked not by machinery, but by a man stationed inside, who regulated the progression of its hands by an hour-glass placed before him. He was considered an official of some importance, well paid, and well punished for any dereliction of duty; but the contrivance he superintended reminds us very much of "the Dutchman's weathercock." Some of the police regulations were excellent. It was forbidden to give to mendicants, and both the *giver* and receiver were punishable. The better course, provided and enjoined, was to send them to the proper authority, who would provide them either with food or labor.

Other matters were not so well ordered. The unfortunate debtor was treated as a criminal. He was not only imprisoned, but carted round the city, or exposed upon a scaffold. It is not, however, for Englishmen to say much upon this point. Our own practice has very slowly been becoming more civilized. In the beginning of the present century there was, at one of our seaports, the remains of a feudal castle, used as a jail, in one of the dungeons of which, scarcely lighted, and not at all ventilated, was a poor wretch who, under the mesne process, was confined on what was literally mere *suspicion of debt*. At the foot of the stone staircase which led to his dungeon, was a great he-goat, which the official visitor was informed was placed there to take away the bad smell! "*Similia similibus curantur*."

A chapter of the second volume is given to the life and character of Duke Ercole; and to many of his admirable qualities, both of mind and person, it does justice. "Of his history," it is said, "prior to his elevation to the dukedom, little is known." Yet more than one of the chroniclers could have supplied it, if looked for; and there are references to it both in the text and notes of a volume of "*Memoirs*" which we noticed in our number for last February. Much of his youth was passed in Naples as the cavaliere "*senza paura*" of the court of Ferdinand, and in his service as a leader. In the volume we refer to, his part in restoring the legitimate drama is placed beyond a doubt, and the question as to his scholarship, which is again

raised by Mr. Gilbert, is also disposed of, even if it had not already been by Tiraboschi and Pazzini. "*Sappiamo*" (says the early historian of Naples, in addressing him) "*tutti noi che in la vostra corte versiamo, niuna historia quasi Latina o Greca trovarsi che V. S. letta e intesa con diligentia non habbi.*" By the aid of skilful engineering, he converted deadly swamps into healthy and productive lands; and it was his pride to embellish a capital which, during his reign, had doubled its population. But his people often grumbled at the additional taxation which this entailed; for subjects generally are apt to forget that all kinds of progress must be paid for. The summer of 1505 was his last. A journey that he had intended to have made into France, with a splendid retinue, excited the jealousy of some of the Italian powers, and having been recalled, through them, by messengers from the Pope, he proceeded no further than Milan, where he was entertained with great magnificence. His health soon afterwards failed; yet, with his usual tastes, he was unable to resist the temptation of attending some splendid fêtes at Mantua, and from thence (in fulfilment of a vow) he determined to proceed to Florence. He accomplished it with difficulty, having been carried in a litter; and returning to Ferrara weak and exhausted by the effort, he died a few weeks afterwards, in his seventy-fourth year.

He was succeeded by his son Alfonso, who reigned with the same good and bad fortunes as his father. There was magnificence and misery, loyalty and discontent, and his territory was again invaded by the Venetians, who were defeated by the skill and gallantry of Ariosto's friend, the fiery Cardinal Ippolito. Alfonso himself, with equal courage and success, repelled their renewed attacks; and it was by his artillery, which he had long been carefully improving, that his brilliant victories were gained.

If it were our present object, we might say much of Alfonso himself. He had many excellent qualities; and if his people often suffered, it was not from any fault of his, but from war, pestilence, and famine.

In 1519 he had to bear a great calamity by the death, in childbed, of his wife

Lucrezia. Her blameless and useful life at Ferrara was brought to an early close. That it was really a blameless and useful life we have abundant evidence. She was kind to the poor, merciful to the guilty, an affectionate wife, and a careful and devoted mother; and her piety was a constant element of her life, "though never standing forth in an offensive or ostentatious manner." Of her sincerity she gave a proof in the relinquishment of her jewels ("which were celebrated for their beauty and immense value"), to be pledged "as security for money to be advanced" for the relief of the distresses of the people.

But we do not know any more satisfactory testimony to her character than the sisterly intimacy and mutual affection between herself and the Marchioness of Mantua, one of the most celebrated and virtuous women of her day. Lucrezia's first and last letters, as the

wife of Alfonso, were addressed to her, and their constant correspondence (of which much is still in existence) bears equal and honorable proof not merely of the kindly regard, but of the charitable and pious feeling of them both.

We, therefore, have the same difficulty as Mr. Roscoe in believing it possible "that the flagitious and abominable Lucrezia Borgia and the respectable and honored Duchess of Ferrara could be united in the same person."

Though it is hard to disentangle ourselves from the traditions of centuries, we cannot but think that wrong has hitherto been done to her memory; and in closing our brief notice of Mr. Gilbert's work, we are reminded of the late Judge Crompton's laconic charge to a jury: "The facts, gentlemen, are now before you. It is for you to say whether you think the prisoner guilty.

"I don't!"

St. Paul's Magazine.

IS THE GULF STREAM A MYTH?

THE Gulf Stream has recently attracted a large share of the attention of our men of science. The abnormal character of the weather which we experienced last winter has had something to do with this. The influence of the Gulf Stream upon our climate, and the special influence which it is assumed to exercise in mitigating the severity of our winters, have been so long recognized, that meteorologists began to inquire what changes could be supposed to have taken place in the great current to account for so remarkable a winter as the last. But it happened also that at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society early in the present year the very existence of the Gulf Stream was called in question, just when meteorologists were disposed to assign to it effects of unusual importance. And in the course of the discussion whether there is in truth a Gulf Stream—or rather whether our shores are visited by a current which merits such a name—a variety of interesting facts were adduced, which were either before unknown or had attracted little attention. As at a recent meeting of the same society these doubts have been renewed, we propose to examine briefly, in the first

place, a few of the considerations which have been urged against the existence of a current from the Gulf of Mexico to the neighborhood of our shores; and then, having rehabilitated the reputation of this celebrated ocean river—as we believe we shall be able to do—we shall proceed to give a brief sketch of the processes by which the current-system of the North Atlantic is set and maintained in motion.

In reality the Gulf Stream is only a part of a system of oceanic circulation; but in dealing with the arguments which have been urged against its very existence, we may confine our attention to the fact that, according to the views which had been accepted for more than a century, there is a stream of water which, running out of the Gulf Stream through the Narrows of Bimini, flows along the shores of the United States to Newfoundland, and thence right across the Atlantic to the shores of Great Britain. It is this last fact which is now called in question. The existence of a current as far as the neighborhood of Newfoundland is conceded, but the fact that the stream flows onward to our shores is denied.

The point on which most stress is placed is the shallowness of the passage called the "Bemini Narrows," through which it is assumed that the whole of the gulf-current must pass. This passage has a width of about forty miles, and a depth of little more than six hundred yards. The current which flows through it is perhaps little more than thirty miles in width, and a quarter of a mile in depth. It is asked, with some appearance of reason, how this narrow current can be looked upon as the parent of that wide stream which is supposed to traverse the Atlantic with a mean width of some five or six hundred miles. Indeed a much greater width has been assigned to it, though on mistaken grounds: for it has been remarked that since waifs and strays from the tropics are found upon the shores of Portugal, as well as upon those of Greenland, we must ascribe to the current a span equal to the enormous space separating these places. But the circumstance here dwelt upon can clearly be explained in another way. We know that of two pieces of wood thrown into the Thames at Richmond, one might be picked up at Putney and the other at Gravesend. Yet we do not conclude that the width of the Thames is equal to the distance separating Putney from Gravesend. And doubtless the tropical waifs which have been picked up on the shores of Greenland and of Portugal have found their way thither by circuitous courses, and not by direct transmission along opposite edges of the great gulf-current.

But certainly the difficulty associated with the narrowness of the Bemini current is one deserving of careful attention. Are we free to identify a current six hundred miles in width with one which is but thirty miles wide, and not very deep? An increase of width certainly not less than thirty fold would appear to correspond to a proportionate diminution of depth. And remembering that it is only near the middle of the Narrows that the Gulf Stream has a depth of four hundred yards, we could scarcely assign to the wide current in the mid-Atlantic a greater depth than ten or twelve yards. This depth seems altogether out of proportion to the enormous lateral extension of the current.

But besides that even this considera-

tion would not suffice to disprove the existence of a current in the mid-Atlantic, an important circumstance remains to be mentioned. The current in the Narrows flows with great velocity, certainly not less than four or five miles an hour. As the current grows wider it flows more sedately; and opposite Cape Hatteras its velocity is already reduced to little more than three miles an hour. In the mid-Atlantic the current may be assumed to flow at a rate little exceeding a mile per hour, at the outside. Here, then, we have a circumstance which suffices to remove a large part of the difficulty arising from the narrowness of the Bemini current, and we can at once increase our estimate of the depth of the mid-Atlantic current five-fold.

But this is not all. It has long been understood that the current which passes out through the Narrows of Bemini corresponds to the portion of the great equatorial current which passes into the Gulf of Mexico between the West Indian Islands. We cannot doubt that the barrier formed by those islands serves to divert a large portion of the equatorial current. The portion thus diverted finds its way, we may assume, along the outside of the West Indian Archipelago, and thus joins the other portion,—which has in the meantime made the circuit of the gulf,—as it issues from the Bemini Straits. All the maps in which the Atlantic currents are depicted present precisely such an outside current as we have here spoken of, and most of them assign to it a width exceeding that of the Bemini current. Indeed, were it not for the doubts which the recent discussions have thrown upon all the currents charted by seamen, we should have been content to point to this outside current as shown in the maps. As it is, we have thought it necessary to show that such a current must necessarily have an existence, since we cannot lose sight of the influence of the West Indian Isles in partially damming up the passage along which the equatorial current would otherwise find its way into the Gulf of Mexico. Whatever portion of the great current is thus diverted must find a passage elsewhere, and no passage exists for it save along the outside of the West Indian Isles.

The possibility that the wide current,

which has been assumed to traverse the mid-Atlantic, may be associated with the waters which flow from the Gulf of Mexico, either through the Narrows or round the outside of the barrier formed by the West Indies, has thus been, as it seems to us, satisfactorily established. But we now have to consider difficulties which have been supposed to encounter our current on its passage from the Gulf to the mid-Atlantic.

Northwards, along the shores of the United States, the current has been traced by the singular blueness of its waters until it has reached the neighborhood of Newfoundland. Over a part of this course, indeed, the waters of the current are of indigo blue, and so clearly marked that their line of junction with the ordinary sea-water can be traced by the eye. "Often," says Captain Maury, "one-half of a vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea,—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between the waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the littoral waters of the sea."

But it is now denied that there is any current beyond the neighborhood of Newfoundland,—or that the warm temperature, which has characterized the waters of the current up to this point, can be detected farther out.

It is first noticed that, as the gulf-current must reach the neighborhood of Newfoundland with a north-easterly motion, and, if it ever reached the shores of the British Isles, would have to travel thither with an almost due easterly motion, there is a change of direction to be accounted for. This, however, is an old, and we had supposed exploded, fallacy. The course of the Gulf Stream from the Bemini Straits to the British Isles corresponds exactly with that which is due to the combined effects of the motion of the water, and that of the earth upon its axis. Florida being much nearer than Ireland to the equator, has a much more rapid easterly motion. Therefore, as the current gets farther and farther north, the effect of the easterly motion thus imparted to it begins to show itself more and more, until the current is gradually changed from a north-easterly to an almost easterly stream. The process is the

exact converse of that by which the air-currents from the north gradually change into the north-westerly trade winds as they get farther south.

But it is further remarked that as the current passes out beyond the shelter of Newfoundland, it is impinged upon by those cold currents from the Arctic seas, which are known to be continually flowing out of Baffin's Bay and down the eastern shores of Greenland; and it is contended that these currents suffice, not merely to break up the gulf-current, but so to cool its waters that they could produce no effect upon the climate of this country if they ever reached its neighborhood.

Here, again, we must remark that we are dealing with no new discovery. Captain Maury has already remarked upon this peculiarity. "At the very season of the year," he says, "when the Gulf Stream is rushing in greatest volume through the Straits of Florida, and hastening to the north with the greatest rapidity, there is a cold stream from Baffin's Bay, Labrador, and the coasts of the north, running south with equal velocity.

..... One part of it underruns the Gulf Stream, as is shown by the icebergs which are carried in a direction tending across its course." There can be no doubt, in fact, that this last circumstance indicates the manner in which the main contest between the two currents is settled. A portion of the Arctic current finds its way between the Gulf Stream and the continent of America; and this portion, though narrow, has a very remarkable effect in increasing the coldness of the American winters. But the main part, heavier, by reason of its coldness, than the surrounding water, sinks beneath the surface. And the well-known fact mentioned by Maury, that icebergs have been seen stemming the Gulf Stream, suffices to show how comparatively shallow that current is at this distance from its source, and thus aids to remove a difficulty which we have already had occasion to deal with.

Doubtless the cooling influence of the Arctic currents is appreciable; but it would be a mistake to suppose that this influence can suffice to deprive the gulf-current of its distinctive warmth. If all the effect of the cold current were operative on the Gulf Stream alone we might

suppose that, despite the enormous quantity of comparatively warm water which is continually being carried northwards, the current would be reduced to the temperature of the surrounding water. But this is not so. The Arctic current not only cools the gulf-current, but the surrounding water also,—possibly to a greater extent, for it is commonly supposed that a bed of common sea-water separates the two main currents from each other. Thus the characteristic difference of temperature remains unaffected. But in reality we may assume that the cooling effect actually exercised by the Arctic current upon the neighboring sea is altogether disproportionate to the immense amount of heat continually being carried northwards by the Gulf Stream. It is astonishing how unready two sea-currents interchange their temperatures,—to use a somewhat inexact mode of expression. The very fact that the littoral current of the United States is so cold,—a fact thoroughly established,—shows how little warmth this current has drawn from the neighboring seas. Another fact, mentioned by Captain Maury, bears in a very interesting manner upon this peculiarity. He says, “if any vessel will take up her position a little to the northward of Bermuda, and steering thence for the Capes of Virginia, will try the water-thermometer all the way at short intervals, she will find its reading to be now higher, now lower; and the observer will discover that he has been crossing streak after streak of warm and cool water in regular alternations.” Each portion maintains its own temperature even in the case of such warm streaks as these, all belonging to one current.

Similar considerations dispose of the arguments which have been founded on the temperature of the sea-bottom. It has been proved that the living creatures which people the lower depths of the sea, exist under circumstances which evidence a perfect uniformity of temperature; and arguments on the subject of the Gulf Stream have been derived from the evidence of what is termed a minimum thermometer,—that is, a thermometer which will indicate the lowest temperature it has been exposed to,—let down into the depths of the sea. All such arguments, whether adduced

against or in favor of the Gulf Stream theory, may be held to be futile, since the thermometer in its descent may pass through several submarine currents of different temperature.

Lastly, an argument has been urged against the warming effects of the Gulf Stream upon our climate which requires to be considered with some attention. It is urged that the warmth derived from so shallow a current as the Gulf Stream must be, by the time it has reached our shores, could not provide an amount of heat sufficient to affect our climate to any appreciable extent. The mere neighborhood of this water at a temperature slightly higher than that due to the latitude, could not, it is urged, affect the temperature of the inland counties at all.

This argument is founded on a misapprehension of the beautiful arrangement by which nature carries heat from one region to distribute it over another. Over the surface of the whole current the process of evaporation is going on at a greater rate than over the neighboring seas, because the waters of the current are warmer than those which surround them. The vapor thus rising above the Gulf Stream is presently wafted by the south-westerly winds to our shores and over our whole land. But as it thus reaches a region of comparative cold the vapor is condensed,—that is, turned into fog, or mist, or cloud, according to circumstances. It is during this change that it gives out the heat it has brought with it from the Gulf Stream. For precisely as the evaporation of water is a process requiring heat, the change of vapor into water,—whether in the form of fog, mist, cloud, or rain,—is a process in which heat is given out. Thus it is that the south-westerly wind, the commonest wind we have, brings clouds and fogs and rain to us from the Gulf Stream, and with them brings the Gulf Stream warmth.

Why the south-westerly winds should be so common, and how it is that over the Gulf Stream there is a sort of air-channel along which winds come to us as if by their natural pathway, we have not space here to inquire. The subject is full of interest, but it does not belong to the question we are considering.

It would seem that a mechanism involv-

ing the motion of such enormous masses of water as the current-system of the Atlantic should depend on the operation of very evident laws. Yet a variety of contradictory hypotheses have been put forward from time to time respecting this system of circulation, and even now the scientific world is divided between two opposing theories.

Of old the Mississippi river was supposed to be the parent of the Gulf Stream. It was noticed that the current flows at about the same rate as the Mississippi, and this fact was considered sufficient to support the strange theory that a river can give birth to an ocean-current.

It was easy, however, to overthrow this theory. Captain Livingston showed that the volume of water which is poured out of the Gulf of Mexico in the form of an ocean-stream is more than a thousand times greater than the volume poured into the gulf by the Mississippi river.

Having overthrown the old theory of the Gulf Stream, Captain Livingston attempted to set up one which is equally unfounded. He ascribed the current to the sun's apparent yearly motion and the influence he exerts on the waters of the Atlantic. A sort of yearly tide is conceived, according to this theory, to be the true parent of the gulf-current. It need hardly be said, however, that a phenomenon which remains without change through the winter and summer seasons cannot possibly be referred to the operation of such a cause as a yearly tide.

It is to Dr. Franklin that we owe the first theory of the Gulf Stream which has met with general acceptance. He held that the Gulf Stream is formed by the outflow of waters which have been forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade-winds: so that the pressure of these winds on the Atlantic Ocean forms, according to Dr. Franklin, the true motive power of the Gulf Stream machinery. According to Maury, this theory has "come to be the most generally received opinion in the mind of seafaring people." It supplies a moving force of undoubted efficiency. We know that as the trade-winds travel towards the equator they lose their westerly motion. It is reasonable to suppose that this is caused by friction against the surface of the ocean, to which, therefore, a corresponding westerly motion must have been imparted.

There is a simplicity about Franklin's theory which commends it favorably to our consideration. But when we examine it somewhat more closely, several very decided flaws present themselves to our attention.

Consider, in the first place, the enormous mass of water moved by the supposed agency of the winds. Air has a weight,—volume for volume,—which is less than one eight-hundredth part of that of water. So that to create a water-current, an air current more than eight hundred times as large and of equal velocity must expend the whole of its motion. Now the trade-winds are gentle winds, their velocity scarcely exceeding in general that of the more swiftly-moving portions of the Gulf Stream. But even assigning to them a velocity four times as great, we still want an air-current two hundred times as large as the water-current. And the former must give up the whole of its motion, which in the case of so elastic a substance as air, would hardly happen, the upper air being unlikely to be much affected by the motion of the lower.

But this is far from being all. If the trade-winds blew throughout the year we might be disposed to recognize their influence upon the Gulf Stream as a paramount if not the sole one. But this is not the case. Captain Maury states that, "With the view of ascertaining the average number of days during the year that the north-east trade-winds of the Atlantic operate upon the currents between twenty-five degrees north latitude and the equator, log-books containing no less than 380,284 observations on the force and direction of the wind in that ocean were examined. The data thus afforded were carefully compared and discussed. The results show that within these latitudes,—and on the average,—the wind from the north-east is in excess of the winds from the south-west only 111 days out of the 365. "Now, can the north-east trades," he pertinently asks, "by blowing for less than one-third of the time, cause the Gulf Stream to run all the time, and without varying its velocity either to their force or to their prevalence?"

And besides this we have to consider that no part of the Gulf Stream flows strictly before the trade-winds. Where

the current flows most rapidly, namely, in the Narrows of Bexini, it sets against the wind, and for hundreds of miles after it enters the Atlantic "it runs," says Maury, "right in the wind's eye." It must be remembered that a current of air directed with considerable force against the surface of still water, has not the power of generating a current which can force its way far through the resisting fluid. If this were so, we might understand how the current, originating in sub-tropical regions, could force its way onward after the moving force had ceased to act upon it, and even carry the waters of the current right against the wind, after leaving the Gulf of Mexico. But experience is wholly opposed to this view. The most energetic currents are quickly dispersed when they reach a wide expanse of still water. For example, the Niagara below the falls is an immense and rapid river. Yet when it reaches Lake Ontario, "instead of preserving its character as a distinct and well-defined stream for several hundred miles, it spreads itself out, and its waters are immediately lost in those of the lake." Here again the question asked by Maury bears pertinently on the subject we are considering. "Why," he says, "should not the Gulf Stream do the same? It gradually enlarges itself, it is true; but, instead of mingling with the ocean by broad spreading, as the immense rivers descending into the northern lakes do, its waters, like a stream of oil in the ocean, preserve a distinctive character for more than three thousand miles."

The only other theory which has been considered in recent times to account satisfactorily for all the features of the Gulf Stream mechanism was put forward, we believe, by Captain Maury. In this theory, the motive power of the whole system of oceanic circulation is held to be the action of the sun's heat upon the waters of the sea. We recognize two contrary effects as the immediate results of the sun's action. In the first place, by warming the equatorial waters, it tends to make them lighter; in the second place, by causing evaporation, it renders them saltier, and so tends to make them heavier. We have to inquire which form of action is most effective. The inquiry would be some-

what difficult, if we had not the evidence of the sea itself to supply an answer. For it is an inquiry to which ordinary experimental processes would not be applicable. We must accept the fact that the heated water from the equatorial seas actually does float upon the cooler portions of the Atlantic, as evidence that the action of the sun results in making the water lighter.

Now, Maury says that the water thus lightened must flow over and form a surface-current towards the poles; while the cold and heavy water from the polar seas, as soon as it reaches the temperate zone, must sink and form a submarine current. He recognizes in these facts the mainspring of the whole system of oceanic circulation. If a long trough be divided into two compartments, and we fill one with oil and the other with water, and then remove the dividing plate, we shall see the oil rushing over the water at one end of the trough, and the water rushing under the oil at the other. And if we further conceive that oil is continually being added at that end of the trough originally filled with oil, while water is continually added to the other, it is clear that the system of currents would continue in action: that is, there would be a continual flow of oil in one direction along the surface of the water, and of water in the contrary direction underneath the oil.

But Sir John Herschel maintains that no such effects as Maury describes could follow the action of the sun's heat upon the equatorial waters. He argues thus: Granting that these waters become lighter and expand in volume, yet they can only move upwards, downwards, or sideways. There can be nothing to cause either of the two first forms of motion, and as for motion sideways, it can only result from the gradual slope caused by the bulging of the equatorial waters. He proceeds to show that this slope is so slight that we cannot look upon it as competent to form any sensible current from the equatorial towards the polar seas. And even if it could, he says, the water thus flowing off would have an eastward instead of westward motion, precisely as the counter-trade-winds blowing from equatorial to polar regions have an eastward motion.

It is singular how completely the supporter of each rival view has succeeded in overthrowing the arguments of his opponent. Certainly Maury has shown with complete success that the inconstant trade-winds cannot account for the constant gulf-current which does not even flow before them, but,—in places,—exactly against their force. And the reasoning of Sir John Herschel seems equally cogent, for certainly the flow of water from equatorial towards polar regions ought from the first to have an eastward, instead of a westward motion; whereas the equatorial current, of which the Gulf Stream is but the continuation, flows from east to west, right across the Atlantic.

Equally strange is it to find that each of these eminent men, having read the arguments of the other, reasserts, but does not effectually defend, his own theory, and repeats with even more damaging effect his arguments against the rival view.

Yet one or other theory must at least point to the true view, for the Atlantic is subject to no other agencies which can for a moment be held to account for a phenomenon of such magnificence as the Gulf Stream.

It appears to us that, on a close examination of the Gulf Stream mechanism, the true mainspring of its motion becomes apparent. Compelled to reject the theory that the trade-winds generate the equatorial current westward, let us consider whether Herschel's arguments against the "heat theory" may not suggest a hint for our guidance. He points out that an overflow from the equator pole-wards would result in an eastward, and not in a westward, current. This is true. It is equally true that a flow of water towards the equator would result in a westward current. But no such flow is observed. Is it possible that there may be such a flow, but that it takes place in a hidden manner? Clearly there may be. Submarine currents towards the equator would have precisely the kind of motion we require, and if any cause drew them to the surface near the equator, they would account in full for the great equatorial westward current.

At this point we begin to see that an important circumstance has been lost

sight of in dealing with the heat theory. The action of the sun on the surface-water of the equatorial Atlantic has only been considered with reference to its warming effects. But we must not forget that this action has drying effects also. It evaporates enormous quantities of water, and we have to inquire whence the water comes by which the sea-level is maintained. A surface-flow from the subtropical seas would suffice for this purpose, but no such flow is observed. Whence, then, can the water come but from below? Thus we recognize the fact that a process resembling suction is continually taking place over the whole area of the equatorial Atlantic, the agent being the intense heat of the tropical sun. No one can doubt that this agent is one of adequate power. Indeed, the winds, conceived by Franklin to be the primary cause of the Atlantic currents, are in reality due to the merest fraction of the energy inherent in the sun's heat.

We have other evidence that the indraught is from below in the comparative coldness of the equatorial current. The Gulf Stream is warm by comparison with the surrounding waters, but the equatorial current is cooler than the tropical seas. According to Professor Ansted, the southern portion of the equatorial current, as it flows past Brazil, "is everywhere a cold current, generally from four to six degrees below the adjacent ocean."

Having once detected the mainspring of the Gulf Stream mechanism, or rather of the whole system of oceanic circulation,—for the movements observed in the Atlantic have their exact counterpart in the Pacific,—we have no difficulty in accounting for all the motions which that mechanism exhibits. We need no longer look upon the Gulf Stream as the rebound of the equatorial current from the shores of North America. Knowing that there is an underflow towards the equator, we see that there must be a surface-flow towards the poles. And this flow must as inevitably result in an easterly motion as the underflow towards the equator results in a westerly motion. We have, indeed, the phenomena of the trades and counter-trades exhibited in water-currents instead of air-currents.

Temple Bar.

THE POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD. MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

It seems an ungracious, and certainly it is no pleasing task, to approach the poetical productions of those who have added to our store of mental and spiritual pleasure in other than a spirit of grateful appreciation. To criticize what you have not paid for has never been esteemed an amiable course, and grace rather than cavilling would appear to be the fitting return for meals gratuitously provided. If gift-horses are not to be looked in the mouth, surely the Pegasus of the Poet, the freest possible gift to all mankind, should not be subjected to too rigorous an inspection. Would it not be better, then, to be blind to the defects and shortcomings of those singers, whom we really feel to be such, and to confine ourselves to an indiscriminating love of their beauties and an unquestioning admiration of their merits? If comparisons are odious, of whom could they be more odious than of poet with poet? When a woman's loveliness is the theme of praise, is it not the height of ill-manners to decry her form because some other woman's is more faultless, or to depreciate her face because a second can be named whose countenance is still more radiant? What companion is there more detestable than he who, when you are wrought to a pitch of ecstatic delight over some glorious natural prospect, intrudes on your enthusiasm with the untimely reminder that it is not so varied as such an one, or not so extensive as such another? Why then, instead of joining in the chorus of praise which surges round the really precious verse of Mr. Tennyson, or in the somewhat less loud but equally intense clamor of welcome which has greeted the muse of Mr. Swinburne, have we rebuked the ardor of their worshippers, and gone out of our way to protest that, though reasonable commendation is well bestowed upon each of them, there is such a thing as unreasonable commendation, and that it is being most recklessly lavished on what they have contributed to the literature of their country? Why could we not

be content to take them for what they are, and be thankful, mildly abstaining from any inquiry into what they are not?

The objection is a natural one; but it is very easily answered. Criticism—or what is so termed—makes criticism necessary. Did the admirers of living poets confine themselves to a just and proper appreciation of their qualities, it is obvious there would be no room for such protests as we have thought it our duty to make. We may add that just as little would there have been any temptation to make them. It is foolishly extravagant praise, and unweighed words of adulation, that compel us to interfere. It is when a crowd of unjudicial and injudicious people indulge in such language as has been well embodied by the first of the two poets whose names are at the head of this paper—

" Tempts not the bright new age,
Shines not its stream?
Look! ah what genius,
Art, Science, wit!
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt!
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
Poets like Shakespeare—
Beautiful souls! "—

that the critic who has learned to strike something like a fair balance between the efforts of competing genius, waxes indignant at such preposterous pretensions, and prays some of these wonderful modern phenomena to come down a little lower. Is General Grant a soldier like Cæsar? Is Baron Marochetti like Phidias, and are Mr. Leighton, Mr. Millais, or Mr. Anybody else you may choose to mention with R.A. at the end of his name, equal to Raphael? Poets like Shakespeare! Let us not talk of it; the thing grows too absurd. Yet these are the absurdities we are constantly compelled to read—not perhaps always distinctly asserted, but tacitly assumed—in the critical jargon of the period. We think it might rouse the very stones to mutiny. We, at least, have been no longer able to sit quiet under it.

Moreover, if any apology be required, which we very much doubt, unless it be by those whose extravagance has provoked our protest, and whom our protest naturally irritates, it should be remembered that, over and above the attempt here made to vindicate the fame of really great poets dead and gone, our aim has likewise been to couple the poetry of to-day with the day that produces it, and, whilst assigning it its due place, to account for the fact of its being no better and greater than it is. Not in any spirit of depreciation, but from a sense of justice mingled with the analyzing mind we borrow from the age in which we write, have we been urged to this particular investigation.

None the less, however, as we said at starting, is the indication of the shortcomings of living poets, whom it would be an unmixed gratification only to praise, a distasteful function; and never could it be more distasteful than in discouraging of the works of two such writers as Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. William Morris. Should these pages ever meet their eye, we pray them to believe that we regard them and their works with extreme reverence. In the case of Mr. Matthew Arnold one experiences an additional repugnance to the undertaking we have conscientiously imposed on ourselves, because he himself evidently sees and feels—what is there that he does not see and feel?—the force of all the objections we have to make to contemporaneous verse (his own included), and likewise the uncritical temper in which it is usually mentioned. The sardonic lines we just now quoted show how strongly he disapproves the improper mentioning in the same breath of the giants of old with the pigmies of to-day; and those which he prefixes to the second volume of his "Poems" are of themselves enough to demonstrate in what estimation he holds the poetry, either actual or possible, of such an age as that in which it is his lot to live:

"Though the Muse be gone away,
Though she move not earth to-day,
Souls, erewhile who caught her word,
Ah! still harp on what they heard."

He cannot bring himself to refrain from song, but he owns in his inmost heart that there is that without him, if not

within him, which will prevent it from being such as was possible before the Muse had gone away. Again and again he recurs to this painful—this overwhelmingly sad conviction. In some of the most exquisite and pathetic lines he ever wrote, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," it is not only faiths that are dead and gone, but the paralysis which smites the lyre in the interval between their disappearance and some hoped-for palingenesis, that move him to this mournful strain:

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

* * * * *
There yet, perhaps, may dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
'And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh haste those years,
But till they rise allow our tears!"

He goes about the world, oppressed with the sense not only of the unjoyous, but of the unspiritual character of the times in which he has been given his brief span of life. Even when Empedocles is the supposed spokesman, it is still Mr. Arnold that speaks through him:

"And yet what days were those, Parmenides!

* * * * *
Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
Nor outward things were closed and dead to us,
But we received the shock of mighty thoughts
On simple minds with a pure natural joy.

* * * * *
We had not lost our balance then, nor grown
Thought's slaves, and dead to every natural joy."

Mark the distinction he draws between being Thought's slaves and "receiving the shock of thought,"—a distinction recalling Wordsworth's "Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired," quoted by us when protesting against Mr. Browning's deep thoughts being considered poetry—and a distinction which, moreover, eminently corroborates the position we have persistently maintained, whilst insisting on the specific nature of poetical genius. Burning to bring back such days, and to be no longer Thought's slave, Mr. Arnold confesses, with sad reiteration, the vanity of his desires. No amount of knowledge, no profundity of research, will give him the poet's strong free, spontaneously soaring pinion. In

deed, they help only to weigh him down to the ground :

"Deeply the poet feels! but he
Breathes, when he will, immortal air,
Where Orpheus and where Homer are.
In the day's life, whose iron round
Hems us all in, he is not bound;
He escapes thence, but we abide.
Not deep the poet sees, but wide!"

Here again we meet with a striking confirmation of the contrast we have pointed out between deep thoughts and lofty thought—a contrast which, it is plain, haunts Mr. Arnold, and the consciousness of which is to him the explanation of his own comparative powerlessness, and of that of his poetical contemporaries. They are all hemmed in and cannot escape. They abide, and cannot mount to breathe the immortal air where Orpheus and where Homer are. The age, not great, but big and exacting, forbids them to get beyond its influences; and its most imperative influences are those which fasten men down, not those which lend them buoyancy. And what is worst and most grievous of all is, that all the poet's efforts to baffle them are bootless:

"And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our bidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power.
Ah yes, and they benumb us at their call."

Enormous is the power of the age over us; but it is "stupefying," and Mr. Arnold feels that it has, in a sense, benumbed him far more than it has benumbed all save the chosen few whom he resembles. In order not to be so affected by it, one must remain aloof from it. Yet with what result? Let Mr. Arnold himself answer in his "Stanzas in Memory of Obermann." After a laconic and somewhat unsatisfactory reference to Wordsworth as one of the only two spirits besides Obermann who have seen "their way in this our troubled day," he goes on to acknowledge—

"But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate"—

and to explain that if his spirit was freer from mists, and much clearer than ours, it was because—

" . . . though his manhood bore the blast
Of a tremendous time,
Yet in a tranquil world was passed
His tenderer, youthful prime."

To us tranquillity and a tremendous time have both been denied; and we cannot avert our ken from what is now to be seen, even if we would:

"But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?"

Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe."

It is ever with him the same complaint. The tree of knowledge of which we have been forced to partake, is no more the tree of song than it is the tree of life. We know all—or we think we do—but all that we can effect with our knowledge is to sigh under the burden of it. The age is sick with a surfeit of analysis, and Mr. Arnold is sick along with it. Not content with half, we have grasped the whole; and, having got it, we have only proved the truth of the old admonition, that the half is often more than the whole. We should like to throw it away, but we cannot; so we keep harping on our disappointment. When Chaucer wrote, and even when Spenser, then could men "still enjoy;" came the times of Shakespeare and Milton, and they could act—not with paralyzing infirmity of purpose—not with benumbing doubts, firstly, as to whether they ought to act at all, and, secondly, whether the way in which they were acting was the right way—but with a grand, confident, powerful conviction that there was a particular work to do, and they were the particular men sent to do it. In such an age the poet caught the infectious certainty and direct energy of his time, and, deterred by no scruples of his own, and no dread—indeed, no consciousness—of adverse influences, flung the whole of himself, brain, heart, soul, and passion, into his momentous work. Two hundred years were to pass away before any other such epoch was to arrive. The close of the eighteenth and the opening years of the nineteenth century made a period marked by a fervor to which the world had long been a stranger; but the fervor

was new, and all its own. It was the fervor of the iconoclast blent with that of the architect. Never was there an age so bent on destruction; but it destroyed in the burning faith that it could build again, and build better. Politics, constitutions, social ties, humanity itself, were to be reconstructed and reorganized. The old gods were to be dethroned, but new ones, and new ones that should reign for ever, were to take their place. Some singers caught more the destroying tone, some more the constructive one; but even in the misanthropical splendors of Byron's tremendous strains there is hope, and even with the sanguine mysticism of Shelley's beatific song there blends the anger of divine rage that the old rubbish is not sufficiently quickly carted away, and the rough places made smooth. But none of them hesitated: they were strong and swift, for they were sure; the native hue of resolution was not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. In Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," there is a story of a treasure which none could find, though everybody knew it to be there, until at last a happy youth hit upon the exact spot whither the two eyes of a marble statue converged; then the secret was unfolded, and the treasure discovered. So is it with the inward eyes of men: their gaze must converge; they must look in one and the same direction, or they point to nothing. In what direction is our modern gaze turned? In two directions, and in each infirmly. One eye glances towards the past, with a feeling partly of love, but still more of dread, lest we should have broken with its wisdom; while the other, with an earnest timidity, strains to find light in the dimness of the future, and ever and anon closes utterly from weariness and despair. We can no longer believe in Olympus; and the Pagan theology and theology, in spite of Mr. Swinburne, are dead for evermore; whilst, as far as that portion of humanity is concerned from which original poetry can ever be hoped for, Christianity in any sincere sense is virtually just as extinct. To use Mr. Tennyson's words, the most open and sensitive minds now amongst us

" . . . sit apart, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

We have emptied the heavens and the

earth of everything but man and the indefinite unknowable, and stand very properly tolerant in the vacant space we have created. We have made a mental solitude, and call it peace. We mean no reproaches: we are simply stating facts. It is not our fault, perhaps, but it is woefully our misfortune. Every thoughtful man and woman feels it; the age feels it; the poet feels it. He, more than any other, is unable to mistake the dead past for the living present; he, more than any other, is unable to mistake what have now proved to be mirages and phantoms for new births and solid promises of the future. "For what availed it," asks Mr. Arnold, in the poem from which we have once before quoted:

"For what availed it, all the noise
And outcry of the former men?—
Say, have their sons obtained more joys?
Say, is life brighter now than then?"

We have been in the Land of Promise which the fervor of our immediate sires pointed out, and fancied they had bequeathed us, and we have found it, some worse, none better, than the desert they bewailed. So, though we inherit the ruins they made, we have no fresh shelter for our heads; past and future alike fail us,

"For both were faiths, and both are gone."

Gone with them, too, says Mr. Arnold, is "the nobleness of grief;" and he begs that the "fret" may not be left now that the nobleness is taken away. He is almost ashamed of himself for singing at all. "The best are silent now," he says:

"Achilles ponders in his tent;
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief man had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more.
Our fathers watered with their tears,
This sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who passed within their puissant hail.
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute and watch the waves."

What wonder, then, that in moments when they cannot be quite mute, nor yet content themselves with bemoaning their impotence, Mr. Arnold, and others like him, should reproduce the literature of the past, and, as he says, now that "the Muse be gone away," try to "harp on what they heard"? In a sonnet to a

friend, beginning, "Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?" he answers, Homer and Epictetus:

"But be his
My special thanks
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole:
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child."

What must be the mental and spiritual condition of an age, when one of its poets turns away from it to seek his comfort and inspiration in the writings of Sophocles? That a student should do so, that a philosopher should do so, that a cynic should do so, were intelligible enough; but a poet! The Muse must, indeed, have fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, before this could be; and that she has done so, is the explanation of the Poetry of the Period. We have seen how Mr. Swinburne, too, when flying from the sensuous atmosphere of erotic lyricism, can find no refuge but in the "mellow glory of the Attic stage;" and the "something Greek about" Mr. Tennyson's idyllic manner, has been repeatedly noticed, even to the extent of some of the recent translators of Homer having founded their style upon it. We shall see directly how far the same remark is applicable to Mr. Morris; but Mr. Arnold saves us from all further necessity of investigation, by his "special thanks," and by the obvious echoes of those "who prop his mind," in three of his longest works: "Empedocles on Etna," "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Balder Dead," and in several shorter pieces. A very few examples will suffice to illustrate our meaning:

"But as a troop of pedlars from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk
snow;
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they
pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the
snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they them-
selves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugared mul-
berries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging
snow—
So the pale Persians held their breath with
fear."

Sohrab and Rustum.

"And as a stork, which idle boys have trapp'd
And tied him in a yard, at autumn sees
Flocks of his kind pass flying o'er his head
To warmer lands, and coasts that keep the
sun—
He strains to join their flight, and from his
shed
Follows them with a long complaining cry—
So Hermon gazed and yearn'd to join his kin."
Balder Dead.

"But an awful pleasure bland
Spreading o'er the Thunderer's face,
When the sound climbs near his seat,
The Olympian council sees!
As he lets his lax right hand,
Which the lightnings doth embrace,
Sink upon his mighty knees.
And the eagle at the beck
Of the appeasing, gracious harmony,
Droops all his sheeny, brown, deep-feather'd
neck,
Nestling nearer to Jove's feet."
Empedocles on Etna.

Why need we point out what these passages sufficiently indicate for themselves?—that they are the echo of an echo, written less by the Poet than by the Professor of Poetry; that the writer's mind is leaning upon props, and that here he is not himself? This may be the verse of the period, but we can scarcely call it the poetry of the period; it is too academical for that. It is the result and expression of culture, not of impulse. What Mr. Arnold is really like when his impulses master him, we have seen. "Your creeds are dead," he cries:

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too!
Where tarries He, the Power who said,
See, I make all things new?

... the past is out of date,
The future not yet born:
And who can be alone elate
While the world lies forlorn?"

It is in vain and idly that he ascends the "blanched summit bare of Malatrait," there to conclude with an ephemeral effort at being sanguine:

"Without a sound,
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valais depth profound
I saw the morning break."

Such a conclusion is just as hollow, unsatisfactory, and—we speak objectively—as insincere, as the solution,

which is no solution, given by Mr. Tennyson in "The Two Voices," when

"The sweet church bells began to peal."

Unhappily, sweet church-bells are no longer any answer to a sad but edifying scepticism that is the martyr of its own candor; and Mr. Arnold proves to us over and over again that he has seen no morning break, and that only those now see it who, like Wordsworth,

" . . . avert their ken
From half of human fate."

In his unrest he gazes at the star-sown vault of heaven, and he gets for answer:

"Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they!
Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see."

But how soon is it before he hears another voice, saying:

"Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well!"

What, then, is it? Mr. Arnold cannot tell us. Neither can the age in which he lives. Homer knew what it was: it was fighting, loving, and singing. Epictetus knew what it was: it was renunciation. Christ knew what it was: it was to leave all things and follow Him. Shakespeare knew what it was: it was, as with the singer of sweet Colonus and its child, to see life steadily, and see it whole. Byron knew what it was: it was to exhaust and then abuse it. But we? But Mr. Arnold?

"Ah! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood!
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude."

No doubt they do in these days; but the days have been when they did not, and when one, and only one, feverish commanding desire, whatever it might happen to be, stirred the poet's blood and ruled it. Otherwise we should have inherited no greater poetry than now, alas! we can ourselves produce. Great ages, productive of great things, whatever else may characterize them, have always this one salient characteristic—that they have made up their minds. We have not made up ours, and we cannot make them up. Two desires toss us about, as they

toss about our poet. The old injunction to steer the middle course is of no avail here. Mr. Tennyson has steered it, and we have as a consequence his golden mediocrity. Mr. Arnold has never been able to subdue himself to this pitch; and so, whilst Mr. Tennyson's verse is the resultant of the many social and spiritual forces of the time, Mr. Arnold's is fraught with the visible forces themselves, now in its lines expressing one, now another. Anon he makes an effort to submit:

"Be not too proud.
Thy native world stirs at thy feet unknown,
Yet there thy secret lies!
Out of this stuff, these forces, thou art grown,
And proud self-severance from them were disease.
O scan thy native world with pious eyes!
High as thy life be risen, 'tis from these;
And these, too, rise."

But this mood of humble optimism is ephemeral. He chafes at "this stuff," and owns the disease of a yearning for proud self-severance:

"The glow . . . the thrill of life,
Where, where do these abound?—
Not in the world, not in the strife
Of men, shall they be found.
He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,
Knows how the day has gone;
He only lives with the world's life
Who has renounced his own."

This last assertion can be accepted only with a most important and pregnant qualification. There is no necessity for a man with high and noble aspirations to renounce his own life in order to live with the world's, if the aspirations of the world at the same time likewise happen to be high and noble. Granted a great age, and a man capable of being great in the direction in which the greatness of the age itself tends, what need of renunciation of one's life then? The age and the man will be one. No two desires will toss either about. They will pull strongly, and pull together. Even this age produces men to whom, not as men, indeed, but under some other connotation, the epithet "great" may be applied. It produces great speculators, great contractors, great millionaires, great manipulators and mountebanks. But poets! Alas! none of these. How can it? It cannot give what it

has not got; and it has not got the divine *afflatus*. To live with it, the man who has must indeed renounce his own life; and his own individual possession of the divine *afflatus* helps him not—save to gasp and to flutter. He can do little or nothing, unless the age assists him. He might as well think to fly in vacuum, swim without water, or breathe without air. Mr. Arnold has tried, and feels that he has done that little or nothing—that he has failed; that he had better have remained pondering, like Achilles in his tent; that the wisest course would have been to keep silent:

“Silent—the best are silent now!”

Turn we to the singer of, perhaps, the most unvarying sweetness and sustained tenderness of soul that ever caressed the chords of the lyre. Whom can we mean, if not Mr. William Morris, the author of “The Life and Death of Jason,” and “The Earthly Paradise”? Even the critic, accustomed to grasp frail things firmly, almost shrinks from handling these exquisite poems with any but the lightest touch, and in turning them to the light, is fain to finger them as one does some beautiful fragile vase, the fruit of all that is at once simple and subtle in human love and ingenuity. Under a blossoming thorn, stretched 'neath some umbrageous beech, or sheltered from the glare of noon by some fern-crested Devonshire cliff, with lazy summer sea-waves breaking at one's feet—such were the fitting hour and mood in which—criticism all forgot—to drink in the honeyed rhythm of this melodious storer. Such has been our happy lot; and we lay before this giver of dainty things thanks which even the absence of all personal familiarity cannot restrain from being expressed affectionately. But if we are to persist in our task—if we are really to understand the “Poetry of the Period,” we must needs lay aside for awhile the delicacy of mere gratitude, and attempt some more genuine estimate of Mr. Morris's poems than is implied in the fervent acknowledgment of their winsome beauty. Delightful as a writer standing by himself and on his own merits, he is invaluable to us when considered along with the other writers whose precise station and significance in poetical literature we

have striven to discover: invaluable when we apply to him the test already applied to them, and inquire how comes it that his muse is such as she is, and no other and no greater?

For in Mr. Morris is plain and obvious what in Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Arnold has to be made so by some little examination, unravelling, and exegesis on the part of the critic. They halt infirmly and irresolutely between two currents, two influences, two themes. Mr. Morris's poetical allegiance is undivided. Now lured to sing of the Golden Year, now of CEnone—now fancying, as in Aylmer's Field, that a poem of value can be constructed out of the tritest and most threadbare of modern incidents, and now flying back across the centuries in the hope that King Arthur and his Knights may yield more enduring material for the texture of his strains—the Laureate has alternately courted the past and the future, without ever once being able to satisfy our, and, we presume, his own, ineradicable longings for a great contemporaneous poem. In Mr. Swinburne, endowed as he is with more fire and less skill, the results of these conflicting influences are far more apparent, and he is in turns coldly classical and effusively and erotically modern—modern, as of to-day. When we pass to Mr. Arnold, we find him not only likewise a prey to this inevitable distraction—this sundering of the poet's soul in twain, this irreconcilable combat for it between the past and the future, because the present is not strong enough to hold it against the claims of either; but we see him conscious of the raging struggle of which he is the subject and the victim, and conscious whence is derived his impotence, and that of his peers, to wreak full undivided self on song, and produce a great poet linked for all time with a great period. In his own words, he

“Wanders between two worlds: one dead,
The other powerless to be born.”

Now, in Mr. Morris we have nothing of this. He, too, like Mr. Arnold, has taken the measure of the age in which, whatever he will do this side the “cold straight house,” must be done; but, unlike Mr. Arnold, he has cut himself off from all its active influences, compound-

ed of disgust, sanguineness, impatience, and despondency, and has surrendered himself wholly to the retrospective tendency of his time, which, when taken by itself, is the most pathetic and poetical proclivity of which the time is capable. He ignores the present, and his eyelids close with a quiet sadness if you bid him explore the future. He has no power, he says, to sing of heaven or hell. He cannot make quick-coming death a little thing; neither for his words shall we forget our tears. His verses have no power, he candidly confesses, to bear the heavy trouble and bewildering care that weigh down the earners of bread. All he can do is to sing of names remembered, which, precisely because they are not living, can ne'er be dead. He finds no life in anything living, in anything around and about him; and he feels no impulse to strive vainly to vitalize them:

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

The realities of the latter half of the nineteenth century suggest nothing to him save the averting of his gaze. They are crooked; who shall set them straight? For his part, he will not even try. He knows that effort would be vain; and he warns us not

"To hope again, for aught that I can say."

He feels that he has wings, but all he can do with them is to beat against the ivory gate. He sings only for those who, like himself, have given up the age, its boasted spirit, its vaunted progress, its infinite vulgar nothings, and have taken refuge in the sleepy region. Not only conscious of, but vitally imbued with, the truth of Mr. Arnold's words, when applied to such a period as this, that

"He only lives with the world's life
Who has renounced his own"—

Mr. Morris refuses to renounce the latter, and throws over all the sights, sounds, and struggles of the former, such as they are, to quote Mr. Coventry Patmore,

"in these last days, the dregs of Time."
Having done so, he invites us to

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town,"

and to forgive him that he cannot ease the burden of our fears, but can only strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss in the golden haze of an irrevocable past. Again and again he repeats what it is he can and what it is he cannot do:

"Yet as their words are no more known aright
Through lapse of many ages, and no man
Can any more across the waters wan
Behold those singing women of the sea—
Once more I pray you all to pardon me,
If with my feeble voice and harsh I sing,
From what dim memories may chance to cling
About men's hearts, of lovely things once sung
Beside the sea, while yet the world was young."

A certain comparative feebleness there may be in his voice—must be, indeed, in any voice that is laden with the suppressed sobs of back-looking regret, as contrasted with one firmly charged with present messages or confident presages of a grand approaching future; but harshness is there none, here or ever, in the strains of this dulcet client of Apollo. But whether feeble or harsh, or whatever to men's ears it may fairly seem, his muse refuses to wander from the sleepy region:

"Alas! what profit now to tell
The long unwearied lives of men
Of past days—threescore years and ten,
Unbent, unwrinkled, beautiful,
Regarding not death's flower-crowned skull,
But with some damsel intertwined
In such love as leaves hope behind!
Alas! the vanished days of bliss,
Will no god send some dream of this,
That we may know what it has been?"

For all the unprofitable nature of reverting to these vanished days, he never quits them. But he is conscious all the while that it is a strange thing for a poet, a maker, a seer, to turn his back on his own time in order to dwell, through memory, in "that flowery land, fair beyond words," his love for which, he declares, no scorn of man can kill:

"Thence I brought away
Some blossoms that before my footsteps lay,
Not plucked by me, not over-fresh or bright;
Yet since they minded me of that delight,

Within the pages of this book I laid
 Their tender petals, there in peace to fade.
 Dry are they now, and void of all their scent
 And lovely color; yet what once was meant
 By these dull stains, some men may yet descry,
 As dead upon the quivering leaves they lie."

What beautiful humility in the metaphor! Yet, we are constrained to add, what truth! What delicate loveliness, what rich hues, what lingering fragrance

even, in the tales of "The Earthly Paradise," and in the rhymed story of "The Life and Death of Jason"! But, for all that, the delicacy, the color, the scent, are as of pressed flowers, "not plucked by me." How far short, then, of not being plucked at all, but still bright, dew-sprinkled, odorous, and blossoming

"In lovely meadows of the ranging land,
 Wherein erewhile I had the luck to stand!"

Intellectual Observer.

PHILLIPS ON VESUVIUS.*

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS has produced a classical work on the most interesting of European volcanoes. In it he has collected together a mass of matter of the highest scientific import, while his clear descriptions and graceful style will secure for his labors a wider circulation amongst the class of general readers than is often attained by an exact and learned book. The work is illustrated by eleven plates and thirty-five "diagrams," some of which are justly so designated, while others are artistic sketches made by the author, and evincing no ordinary amount of technical skill.

The early history of Vesuvius as a volcano is unknown. Previous to the great eruption of A.D. 79, the mountain had experienced a long period of repose. Seneca, who lived a little earlier than the outburst of 79, noticed the eruptive character of the adjacent rocks, and Strabo, about 30 B.C., "remarking the cindery aspect and cavernous rocks, as if eaten by fire, conjectured that in ancient times the country was all in a state of burning, being full of fiery cavities, though now extinct for want of fuel;" and he adds, "Perhaps this is the cause of its fertility." Vitruvius is also cited by Professor Phillips as having preserved a tradition that at some period, which had become antique by the time of Augustus, Vesuvius had vomited fire amongst the fields; and Tacitus is quoted to show that, in his mention of the eruption in the reign of Titus, he speaks

of that incident as a repetition of what had occurred "long ages before." Diodorus Siculus (B.C. 45) likewise states that "the whole region was named Phlegræan, from the culminating point now called *Oἶσσοίς*, bearing many indications of having emitted fire in ancient time."

The fertility of the soil and the long continuance of rest had encouraged the growth of a numerous population within a few miles of the mountain, and their first alarm seems to have been excited by earthquakes, one of which shattered the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum at the time when Nero made his appearance on the stage at Naples. The earth-shakings continued for sixteen years, till on the 24th August, A.D. 79, they made the "whole country reel and totter," and then came the eruption, in which the elder Pliny lost his life, and which destroyed the two cities, and covered a large tract of country with suffocating ashes. If the elder Pliny had been so fortunate as to have escaped, we should have had something like a scientific account of what occurred. As it is, we have only the letters, referring to the circumstances of his uncle's death, written by the younger Pliny to Tacitus, some years after the event. The Plinies were at Misenum, and about 1 P.M. on the 24th of August, A.D. 79, the mother of the younger one called attention to a curious cloud hanging over the Vesuvian region. From the distance, it was not clear from which mountain the cloud proceeded, but it was "like a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches." Many

* "Vesuvius," by John Phillips, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, D.C.L. Oxford, LL.D. Cambridge, LL.D. Dublin, F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.

times since has the famous "pine-tree cloud" hung in terrific beauty over the landscape, but this was its first appearance in the historic period; and we cannot wonder that the elder Pliny, who was in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, at once ordered a light vessel to be got ready, that he might go nearer and examine the strange phenomenon. His nephew's preference for stopping at home with his books seems unaccountable, unless we ascribe it to fear, notwithstanding his explicit declarations that no such feeling possessed him, at a later period, when flying with his mother from a destruction which he consoled himself with thinking threatened the whole world.

As the elder Pliny was passing out of the house, he received despatches from Retina—the site of the modern Resina, not far from Herculaneum—soliciting his aid, as there was no escape from the fiery perils, except by sea. He proceeded at once with his ships towards the coast, but the sudden retreat of the sea threatened to leave them aground, and the showers of hot cinders and stones made it impossible to take the direction he intended along the coast by Herculaneum and Retina. He then ordered the pilot to carry him to Pomponianus, at Stabiae, south of Pompeii, and nearly double the distance of that city from the mountain. The eruption continued with great violence, the court which led to the apartment in which he retired to rest became filled with stones and ashes, while violent concussions shook the houses. Pliny, Pomponianus, and the rest of the company went into the open country, with pillows tied with napkins on their heads. They walked towards the shore, intending to re-embark, but the waves rendered this impossible, and the younger Pliny states that flames and noxious vapors dispersed the party, and speedily caused his uncle's suffocation. Professor Phillips doubts the accuracy of this description of the closing scene. He thinks flames and sulphurous vapors could hardly be present at Stabiae, ten miles from the centre of the eruption.

The difference between modern and ancient times is very strikingly shown in the paucity of information which has come down to us concerning this tremendous eruption. No scientific travel-

lers, or unscientific, but graphic "special correspondents," hastened to collect particulars. Young Pliny does not say a word about the fate of the two cities, although he gives a vivid picture of the lesser horrors at Misenum, which affected his mother and himself. Martial, writing a few years after the event, makes a passing allusion to both the devastated towns, and Dion Cassius long after (A.D. 230) speaks of them briefly as buried under an "inexpressible quantity of dust."

Pompeii was overwhelmed with dry ashes, while Herculaneum was either buried in erupted mud, or what may perhaps be more likely, under dust converted into mud by torrents of rain. Sir William Hamilton was convinced that the city was covered with "liquid mud" issuing from Vesuvius, and he saw the head of a statue dug out, and leaving a perfect impression in the tufa, which had encased it like a mould.

Previous to the eruption of 79, the mountain appears to have presented the form of a single cone, truncated and hollowed out at the top. In the year 203, what Dion Cassius calls a "mighty conflagration" occurred, confined to the middle of the mountain, and from his description Professor Phillips concludes that nothing like the modern cone of Vesuvius was then known; but that some idea was preserved of a mountain top more elevated and more contracted than that left after the eruption of A.D. 79.

In 472 there was a great outpouring of ashes, spreading as far as Constantinople; 512, 685, and 993 were also years of eruption, and in 1036, Francis Scot, in his "Itinerary of Italy," relates that it happened not only from the top, but its sides, and that its burning products ran into the sea. In 1049 more lava currents are described as running to the sea. An eruption is also mentioned in 1138, and in 1139 Vesuvius was reported to have flamed for eight days, and to have ejected so much dust and stones for thirty days, that the whole interior was consumed, and the crater is stated to have remained empty till 1631, though volcanic activity was manifested in 1306 and 1500.

"December A.D. 1631 occurred the great convulsion, whose memorials are written widely on the western face of

Vesuvius in ruined villages, and left in layers of ashes over hundreds of miles of country, or in heaps of mud swept down by hot water floods from the crater. The crater itself was dissipated in the convulsion." This great commotion occurred sixteen centuries after the Plinian eruption, and "since then the mountain has never been at rest."

Professor Phillips gives a table of the eruptions of Etna and Lipari, Vesuvius, and the volcanoes of the Phlegrean tract known to have occurred since the sixth century, B.C., in which none were recorded. In the fifth century, B.C., Etna and Lipari made two eruptions, and one occurred in the Phlegrean fields. In the second century, B.C., there were five Etna and Lipari eruptions, and two in the first century, together with one Phlegrean outburst. In the first century, A.D., one took place in Etna, and one great one in Vesuvius. In the third century, A.D., Etna and Vesuvius had an eruption each, and Vesuvius did not make two in a century until the eleventh, A.D., was reached. It was not till the seventeenth century that more than two Vesuvian eruptions occurred, and in that century there were four, and fourteen of Etna and Lipari. The eighteenth century witnessed twenty-three Vesuvian and fifteen Etnean eruptions, and in the nineteenth century we have already had twenty-four Vesuvian and ten Etnean outbursts. It is remarkable that the Icelandic eruptions seem to have reached a maximum in point of number in the eighteenth century, and taking the European volcanoes altogether, it would seem that "not less than 2000 years is the average interval between two epochs of maximum frequency in the combined systems of active European volcanoes, and that these apparently separate systems may have a common dependence on some generally recurring condition more extensive than the whole triangular area within which they are placed."

Professor Phillips observes that, in considering the history of Vesuvius as of other volcanoes,—as indeed of other natural phenomena,—we distinguish not only *periods* of greater or less action, but *crises* of violence, and epochs of unusual energy. In the series of eruptions from Vesuvius, we may fix on those of A.D. 79, 1631, 1737, 1767, 1779, 1794, 1823, 1855,

1858, as among the more remarkable for the extent of their lava currents, or the abundance of ashes, or the height and splendor of the eruptive columns, which often seemed to deserve the title of liquid fire spouted up to the clouds. The magnitude of the eruptions may be in some degree estimated by the mass of lava ejected. Thus, in A.D. 1737, the mass of lava was estimated at 10,237,096 cubic metres, and in A.D. 1794, a larger quantity flowed, estimated at 20,744,445 cubic metres, both calculations being made by Breislak. "The ashy showers" are believed "to have carried three times as much matter from Vesuvius as the lava currents."

The phenomena associated with Vesuvius, and similar eruptions, are enumerated by Professor Phillips, as shakings and displacement of the land, retreat and return of great sea-waves, or raising sea-bed, the sky filled with uprushing volumes of expanded vapor, speedily condensing in clouds and rains, jets of stones, melted lava and scorix thrown up to great heights, and frequently falling in parabolic curves at distances of six and eight miles, and currents of melted rock, flowing over the edge of the crater, or bursting forth from fissures in the cone. Mr. Mallet's researches show that earthquakes are not deep-seated. In the Neapolitan regions, the concussions producing them appear to occur at about eight miles depth, at which the earth's temperature, if presumed to increase in the ordinary proportion, would only be 883.6° F., less than half that of flowing lava. It would seem that in regions of volcanic activity, there is a constant supply of molten matter, ready to rush up through craters or fissures as soon as sufficient pressure is applied; and it is an interesting question whether these lava reservoirs are connected with a general mass of melted matter below the solid crust of the earth, or whether they are local stores, owing their high temperature to local conditions, and not directly deriving it from central heat.

The source of lava floods may be much deeper than that of earthquakes, without any connection with a supposed central incandescent and molten mass. Some years ago, Mr. Hopkins showed that if the interior of the globe was

quite fluid from heat, the earth's crust must be at least 600 or 800 miles thick; but recently M. Delaunay has objected that the molten lava may be much more viscous than a true liquid. Professor Phillips remarks, that the interior fluid can only be of the nature of lava, which, when examined at the surface, flows like thick honey, and to such a fluid Mr. Hopkins's reasoning does not apply. But at enormous depths the heat may be sufficient to produce really fluid lava without viscosity. The earth crust cannot be supposed of uniform thickness, like the walls of a bottle. Probably, it is extremely irregular, and a deep-seated, or central molten mass, if such exists, may communicate by channels, often irregular and narrow, with reservoirs of molten rock at higher levels. Under such circumstances, "convection" of heat would be very irregular, and our globe might contain molten matter, varying from simple fluidity to viscosity and pastiness. The central heat may set up chemical actions in various localities not far removed from the surface, and those actions may, as in laboratory experiments, develop more heat, and melt rocks in their vicinity without any further aid from central fire than that which sufficed to bring the chemical force into play.

Chemical theories of volcanoes should not be abandoned too hastily. They may require modification as science advances, and the particular views of Davy or Daubeny may not be sustainable, but it does not seem prudent to have recourse to central fire and primitive unconsolidated terrestrial matter while the real condition of the earth's interior is so little understood. We quite agree with Professor Phillips that a complete theory of volcanoes should contain account of the consolidation of matter, and be in harmony with the general history of the cosmos; but we doubt whether he is entitled to say that the fluidity of silicated matter, and so forth, poured out by volcanoes is due to the "inherent heat of the globe." It may be so, but it is not *proved* by Fouqué, or by any one else. Many lunar craters have the appearance of being hardened when the crust of our satellite was in a pasty state, and when it was much nearer the earlier stages of consolidation than any known portion of our

earth, as at present existing. If we assume that the earth and moon passed from the nebulous or gaseous to the fluid state, and then gradually formed a solid crust, early volcanic eruptions would consist in outbursts of the central fluid through the thin walls of that crust while it was pasty, or as soon as it became solid; but if the cooling process went on until the crust was so thick that no lava could be forced up from the central molten mass, does it follow that eruptions would cease? Yes, according to Professor Phillips's views, but not so if we admit that chemical actions give rise to local fusions.

When great reservoirs of molten matter exist, the incursion of water from the sea through fissures or rocks would seem sufficient to account for earthquakes, and for the pressure necessary to elevate large columns of lava, and cause their overflow.

Among the numerous interesting questions which Professor Phillips treats in the work before us is that of the earth's contraction by gradual cooling. This cooling would necessarily take place very irregularly, and the contraction resulting from it may lead to great displacements of particular areas least able to resist the disturbing force. The crystallization of rocks also leads to powerful expansions, and Professor Phillips considers that the elevation of the Scandinavian coasts noticed by Lyell could be accounted for by the formation below it of less than fourteen feet of granite in one hundred years. He says, "to me it appears clear that on the general fact of a cooling globe, two great systems of movement in the earth's crust are surely to be inferred: one downward, by reason of the determining of a general contraction to particular axes and centres; the other upward, arising from the crystallization of rocks whose specific gravity is less than the whole mass." Such movements, extending over large areas, would account for many of the modifications of surface we can trace.

We have not attempted to follow the learned author through the interesting details he has so skilfully compressed into one small volume. What we have said will lead our readers to it, and they will infallibly assign to it a high rank amongst the scientific works of our time.

Intellectual Observer.

A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

PART III.

In dealing with the accepted views respecting the sidereal and nebular systems, I have treated the two systems separately. In fact, according to the received opinions—whether we take the theory of those who look upon all nebulae as “island-universes,” or that of those who consider that some few are to be excepted—the sidereal system is but a member of the nebular system. Just as the Sun is one among the stars, so the Milky Way is held to be one among the nebulae.

In presenting the views I have been led to entertain respecting the constitution of the universe, I shall consider the two systems together—for this reason, simply, that I believe them to form but one system.

I would not be understood to assert that all the nebulae lie within the confines of the Milky Way. There may be some few which really are external systems. For instance, I think it not improbable that the spiral nebulae are galaxies resembling our own. But that the majority of the nebulae, and especially such objects as the great star cluster in Hercules, are to be looked upon as external universes, I am disposed wholly to deny.

I think, indeed, that I should be able at once to show the extreme improbability that even such an object as the Andromeda nebula is an external universe on the assumption that the accepted view of the sidereal system is the true one. Let us consider. In the Milky Way we are supposed to have an aggregation of suns separated from each other—throughout the whole extent of the galaxy—by distances comparable with the distance which separates our Sun from the nearest fixed stars. But so widely are the outer parts of the Milky Way separated from us, that—though composed in this manner—they appear even in our most powerful telescopes as mere patches of filmy light. Nay, there are streams of light so faint, that, in the clear skies of the southern hemisphere, and examined by such an observ-

er as Sir John Herschel, with a reflector eighteen inches in aperture, they appear but as a scarcely perceptible stippling or mottling of the telescopic field of view, and that, to quote Sir John's own words, “the idea of illusion has continually arisen subsequently.” Now what the distance of these streams from us may be, we cannot say; nor is it important for my present purpose that we should be able to form any estimate on this point. It is sufficient to notice that this distance—whatever it may be—must be looked upon as certainly not greater than the radius of the great disc formed by the sidereal system. Such a disc would have to be removed to a distance many times exceeding its own diameter before it would present the dimensions of the Andromeda nebula, or of the largest globular clusters. Now, if the outer parts of the sidereal disc, removed from us by only the radius of the disc, present so faint an appearance to us as has been described above, how inconceivable would be the faintness of the whole disc when removed to a distance exceeding its own diameter many hundreds of times. It would not only not be resolvable into discrete stars by any telescope yet constructed, but it would be absolutely invisible in a telescope exceeding the Parsonstown reflector a hundred-fold in power.

I do not lay any stress on the above reasoning, founded as it is on suppositions which I am not disposed to admit. But imperfect as it is, it forces us to accept one of two conclusions, both of which are diametrically opposed to received opinions. We must either admit that the outer parts of our galaxy differ wholly in constitution from the parts which lie in our neighborhood, or we must deny that the assumed external clusters bear the slightest resemblance to our own sidereal system.

I turn, however, to the examination of the stellar and nebular systems on principles more closely according with observed appearances.

We have seen that the elder Herschel

was mistaken in supposing that the system of nebulae forms a zone resembling the Milky Way, but nearly at right angles to its course. Had this been the case, a negative argument of some force might have been deduced in favor of the absolute independence of the stellar and nebular systems. For it is clear that if nebulae really form a system of island-universes, and our galaxy be but a member of this system, it would be antecedently improbable that the apparent distribution of nebulae should exhibit any correspondence whatever with the apparent distribution of stars. To take a perfectly parallel case:—The Sun is undoubtedly a member of the sidereal system, and we see that there is no correspondence, nor any approach to correspondence, between the position of the Milky Way (or the apparent zone of stellar aggregation) and the position of that medial plane near which all the members of the solar system are observed to travel. If there *had* been any correspondence of this sort, it must have been looked upon either as a very singular coincidence, or as evidence of some law of association, into the nature of which astronomers would have set themselves to inquire. Now I can see no reason for anticipating that any association should exist between the position of a system of universes, and the position of the galactic disc which is assumed to be a member of that system: nay, I can assert with absolute certainty (on the assumption implied) that no such association *necessarily* exists—since the spiral and elliptic nebulae, which, by the assumption, are members of this system of universes, exhibit every variety of position. Therefore, had there been any correspondence of the kind conceived—that is, had there been a zone of nebulae nearly coincident in position with the zone of the Milky Way—we should have had no other resource but to explain that correspondence as the effect of a very singular coincidence—unless we gave up the theory that the nebulae do, indeed, form a system of universes whereof the galaxy is but a member.

Now I have been particular in dwelling on this point, because the discovery that Herschel had been mistaken as to the existence of a zone of nebulae, brought with it a remarkable result. We have seen that the central region of the north-

ern cluster of nebulae lies very near the pole of the Milky Way—so near, indeed, that the younger Herschel places this coincidence of position amongst the phenomena which any one who attempts to give a consistent theory of the nebular system must account for. We see, then, that there *is* a coincidence, not precisely of the kind contemplated in the preceding paragraph, but marked enough in its character. And we see also that Sir John Herschel—apparently without noticing the important conclusion to which his words tend—points out that we cannot reasonably ascribe this coincidence to the effects of chance-distribution, but must assign a cause for it. If Herschel is right, if accident is *not* a legitimate explanation of this coincidence, then, as it seems to me, we can adopt no other conclusion than this—that nebulae do not form a system of external universes, but are intimately associated with the sidereal system.

But we have seen* that there exists in reality an association between the apparent distribution of nebulae and stars, which is much more remarkable than the one pointed out by Sir John Herschel. For, along that very zone of the heavens which is occupied by the Milky Way, there is marked *absence* of nebulae. If we except certain star-clusters, which exhibit so singular a relation to the Milky Way that Sir John Herschel considers they must belong to it, we shall find that of 6000 and more nebulae which have been discovered by astronomers, there are scarcely fifty which lie on a zone occupying a full tenth part of the celestial sphere. It will be remembered also that the direction of the central line of this zone is not exactly coincident with that of the Milky Way, but lies more nearly along that great circle through Orion, Perseus, Cygnus, Lyra, etc., near to which so large a proportion of the more brilliant stars are found collected.

Now, the existence of a zone in which nebulae are markedly wanting is a much more remarkable phenomenon than the existence of a zone very rich in nebulae would have been. We see, for instance, that the existence of the Milky Way among the stars is very easily accounted

* See "Notes on Nebulae" in THE STUDENT for March, 1863.

for by the supposition that the sidereal system forms a species of disc. But if there were a zone wanting in stars, how should we have explained so strange a phenomenon? It is clear that we should either have to assume the existence of *two* sidereal systems, between which our sun was situate; or else to adopt the almost equally *bizarre* theory that the stars formed a cylindrical system, very long in comparison with its thickness, so that from the neighborhood of the sun—placed somewhere near the axis of the system—very few stars could be seen in directions at right angles to that axis. And, if the zone were very distinct, as is the case with the zone free from nebulae, the former hypothesis would alone be available.

It results, then, that if nebulae really belong to external space, they must form two systems, our own galaxy occupying a place between the two. Improbable as this conclusion appears, we cannot escape from it, nor from this further improbability, that the sidereal disc should have a position almost exactly at right angles to the line joining the central parts of the two nebular systems—*unless we concede that the nebulae belong, for the most part, to our galactic system.* Nor does there seem any comparison between the difficulties involved in the latter view and the utter improbability of either of the two former assumptions.

But again, let us recall the results of the discussion respecting the extinction of light. We saw that there is good reason for rejecting the theory that light suffers appreciable extinction within the limits of our galaxy. It will be well, however, before proceeding further, to notice that the theory thus rejected is not only not unfavorable to the views I am seeking to maintain, but leads directly to their establishment. For if we assume with Struve that the outer parts of the Milky Way are hidden from our view, even with Herschel's eighteen-inch reflector, through the effects of extinction, then, *à fortiori*, all *outer* systems must be hidden from us, unless their component stars exceed the brightest members of our system many thousand-fold in splendor. We see, then, that the theory of extinction at once excludes all belief that the nebulae are external sidereal systems remlbling or in any sense comparable with our own.

Now it has been assumed, somewhat too hastily I think, that the only available explanation of the difficulties which induced Struve to accept the theory of the extinction of light, lies in the supposition that the stars composing the sidereal system are much less densely strewn round its border than in the neighborhood of the Sun. It appears to me that, although in all probability there is a gradual diminution in the density of stellar aggregation as the distance from the centre of the galaxy increases, yet it is highly probable that the outer stars are inferior also in magnitude and splendor*—and perhaps in a much more marked degree. To me, indeed, the evidence in favor of such inferiority appears altogether irresistible.

In the first place, let us consider the naked-eye aspect of the Via Lactea. Is it such as would be presented if the sidereal system really has the figure assigned to it by Sir Wm. Herschel? I am not here discussing the first assumption made by Herschel,—that there exists a certain approach to uniformity in the distribution of stars throughout the galaxy. He was the first to admit that this idea must be abandoned. But it appears to me that Herschel's estimate of the irregularity of our galaxy fell far short of the reality. The sidereal system must be looked upon as composed of streams and sprays and clusters of stars aggregated together without any discoverable laws. The appearance of the Milky Way to the naked eye strongly suggests a constitution of this sort. It is commonly asserted that the galaxy forms a continuous ring of light upon the heavens. But this is not the case. Near Argo, the main stream is divided, across one of its widest and most brilliant portions, by a dark rift of considerable extent. The narrower stream which runs side by side with a portion of the main stream of the Milky Way is also discontinuous; again, the ga-

* Sir John Herschel speaks of certain stars seen in parts of the galaxy as appearing small, "not by reason of excessive distance, but of a real inferiority in size or brightness." But he is not here supporting the theory we have mentioned above. I am speaking of the inferiority of the outer stars on the average, as compared with the average of stars near the centre of the galaxy; Herschel is speaking of the inferiority of certain members of the outer parts of the galaxy as compared with their neighbors.

laxy is marked in some places with *lacunæ* and in others with sudden accessions of splendor—phenomena which appear inexplicable unless we assume an irregularity, not merely in the distribution of the stars, but in the form and structure of the sidereal disc.

But this is not all. Even on the assumption of extreme irregularity, there still remain insurmountable objections to the supposition that the Milky Way has the figure of a disc. It will be remembered that there exists in the southern hemisphere, close by the Southern Cross, a strange, roughly circular—or more correctly a pear-shaped vacancy, so conspicuous that it has obtained among sailors the name of the *Coalsack*. It is very difficult to reconcile the existence of a gap of this figure with the imagined longitudinal extension of the galactic system. And it is equally difficult to account for the phenomena described in the following passage of Herschel's "Astronomy":—"From the neighborhood of Eta Argus the Milky Way "crosses the hind feet of the Centaur, forming a curious and *sharply defined* semicircular concavity of small radius, and enters the Cross by a *very bright neck or isthmus* of no more than 3 or 4 degrees in breadth, being the narrowest portion of the Milky Way. After this it *immediately expands* into a broad and bright mass." Still more remarkable and significant is the fact that the Coalsack lies "in the midst of this bright mass." All these phenomena point to the conclusion that the Milky Way, in this neighborhood at any rate, is really what it appears to be—a belt or zone of stars, separated from us by a comparatively starless interval. An irregular belt of this sort might present the varieties of form indicated above, and might be transpierced by an aperture of any figure; but it is utterly inconceivable that a disc-like space, irregularly occupied with streams and clusters of stars, should be so transpierced as to exhibit a circular vacancy to an eye placed near its centre.

In the conclusions just deduced I am in agreement with Sir John Herschel, who, indeed, says in one place that the galaxy, looked at according to a certain view, would "come to be considered as a flat ring." But he nowhere adopts the consequences to which, as it seems to me, this view of the subject should have led

him. In the interpretation of another phenomenon presented by the Milky Way, I am wholly at issue with him. He says, "we cannot, without obvious improbability, refuse to admit that the long lateral offsets which at so many places quit the main stream and run out to great distances, are either planes seen edgewise, or the convexities of curved surfaces viewed tangentially, rather than cylindrical or columnar excrescences bristling up obliquely from the general level." To me the obvious improbability seems to lie altogether the other way. That *one* plane or curved surface should happen to be seen edgewise, so as to resemble a long and narrow lateral offset, is sufficiently unlikely; that several should so appear is utterly improbable. The obvious improbability conceived by Herschel appears to be founded on the "oblique bristling up" of cylindrical star sprays. But the evidence we have already had of the extremely irregular and heterogeneous conformation of the Milky Way is sufficient to remove any difficulty of this sort. Indeed, even among the stars in our immediate neighborhood, there exist, as I have pointed out elsewhere,* decisive evidences of stream-formation. The star-streams visible to the naked eye are far too marked to be the result of chance-distribution; and I anticipate confidently that the examination of the proper motion of all the stars composing any stream will suffice to show how intimately they are associated together.

Now it might seem, at first sight, that the phenomena I have adduced in the preceding paragraphs, afford no evidence in favor of the opinion that the more distant portions of the galaxy are composed of stars inferior in brilliancy to those which lie in the neighborhood of the solar system. But there is another phenomenon which, when properly understood, seems to make this opinion the direct corollary of the views resulting from the former phenomena:—

It appears to me that if we consider the enormous distance at which the Milky Way must lie beyond the lucid stars, on the hypothesis that it is composed of orbs nearly equalling them in

* "Notes on Star-streams," in "Intellectual Observer" for August, 1867.

brilliancy, we cannot but contemplate with amazement the singular correspondence which may be traced between the configuration of the Milky Way and the arrangement of the brilliant fixed stars in its neighborhood. There is scarcely a part of the Milky Way in which there is not some evidence, more or less marked, of a much more intimate association between the lucid stars and the clustering orbs which constitute the galaxy, than could be reasonably looked for as the result of chance-distribution. Consider, for instance, that bright light cloud between the brilliants which form the noble cross in Cygnus; and the equally marked galactic clustering near Aquila: and note that this arrangement becomes the more significant when we remark that the two clusters lie on different streams of the Milky Way, which is double in this part of its course. Well worth noticing also is the conformation of the galaxy where it traverses the festoon of Perseus. But in the southern hemisphere there is a much more marked agreement between the Via Lactea and the lucid orbs. It cannot be merely the result of accident that the double curve of bright stars which forms the body and tail of Scorpio, should so closely follow a most complicated portion of the Milky Way, that not one of those stars should fall on a part of the heavens free from milky light. Nor can it be accidental that the numerous turns and windings of the Milky Way from Antares to Sirius should seem in every case to be the result of attractive influences exerted by the leading stars in its neighborhood, inasmuch that there is not a single star of the first four magnitudes on any of the numerous lacunæ which appear in this portion of the Milky Way.*

If we accept the evidence afforded by this peculiarity, we must suppose that the streams of stars composing the Milky Way are very much nearer to us than they have been assumed to be, and therefore that they are composed of stars far inferior in brightness, and also much more closely compacted, than those in the neighborhood of the solar system.

The evidence afforded by the telescopic aspect of the galaxy strikingly con-

firms this conclusion. I shall mention two phenomena alone, as space will not permit me to deal with this part of my subject at any great length. The first is a peculiarity which is utterly inexplicable by the views ordinarily held—the fact, namely, that in several instances the Milky Way is observed to commence quite suddenly, so that one half of the telescopic field of view will be occupied with nebulous light or with closely aggregated stars, while the other will be perfectly black—the line of demarcation between the two portions being well defined. The second phenomenon to which I wish to call attention is yet more significant. In some instances,* there is seen in the field of view a sharply defined projection from the Milky Way, the apex of the projection being occupied by a lucid star. That such an association should be looked on as accidental is more than I can believe.

Corresponding to the association between the Milky Way and lucid stars is a phenomenon which falls here to be considered. The irregular nebulae are objects differing altogether in character from all other nebulae. They cover a far larger space on the celestial vault, even if we assume that their discovered dimensions afford any but the roughest indication of their real extent. In reality, however, since each increase of telescopic power increases the apparent dimensions of these objects, we probably fall far short of the truth in making such an assumption. Now, as we have seen (see “Notes on Nebulae” in the STUDENT for March, 1868), these irregular nebulae are associated in the most singular manner with fixed stars in the same field of view. The wisps and sprays of nebulous light which stream from the central convolutions of such nebulae, correspond, quite closely in many instances, with streams of small fixed stars. In many of these nebulae, also, there are streams of faint nebulosity extending towards fixed stars, and acquiring a sudden brightness around them. Now it seems

* See the maps of the Milky Way in the “Intellectual Observer” for August, 1867.

* I write from memory, not having by me the work in which these phenomena are recorded—Herschel's “Results of Observation at the Cape of Good Hope.” My impression is that he mentions several such instances; one very remarkable case he certainly mentions and illustrates with a figure.

to me that we cannot, without utter improbability, consider such an arrangement as accidental. For instance, if the bright stars ϵ and δ Orionis were wholly disconnected with the great nebula in Orion, how enormous would be the antecedent improbability that these orbs should appear—as they do—involved in strong nebulosity, connected by streams of faint nebulosity with the great nebula. And, even if we assumed this to be possibly due to the effects of chance-distribution, how should we explain the fact that similar phenomena are observed in the other irregular nebulae, and notably in that mysterious object which surrounds Eta Argus, the most remarkable variable in the heavens.

Then, also, there is the significant fact that all the irregular nebulae fall on that very zone which is freest from ordinary nebulae.* And the only one which, though falling on this zone, does not actually fall on the Milky Way, is the Orion nebula. This last fact seems even more significant than the general associations of the irregular nebulae with the Milky Way. For it seems to exhibit the brilliant array of stars in Canis Major and Orion, with which the Orion nebula is associated (*and around certain members of which it actually clings*), as in reality far more intimately associated with the neighboring stream of the Milky Way than the ordinarily accepted views would allow us to suppose.

I pass over the association often observable between those remarkable objects the double nebulae and double stars, though the phenomenon is sufficiently significant. But there is one other well-established phenomenon which deserves attentive consideration. Nebulae have

been observed to vary in light, or even to disappear. Hind, d'Arrest, and Schmidt record many such instances. Are we to suppose that whole galaxies of suns have suffered in this manner total or partial extinction? Such a supposition is absolutely incredible. Nor can I look on the alternative that some opaque or semi-opaque substance has intervened between us and these objects as having any reasonable claim to acceptance.

The phenomena I have been discussing seem to point to conclusions very different from those which have been usually accepted respecting the visible universe. Instead of separating the stars and nebulae into distinct systems, or, rather, of looking on the stellar system as a member of the system of nebulae, we seem compelled to look on almost every object, visible even in the most powerful telescope, as a portion of one system, which comprises within its range single, multiple, and clustering stars, irresolvable nebulae, gaseous bodies of symmetrical and unsymmetrical figure, and, in all probability, myriads of other forms of matter as yet undetected. It would be rash indeed to attempt to speculate on the processes by which the visible universe has attained its present figure. But I may venture so far as to point to the evidences which seem afforded of processes of aggregation, leading—according to the position, and, perhaps, of the character, of the masses acted upon—to the formation of suns of greater or less splendor and magnitude, of streams and clusters of small stars, and of systems in which suns and stellar streams and clusters seem to be intermingled. These processes seem to have led to an annular or spiral, rather than to a disc-shaped galaxy; but large portions of the matter, originally distributed perhaps with comparative uniformity, appear to have escaped the influence of these processes. Either because they have been subjected to counteracting attractions, or through the influence of the same principle which makes the centrifugal force near the poles of a rotating globe less than that at the globe's equator, this portion of the universe seems to have been free to form aggregations in regions which lie near to what may be called the polar axis of the galaxy. Nor need we wonder that these aggregations should differ very

* There is a notable exception to this law in the singular nebula 30 Doradus, which occurs within the greater Magellanic Cloud. This exception is more significant, if possible, than the law itself, as will appear farther on. It is rather singular that Sir John Herschel should speak of 30 Doradus as "unique even in the system to which it belongs," as if it differed yet more markedly from objects not belonging to the Nubeculae, whereas, so far as one can judge from his own description and pictures, this nebula presents a striking resemblance (in its general character) to that which surrounds the star Eta Argus. In each there is a mass of irregular nebulosity surrounding a central condensation, within which is a well-defined opening free from nebulous light; and the brightest star within the confines of each nebula occurs on the brightest part of the nebula and close to the vacancy.

much in character from those which prevail within the galactic annulus, nor that within the former alone true nebulae should be found profusely distributed.

The only irregular nebula which has been examined with the spectroscope—the great Orion nebula—shines with light whose source is mainly, if not wholly, gaseous. Lord Rosse states that the stars visible in the nebula, when examined with his giant reflector, appear as red points of light upon a bluish-green back-ground of nebulous light; and it is possible, or rather probable, that these points of light proceed from bodies which are not gaseous. But, however this may be, it is quite clear that there is in the Orion nebula an enormous amount of gaseous matter, forming (it would seem) a connected but irregular system, within which are involved many fixed stars, and notably the second magnitude star ϵ Orionis, and the third magnitude star ι Orionis. It seems fairly presumable that the other irregular nebulae consist in like manner of enormous aggregations of the same luminous gas. The annular and planetary nebulae appear to be, without exception, gaseous masses. Now, we have seen that all the irregular nebulae lie within, or close to, the Milky Way. The same is the case with the annular nebulae, and by far the larger number of the planetary nebulae.* The Dumb-bell nebula, one of the most remarkable gaseous nebulae in the heavens, also lies on the Milky Way. We see, then, that the gaseous masses revealed to us by the telescope show a marked tendency to aggregate along the galactic zone. *Why* this should be the case, it would not be easy—in the present state of our knowledge—to determine; but it is clearly not a phenomenon which need surprise us when once we have accepted the conclusion that stars and nebulae form but a single system. I do not consider that, in extra-galactic space, the luminous gas which constitutes the common material of all the gaseous nebulae (for the spectroscope reveals no variety in this respect†) is in reality wanting. It

probably exists, but in a more dispersed form than in the galaxy. It is not a little remarkable that the only comets yet examined with the spectroscope exhibit (as respects the light from the nucleus) the same three lines of light which form the spectrum of the gaseous nebulae. Is it not possible that, around some stars or systems of stars, comets are much more thickly congregated than around our own sun; and that, in places, there may even exist systems of comets free from stellar influences? If we suppose the irregular nebulae to result from the former arrangement, the annular and planetary nebulae from the latter, we should be able to understand the permanence of the apparent figures of these objects, since the slow motions of comets in the enormous orbits indicated by our hypothesis would not be appreciable even in hundreds of years.

I cannot but think that there is some significance in the circumstance that so many temporary stars* have made their appearance “in or close upon the borders of the Milky Way, and,” as the younger Herschel says, “only within the following semicircle, the preceding semicircle having offered no example of the kind.” May there not be a connection between this peculiarity and the circumstance that so many of the more remarkable variables lie near the Milky Way? I have already noted the association of Eta Argus with a large irregular nebula. Betelgeux, in the neighborhood of the Orion nebula, is another remarkable variable. Near the nebular region of Cygnus there are also several variable stars.

The Magellanic Clouds remain to be briefly considered. Two arguments have been made use of to show that these mysterious objects are not con-

having one bright line; others give a three-lined spectrum; and there is one nebula the spectrum of which consists of four lines. But it is presumable that these variations result only from variations in the intensity of the light of these nebulae, since the bright lines occupy always the same position.

* Sir John Herschel says “all, *without exception*,” but, since this was written, the temporary star, which appeared in Corona in May, 1866, has formed an exception to the rule we have referred to. It is probable that so-called temporary stars are in reality merely variables of long period and fitful variability.

* Of thirty-four planetary nebulae recorded in the “General Catalogue,” no less than twenty-one lie within 15° of the great circle centrally dividing the Via Lactea.

† Some of the gaseous nebulae give a spectrum

nected with the galactic system:—First, they contain forms of nebulae not met with within the Milky Way; and, secondly, there are no traces of any streams of nebulous light leading from the Milky Way towards the Nubeculae. The former argument presents no difficulty. It is, indeed, rather a confirmation of our views that they afford an easy explanation of what had been held to be a scarcely explicable phenomenon. That the processes of aggregation in portions of space not falling within the galactic annulus, should, in certain regions, lead to the exhibition of forms seen within that region, can hardly be considered very wonderful. But, in connection with the second argument, there is a circumstance which deserves to be carefully attended to. Herschel dwells forcibly on the exceeding barrenness of the regions which immediately surround the Nubeculae. "The access to the Nubecula Minor on all sides is through a desert," he says, in one place; and, among his notes on this district, we find such expressions as "a miserably poor and barren region;" "a region of utter barrenness;" and so on. Now, this peculiarity, so far from confirming Herschel's opinion that the Nubeculae are disconnected with the sidereal system, is directly opposed to it. One can understand the phenomenon, if one looks on the Nubeculae as aggregations formed within regions of space belonging to the sidereal system—one would almost expect that the neighborhood of such regions should be deficient in splendor

—*drained of stars*, so to speak. But if the Nubeculae were really distinct systems far beyond the sidereal system, there could be no reason for expecting that their neighborhood should be more barren than other portions of the sky—still less that it should be *oppressively barren*. May we not go farther, and say that there is no way of accounting for so remarkable a phenomenon, save on some such hypothesis as we have presented?

But this is not all. It has been well remarked by Sir John Herschel, that the two Nubeculae are so nearly circular as to render the assumption that they are otherwise than globular in figure utterly improbable. It follows, therefore, that the farthest part of either globe is not much farther off proportionately than the nearest part. Hence the Nubeculae show us that "stars of the seventh and eighth magnitude and irresolvable nebulae may coexist within limits of distance not differing more in proportion than as nine to ten." Surely this circumstance is of greater force than Sir John Herschel seems to assume. He says that "it must inspire some degree of caution in accepting *as certain*" the views ordinarily held respecting stars and nebulae. To me the fact that stars and irresolvable nebulae appear intermixed in the Nubeculae seems to afford decisive evidence of the justice of the views which I have been induced to accept on other grounds. In the face of such evidence, the old theories respecting the universe seem to become wholly untenable.

St. Paul's.

THE LIFE OF A SCOTCH METAPHYSICIAN.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON was a man of whom Scotland has every reason to be justly proud. But for him, she, and indeed Britain, would have been barren of deep philosophical speculation, probably

even of much philosophical interest, at a time when on the Continent great and earnest men were actively engaged in its researches. Thus Sir William Hamilton was remarkable inasmuch as he revived the study of philosophy proper in these islands; but his character was such that, living at any time, he would have made an impress upon the thought of the day. His love of philosophy was unbounded in its enthusiasm and untiring in its energy, while his original speculative genius was strikingly great. But even to put these aside, his almost superhuman learning, and

* "Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1869.

"Edinburgh Essays." By Members of the University, 1856. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. Essay VII.—"Sir William Hamilton." By Thomas Spenser Baynes, LL.B.

the rare elevation and beauty of his character, were such as at any time to command admiration and to compel respect. The present memoir, which has been eagerly anticipated for some time, will be read with much interest, even by those who have hitherto known the philosopher and his works only by name. Professor Veitch has done his work with great care, with a painstaking elaboration and combination of the materials at his command, and with a genuine love and admiration of the man he is writing about. The biographer has not always, however, shown himself a very graceful or skilful artist. His materials, if ever carelessly, are sometimes awkwardly put together, and once or twice, when meaning to be pathetic, he has only succeeded in being clumsy.

Hamilton had almost a right to be a Scotch Professor. His grandfather, on the death of an elder brother, was appointed to the Chair of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow, and on his death was succeeded by Sir William's father. His grandmother was a daughter of a professor of Church history in the same university, and he himself was born in a house within the college walls, on the 8th of March, 1788. There appears to have existed in Glasgow during the lifetime of the grandfather a quaint and genial circle of men, representatives both of the academic and commercial interests of the city. For the sake of good fellowship, and with the desire to cultivate and give scope to their literary propensities, they formed themselves into clubs. Sir William's grandfather, Dr. Thomas Hamilton, was a prominent member of two of these,—the Anderston and the Hodge Podge. The Anderston, founded by Simson, the famous restorer of ancient geometry, was the oldest and most distinguished of all the clubs in Glasgow, and used to meet in a hostelry in what was then a suburban village. The proceedings were commenced by a dinner at two o'clock, when, remembering some of the celebrities who belonged to it, Professor Veitch concludes, that "the banquet of hen broth was no doubt well-seasoned by Attic salt." The Hodge Podge seems to have been of a somewhat less classical type than the Anderston, if we are to judge from the description of it given in some doggerel verses by its Laureate, Dr. John More :

"A club of choice fellows each fortnight employed

An evening in laughter, good humour, and joy ;
Like the National Council, they often debate,
And settle the Army, the Navy, the State."

Further on in the effusion, and in the same strain of pleasantry, he refers to Dr. Thomas Hamilton : —

"He who leads up the van is stout Thomas the tall,
Who can make us all laugh, though he laughs
at us all ;

But entre nous, Tom, you, and I, if you please,
Must take care not to laugh ourselves out of
our fees."

Sir William's own father, inheriting the amiability and humor of "stout Thomas the tall," died young, before he had completed his thirty-second year, leaving to the care of his young widow two sons,—William, the subject of this paper, and Thomas, who became the brilliant author of "Cyril Thornton," and other works. On Mrs. Hamilton devolved all the arduous duty of education. She was quite equal to the task, being a woman with considerable strength of character, with a vein of sternness, almost harshness, mingling with her mother's nature. When quite a child, we find that love for the marvellous and romantic, which in after years in his hours of relaxation used to make Hamilton read the "Arabian Nights," "Frankenstein," and the works of such an authoress as Mrs. Radcliffe, displayed in his love for the graphic illustrations to the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Apocalypse," and, subsequently, the "Ancient History" of Rollin, and the "Natural History" of Buffon. When a boy, more given to active out-door exercise and to sports of all kinds, in which he always excelled, than to precocious book-learning. Still, although his almost superabundant amount of vital energy found its readiest outlet in such a way, he must have expended much of it on his studies, as we find him attending the junior Latin and Greek classes at the University at the early age of twelve. Much to his indignation, and much against his youthful sense of dignity, he was, however, removed from the University, and was sent to study under Dr. Dean, at Bromley, in 1801, where he made rapid progress, and was distinguished for his love of languages. In letters to his mother, from Bromley, we have interspersed with accounts of his school work anxious

inquiries as to the quantity of fruit in the orchard at Rindmuir, as to where he was to spend his holidays, and as to the possibility of half-a-guinea being forthcoming from the maternal purse, to purchase a box to put books and "things" into. Two years later he returned to Scotland, and re-entered the University of Glasgow, where he soon began a career of brilliant success, and where he had for a close companion Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," &c. Most of his spare time and the college vacations, which in Scotland are long, were spent at the Manse of Midcalder, at the foot of the Pentland Hills, under the healthy instruction and care of the Rev. Dr. Sommers; and here it was he began his first essays in philosophy. But not as a hard student, or as a young philosopher, was he remembered in the village of Midcalder, but rather as a "wild boy and full of sport," a great hand at swimming and leaping, the life and soul of all the healthy activity and enjoyment of the place,—a king among boys.

When about seventeen years of age he began to pay particular attention to the study of medicine,—a study which afterwards was of great use to him in investigating the relations that exist between Psychology and Physiology. For the medical profession, indeed, he appears to have been destined for some years, no less by the wishes of his friends than by his own inclinations, and for the purpose of following up his studies in that direction, he spent the winter 1806-7 in Edinburgh. Here the passion, which had first shown itself when a student of Glasgow, of collecting rare and old books and editions,—a propensity which was to make him the possessor of one of the noblest libraries ever amassed by an individual collector,—was developed, and to his mother's eyes assumed alarming proportions.

Mrs. Hamilton was anxious that her boy should go to Oxford, and despite many friends, who saw in William Hamilton only a lad of ordinary abilities, her desires were gratified by his entering Balliol College as a Snell Exhibitioner in May, 1807. The impression which his personal appearance, character, and habits of study left on the students with whom he came in contact was very remarkable. The few men who knew him and who now survive, all concur in testi-

fying to the warm feelings of admiration and love which he excited, at once by the manly beauty of his person, his courteous and agreeable manners, the kindness and gentleness of his demeanor, the force of his intellect, and the extraordinary character of his attainments. Amongst those who have left reminiscences of his life at Oxford are Lockhart, whose fast friend he ever was,—till some lamented and unexplained breach occurred in after life,—Mr. J. H. Christie, and Mr. James Traill. Those Oxford days seem to have taken a fast hold upon Lockhart, and when he wrote home Hamilton's name was repeatedly to be found in his letters; and it was Hamilton's tutor, a Mr. Powell, a strange being, who soon found that he was quite as unnecessary to his pupil as he wished his pupil to be to him, whom he made the prototype of Daniel Barton in "Reginald Dalton." From Mr. Traill's reminiscences of the future professor, we glean some account of the boyish sportiveness of his early days, which it is useful and pleasant to record, as we are not in general apt to associate such a thing with the hard reading student and the philosopher in embryo. We read of how the two friends one night strewed crumbs of bread soaked in wine for a mouse, which had crept out during a protracted silence, and how they made the discovery that men and mice were very much the same under the influence of drink; of how they went to forage for provisions late at night in other men's rooms, and how on one occasion they narrowly escaped being brained by the poker of a brother Scot of fiery temperament. Some of the stories related of him are of the nature of practical jokes. One morning he had some men breakfasting with him. The quality of the chocolate was much praised. When it came round to him, he looked rather suspiciously at it, and asked his servant how he made it. The servant replied, "In the usual way; in the large coffee biggin." "You block-head!" said Hamilton, "don't you know that was what I boiled the child's head in yesterday;" an announcement which must have had a strange effect on the party at breakfast, knowing as they did Hamilton's proclivities in anatomical study. One evening with another party in his room, making midnight eerie with relating ghost stories to one another, he

stole unobserved out of the room. In a little while the party was startled by a loud single knock at the door; it opened, and a human skull, shrouded in a white sheet, appeared over the top of the door, gradually rising till it reached the roof of the room, when it stretched out a pair of lean arms over the awestruck group. The apparition was manufactured by Hamilton, with a skull, a table-cloth, a long carpet-broom for a body, and hearth brushes for arms. On another occasion, it is said, with rather a noisy party assembled, a tutor, as was his custom, stole out after the stair-lights were out, and listened at the door. Hamilton knew his habit, and was prepared for him. Suddenly opening the door, he seized the eaves-dropping tutor by the collar, took him to the stair-case, lifted him up, and gave him a good shaking suspended in mid-air. It was pitch dark, and the tutor in terror revealed himself. Hamilton made a well-feigned apology, protesting that it never entered his head that Mr.— could place himself in such a position, and assuring him that he thought it had been some rascally scout.

But these and such other tales were mere episodes in a life now devoted to abstract study, varied reading, and deep research, filled with dreams of ardent intellectual ambition. Here his intellectual character was fairly formed, and here he gave himself up to the fascinations of the study of Aristotle, whom he recognized as the greatest moulder of his thoughts, and as exerting the strongest influence over his intellectual activity. Even in the short period of his undergraduate-ship he became the most learned Aristotelian in Oxford. In the Honors' examination, so singular was the list of books he gave in, that an accurate copy of it was preserved by the examiner; and in fourteen of the books which he took up, in the abstruse subjects of Greek philosophy, he was not questioned, the greater part of them being declared by the examiners too purely metaphysical for public examination. According to the testimony both of Mr. Villers and the Rev. Alexander Nicoll of Balliol, his examination in the department of philosophy stood, and still stands, unrivalled.

On leaving Oxford it was necessary for him to choose his profession. Medicine was inviting. He had good chances of

success in it, from the goodwill of friends and from his own studies; but if he made medicine his mistress he could not continue to coquet with philosophy, as he could do if he embraced the legal profession. So accordingly to the study of law he betakes himself, and in July, 1813, passes for an advocate, and takes up a permanent residence in Edinburgh. His interest in legal matters was also enhanced when making inquiries in regard to his claims to the baronetcy of Preston. The Hamiltons of Airdrie, of which family his father was a cadet, were a branch of the family of the Hamiltons of Preston and Fingalton. There had always been a tradition amongst them that, since the extinction of the direct male line of that ancient house, they were entitled to its honors. On the death of a cousin, young Hamilton became head of the Hamiltons of Airdrie; and finding such an investigation in the line of his legal work, and doubtless inspirited by the remembrance of the noble deeds done by that illustrious house—a house which has left its mark on many a page of Scottish history, even back as far as the times of King Robert the Bruce—he set about the work of proving himself the legal heir to its titles and dignities. He was successful in establishing his claim, and henceforth was known as Sir William Hamilton. He was now a regular attendant at the Parliament house, waiting for work, "having his time," he writes, "sadly consumed in pacing these vile Parliament-house boards, nothing to do;" adding characteristically, "which I am not sorry at, in the present state of my legal acquirements." These acquirements, however, were far from being inconsiderable. Indeed, his mind was of such a nature as never to rest satisfied with half attainment; and his legal career could in no wise be said to have been a failure, although perhaps the term brilliant could never be attached to it. His mind always revolted at the details and technicalities necessary to be acquired for a remunerative practice; and his ardent, aspiring intellect was always soaring beyond the dry minutiae and paltry trifles in which some of the most successful men found their delight, and from a knowledge of which they obtained their cases. The Advocates' Library was a much more congenial place of resort, and we

often find him shaking the dust from dingy tomes which had not been handled for years, and burying himself in their contents, utterly forgetful of the agents who would not fee him, and of the reign of a Tory Government which would give a Whig like himself no work; for Sir William, though unobtrusive as a politician, was and continued to be a staunch Whig, though never perhaps a useful one, in the lower and common sense of that term, or a bustling and active partisan.

His mother and her young niece, Miss Janet Marshall, who afterwards became Lady Hamilton, lived with him at this time in Edinburgh, and they were frequently to be found in the circles of Edinburgh society, where Sir William was ever welcome, accompanied as he often was by Lockhart, Wilson, De Quincy, and his brother, Captain Hamilton, now an officer on half pay, given over to the pursuit of literature. De Quincy, before he became personally acquainted with him, thus conveys some idea of what was thought of Hamilton by strangers:—"The extent of his reading was said to be portentous—in fact, frightful—and to some extent even suspicious; so that certain ladies thought him 'no canny.' If arithmetic could demonstrate that all the days of his life, ground down and pulverized into 'wee wee' globules of five or eight minutes each, and strung upon threads, would not furnish a rosary anything like corresponding in its separate beads or counters to the books he was known to have studied and familiarly used, then it became clear that he must have had extra aid in some way or other—must have read by proxy. Now, in that case we all know in what direction a man turns for help, and who it is that he applies to when he wishes, like Dr. Faustus, to read more books than belong to his allowance in this life."

And afterwards he thus speaks of his personal appearance. "There was an air of dignity and massy self-dependence diffused over his deportment, too calm and unaffected to leave a doubt that it exhaled spontaneously from his nature, yet too unassuming to mortify the pretensions of others. Men of genius I had seen before, and men distinguished for their attainments, who shocked everybody, and upon me in particular, nervously susceptible, inflicted horror as well

as distress, by striving restlessly, and almost angrily, for the chief share in conversation. Some I had known who possessed themselves in effect pretty nearly of the whole without being distinctly aware of what they were about. . . . In Sir William, on the other hand, was an apparent carelessness whether he took any conspicuous share or none at all in the conversation. . . . In general my conclusion was that I had rarely seen a person who manifested less of self-esteem under any of the forms by which ordinarily it reveals itself, whether of pride, or vanity, or full-blown arrogance, or heart-chilling reserve."

Sir William, besides mixing in the ordinary society of Edinburgh, saw a good deal of the distinguished foreigners who visited Edinburgh, and his reputation attracted many of them to his mother's house, both before and after his visits to the Continent, which he made for short periods in 1817 and 1820.

In the latter of these years, the Professorship of Moral Philosophy became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown. The two candidates for the Chair were Mr. John Wilson, known at that time as the author of the "Isle of Palms," and a leading contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," which had commenced its brilliant career, and Sir William Hamilton, not known as an author, but of great reputation for profound learning and varied reading, as we have seen in our first extract from De Quincy;—in politics,—a thing of more consequence in those days than either authorship or reputation,—a Tory the former, a Whig the latter. The election was in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh, composed, as usual, for the most part, of ignorant, narrow-minded men, who then called themselves Tories and now rejoice in the name of Radicals. Each candidate has to support his claims by an array of testimonials. The character of Sir William's must have been very high, for Mr. Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Corehouse, then at the head of the Scottish bar, is reported to have said of them, "I would rather have failed with such credentials than gained with any others." The Tories in the Council were, however, in a large majority, and Mr. Wilson was elected by a majority of 21 to 11,—a state of matters which, however, we

are glad to record, did not interfere with the warm and close friendship that subsisted between the rivals. Early in the next year the Chair of Civil History became vacant, and it being known that Sir William would be disposed to accept it, the Faculty of Advocates, with whom the appointment virtually lay, elected him to the office by a large majority. The salary attached to the office was miserably inadequate, and the work of the class forming no part of the curriculum for degrees in arts, the attendance of students was very small, having fallen as low as one under a previous professor. Thus the field opened to the new professor was not very promising, or of such a nature as to stimulate him to much exertion. Still Sir William was not the man to let things rest in this state, and he prepared a course of lectures, which were the means of rekindling an interest in the duties of the class, and bringing the number of the students up to about fifty. In the same year as he was elected professor he accepted the first of the many honors he was destined to receive from foreign countries, being made a foreign member of the Society for the Study of the German Language at Berlin. His private reading and study at this time was unbounded, and seems to have embraced a variety of topics, from the poetry of Buchanan and Balde to an investigation of the pretensions of phrenology, then attracting much attention, and the claims of animal magnetism.

Mr. Carlyle, so like Hamilton in his lofty aim, his unswerving energy of purpose, in his love of truth for the truth's sake, saw something of him about this time, and in the course of the valuable and characteristic reminiscences which he furnishes to Professor Veitch's book, he writes:—

"He was finely social and human in these walks or interviews. Honesty, frankness, friendly vivacity, courageous trust in humanity and in you, were charmingly visible. His talk was forcible, copious, discursive, careless rather than otherwise; and on abstruse subjects, I observed, was apt to become embroiled and revelly, much less perspicuous and elucidative than, with a little deliberation, he might have made it. 'The fact is,' he would often say, and then plunging into new circuitous depths and distinctions; again on a new ground, 'the

fact is,' and still again, till what the essential 'fact' might be was not a little obscure to you. He evidently had not been engaged in speaking these things, but only in thinking them for his own behalf, not yours. By lucid questioning you could get lucidity from him on any topic. Nowhere did he give you the least notion of his not understanding the thing himself; but it lay like an unwinnowed threshing-floor, the corn grains, the natural chaff, and somewhat even of the straw unseparated there. This sometimes would befall not only when the meaning itself was delicate or abstruse, but also if several were listening and he doubted whether they could understand. On solid realistic points he was abundantly luminous; promptitude, solid sense, free, flowing intelligibility always the characteristics. The tones of his voice were of themselves attractive, physiognomic of the man: a strong, carelessly melodious, tenor voice, the sound of it betokening tenderness and cheerfulness; occasionally something of slightly remonstrative was in his undertones, indicating well in the background possibilities of virtuous wrath and fire; seldom anything of laughter; of levity never anything; thoroughly a serious, cheerful, sincere, and kindly voice, with looks corresponding. In dialogue, face to face, with one he trusted, his speech, both voice and words, were still more engaging; lucid, free, persuasive, with a bell-like harmony, and from time to time, in the bright eyes, a beaming smile, which was the crown and seal of all to you."

A thoroughly characteristic letter also has been preserved, which Carlyle writes shortly after he had settled in Chelsea, in which he tells him that literature in London seemed dying "of thin diet and flatulence," but not so near dead as he had calculated; and further expresses an intention of actually going to write a book, and perhaps of publishing a booklet already written.

In 1827 Sir William sustained a great loss in the death of his mother, and the two years after this event proved the unhappiest of his life. He felt the horrors of solitude grow upon him daily, and he was for a time utterly prostrate, with no active spirit for his usual occupations. Writing to a friend he says, "Once dining out was the greatest of all

bores; now it is a refuge from the recollection of happy days, and the sad contrast of the present with the past." Two years after this he married his cousin, Miss Marshall, an event which had great influence on his after life and in "moulding the inner nature of the man." She fully supplied his mother's place, and "from the first her devotion to her husband's interest was untiring, and her identification with his work complete." This notice of the husband would fail in honesty and justice without a tribute to the character, patient love, and arduous and faithful energy of the wife.

Sir William up to this time, notwithstanding all his varied reading, thinking, and general acquirements, had as yet given to the world nothing as the result of his labors. It is said that he was far from being a ready writer, not that he could not write rapidly enough under compulsion, but he could not take up the pen at any time, as is the habit with some, and write a certain required amount. Indeed he always appears to have taken the pen in hand with extreme reluctance. However, after his marriage he felt the need of adding to his pecuniary means, and under the very strong pressure and inducements of Professor Macvey Napier, who had just assumed the new editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," he began to contribute to its pages. For his first number, both to draw out Hamilton and to gratify his own tastes, which lay in the way of philosophical speculation, Mr. Napier applied to him for a philosophical article, suggesting as a subject the introductory book of Cousin's "Cours de Philosophie." This paper turned out to be the famous article on the "Philosophy of the Unconditioned,"—the precursor of many a brilliant and subtly-learned article to that review. The great merit of the paper was not early discovered throughout the country; to the general reader it was utterly incomprehensible, and only to one or two of the professed British metaphysicians was it intelligible. On the Continent, however, the review of Cousin was at once recognized as the work of a distinguished and high-trained, speculative intelligence, and of a thinker who had probed not without results some of the deepest truths of philosophy. It was soon in the hands of all the philosophers

of Europe, and was speedily translated into French and Italian. None gave it a more hearty welcome, or recognized more fully the philosophic genius of its author, than M. Cousin himself. Hamilton had been averse at first to writing the paper, because, as he said, "it would behave me to come forward in overt opposition to a certain theory, which, however powerfully advocated, I felt altogether unable to admit, whilst its author, M. Cousin, was a philosopher for whose genius and character I already had the warmest admiration—an admiration which every succeeding year has only augmented, justified, and confirmed." Cousin seems to have taken the paper up in the same fine spirit in which it was written. He was only able for some time to see an extract from it, but was much struck with it. He says in regard to it, that he did not believe there was any individual beyond the Channel capable of interesting himself so deeply in metaphysics, and "I regard this article as an excellent augury for philosophy in England. I am therefore thankful to the author, and wish he knew it." He expresses much anxiety to see the whole of it, and to obtain particulars about its author. After it arrives he declares it a masterpiece,—so excellent, indeed, that he thinks there cannot be fifty people in England capable of understanding it. It was the subject of a long correspondence between the two philosophers, the beginning of a very warm friendship and sincere mutual respect and admiration.

This article was followed shortly afterwards by other important contributions to the philosophy of the country in the form of studies on "Perception," the train of thought involved in which was the natural and logical sequence to the one on the Unconditioned, and on Logic, being a review of recent English treatises on the subject, especially that of Dr. Whately. Like the former article, this last one dealt with the subject in an entirely novel point of view, and turned the thought on the topic in question into an entirely new channel. On every page of it the hand of the Aristotelian student was visible, and he harmoniously develops the thought in the two former papers into a philosophical unity. His other studies were going on at the same time—his physiological studies taking the di-

rection of a series of experiments on his children, the results of which remain recorded in very elaborate tables.

In 1836 the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh became vacant through the resignation of Dr. David Ritchie, and it might have been expected that the chair would have been at once given to Sir William, without even a formal application, far less a personal canvass. However, the Town Council of Edinburgh was a unique body, and one singular in all its ways. All the philosophic thought in the land pointed to Sir William as the fittest, and, indeed, only fit, candidate for the Chair; but the Town Council was much above taking notice of speculative opinion, and considered itself far wiser in its own conceit. M. Cousin could not understand the position, and wrote urgent letters from his sick-bed in behalf of his friend. "Sir William Hamilton," he wrote, "is the man who, before all Europe, has, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' defended the Scotch philosophy, and posted himself as its representative. In this relation the different articles which he has written in that journal are of infinite value; and it is not I who ought to solicit Scotland for Sir William Hamilton; it is Scotland herself who ought to honor by her suffrage him who, since Dugald Stewart, is her sole representative. Again, he is, above all, eminent in logic. I would speak here as a philosopher by profession. Be assured that Sir W. Hamilton is the one of all your countrymen who knows Aristotle the best; and were there in all the three kingdoms of his Britannic Majesty a Chair of Logic vacant, do not hesitate to give it to Sir W. Hamilton." Yet, despite this and many other strong and weighty opinions from the philosophers of Europe, the worthy bailies and councillors of Edinburgh were very nearly electing to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics, "in the interests of pure and undefiled religion"—for Mr. "Here-sy Scenter" had been put on the philosopher's track—one Mr. Isaac Taylor! The cause of philosophy in Scotland was only saved by the narrow majority of four!

Sir William Hamilton was now in his true position in the University and in the country. "Grâce à Dieu," writes M. Cousin, "vous êtes nommé; vous voilà à

votre place et dans votre élément." For the next few years his whole time and attention was devoted to his class. There was the true sphere of all his energy, there he was most at home and exerted the greatest influence for good. He was a born teacher in the highest meaning of the term, born to train and educate youthful intelligence, and to inspire youthful zeal and ardor. From the day of his election he worked incessantly at his subject, and the introductory lecture of the course, delivered on the 21st November, made a profound impression on the large audience assembled to hear it, no less by the depth and subtlety of thought displayed, the evident familiarity with which he handled the most delicate questions, than by the deep, earnest eloquence of his language, the sweet lucidity of his style and wonderful happiness of expression. No one who heard him lecture in the class, his fine face lit up and radiant with enthusiasm, his whole being engrossed in his words, would have imagined that, owing to an aversion to composition, the lecture had been penned the night before, the concluding passages as late as five or six in the morning, by his faithful amanuensis, Lady Hamilton. Sir William wrote the pages roughly and rapidly, and his wife copied them in an adjoining room. Sometimes the subject could not be sufficiently mastered, and Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o'clock, and his weary wife asleep on the sofa, ever wakeful, however, when he appeared with a fresh supply for her to copy. His fame as a lecturer increased year by year, and students were attracted to the class from the continents of Europe, America, and every part of the United Kingdom. It will be interesting to see what a stranger-student saw on his coming up to attend the famous lectures, and the influence they were destined to exert on his everyday life. We cannot convey to our readers a more vivid picture of this than by quoting the words of one who was himself such a student—Professor Baynes, formerly a favorite pupil and assistant of Sir William's, and now an able advocate of the Hamiltonian philosophy as the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrew's. Mr. Baynes contributed a paper on the philosopher to the "Edin-

burgh Essays" of 1856, which is instinct with enthusiasm, and highly vivid and real in its portraiture.

"Sir William's manner," he writes, "naturally struck one on his first entrance by its native dignity, perfect self-possession, and genuine courtesy; but soon the attention was irresistibly attracted to his person. It was impossible, indeed, not to be impressed with the commanding expression of that fine countenance and noble bust; the massive well-proportioned head, square and perfectly developed towards the front; the brow arched, full, and firmly bound together, with short dints of concentrated energy between; the nose pure aquiline, but for its Norman strength; and a mouth beautifully cut, of great firmness and precision, with latent sarcastic power in its decisive curve. But the most striking feature of all to a stranger was Sir William's eye; though not even dark hazel, it appeared, from its rare brilliancy, absolutely black, and expressed, beyond any feature I have ever seen, calm, piercing, sleepless intelligence. It was, in a peculiar degree, the self-authenticating symbol of an intellect that had read the history, traversed the unknown realms, grasped the innermost secrets, and swept with its searching gaze the entire hemisphere of the intelligible world. Though naturally most struck with this at first, one soon found that it but harmonized with the perfect strength and finish of every feature; nothing being weak, nothing undeveloped in any. Whatever the previous expectations of Sir William's appearance might be, they were certainly realized, if not surpassed; and however familiar one might afterwards become with the play of thought and feeling on that noble countenance, the first impression remained the strongest and the last,—that it was, perhaps, altogether the finest head and face that you have ever seen, strikingly handsome, and full of intelligence and power."

It now only remains for us in a single paragraph to mention a few facts about the last years of his life. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" ceased when he was appointed professor, but not before he had broken a lance in favor of Oxford University extension. His papers on this subject elicited afterwards the warmest expressions of approval and

thanks from the Commissioners, when they issued their report. He occupied himself, when not engaged in the active duties of his class, on what in some respects was the greatest monument of his philosophical industry and zeal,—an elaborate edition of Reid. He also edited the works of Dugald Stewart, and would, had he been spared, have written a memoir of him. On the study of Luther and his writings he also spent much labor. He cherished a lively interest in the ecclesiastical controversies raging around him, as an elaborate pamphlet with the expressive title, "Be not schismatics, be not martyrs by mistake," amply proves. He continued to teach, with the greatest enthusiasm, a class that yearly increased in numbers till he was struck down by paralysis in 1844, and even after that, whenever he was able, he continued to attend his class, conducted by an assistant, he generally read part of the lecture. He died on the 6th of May, 1856, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The inscription on his tombstone thus aptly describes the aim of his philosophy and his hope as a man:—"His aim was by a pure philosophy to teach that through a glass darkly, now we know in part; his hope that in the life to come he should see face to face, and know even as he is known." Side by side with this we may place the words of the late lamented Professor Ferrier, who always continued his warm friend and admirer, amid much philosophical difference. "A simpler and a grander nature," he said, "never rose out of darkness into human life; a truer and a grander character God never made. How plain and yet how polished was his life in all its ways, how refined and yet how robust and broad his intelligence in all its workings."

Professor Veitch in his preface states that the aim of his book is entirely biographical, and we have dealt with it accordingly. There is, however, in an appendix, some fifty pages of purely philosophical matter, in which Professor Veitch shows much power and comprehension in explaining and defending his master's philosophy against the attacks of Mr. Mill. Mr. Veitch is thoroughly competent for the task, and in some cases returns Mr. Mill's assaults with a vigorous enthusiasm and hearty power

of philosophical buffeting very impressive and exciting. But we do not venture to enter such an arena, or to mete out justice between two such combatants.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE REFORMER OF MESSINA.

RATHER more than a century ago, the chronicles of the Island of Sicily recorded, or some inventive interpolater introduced into them, a strange story of a "Reformer" of that day, which furnished the foundation for Monk Lewis's romance of the "Bravo of Venice," published in 1805, and dramatized shortly after by himself as "Rugantino," a melodrama which obtained great success in Dublin, and established the histrionic fame of Harry Johnston. The subject was also made into a play in the same year by R. W. Elliston, and acted at Drury Lane. Monk Lewis translated from the German, Elliston from the French. But the story—historical or fabulous, we pretend not to decide which—came originally from the source named above. Thus it runs:—

This self-elected Minos is described neither as a philosopher nor philanthropist of lofty intellectual endowments or position, but as an obscure, industrious mechanic, whose daily drudgery did not prevent him from noticing the scenes which passed before him. He saw, with indignation, a total absence of public virtue and private principle: honesty oppressed and vice rewarded; the sword of justice turned aside by corruption, and a want of power or inclination in the ruling authorities to chastise offenders. Under the impulse of such convictions, he resolved boldly to take on himself the task of a Reformer.

Having previously determined in his own mind that corruption and vice were too deeply rooted to admit of palliative remedies, he resolved to work on the fears of the wicked and unbelieving by *instant* visitation, from a quarter unseen, unknown, and beyond their power to guard against or avoid. Providing himself with a short gun, concealed under his cloak, he sallied forth on dark nights, and as convenient opportunities offered, despatched obnoxious offenders of all ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in public opinion. In different parts of Messina, within a

few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched. Usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates; pretended patriots, who opposed every measure of government for personal aggrandisement; adulterers and debauchees; husbands who blushed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who considered beauty as a fair resource for repairing the losses at the Faro table.

Astonishment became absorbed in terror. No villain of consequence dared to walk the streets. No vigilance could discover the murderer. Guards and spies were equally unavailing. It was thought, too, that the mass of the people were not wholly displeased at these rapid judgments and speedy executions. After more than fifty of the most notoriously flagitious men of the city had been put to death, without a clue to the detection of the executioner, the Viceroy of Sicily issued a proclamation, in which he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns to any one who should apprehend or be instrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the same sum and a free pardon were also promised to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them, and the motives by which he was actuated. To render his sincerity unquestionable, the Viceroy went publicly, in procession, and with great pomp, to the cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated a promise at the altar, that he would strictly, and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular.

The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, and being willing to secure safety as well as that independence he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the palace, demanded an audience, and after strong assurances from the Prince that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself the sole murderer of the victims, who at different times had been found in the

streets. The Viceroy, suppressing, as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with the Reformer on the unjustifiable nature of his proceedings, in thus taking the law into his own hands, and dispensing with judicial process. The criminal defended himself on the plea of morality and virtue; insisted that the characters of those he swept off were too notorious to require legal trial, and boldly reprimanded the chief magistrate for allowing them to live.

The royal representative, whatever might have been his inclination, religiously kept his vow, paid the stipulated sum, and not considering Messina a proper residence for the mechanic, after what had happened, shipped him, with his family and effects, from the island, in a vessel bound to Genoa; and he passed the remainder of his life in the

territory of that republic. His fellow-citizens confessed that for many subsequent years they felt the advantage of his unrelenting, but impartial justice. But it is well for rulers and the ruled, and for the peace of mankind, that this singular being has not had imitators. If every man were to consider himself authorized to wield the sword of justice, the world would become a chaos of misery, anarchy, and bloodshed. It is true, this Sicilian dispenser of law possessed several requisites for a root and branch reformer—integrity of purpose, disinterested patriotism, and personal intrepidity. But to render his decisions unerring he required *omniscience*, which is not extended to man. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!" He to whom all hearts are open has reserved this power to himself, and he can alone dive into the deeply seated motives of human actions.

Popular Science Review.

IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

BY BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

I HAVE recently read in Hammond's *Journal of Psychological Science* for January of the present year, an essay of more than ordinary interest by Dr. La Roche, of Philadelphia, on the subject of the "Resumption of the Mental Faculties at the Approach of Death." The intention of the learned author of this essay is to show that, in cases where a sick person has for some hours or days been lying in delirium, he may suddenly become conscious, may speak with wisdom, with power of memory, it may be with pleasure, and yet speak thus as but a presage to the death which quickly follows. The clearest evidence is given of this fact, and the frequency of the occurrence of the phenomenon in the course of the acute fevers endemic in hot climates is forcibly dwelt on. In yellow fever the stage of inflammatory reaction continues, says La Roche, with little or no mitigation from some hours to two or three or more days—generally from sixty to seventy-two hours, and is succeeded by the state of remission (the *metoptosis* of Mosley or the *stadium* of *Lining*) without fever. The pulse loses

its excitement, becomes almost natural or slower than in health, or rapid, feeble, and nearly imperceptible; the skin regains its natural temperature, then is colder and colder, and bedewed with cold perspiration; the pain of the head, back, and limbs disappears, or is greatly diminished. The redness and glistening appearances are no longer apparent, but the redness is replaced by a yellow tinge. These signs in the general course of the disease portend approaching death, yet are they accompanied with other signs marvellously singular; the wandering or violent delirium, the seeming sensibility, or deep sleep (coma), subside more or less completely. The patient, who some moments before raved like a maniac, or talked irrationally, or could not be aroused, regains his natural condition of mind; thinks, or endeavors to represent himself; converses rationally on all subjects; is cheerful; sits up in or gets out of bed; walks with a firm step; expresses an appetite for food, and relishes what he takes; and, after enjoying this state of repose for some time, suddenly faints, or is seized with a convulsion, and expires.

Our learned narrator leads us from these facts, which with him are personal experiences, to teach us that all through the literary history of the science of medicine similar facts are recorded. Hippocrates is adduced by him as telling of the symptoms of death in similar cases, and as closing his description with the observation that, "As to the state of the soul every sense becomes clear and pure, the intellect acute and the gnostic powers so prophetic that the patients can prognosticate to themselves in the first place their own departure from life, then what will afterward take place to those present." After this the exquisite picture of the death of Pericles is conjured up from Plutarch, with true artistic skill, to sustain the argument. A plague, perchance a typhus raging and decimating the city of Athens, claims amongst its victims the famous soldier and statesman. The sufferer has in the earlier stages of his malady lucid intervals, and in one of these intervals he wakes up to find round his neck an amulet or charm the women had hung about him; he shows this to one of his friends, to convey that he is very sick indeed to admit of such foolery. Then the disease progressing, the delirium becomes more persistent, and is succeeded by a fit of lethargy, with other indications that death is near. And now, the end close at hand, the friends sitting around, treating him as one absent, speak of the greatness of his merit, reckon up and recount his actions, and the number of his victories; the nine trophies which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he has set up for the honor of their city. But, while they thus speak, he has listened and understood, and waking up speaks to them; tells them he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many commanders, while at the same time they should not make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all, that no Athenian, through his means, ever wore mourning. And soon after this he dies. Returning from his historical survey, our author, La Roche, comes once more to his own experiences of the phenomena of lucid interval in articulo mortis, after long

terms of unconscious existence, and shows by the most convincing demonstration that even in inflammation of the coverings of the brain, associated with change in the brain substance itself, there may be lucidity of thought antecedently to and up to the moment of death.

The nature of the modifications which take place in the diseased organ, and which may account for a resumption of the mental functions after an interruption of some days, is discussed, speculated on well, and still left unsolved. I must not be tempted to linger on so fertile a theme for my pen, but must proceed to that which, on the present occasion, is the task before me.

The perusal of La Roche's essay has recalled many observations I have made, and many thoughts that have crossed my mind, when, in the exercise of my useful, though often powerless, art, I have been obliged to see, with humiliated sense, the mastery of the last great enemy. Whether a brief description of certain of these observations and thoughts will, reduced to writing, be of service, I cannot predict; but in the unsurpassed and unsurpassable state of general ignorance on the subject, I feel if they do anything they can do nothing but good. They may tend to bring the phenomena of death before the mind of the world, as phenomena belonging strictly to the natural—phenomena which should quicken no mystery, gratify no credulity, inspire no false report of Nature and her works.

THE MIND AND DEATH.

In the first place I would remove, as far as is possible, the idea—offspring of superstition and grand-offspring of fear—that by the strict ordinance of nature death is mentally a painful or cruel process to those who are passing through it. I admit, as an obvious truth told every day to all of us by Nature herself, that in the details of her work she, Nature, is not always kind, not always—according to our sense of the word—beneficent; that in her one and grand intent of evolving an universal perfection there is no such special adaptation for advancement, that the advancement shall come with happiness ever by its side, or without pain or misery, to those who are to be perfected. At the same time, in this

matter of dying the Supreme Intelligence is to all forms of living thing beneficent. In animals inferior to man and less capable of defence, He has removed further than from man the foreknowledge and dread of death; so that at the *abattoir* animals after animals, seeing their fellows fall, go in turn to their fate without a shudder or a moment of resistant fear.

In regard to human kind, the Supreme Wisdom has also confined the direct terror of actual death to or near to the moment of death. We find in poetry and sentiment displays of argument truly about life; about the value of life as individually cast in the man; about the dread of losing life, and the like. We find in *fact* that the poetry is misapplied romance, and the sentiment mistaken effort at philosophy. At a pinch, at desperate and sudden and unexpected conflict with death, most men of strong physical powers and strong will would give all they have for life; that is to say, all they have that could be regained by living; but beyond this there is not much actual and natural terror of death in man. For advancement towards perfection every individual man instinctively obeys the primary will of nature, and advances towards the object with no fear of death in his view. Thus there is little antecedent pain or mental suffering respecting the act of death; so little, that all the systematized use that is made of the terror to render it a moral subjugator has proved harmless; so little, that when we see in any man an undue fear of death—a fear which makes him brood over the grand event, and talk of it to all he meets, and shrink from it by anticipation, and take refuge from it behind straws—we treat him as an exception of an extreme kind to the rest of the world; politely dub him a hypochondriac, and invariably feel that his friends, who are his best keepers, represent him better than he represents himself.

At the worst, in the natural growth of mind, the period of existence in which the dread of death is developed intensely is a period embracing in the majority of persons the mere third of the term of existence. In the young the appreciation of the nature of the event is an act of learning from what is occurring around, and is an act not acquired quickly; so that,

happily, the very young, in *articulo mortis*, have, as a rule, no more dread of death than of sleep. In the adolescent there is such rapid aggregation of force—call it life—that they think of death to the last as to them impossible. In the old, the dread which may have marked a transitional stage from prime strength to first weakness, the terror is allayed by lesser care for that which is, and by that curious mental process so persistent that it seems to proceed from beyond us, of bending the mind to the inevitable so gradually and so slowly that the progress towards the final result becomes endurable and even happy.

THE PHYSICAL DEATH BY NATURE.

If, by the strict ordinance of nature, death is not intended to be cruel or painful to the mind, so, by the same ordinance, it certainly is not intended to be cruel or physically painful to the body. The natural rule, the exceptions to which I will speak of in due time, is here clear enough; and it runs, as plainly as it can be written, that the natural man should know no more concerning his own death than his own birth. Born without the consciousness of suffering, and yet subjected at the time to what in after life would be extreme suffering, he will die, if the perfect law be fulfilled in him, oblivious, in like manner, of all pain, mental or physical. At his entrance into the world, he sleeps into existence and awakens into knowledge; at his exit from the world, his physical cycle completed, he dozes into sleep and sleeps into death.

This purely painless, purely natural physical death, is the true euthanasia, and it is the business equally of the physician and of the priest to lead all men to this death as healthily, as happily, as serenely as can be. In respect to the physician, this is his business all in all; and, in regard to the priest, it is so far his business, that, in proportion as his labors help towards the end, they help to the moralization of the world. For euthanasia, though it be open to every race and every nation to have and to hold, is not to be had by any nation that disobeys the laws on which true health, and its obedient follower, true happiness, depend; while, to a nation [that should

obey the law, death would neither be a burthen nor a sorrow.

Despite all our efforts against her, even as the social state now is, nature will indeed still vindicate herself at times, and show us determinedly how she would if she could, involve, fold imperceptibly, life in death: how, if the free will, with which she has armed us, often against herself, were brought into time and tune with her, she would give us the beauties and wonders of the universe for our portion, so long as the brain could receive and retain, the mind appreciate, and at last would wean us from the world by the most silent of ways, leading us to euthanasia. The true euthanasia (I have read it through all its stages ten times at the least) is, in its perfection, among the most wonderful of natural phenomena. The faculties of mind which have been intellectual, without pain, or anger, or sorrow, lose their way, retire, rest. Ideas of time and place are gradually lost; ambition ceases; repose is the one thing asked for, and sleep day by day gently and genially wiles away the hours. The wakings are short, painless, careless, happy: awakenings to a busy world; to hear sounds of children at play; to hear, just audibly, gentle voices offering aid and comfort; to talk a little on simple things, and by the merest weariness to be enticed once again into that soothing sleep, which, day by day, with more frequent repetition, overpowers all. At last, the intellectual man reduced to the instinctive, the consummation is desirable; and without pain or struggle, or knowledge of the coming event, the deep sleep that falls so often is the sleep perpetual—euthanasia. This, I repeat, is the death by nature; and when mankind has learned the truth; when, as will be, the time shall come, "that there shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man who hath not filled his days," the act of death shall be as mercifully accomplished as any operation, which, on the living body steeped in deep oblivion, the modern surgeon painlessly performs.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE NATURAL DEATH.

In the natural order and course of the universe there are admitted, as I have said already, some exceptions from the

process of the purely natural death. Unswerving in great designs, and at the same time foreseeing every detail of result, the supreme organizing mind has imposed on the living world his storms and tempests, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and all those great voices and sublime manifestations of his mighty power, which, in the infant days of the world, men saw or heard with servile fear. Thus has he exposed us to natural accidents, but so wisely that to those of the creation who are most exposed he gives a preponderance of number, so that during the forming from the first to the last stage, they shall not suffer ultimate loss by disproportion of mortality. Perchance, too, if we could discover the law, he has provided for such excess of life as shall meet every accident natural and human. Be this as it may, he has provided in respect to death by purely natural causes—causes, I mean, coming direct from nature without the intervention of man; that, in the vast majority of such cases, the sudden, unexpected, inevitable, shall be painless also. As a rule, all forms of death by violence of nature are deaths from the influences of forces all-powerful. Lightning-stroke, sun-stroke, crash of matter, swift burial in great waters—these are the common acts of nature that kill. To the mind these acts present such grandeur of effect, they strike it with a sublime awe; but the body subjected to their fatal stroke is so killed it hath not time to know or to feel. When we experience any sensation of pleasure or of pain, we have in truth to pass through three acts, each distinct and in succession. We have to receive the impression, and it has to be transmitted to the organ of the mind; here it has to be fixed or registered; lastly, the mind has to become aware that the impression is registered, which last act is in truth the conscious act. But for all these acts the element of time is required, and although the time seems to be almost inappreciable, it may be sufficient. Thus with respect to lightning-stroke, if it strike the body to kill, it accomplishes its destruction so swiftly, the impression conveyed to the body is not registered, and therefore is not known or felt; the veritable death, the unconsciousness of existence, is the first and

the last fact of the impression inflicted on the stricken organism. For illustration of this truth I have recently seen—in experiments on the discharge of the Leyden battery at the Polytechnic (the jars being placed in what is called cascade)—animals struck so suddenly to death that they retained, in death, the position of their last natural act of life. The same has been observed in the human subject after extreme violence of nature, as after lightning-stroke, and for evidence that there is truly no consciousness, in such examples we have another and decisive line of proof.

It sometimes happens that the shock of nature, though sufficient to suspend the consciousness and reduce to the lowest degree the physical powers, does still not kill outright, and that after some lapse of time the mechanical disturbance of the animal organic material ceases; that the molecules fall back into their natural form to reconstitute the natural fabric, and that with the gradual restoration of organic structure there is return of normal function and what is called recovery from simulated death. In time the organ of the mind, also restored, the old imagery of the past returns, and down to the moment preceding the accident the details registered and recognized are capable of recall, or, in other words, are remembered. But there the memory ceases; of the swift act that disturbed the matter of the body—not with sufficient force to overcome the attraction of cohesion which holds the parts together, in organic series, not with sufficient force to disorganize, but with sufficient force temporarily to modify the organic form required for function—no recollection remains. In a word, the conditions requisite for the production of an impression are at once destroyed by the vehemence of the impression.

I have taken this effect of lightning-stroke as the most ready and complete illustration of the truth, that what would seem at first a violent and painful death from a purely natural cause is absolutely a painless death. But the illustration may be extended further—may be extended to all the forms of natural violent death. In cases of temporary suspension of life from sunstroke and from severe mechanical injuries, the same phenomena have been observed. The facts

of the injury have not been recorded; there has been no period of conscious recognition of them; there has been no recognition of that act of consciousness which we call pain. Lastly, to those in stances where the suspension of life has followed from what would seem the much slower process of sudden burial, removal from atmospheric air, as in drowning, the rule extends. In two examples of which I am able to speak from personal observation, and in which there was restoration after insensibility, produced by sudden immersion in water, the consciousness of all that occurred from and after the immersion was entirely lost. The same experience has been confirmed by, I think, I may say, all observers.

Thus of Nature it may be safely reported, without entering into longer detail, that when in the course of her determined, and, as might seem, unrelenting action, she cannot except even men in their prime from death, she destroys so mightily that the sense of death is forbidden.

THE PHYSICAL DEATH BY MAN.

The spirit bestowed on man, freewill combined with the power to know and to do, to invent, and to imitate nature, places him sometimes in a position to avoid, without presumption, the true accidents of nature. The diversion of the lightning flash so that it shall not injure is a case, among a thousand, in proof of this fact. But this same spirit—this freewill, this super-essential force which acts through matter, and may be wrestled with and conquered by ordinary physical force, and yet defies interpretation—has power also to be destructive, which power it exerts, though with diminishing intensity as it advances towards perfection of knowledge, with the effect of producing far more misery than nature; nay, with the effect of thwarting nature in designs which, if carried out, would lead to the happiness, and the good of all. Thus, the totality of death at this moment is so lifted out of the order of nature by the spirit of freewill, that the world practically is a chamber of suicides. By want, by luxury, by pleasure, by care, by strife, by sloth, by labor, by indolence, by courage, by cowardice, by lust, by unnatural chastity, by ambition, by debasement, by generosity, by avarice,

by pride, by servility, by love, by hate, and by all the hundred opposed and opposing passions in their excess; we die; I mean we kill. To these causes of death we add and mass up physical evils which, except in the case of fighting armies, destroy even more than the passions; evils which pass from the individual to the multitude, and in shape of vile pestilences sweep away, as by selection, the strongest, the faintest, the youngest of the race.

Yet it happens, in this totality of death, in this suicidal destruction, that death as an act is again not, on the whole, cruel or painful. In all the pestilences—and they include a large proportion of the fatal causes—the brain of the stricken usually loses its function long before dissolution, and to the sufferer the last act is a restless sleep. In these forms of disease, when there occurs that strange return to consciousness of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, there is no pain. Those who forebode their deaths are not wretched, and others, the greater part have imparted to them the hope of life, so that they converse as if nothing were amiss, and express that except for a sense of weakness they were well. In cases again of violent death from human causes, from great forces after the order of nature, from crush in collision of railway, crush in battle, the life this moment all action the next all rest, is extinguished without the consciousness of pain. In lingering death, in death from that disease which piles up our mortality, in consumption, painful as it is, terrible even from day to day to witness, not to say bear, the action of death, though it may be physically hard, is not usually cruel. Striking the young in whom the hope of life and belief in life is strong, consumption has for its victims those who accredit not its power, who live to their final hour in happy plannings of the future and die in the dream.

In the lingering and painful diseases of later life, in diseases we consider yet as hopeless, in diseases where the patient foreknows the end—take cancer or broken heart as examples—death is to the sufferer not often an enemy, but a

courted friend. The afflicted here, in case upon case, counts the hour of the release, assured and assuring that "death is better than a bitter life, and everlasting rest than continual sickness; that good things poured on a mouth that is shut are as messes of meat set upon a grave."

I could extend this argument greatly by recalling those *in articulo mortis* whose reason has gone astray; I could, by explaining the phenomena of death in instances where the nervous function is primarily destroyed, strengthen the argument; but the effort is unnecessary. In the end, did I proceed to the end of the chapter of diseases, I should have only those, unhappily but few, who realize pain and cruelty in death from maintaining to the last full mental power in the midst of physical dissolution, or those who, "having peace in their possession," "whose ways are prosperous in all things," and who can "take meat," are forced, in the loss and abandonment of selfish luxury, to give up all and die.

CONCLUSIONS.

I have based this essay on long and careful and truthful observation of the phenomena of death. I have written it for three distinct objects.

1. To declare that Nature, which is to us the visible manifestation of the Supreme Intelligence, is beneficent in the infliction of the act of death; that thwarted in her ways, she is still beneficent, and that she may be trusted by her children.

2. To declare the great law and intention of Nature, that in death there should be no suffering whatever.

3. To declare to men, that whatever there is in death of pain, of terror to the dying; of terror, of unsubdued sorrow to the living, is made pain, made terror, made sorrow; and that to attempt the removal of these is the noblest and holiest task the spirit of man can set itself to carry out and to perfect. It is to give euthanasia to the individual, millennium to the world.

Temple Bar.

NOT A DREAM.

"WHAT I have got to tell you are plain facts. You can try and account for them by physical rules if you please, or you can take them as belonging to the category of things that are not to be explained. That is what I have done for many years. I have never told the story before, because there were those for whom it was a painful subject. They are all dead and gone now, so it doesn't matter.

So spoke the old General whom we had been teasing for a story one winter's night. Hitherto his talk had been of tigers, pig-stickings, Mahratta battles, and other Indian subjects, on which he dilated with the zest of a boy, white-headed veteran as he was. But there was something in his tone now which seemed to prepare us for a very different topic, and we were not mistaken.

I was about eight-and-twenty (he continued), and had just got my company, when it suddenly occurred to me, without rhyme or reason, that I must get leave and go home. I was in good health, and I had a promise of a valuable civil appointment. I had no one in England whom I cared particularly to see again, for I had been left an orphan very early in life, and my uncle, who was my guardian—well, let bygones be bygones. I have seen other youngsters with the same fit upon them. You might as well tell a quail that he need not migrate, as to try and persuade them not to ask for leave; and they are not worth their salt till they get it, as I have told the Directors over and over again. Well, the fit was on me, and home I went. The voyage in those days was no hop, skip, and jump over Egypt and France, but a weary business of three months—if you had good weather—in sailing ships round the Cape. I had plenty of time to think of the wonderfully pleasant things I would do when I landed, and when at last I found myself in London, I was a little disappointed. An hiatus of eleven years plays the very deuce with one's friends and acquaintance. Some people seemed to think that I must want something when I called upon them, and others were so forgetful, that I had half made up my mind to make no further attempt at renewing acquaintances, when

one day, whilst taking my solitary dinner at a restaurant affected by "Indians" (we had no club of our own then), the waiter came up with a card, and, "Beg your pardon, sir," said he, "gentleman in No. 4, sir, hopes no offence, sir, but may your name be Davenport, sir?" I looked at the card; "Mr. James Stuart Cazenove" was elegantly engraved thereon. "My name," I said, "is Davenport, but—it's so confoundedly awkward, you see, for a fellow to claim acquaintance, and you not to know who the deuce he is." I gave the waiter back the card, and the next moment its owner had taken a seat opposite me. "I should have remembered you anywhere," he said, "but you don't remember me. I took the name of Cazenove for a fortune I was lucky enough to get two years ago. I'm little Jim Stuart. Lord! don't you remember 'Cocky' Stuart at Damberley's?" Then I knew him in a moment. Cocky Stuart! the little rascal I had licked at school, whose verses I had done, and been my faithful accomplice in many a poaching adventure at poor old Damberley's.

Oh yes! you girls may smile. You are all very well, kissing and "dearesting" each other at two days' acquaintance, but you don't know what men feel at meeting an old schoolfellow, especially when one of them has been broiling eleven years in India.

"Cocky" Stuart was one of your lucky ones. He inherited a fine business from his father, which seemed to take care of itself. He was made a rich man's heir, and he married well in every sense of the word. He was in London to complete some business matters connected with an estate he had recently bought, and I was one of the first batch of guests who assisted at his house-warming.

"Well, old man," he said, when he had shown me over most part of the house—a huge old Tudor Gothic place which he had restored—to my thinking in great good taste—"what do you think of it?"

"I told him I liked it immensely—that he had just hit the happy mean between comfort and quaintness.

"That's just what Bessie says—it's all her doing. Bless you, I take no credit. It's all her handiwork. I wanted to pull the place down, and build a modern house, but she would not hear of it."

"And quite right too," I told him.

"Why, there's many a duke would envy you those old carved oak wainscotings, those deliciously ugly corbels and stained-glass windows. There must be a legend for every stone, and I'll be bound there's a haunted room."

"Oh! that's nonsense," he replied, rather sharply.

"My dear fellow," I persisted, "a house like this would be nothing without a haunted room. If you haven't got a ghost, pray invent one. I'd just as soon be without a butler if I were you. It's quite *de rigueur* in such a dear old quaint place, I assure you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Davenport."

I remembered afterwards how his voice and manner changed; but I did not notice it at the time. I was in a chaffing mood, and went on.

"Nonsense! Do you call ghosts nonsense?"

"Yes, I do."

"It's very wicked to call ghosts nonsense."

"Davenport, I'd trouble you to drop the subject; I don't like it."

Of course I could say no more after this, and, it being nearly time to dress for dinner, I was shown to my room.

I was somewhat surprised when I entered it. All the other rooms I had seen were, as I have hinted, quaint, old-fashioned, with low ceilings, polished oak floors and wainscotings, some hung with tapestry, and all furnished in keeping with those surroundings. My room was a lofty apartment with a French paper on the walls, a Brussels carpet, a polished steel fire-grate, and a bed and other accessories of the latest fashion. Perhaps it was that the contrast with the other portion of the house made it appear at first harsh, vulgar, and garish. The colors on the walls and floor appeared unnecessarily gay, and two large pier-glasses, with gilt frames, and a mantel-piece covered with crimson velvet, on which a handsome clock ticked loudly, flanked by two elaborate ormolu candelabra, gave it an unusual air for an English bedroom. "This isn't Bessie's

taste, I'll be bound," I mused, as I tied my white choker at one of the glasses. "It's a room they have added to the old house, and Master Jim has had his wicked will with it. The rascal! If he had taken a Clapham villa he could not have done worse."

Bessie was a very gem of a hostess, and before dinner was over her guests, some ten in number, were on perfect good terms; and already the keels of certain small flirtations had been laid.

When the ladies had retired, and we were adjourning to the smoking-room—a rare luxury in those days—"Cocky" took me aside and whispered, "Don't you mind what I said to-day, old man. I didn't mean to be cross, you know; but don't talk about it, like a good fellow. Servants get hold of such things, and play the very deuce."

"Get hold of what things?"

"Oh! you know—about haunted rooms and that. It's all nonsense."

I was half-vexed with him for thinking I would pursue a subject which seemed to annoy him, and, lighting a cheroot, turned to a young person who had amused me greatly by lectures on India, based on information he had gained from tracts written by people as wise as himself.

At last it was bedtime, and my host accompanied me to my room, where he fidgeted about a good deal, and seemed reluctant to leave me. He set the clock right, lit a good many more lights than I could possibly want, and walked about touching small articles of furniture, putting them a little more to the right or left, backwards or forwards, in a nervous way.

"Is there anything you want?" he asked at last.

"No," I said; "nothing, thank you."

"If you do want anything, my room is the third door in the corridor to the left."

"My dear fellow, I'm an old campaigner. I shall sleep like a top in that luxurious bed," I replied.

"Well, good night. Remember the third door to the left if you want anything. Don't forget."

As I lighted him out, I noticed that there was a short passage between the door of my room and the corridor, and this confirmed my idea that the room had been added to the old house.

Directly opposite to where I had sat at dinner was hung the portrait of a very beautiful woman, dressed as a shepherdess with a crook in her lap and a flock of sheep in the distance. I dreamed that this picture came into my room, which suddenly became like any other room in the house, only larger. I awoke, and found the light in the candelabra (which I had forgotten to put out) burning brightly, and everything just as it had been when my host took his departure. I fell asleep again, and was only roused by Cazenove knocking at the door, and saying that the breakfast-bell would ring in twenty minutes.

"Did you sleep well, old man?" he asked.

"Like a child," I replied, jumping out of bed.

"By Jove, I'm so glad!" he cried, with what struck me at the time as unnecessary warmth; and away he went.

When the servant came in with my shaving-water and drew the heavy curtains which hid the window, I got a little start. *It was the window of the room I had seen in my dream!* A large deep bay-window, almost a chamber in itself, with stone copings and divisions and lancet-shaped lights, the small diamond panes in which were set in lead—a window ridiculously out of keeping with the room and its furniture. I had dressed for dinner the day before by candlelight, and seeing the incongruous window now so suddenly, brought back my almost-forgotten dream with, as it were, a mental crash which staggered me for a moment.

Angry with myself for giving way to such fancies, of course I laid the blame on some one else, and inwardly abused my host for anachronism. "With such a window as that standing, why the deuce couldn't he have rebuilt the room in harmony with it?" I growled.

When breakfast was over, I could not help sauntering into the dining-room to have another look at the picture which had troubled my repose. The original must have been very beautiful, and as a work of art the portrait was almost perfect, except for the position of the right hand—a small white hand—but, as I thought, too prominently displayed. There was something even threatening in the attitude.

As I gazed, Cazenove came in, gun in

hand (it was the 1st of September), and rated me for not being ready.

I told him that I was not only ready, but had been waiting for him. "Only, before we start," I said, "tell me, who is that?" pointing to the picture.

"Oh, that? That's a portrait," he replied, becoming suddenly grave.

"So I suppose; but of whom?"

"Oh! of some one belonging to people who used to live here long ago."

"Connected with the Surface family, I should think, from their selling their ancestors?" I said. "But, I beg pardon, perhaps she was some relation of your own?"

"God forbid!"

"Well, I'm sure you have no reason to be ashamed of her personal appearance. Show me as beautiful a girl living now, and I'll show you a man who would make a fool of himself for her," I said.

"I've begged and prayed Bessie a score of times," he muttered angrily, not appearing to heed me, "to let me have the infernal thing hacked out of its panel, or painted over, or something—it's a fixture, confound it!—and she won't. I'll do it, though, in spite of her. For God's sake, Davenport, don't stand there staring like an idiot! Come and shoot, if you're coming."

This was the second time he had broken out at me rudely, for no apparent cause, and I began to think that my fortunate friend had had a bad temper left him amongst his other legacies.

At dinner he did me a grievous wrong. Contrary to all law and custom, in defiance of the British Constitution itself, he ordered me away from an exceedingly nice little girl, whom I had taken down, and sent me to the other side of the table, on the pitiful plea that there were two ladies together there. I remembered afterwards that this change brought me with my back to the picture.

The manor had been badly preserved by Cazenove's predecessor, who never lived on it, and we had a good deal of walking for our twenty brace. I was glad indeed when our fair hostess told us we were very stupid, as gentlemen always were in the shooting season, and that the best thing we could do would be to go to bed. If ever a man had an excuse for sleeping like an animal, I had one that night; but I could not sleep.

I could not help thinking of the beautiful shepherdess with the small lily hand, and wondering why my host had spoken so irritably in answer to my questions about her. What did he mean by saying "God forbid!" with so much vehemence when I asked if she were a relation? Why should he want to destroy so admirable a painting?

Small things affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire was burning brightly in its polished grate, and lighted the room so that almost every object was visible. Of all the rooms in the world, it was the last to have any such legend as I had suggested the day before connected with it. A thing of yesterday, with the smell of French-polish and new carpets not yet blown away, what association could it possibly have with a lady who probably died before Queen Anne? What story, beyond what was told in an upholsterer's bill, could belong to it? When midnight struck, and a cold shiver passed over me, I said to myself, "Davenport, my boy, you got your feet wet in the turnips. Dwellers in the tropics cannot afford to play tricks with their health. That jungle-fever you caught three years ago is not quite out of your bones. A dose of quinine for you to-morrow morning, Master Davenport." Then I shut my eyes, and manfully resolved to sleep. Small things, I say, affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire worried me; but what was I to do? Empty the water-jug on it?—that would rust the reflecting-bars, and bring on my head the maledictions of an injured housemaid. Take off the coals?—where was I to put them? Besides, there were no tongs, and only a sort of gigantic skewer for a poker. I am afraid I said bad words of that fire and its newfangled irons as I turned my back on it, and tried again to sleep.

At last I fell into a conscious doze, during which the light faded away; and then there came over me that pleasant sensation which says, "You have only to turn over on your other side, and you will go fast asleep." I turned over, and saw that the old enemy of my rest was out. The room was in a total darkness, save where the moonbeams fell in through the window. This struck me as odd, and roused me; for I distinctly remembered that the heavy cloth cur-

tains were drawn close when I went to bed. "Bother the moon!" I exclaimed, and was in the act of jumping out of bed to shut it out, when another light shone suddenly from the opposite side of me, and by this I—as fully awake and in my senses as I am at this moment—saw that the size, shape, furniture, everything about the room had changed, and that it had become the room of my dream the night before!—a sombre oak-panelled room, with a high vaulted roof, in which some tattered banners waved to and fro in the night air mournfully. Even the bed, on which I sat in horror, was not what it had been, but a huge structure with gilded posts and dark heavy drapery, embroidered with quaint devices, as the state-beds of kings and queens in olden times were wont to be. Remindful of my dream, I instinctively turned towards where I fancied I had seen the picture the night before, and there sure enough I saw—not the picture, but *THE ORIGINAL*, standing with a lamp in one hand, and the other in the attitude of the portrait, but with this horrid difference—that the palm was pierced through and through as though by a stab, and blood trickled from it to the ground. There she stood in her fanciful dress, and a look, not of pain or of anger, but of deep unutterable despair, branding the face I had thought so innocent and beautiful, for, I suppose, some minutes, though they seemed hours to me. Then she walked slowly round the room, *close to the wall*, and vanished the instant that she returned to the spot where I had first seen her, leaving me again in darkness.

Now I dare say there are some of you who will say that all this can be explained; and so perhaps it can, *so far*. You may argue somewhat in this wise:—"The old-fashioned part of the house had made an impression on my mind which was strengthened by the contrast presented by my bedchamber. The portrait in the dining-room had also made an impression. I had dreamed of the latter, and, naturally enough, gave it a fitting background." So much for what you will, no doubt, call my *first* dream. You will go on to urge that, "over-tired with a long day's shooting, and with a touch of intermittent fever on me, that first dream made an impression which developed itself into the *second*."

'I say again, so far such an explanation might pass. But when impelled by terror—of which I was afterwards heartily ashamed—I knocked up Cazenove, his first words were:

"My God, Davenport! *Have you seen her?*"

Then I knew in a moment why he had answered so irritably my nonsense about haunted chambers, and the inquiries I had made about the portrait.

"I have seen some one," I replied, "and it may be a trick. Bring your lamp and come at once."

"Not for the world," he cried, drawing back. "She never appears a second time to the same person; but I have not seen her yet. You may take the light and satisfy yourself without the slightest danger. It is all over."

I went back, and found everything exactly as it had been—the thick curtains closely drawn over the window, and the fire still burning. Then I rejoined my host in the corridor.

"Don't blame me for what has passed," he said, in a low voice, "until you hear my excuses. I *have* a haunted chamber—worse luck! Look here."

As he spoke he lifted the tapestry, and disclosed a small low door, which I saw from its position should lead into the room I had just left. "Go in," he continued, opening it by pressing a spring, "and look about you. No, there is nothing to fear; I tell you again she never appears twice to the same person. Go in, and judge for yourself if there be any trick."

I went in, and found myself in what appeared, at first, to be a passage between the corridor and my bedroom; but on examining the outer wall, I recognized it, with a cold shudder, as the wall of the room round which the lady with the bleeding hand had passed. I looked up, and there was the dark vaulted roof, there were the tattered banners. *The new room had been built inside the old one.*

The Dream theory will not do now. A dream is a confused set of ideas arising out of something which the sleeper has seen or known of when awake. I had never seen that room; it was hid from me (all but the window) by solid walls of brick. I had every reason to suppose that I was in a new part of the

house. How, in a mere dream, could I *invent* such a thing as a chamber within a chamber? Again, with regard to the picture, I was half in love with the winning grace, the essentially feminine beauty, of the fair shepherdess. In a mere dream I should have made her the central figure of gay scenes, court revels, masques, balls, and the like, which, waking, I fancied she must have graced. How could I *invent* such an improbable thing as that her pretty hand should be stabbed through and through?—that she should be wandering about alone at night with that awful look of despair fixed on her face?

It was no dream.

"Of course, there's no more sleep for either of us to-night," said Cazenove, as I rejoined him. "Come into my dressing-room, and I will tell you all I know about this miserable business."

I was angry with him for what I considered his unfair treatment, and had determined to tell him so; but there was something so dejected in his voice and manner, that I checked myself with the words hot on my lips, and followed him in silence to his room.

His narrative was a long and not intelligible one, for he rambled into many details which had nothing to do with the story, and wasted a good deal of time talking about his bad luck, and giving instances of it; so I had better give it to you in the shape into which I reduced it afterwards, with the help of some further information.

Amongst the cavaliers who cheered the exile of King Charles the Second was a certain Sir Hubert Dyke, a gentleman who had done things in his time on the Spanish Main which we should call by ugly names, but who was a stout soldier, a faithful subject, and—what was more to the purpose in those times—a rich one, thanks to his exploits amongst the galleons of the Don.

When he must have been nearly sixty he married a young French-woman, of whom, when I say that she was very lovely, I have told you the best that can be said of her.

The King got "his own again"—that is to say, he was brought back to waste other folks' property; and Sir Hubert and Lady Dyke got their own again, considerably improved by having passed

through the hands of a crop-eared knave, who, if half that is said of his conduct as a landlord be true, was worth a whole regiment of lawless dare-devils like Sir Hubert.

High festival was held in honor of the Restoration at the manor, and its beautiful lady was the life and soul of the revels, not the least splendid of which was a masque composed by Dryden, in which she appeared as a shepherdess. Amongst the company was a then unknown artist named Lely, who asked and obtained the honor of painting her portrait on a panel in the dining-room. The fame of that masque went abroad, and the King himself commanded its repetition.

But for one thing Sir Hubert would have been a happy man. Amongst my lady's train, and the actors with her in that masque, was a young countryman of hers, who, it turned out, had wooed her before she had charmed the eye of the ex-buccaneer, and whom she loved in spite of her marriage-vows. Dark hints reached Sir Hubert's ears, and I dare say he would have stood on scant ceremony with the disturber of his peace, but that there was the royal visit and the royal command; and, as the masque could not be performed without Monsieur le Goffe, his hateful presence had to be endured. Only one-half of the truth appears to have been known to Sir Hubert, for he is reported to have been most affectionate and courteous towards his beautiful wife up to the last.

The masque went off more brilliantly than before, and all that is known with any certainty of what followed, is that shortly after midnight a wild piercing shriek was heard, and my lady rushed to the King's chamber, calling for help and justice, and showing her hand pierced through and through by a stab. The next day the establishment was broken up. My lady is said to have returned to France, and to have entered a convent. Sir Hubert obtained a military command in Scotland, but Monsieur le Goffe *was never heard of again*. The legend goes that the lovers were surprised; that the lady threw her arms round Le Goffe to protect him from her injured husband's fury, but that he stabbed him to the heart *through her hand*.

The scandal was hushed up, as such things could be in those days, when great people were concerned; but no one could live in the state-chamber, and eventually the fine old house was sold for about a fifth of its value.

"Like a fool as I was," said Cazenove, "I made no inquiries. I saw the place and liked it; so did Bessie. I offered a sum for it which I thought ridiculously small, and to my surprise it was accepted. Not a servant belonging to the vicinity would come to live with us, and so at last the truth leaked out—the place was haunted! Bessie said it was all nonsense; that the state-chamber was far too large and sombre for a bed-room; that its dark walls, and the shadows and noises in the vaulted roof, *created* fancies: and as we could not pull it down without disfiguring the house, we built a modern room inside, which you were the first to occupy. But you see it is no use; there is a curse upon the place!"

"Has it appeared in any other part of the house?" I asked.

"No, never."

"She has appeared to many persons?"

"To every one who has slept in that room—once."

"And—tell me truly, Cazenove, what has followed?"

"Oh, it's no use talking about it any more," he replied, with a renewal of his old petulance.

"Cazenove, I insist on knowing. There is something you wish to conceal—out with it, man! The thing is done and cannot be helped. What has followed?"

"They say that those to whom she appears never marry."

* * * * *

"And were you never married, General?" asked a pretty girl who sat next him.

"Never, my dear," replied the old soldier; "but whether that was my fault, or the ghost's, I cannot say."

"You think it really was a ghost?"

"What am I to think?"

That is a question which has yet to be answered.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XL.

"C. G."

THE Miss Spaldings were met at the station at Florence by their uncle, the American Minister, by their cousin, the American Secretary of Legation, and by three or four other dear friends and relations, who were there to welcome the newcomers to sunny Italy. Mr. Glascock, therefore, who ten minutes since had been, and had felt himself to be, quite indispensable to their comfort, suddenly became as though he were nothing and nobody. Who is there that has not felt these sudden disruptions to the intimacies and friendships of a long journey? He bowed to them, and they to him, and then they were whirled away in their grandeur. He put himself into a small, open hackney-carriage, and had himself driven to the York Hotel, feeling himself to be deserted and desolate. The two Miss Spaldings were the daughters of a very respectable lawyer at Boston, whereas Mr. Glascock was heir to a peerage, to an enormous fortune, and to one of the finest places in England. But he thought nothing of this at the time. As he went, he was meditating which young woman was the most attractive, Nora Rowley or Caroline Spalding. He had no doubt but that Nora was the prettier, the pleasanter in manner, the better dressed, the more engaging in all that concerned the outer woman; but he thought that he had never met any lady who talked better than Caroline Spalding. And what was Nora Rowley's beauty to him? Had she not told him that she was the property of some one else; or, for the matter of that, what was Miss Spalding to him? They had parted, and he was going on to Naples in two days. He had said some half-defined word as to calling at the American Embassy, but it had not been taken up by either of the ladies. He had not pressed it, and so they had parted without an understanding as to a future meeting. }

The double journey, from Turin to Bologna and from Bologna to Florence, is very long, and forms ample time for a

considerable intimacy. There had, too, been a long day's journeying together before that; and with no women is a speedy intimacy so possible, or indeed so profitable, as with Americans. They fear nothing,—neither you nor themselves; and talk with as much freedom as though they were men. It may, perhaps, be assumed to be true as a rule, that women's society is always more agreeable to men than that of other men,—except for the lack of ease. It undoubtedly is so when the women be young and pretty. There is a feeling, however, among pretty women in Europe that such freedom is dangerous, and it is withheld. There is such danger, and more or less of such withholding is expedient; but the American woman does not recognize the danger; and, if she withhold the grace of her countenance and the pearls of her speech, it is because she is not desirous of the society which is proffered to her. These two American sisters had not withholden their pearls from Mr. Glascock. He was much their senior in age; he was gentle in his manners, and they probably recognized him to be a safe companion.

They had no idea who he was, and had not heard his name when they parted from him. But it was not probable that they should have been with him so long, and that they should leave him without further thought of him, without curiosity, or a desire to know more of him. They had seen "C. G." in large letters, on his dressing-bag, and that was all they had learned as to his identity. He had known their names well, and had once called Olivia by hers, in the hurry of speaking to her sister. He had apologized, and there had been a little laugh, and a discussion about the use of Christian names,—such as is very conducive to intimacy between gentlemen and ladies. When you can talk to a young lady about her own Christian name, you are almost entitled for the nonce to use it.

Mr. Glascock went to his hotel, and was very moody and desolate. His name was very soon known there, and he received the honors due to his rank

and station. "I should like to travel in America," he said to himself, "if I could be sure that no one would find out who I was." He had received letters at Turin, stating that his father was better, and, therefore, he intended to remain two days at Florence. The weather was still very hot, and Florence in the middle of September is much preferable to Naples. That night, when the two Miss Spaldings were alone together, they discussed their fellow-traveller thoroughly. Something, of course, had been said about him to their uncle the minister, to their aunt the minister's wife, and to their cousin the secretary of legation. But travellers will always observe that the dear new friends they have made on their journey are not interesting to the dear old friends whom they meet afterwards. There may be some touch of jealousy in this; and then, though you, the traveller, are fully aware that there has been something special in the case which has made this new friendship more peculiar than others that have sprung up in similar circumstances, fathers and brothers, and wives and sisters, do not see it in that light. They suspect, perhaps, that the new friend was a bagman, or an opera dancer, and think that the affair need not be made of importance. The American Minister had cast his eyes on Mr. Glascock during that momentary parting, and had not thought much of Mr. Glascock. "He was certainly a gentleman," Caroline had said. "There are a great many English gentlemen," the minister had replied.

"I thought you would have asked him to call," Olivia said to her sister. "He did offer."

"I know he did. I heard it."

"Why didn't you tell him he might come?"

"Because we are not in Boston, Livy. It might be the most horrible thing in the world to do here in Florence; and it may make a difference, because Uncle Jonas is minister."

"Why should that make a difference? Do you mean that one isn't to see one's own friends? That must be nonsense."

"But he isn't a friend, Livy."

"It seems to me as I'd known him forever. That soft, monotonous voice, which never became excited and never disagreeable, is as familiar to me as

though I had lived with it all my life."

"I thought him very pleasant."

"Indeed, you did, Carry. And he thought you pleasant too. Doesn't it seem odd? You were mending his glove for him this very afternoon, just as if he were your brother."

"Why shouldn't I mend his glove?"

"Why not, indeed? He was entitled to have everything mended after getting us such a good dinner at Bologna. By-the-bye, you never paid him."

"Yes, I did,—when you were not by."

"I wonder who he is! C. G.! That fine man in the brown coat was his servant, you know. I thought at first that C. G. must have been cracked, and that the tall man was his keeper."

"I never knew any one less like a madman."

"No;—but the man was so queer. He did nothing, you know. We hardly saw him, if you remember, at Turin. All he did was to tie the shawls at Bologna. What can any man want with another man about with him like that, unless he is cracked either in body or mind?"

"You'd better ask C. G. yourself."

"I shall never see C. G. again, I suppose. I should like to see him again. I guess you would too, Carry. Eh?"

"Of course, I should;—why not?"

"I never knew a man so imperturbable, and who had yet so much to say for himself. I wonder what he is! Perhaps he's on business, and that man was a kind of a clerk."

"He had livery buttons on," said Carry.

"And does that make a difference?"

"I don't think they put clerks into livery, even in England."

"Nor yet mad doctors," said Olivia.

"Well, I like him very much; and the only thing against him is that he should have a man, six feet high, going about with him doing nothing."

"You'll make me angry, Livy, if you talk in that way. It's uncharitable."

"In what way?"

"About a mad doctor."

"It's my belief," said Olivia, "that he's an English swell, a lord, or a duke;—and it's my belief, too, that he's in love with you."

"It's my belief, Livy, that you're a regular ass;"—and so the conversation was ended on that occasion.

On the next day, about noon, the

American Minister, as a part of the duty which he owed to his country, read in a publication of that day, issued for the purpose, the names of the new arrivals at Florence. First and foremost was that of the Honorable Charles Glascock, with his suite, at the York Hotel, en route to join his father, Lord Peterborough, at Naples. Having read the news first to himself, the minister read it out loud in the presence of his nieces.

"That's our friend C. G.," said Livy.

"I should think not," said the minister, who had his own ideas about an English lord.

"I'm sure it is, because of the tall man with the buttons," said Olivia.

"It's very unlikely," said the secretary of legation. "Lord Peterborough is a man of immense wealth, very old, indeed. They say he is dying at Naples. This man is his eldest son."

"Is that any reason why he shouldn't have been civil to us?" asked Olivia.

"I don't think he is the sort of man likely to sit up in the banquettes; and he would have posted over the Alps. Moreover, he had his suite with him."

"His suite was buttons," said Olivia. "Only fancy, Carry, we've been waited on for two days by a lord as is to be, and didn't know it! And you have mended the tips of his lordship's glove!" But Carry said nothing at all.

Late on that same evening, they met Mr. Glascock close to the Duomo, under the shade of the Campanile. He had come out as they had done, to see by moonlight that loveliest of all works made by man's hands. They were with the minister, but Mr. Glascock came up and shook hands with them.

"I would introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Spalding," said Olivia,—"only,—as it happens,—we have never yet heard your name."

"My name is Mr. Glascock," said he, smiling. Then the introduction was made; and the American Minister took off his hat, and was very affable.

"Only think, Carry," said Olivia, when they were alone that evening, "if you were to become the wife of an English lord!"

CHAPTER XLI.

SHOWING WHAT TOOK PLACE AT ST. DIDDULPH'S.

NORA ROWLEY, when she escaped from

the violence of her lover, at once rushed up to her own room, and managed to fasten herself in before she had been seen by any one. Her elder sister had at once gone to her aunt when, at Hugh's request, she had left the room, thinking it right that Mrs. Outhouse should know what was being done in her own house. Mrs. Outhouse had considered the matter patiently for awhile, giving the lovers the benefit of her hesitation, and had then spoken her mind to Stanbury, as we have already heard. He had, upon the whole, been so well pleased with what had occurred, that he was not in the least angry with the parson's wife when he left the parsonage. As soon as he was gone Mrs. Outhouse was at once joined by her elder niece, but Nora remained for a while alone in her room.

Had she committed herself; and if so, did she regret it? He had behaved very badly to her, certainly, taking her by the hand and putting his arm round her waist. And then had he not even attempted to kiss her? He had done all this, although she had been resolute in refusing to speak to him one word of kindness,—though she had told him with all the energy and certainty of which she was mistress, that she would never be his wife. If a girl were to be subjected to such treatment as this when she herself had been so firm, so discreet, so decided, then indeed it would be unfit that a girl should trust herself with a man. She had never thought that he had been such a one as that, to ill-use her, to lay a hand on her in violence, to refuse to take an answer. She threw herself on the bed and sobbed, and then hid her face,—and was conscious that in spite of this acting before herself she was the happiest girl alive. He had behaved very badly;—of course, he had behaved most wickedly, and she would tell him so some day. But was he not the dearest fellow living? Did ever man speak with more absolute conviction of love in every tone of his voice? Was it not the finest, noblest heart that ever throbbed beneath a waistcoat? Had not his very wickedness come from the overpowering truth of his affection for her? She would never quite forgive him because it had been so very wrong; but she would be true to him for ever and ever. Of course they could not marry. What!

—would she go to him and be a clog round his neck, and a weight upon him forever, bringing him down to the gutter by the burden of her own useless and unworthy self? No. She would never so injure him. She would not even hamper him by an engagement. But yet she would be true to him. She had an idea that in spite of all her protestations,—which, as she looked back upon them, appeared to her to have been louder than they had been,—that through the teeth of her denials, something of the truth had escaped from her. Well,—let it be so. It was the truth, and why should he not know it? Then she pictured to herself a long romance, in which the heroine lived happily on the simple knowledge that she had been beloved. And the reader may be sure that in this romance Mr. Glascock with his splendid prospects filled one of the characters.

She had been so wretched at Nuncombe Putney when she had felt herself constrained to admit to herself that this man for whom she had sacrificed herself did not care for her, that she could not now but enjoy her triumph. After she had sobbed upon the bed, she got up and walked about the room smiling; and she would now press her hands to her forehead, and then shake her tresses, and then clasp her own left hand with her right, as though he were still holding it. Wicked man! Why had he been so wicked and so violent? And why, why, why had she not once felt his lips upon her brow?

And she was pleased with herself. Her sister had rebuked her because she had refused to make her fortune by marrying Mr. Glascock; and to own the truth, she had rebuked herself on the same score when she found that Hugh Stanbury had not had a word of love to say to her. It was not that she regretted the grandeur which she had lost, but that she should, even within her own thoughts, with the consciousness of her own bosom, have declared herself unable to receive another man's devotion because of her love for this man who neglected her. Now she was proud of herself. Whether it might be accounted as good or ill-fortune that she had ever seen Hugh Stanbury, it must at any rate be right that she should be true to him now that she had seen him, and had loved

him. To know that she loved and that she was not loved again had nearly killed her. But such was not her lot. She too had been successful with her quarry, and had struck her game, and brought down her dear. He had been very violent with her but his violence had at least made the matter clear. He did love her. She would be satisfied with that, and would endeavor so to live that that alone should make life happy for her. How should she get his photograph,—and a lock of his hair?—and when again might she have the pleasure of placing her own hand within his great, rough, violent grasp? Then she kissed the hand which he had held, and opened the door of her room, at which her sister was now knocking.

"Nora, dear, will you not come down?"

"Not yet, Emily. Very soon I will."

"And what has happened, dearest?"

"There is nothing to tell, Emily."

"There must be something to tell."

"What did he say to you?"

"Of course you know what he said."

"And what answer did you make?"

"I told him that it could not be."

"And did he take that,—as final, Nora?"

"Of course not. What man ever takes a No as final?"

"When you said No to Mr. Glascock he took it."

"That was different, Emily."

"But how different? I don't see the difference, except that if you could have brought yourself to like Mr. Glascock, it would have been the greatest thing in the world for you, and for all of them."

"Would you have me take a man, Emily, that I didn't care one straw for, merely because he was a lord? You can't mean that."

"I'm not talking about Mr. Glascock now, Nora."

"Yes, you are. And what's the use? He is gone, and there's an end of it."

"And is Mr. Stanbury gone?"

"Of course."

"In the same way?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan.

"How can I tell about his ways? No; it is not in the same way. There! He went in a very different way."

"How was it different, Nora?"

"Oh, so different. I can't tell you

how. Mr. Glascock will never come back again."

"And Mr. Stanbury will?" said the elder sister. Nora made no reply, but after a while nodded her head. "And you want him to come back?" She paused again, and again nodded her head.

"Then you have accepted him?"

"I have not accepted him. I have refused him. I have told him that it was impossible."

"And yet you wish him back again!" Nora again nodded her head. "That is a state of things I cannot at all understand," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "and would not believe unless you told me so yourself."

"And you think me very wrong, of course. I will endeavor to do nothing wrong, but it is so. I have not said a word of encouragement to Mr. Stanbury; but I love him with all my heart. Ought I to tell you a lie when you question me? Or is it natural that I should never wish to see again a person whom I love better than all the world? It seems to me that a girl can hardly be right if she have any choice of her own. Here are two men, one rich and the other poor. I shall fall to the ground between them. I know that. I have fallen to the ground already. I like the one I can't marry. I don't care a straw for the one who could give me a grand house. That is falling to the ground. But I don't see that it is hard to understand, or that I have disgraced myself."

"I said nothing of disgrace, Nora."

"But you looked it."

"I did not intend to look it, dearest."

"And remember this, Emily, I have told you everything because you asked me. I do not mean to tell anybody else, at all. Mamma would not understand me. I have not told him, and I shall not."

"You mean Mr. Stanbury?"

"Yes; I mean Mr. Stanbury. As to Mr. Glascock, of course I shall tell mamma that. I have no secret there. That is his secret, and I suppose mamma should know it. But I will have nothing told about the other. Had I accepted him, or even hinted to him that I cared for him, I would tell mamma at once."

After that there came something of a lecture, or something, rather, of admonition, from Mrs. Outhouse. That lady did not attempt to upbraid, or to find

any fault; but observed that, as she understood that Mr. Stanbury had no means whatever, and as Nora herself had none, there had better be no further intercourse between them, till, at any rate, Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley should be in London. "So I told him that he must not come here any more, my dear," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"You are quite right, aunt. He ought not to come here."

"I am so glad that you agree with me."

"I agree with you altogether. I think I was bound to see him when he asked to see me; but the thing is altogether out of the question. I don't think he'll come any more, aunt." Then Mrs. Outhouse was quite satisfied that no harm had been done.

A month had now passed since anything had been heard at St. Diddulph's from Mr. Trevelyan, and it seemed that many months might go on in the same dull way. When Mrs. Trevelyan first found herself in her uncle's house, a sum of two hundred pounds had been sent to her; and since that she had received a letter from her husband's lawyer saying that a similar amount would be sent to her every three months, as long as she was separated from her husband. A portion of this she had given over to Mr. Outhouse; but this pecuniary assistance by no means comforted that unfortunate gentleman in his trouble. "I don't want to get into debt," he said, "by keeping a lot of people whom I haven't the means to feed. And I don't want to board and lodge my nieces and their family at so much a head. It's very hard upon me either way." And so it was. All the comfort of his home was destroyed, and he was driven to sacrifice his independence by paying his tradesmen with a portion of Mrs. Trevelyan's money. The more he thought of it all, and the more he discussed the matter with his wife, the more indignant they became with the truant husband. "I can't believe," he said, "but what Mr. Bidcahile could not make him come back, if he chose to do his duty."

"But they say that Mr. Trevelyan is in Italy, my dear."

"And if I went to Italy, might I leave you to starve and take my income with me?"

"He doesn't leave her quite to starve, my dear."

"But isn't a man bound to stay with his wife? I never heard of such a thing,—never. And I'm sure that there must be something wrong. A man can't go away and leave his wife to live with her uncle and aunt. It isn't right."

"But what can we do?"

Mr. Outhouse was forced to acknowledge that nothing could be done. He was a man to whom the quiescence of his own childless house was the one pleasure of his existence. And of that he was robbed because this wicked madman chose to neglect all his duties, and leave his wife without a house to shelter her. "Supposing that she couldn't have come here, what then?" said Mr. Outhouse. "I did tell him, as plain as words could speak, that we couldn't receive them." "But here they are," said Mrs. Outhouse, "and here they must remain till my brother comes to England." "It's the most monstrous thing that I ever heard of in all my life," said Mr. Outhouse. "He ought to be locked up;—that's what he ought."

It was hard, and it became harder, when a gentleman, whom Mr. Outhouse certainly did not wish to see, called upon him about the latter end of September. Mr. Outhouse was sitting alone, in the gloomy parlor of his parsonage,—for his own study had been given up to other things, since this great inroad had been made upon his family;—he was sitting alone on one Saturday morning, preparing for the duties of the next day, with various manuscript sermons lying on the table around him, when he was told that a gentleman had called to see him. Had Mr. Outhouse been an incumbent at the West-end of London, or had his maid been a West-end servant, in all probability the gentleman's name would have been demanded; but Mr. Outhouse was a man who was not very ready in foreseeing and preventing misfortunes, and the girl who opened the door was not trained to discreet usages in such matters. As she announced the fact that there was a gentleman, she pointed to the door, to show that the gentleman was there; and before Mr. Outhouse had been able to think whether it would be prudent for him to make some preliminary inquiry, Colonel Osborne was in

the room. Now, as it happened, these two men had never hitherto met each other, though one was the brother-in-law of Sir Marmaduke Rowley, and the other had been his very old friend. "My name, Mr. Outhouse, is Colonel Osborne," said the visitor, coming forward, with his hand out. The clergyman, of course, took his hand, and asked him to be seated. "We have known each other's names very long," continued the Colonel, "though I do not think we have ever yet had an opportunity of becoming acquainted."

"No," said Mr. Outhouse; "we have never been acquainted, I believe." He might have added, that he had no desire whatever to make such acquaintance; and his manner, over which he himself had no control, did almost say as much. Indeed, this coming to his house of the suspected lover of his niece appeared to him to be a heavy addition to his troubles; for, although he was disposed to take his niece's part against her husband to any possible length,—even to the locking up of the husband as a madman if it were possible,—nevertheless, he had almost as great a horror of the Colonel as though the husband's allegation as to the lover had been true as gospel. Because Trevelyan had been wrong altogether, Colonel Osborne was not the less wrong. Because Trevelyan's suspicions were to Mr. Outhouse wicked and groundless, he did not the less regard the presumed lover to be an iniquitous roaring lion, going about seeking whom he might devour. Elderly unmarried men of fashion generally, and especially colonels, and majors, and members of parliament, and such like, were to him as black sheep or roaring lions. They were "*fruges consumere nati*;" men who stood on club doorsteps talking naughtily and doing nothing, wearing sleek clothing, for which they very often did not pay, and never going to church. It seemed to him,—in his ignorance,—that such men had none of the burdens of this world upon their shoulders, and that, therefore, they stood in great peril of the burdens of the next. It was, doubtless, his special duty to deal with men in such peril;—but those wicked ones with whom he was concerned were those whom he could reach. Now, the Colonel Osbornes

of the earth were not to be got at by any clergyman, or, as far as Mr. Outhouse could see, by any means of grace. That story of the rich man and the camel seemed to him to be specially applicable to such people. How was such a one as Colonel Osborne to be shown the way through the eye of a needle? To Mr. Outhouse, his own brother-in-law, Sir Marmaduke, was almost of the same class,—for he frequented the clubs when in London, and played whist, and talked of the things of the world,—such as the Derby, and the levees, and West-end dinner parties,—as though they were all in all to him. He, to be sure, was weighted with so large a family that there might be hope for him. The eye of the needle could not be closed against him as a rich man; but he savored of the West-end, and was worldly, and consorted with such men as this Colonel Osborne. When Colonel Osborne introduced himself to Mr. Outhouse, it was almost as though Apollon had made his way into the parsonage of St. Diddulph's.

"Mr. Outhouse," said the Colonel, "I have thought it best to come to you the very moment that I got back to town from Scotland." Mr. Outhouse bowed, and was bethinking himself slowly what manner of speech he would adopt. "I leave town again to-morrow for Dorsetshire. I am going down to my friends, the Brambers, for partridge shooting." Mr. Outhouse knitted his thick brows, in further inward condemnation. Partridge shooting! yes;—this was September, and partridge shooting would be the probable care and occupation of such a man at such a time. A man without a duty in the world! Perhaps, added to this there was a feeling that, whereas Colonel Osborne could shoot Scotch grouse in August, and Dorsetshire partridges in September, and go about throughout the whole year like a roaring lion, he, Mr. Outhouse, was forced to remain at St. Diddulph's-in-the-East, from January to December, with the exception of one small parson's week spent at Margate, for the benefit of his wife's health. If there was such a thought, or, rather, such a feeling, who will say that it was not natural? "But I could not go through London without seeing you," continued the Colonel. "This

is a most frightful infatuation of Trevelyan!"

"Very frightful, indeed," said Mr. Outhouse.

"And, on my honor as a gentleman, not the slightest cause in the world."

"You are old enough to be the lady's father," said Mr. Outhouse, managing in that to get one blow at the gallant Colonel.

"Just so. God bless my soul!" Mr. Outhouse shrunk visibly at this profane allusion to the Colonel's soul. "Why, I've known her father ever so many years. As you say, I might almost be her father myself." As far as age went, such certainly might have been the case, for the Colonel was older than Sir Marmaduke. "Look here, Mr. Outhouse, here is a letter I got from Emily——"

"From Mrs. Trevelyan?"

"Yes, from Mrs. Trevelyan; and as well as I can understand, it must have been sent to me by Trevelyan himself. Did you ever hear of such a thing? And now I'm told he has gone away, nobody knows where, and has left her here."

"He has gone away—nobody knows where."

"Of course, I don't ask to see her."

"It would be imprudent, Colonel Osborne; and could not be permitted in this house."

"I don't ask it. I have known Emily Trevelyan since she was an infant, and have always loved her. I'm her godfather, for aught I know,—though one forgets things of that sort." Mr. Outhouse again knit his eyebrows and shuddered visibly. "She and I have been fast friends,—and why not? But, of course, I can't interfere."

"If you ask me, Colonel Osborne, I should say that you can do nothing in the matter;—except to remain away from her. When Sir Marmaduke is in England, you can see him, if you please."

"See him;—of course, I shall see him. And, by George, Louis Trevelyan will have to see him, too! I shouldn't like to have to stand up before Rowley if I had treated a daughter of his in such a fashion. You know Rowley, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I know him."

"He's not the sort of man to bear this sort of thing. He'll about tear Trevelyan in pieces if he gets hold of him. God bless my soul——" the eyebrows went to work again,— "I never heard of such

a thing in all my life! Does he pay anything for them, Mr. Outhouse?"

This was dreadful to the poor clergyman. "That is a subject which we surely need not discuss," said he. Then he remembered that such speech on his part was like to a subterfuge, and he found it necessary to put himself right. "I am repaid for the maintenance here of my nieces, and the little boy, and their attendants. I do not know why the question should be asked, but such is the fact."

"Then they are here by agreement between you and him?"

"No, sir; they are not. There is no such agreement. But I do not like these interrogatives from a stranger as to matters which should be private."

"You cannot wonder at my interest, Mr. Outhouse."

"You had better restrain it, sir, till Sir Marmaduke arrives. I shall then wash my hands of the affair."

"And she is pretty well;—Emily, I mean?"

"Mrs. Trevelyan's health is good."

"Pray tell her though I could not—might not ask to see her, I came to inquire after her the first moment that I was in London. Pray tell her how much I feel for her;—but she will know that. When Sir Marmaduke is here, of course, we shall meet. When she is once more under her father's wing, she need not be restrained by any absurd commands from a husband who has deserted her. At present, of course, I do not ask to see her."

"Of course, you do not, Colonel Osborne."

"And give my love to Nora;—dear little Nora! There can be no reason why she and I should not shake hands."

"I should prefer that it should not be so in this house," said the clergyman, who was now standing,—in expectation that his unwelcome guest would go.

"Very well;—so be it. But you will understand I could not be in London without coming and asking after them." Then the Colonel at last took his leave, and Mr. Outhouse was left to his solitude and his sermons.

Mrs. Outhouse was very angry when she heard of the visit. "Men of that sort," she said, "think it a fine thing, and talk about it. I believe the poor girl is as innocent as I am, but he isn't innocent. He likes it."

"It is easier," said Mr. Outhouse solemnly, "'for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.'"

"I don't know that he is a rich man," said Mrs. Outhouse; "but he wouldn't have come here if he had been honest."

Mrs. Trevelyan was told of the visit, and simply said that of course it was out of the question that she should have seen Colonel Osborne. Nevertheless she seemed to think it quite natural that he should have called, and defended him with some energy when her aunt declared that he had been much to blame. "He is not bound to obey Mr. Trevelyan because I am," said Emily.

"He is bound to abstain from evil doing," said Mrs. Outhouse; "and he oughtn't to have come. There; let that be enough, my dear. Your uncle doesn't wish to have it talked about." Nevertheless it was talked about between the two sisters. Nora was of opinion that Colonel Osborne had been wrong, whereas Emily defended him. "It seems to me to have been the most natural thing in life," said she.

Had Colonel Osborne made the visit as Sir Marmaduke's friend, feeling himself to be an old man, it might have been natural. When a man has come to regard himself as being, on the score of age, about as fit to be a young lady's lover as though he were an old woman instead of an old man,—which some men will do when they are younger even than was Colonel Osborne,—he is justified in throwing behind him as utterly absurd the suspicions of other people. But Colonel Osborne cannot be defended altogether on that plea.

CHAPTER XLII.

MISS STANBURY AND MR. GIBSON BECOME TWO.

THERE came to be a very gloomy fortnight at Miss Stanbury's house in the Close. For two or three days after Mr. Gibson's dismissal at the hands of Miss Stanbury herself, Brooke Burgess was still in the house, and his presence saved Dorothy from the full weight of her aunt's displeasure. There was the necessity of looking after Brooke, and scolding him, and of praising him to Martha, and of dispraising him, and of seeing that he had enough to eat, and of

watching whether he smoked in the house, and of quarrelling with him about everything under the sun, which together employed Miss Stanbury that she satisfied herself with glances at Dorothy which were felt to be full of charges of ingratitude. Dorothy was thankful that it should be so, and bore the glances with abject submission. And then there was a great comfort to her in Brooke's friendship. On the second day after Mr. Gibson had gone she found herself talking to Brooke quite openly upon the subject. "The fact was, Mr. Burgess, that I didn't really care for him. I know he's very good and all that, and of course Aunt Stanbury meant it all for the best. And I would have done it if I could, but I couldn't." Brooke patted her on the back,—not in the flesh but in the spirit,—and told her that she was quite right. And he expressed an opinion, too, that it was not expedient to yield too much to Aunt Stanbury. "I would yield to her in anything that was possible to me," said Dorothy. "I won't," said he; "and I don't think I should do any good if I did. I like her, and I like her money. But I don't like either well enough to sell myself for a price."

A great part, too, of the quarrelling which went on from day to day between Brooke and Miss Stanbury was due to the difference of their opinions respecting Dorothy and her suitor. "I believe you put her up to it," said Aunt Stanbury.

"I neither put her up nor down, but I think that she was quite right."

"You've robbed her of a husband, and she'll never have another chance. After what you've done you ought to take her yourself."

"I shall be ready to-morrow," said Brooke.

"How can you tell such a lie?" said Aunt Stanbury.

But after two or three days Brooke was gone to make a journey through the distant parts of the county, and see the beauties of Devonshire. He was to be away for a fortnight, and then come back for a day or two before he returned to London. During that fortnight things did not go well with poor Dorothy at Exeter.

"I suppose you know your own business best," her aunt said to her one morning. Dorothy uttered no word of

reply. She felt it to be equally impossible to suggest either that she did or that she did not know her own business best. "There may be reasons which I don't understand," exclaimed Aunt Stanbury; "but I should like to know what it is you expect."

"Why should I expect anything, Aunt Stanbury?"

"That's nonsense. Everybody expects something. You expect to have your dinner by-and-by,—don't you?"

"I suppose I shall," said Dorothy, to whom it occurred at the moment that such expectation was justified by the fact that on every day of her life hitherto some sort of a dinner had come in her way.

"Yes,—and you think it comes from heaven, I suppose."

"It comes by God's goodness, and your bounty, Aunt Stanbury."

"And how will it come when I'm dead? Or how will it come if things should go on in such a way that I can't stay here any longer? You don't ever think of that."

"I should go back to mamma and Priscilla."

"Psha! As if two mouths were not enough to eat all the meal there is in that tub. If there was a word to say against the man, I wouldn't ask you to have him; if he drank or smoked, or wasn't a gentleman, or was too poor, or anything you like. But there's nothing. It's all very well to tell me you don't love him; but why don't you love him? I don't like a girl to go and throw herself at a man's head, as those Frenches have done; but when everything has been prepared for you and made proper, it seems to me to be like turning away from good victuals." Dorothy could only offer to go home if she had offended her aunt, and then Miss Stanbury scolded her for making the offer. As this kind of thing went on at the house in the Close for a fortnight, during which there was no going out, and no society at home, Dorothy began to be rather tired of it.

At the end of the fortnight, on the morning of the day on which Brooke Burgess was expected back, Dorothy, slowly moving into the sitting room with her usual melancholy air, found Mr. Gibson talking to her aunt. "There

she is herself," said Miss Stanbury, jumping up briskly; "and now you can speak to her. Of course I have no authority,—none in the least. But she knows what my wishes are." And, having so spoken, Miss Stanbury left the room.

It will be remembered that hitherto no word of affection had been whispered by Mr. Gibson into Dorothy's ears. When he came before to press his suit she had been made aware of his coming, and had fled, leaving her answer with her aunt. Mr. Gibson had then expressed himself as somewhat injured in that no opportunity of pouring forth his own eloquence had been permitted to him. On that occasion Miss Stanbury, being in a snubbing humor, had snubbed him. She had in truth scolded him almost as much as she had scolded Dorothy, telling him that he went about the business in hand as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. "You're stiff as a chair-back," she had said to him, with a few other compliments, and these amenities had for awhile made him regard the establishment at Heavitree as being, at any rate, pleasanter than that in the Close. But since that cool reflection had come. The proposal was not that he should marry Miss Stanbury, senior, who certainly could be severe on occasions, but Miss Stanbury, junior, whose temper was as sweet as primroses in March. That which he would have to take from Miss Stanbury, senior, was a certain sum of money, as to which her promise was as good as any bond in the world. Things had come to such a pass with him in Exeter,—from the hints of his friend the Prebend, from a word or two which had come to him from the Dean, from certain family arrangements proposed to him by his mother and sisters,—things had come to such a pass that he was of a mind that he had better marry some one. He had, as it were, three strings to his bow. There were the two French strings, and there was Dorothy. He had not breadth of genius enough to suggest to himself that yet another woman might be found. There was a difficulty on the French score even about Miss Stanbury; but it was clear to him that, failing her, he was due to one of the two Miss Frenches. Now, it was not only that the Miss Frenches were empty-handed,

but he was beginning to think himself that they were not as nice as they might have been in reference to the arrangement of their head gear. Therefore, having given much thought to the matter, and remembering that he had never yet had to play for his own eloquence with Dorothy, he had come to Miss Stanbury asking that he might have another chance. It had been borne in upon him that he had perhaps hitherto regarded Dorothy as too certainly his own, since she had been offered to him by her aunt,—as being a prize that required no eloquence in the winning; and he thought that if he could have an opportunity of amending that fault, it might even yet be well with his suit. So he prepared himself, and asked permission, and now found himself alone with the young lady.

"When last I was in this house, Miss Stanbury," he began, "I was not fortunate enough to be allowed an opportunity of pleading my cause to yourself." Then he paused, and Dorothy was left to consider how best she might answer him. All that her aunt had said to her had not been thrown away upon her. The calls upon that slender meal-tub at home she knew were quite sufficient. And Mr. Gibson was, she believed, a good man. And how better could she dispose of herself in life? And what was she that she should scorn the love of an honest gentleman? She would take him, she thought,—if she could. But then there came upon her, unconsciously, without work of thought, by instinct rather than by intelligence, a feeling of the closeness of a wife to her husband. Looking at it in general she could not deny it would be very proper that she should become Mrs. Gibson. But when there came upon her a remembrance that she would be called upon for demonstration of her love,—that he would embrace her, and hold her to his heart, and kiss her,—she revolted and shuddered. She believed that she did not want to marry any man, and that such a state of things would not be good for her. "Dear young lady," continued Mr. Gibson, "you will let me now make up for the loss which I then experienced?"

"I thought it was better not to give you trouble," said Dorothy.

"Trouble, Miss Stanbury! How could it be trouble? The labor we delight in physics pain. But to go back to the subject-matter. I hope you do not doubt that my affection for you is true, and honest, and genuine."

"I don't want to doubt anything, Mr. Gibson; but——"

"You needn't, dearest Miss Stanbury; indeed you needn't. If you could read my heart you would see written there true love very plainly;—very plainly. And do you not think it a duty that people should marry?" It may be surmised that he had here forgotten some connecting link which should have joined without abruptness the declaration of his own love, and his social view as to the general expediency of matrimony. But Dorothy did not discover the hiatus.

"Certainly, — when they like each other, and if their friends think it proper."

"Our friends think it proper, Miss Stanbury,—may I say Dorothy?—all of them. I can assure you that on my side you will be welcomed by a mother and sisters only too anxious to receive you with open arms. And as regards your own relations, I need hardly allude to your revered aunt. As to your own mother and sister,—and your brother, who, I believe, gives his mind chiefly to other things,—I am assured by Miss Stanbury that no opposition need be feared from them. Is that true, dearest Dorothy?"

"It is true."

"Does not all that plead in my behalf? Tell me, Dorothy."

"Of course it does."

"And you will be mine?" As far as eloquence could be of service, Mr. Gibson was sufficiently eloquent. To Dorothy his words appeared good, and true, and affecting. All their friends did wish it. There were many reasons why it should be done. If talking could have done it, his talking was good enough. Though his words were in truth cold, and affected, and learned by rote, they did not offend her; but his face offended her; and the feeling was strong within her that if she yielded, it would soon be close to her own. She couldn't do it. She didn't love him, and she wouldn't do it. Priscilla would not grudge her her share out of that meagre meal-tub. Had not Priscilla told her not to marry the man if

she did not love him? She found that she was further than ever from loving him. She would not do it. "Say that you will be mine," pleaded Mr. Gibson, coming to her with both his hands outstretched.

"Mr. Gibson, I can't," she said. She was sobbing now, and was half choked by tears.

"And why not, Dorothy?"

"I don't know, but I can't. I don't feel that I want to be married at all."

"But it is honorable."

"It's no use, Mr. Gibson; I can't, and you oughtn't to ask me any more."

"Must this be your very last answer?"

"What's the good of going over it all again and again. I can't do it."

"Never, Miss Stanbury?"

"No;—never."

"That is cruel, very cruel. I fear that you doubt my love."

"It isn't cruel, Mr. Gibson. I have a right to have my own feelings, and I can't. If you please, I'll go away now." Then she went, and he was left standing alone in the room. His first feeling was one of anger. Then there came to be mixed with that a good deal of wonder, —and then a certain amount of doubt. He had during the last fortnight discussed the matter at great length with a friend, a gentleman who knew the world, and who took upon himself to say that he specially understood female nature. It was by advice from this friend that he had been instigated to plead his own cause. "Of course she means to accept you," the friend had said. Why the mischief shouldn't she? But she has some flimsy, old-fashioned country idea that it isn't maidenly to give in at first. You tell her roundly that she must marry you." Mr. Gibson was just reaching that roundness which his friend had recommended when the lady left him and he was alone.

Mr. Gibson was no doubt very much in love with Dorothy Stanbury. So much, we may take for granted. He, at least, believed that he was in love with her. He would have thought it wicked to propose to her had he not been in love with her. But with his love was mingled a certain amount of contempt which had induced him to look upon her as an easy conquest. He had been, perhaps, a little ashamed of himself for being in love with Dorothy, and had

almost believed the Frenches when they had spoken of her as a poor creature, a dependant, one born to be snubbed,—as a young woman almost without an identity of her own. When, therefore, she so pertinaciously refused him, he could not but be angry. And it was natural that he should be surprised. Though he was to have received a fortune with Dorothy, the money was not hers. It was to be hers,—or rather theirs,—only if she would accept him. Mr. Gibson thoroughly understood this point. He knew that Dorothy had nothing of her own. The proposal made to her was as rich as though he had sought her down at Nuncombe Putney, with his preferment, plus the £2000, in his own pocket. And his other advantages were not hidden from his own eyes. He was a clergyman, well thought of, not bad-looking certainly, considerably under forty,—a man, indeed, who ought to have been, in the eyes of Dorothy, such an Orlando as she would have most desired. He could not therefore but wonder. And then came the doubt. Could it be possible that all those refusals were simply the early pulses of hesitating compliance produced by maidenly reserve? Mr. Gibson's friend had expressed a strong opinion that almost any young woman would accept any young man if he put his "com'ether" upon her strong enough. For Mr. Gibson's friend was an Irishman. As to Dorothy the friend had not a doubt in the world. Mr. Gibson, as he stood alone in the room after Dorothy's departure, could not share his friend's certainty; but he thought it just possible that the pulsations of maidenly reserve were yet at work. As he was revolving these points in his mind, Miss Stanbury entered the room.

"It's all over now," she said.

"As how, Miss Stanbury?"

"As how! She's given you an answer; hasn't she?"

"Yes, Miss Stanbury, she has given me an answer. But it has occurred to me that young ladies are sometimes,—perhaps a little——"

"She means it, Mr. Gibson; you may take my word for that. She is quite in earnest. She can take the bit between her teeth as well as another, though she

does look so mild and gentle. She's a Stanbury all over."

"And must this be the last of it, Miss Stanbury?"

"Upon my word, I don't know what else you can do,—unless you send the Dean and Chapter to talk her over. She's a pig-headed, foolish young woman;—but I can't help that. The truth is, you didn't make enough of her at first, Mr. Gibson. You thought the plum would tumble into your mouth."

This did seem cruel to the poor man. From the first day in which the project had been opened to him by Miss Stanbury, he had yielded a ready acquiescence,—in spite of those ties which he had at Heavittree,—and had done his very best to fall into her views. "I don't think that is at all fair, Miss Stanbury," he said, with some tone of wrath in his voice.

"It's true,—quite true. You always treated her as though she were something beneath you." Mr. Gibson stood speechless, with his mouth open. "So you did. I saw it all. And now she's had spirit enough to resent it. I don't wonder at it; I don't indeed. It's no good your standing there any longer. The thing is done."

Such intolerable ill-usage Mr. Gibson had never suffered in his life. Had he been untrue, or very nearly untrue, to those dear girls at Heavittree for this? "I never treated her as anything beneath me," he said at last.

"Yes, you did. Do you think that I don't understand? Haven't I eyes in my head, and ears? I'm not deaf yet, nor blind. But there's an end of it. If any young woman ever meant anything, she means it. The truth is, she don't like you."

Was ever a lover despatched in so uncourteous a way! Then, too, he had been summoned thither as a lover, had been especially encouraged to come there as a lover, had been assured of success in a peculiar way, had had the plum actually offered him! He had done all that this old woman had bidden him,—something, indeed, to the prejudice of his own heart; he had been told that the wife was ready for him; and now, because this foolish young woman didn't know her own mind,—this was Mr. Gibson's view of the matter,—he was re-

viled and abused, and told that he had behaved badly to the lady. "Miss Stanbury," he said, "I think that you are forgetting yourself." "Highty, tighty!" said Miss Stanbury. "Forgetting myself! I shan't forget you in a hurry, Mr. Gibson."

"Nor I you, Miss Stanbury. Good morning, Miss Stanbury." Mr. Gibson,

(To be continued.)

Belgravia.

BRITISH PEARLS.

SENECA, the Roman moralist, found fault with a patrician lady of his acquaintance for wearing a whole fortune in her ears; not meaning to insinuate that the said ears, like pinky Venus-shells, were a fortune in themselves—for, as a philosopher, he was above such *fadaises*—but because he was aghast at the millions of sesterces represented by each of her pearl eardrops. The taste for pearls is of very great antiquity, but it is remarkable that they are mentioned but once in the Old Testament, viz. in Job xxviii. 18, in conjunction with coral. Solomon's merchant navy traded to Ormuzd and Ind, possibly even to Ceylon; yet, though his ships are recorded to have brought back consignments of ivory, apes, and peacocks, and doubtless precious stones also, we hear nothing of pearls in the enumeration of their master's riches. However, in the New Testament we find the "pearl of great price" employed, as an image familiar to oriental minds, to typify something of exceeding beauty and value; and in after years, throughout the flowery language of Eastern poets and improvisadores, "fair and spotless as a pearl" became proverbial, more especially in reference to the unsullied purity of virtue. We can hardly suppose that the pearl-oysters of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf were unknown to Solomon or to his Phœnician ally, Hiram king of Tyre, whose ships traded far and wide, and possibly rounded the Cape of Storms centuries before Vasco di Gama renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope" on his way to India.

Pearls appear to have been known at Rome after the Jugurthine War (they are still found off the Algerine coast at

as he went from the hall-door into the street, shook the dust off his feet, and resolved that for the future he and Miss Stanbury should be two. There would arise great trouble in Exeter; but, nevertheless, he and Miss Stanbury must be two. He could justify himself in no other purpose after such conduct as he had received.

the present day), but it was not until after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previously to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Cæsar in Gaul; nay, Suetonius declares that the cupidity of the future emperor, who had a pretty taste for gems and *objets de luxe* of every description, was the main inducement for his first invasion of Britain, where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures. After the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we find Cæsar presenting a buckler, incrustated with Britannic pearls, to Venus Genetrix, suspending it as a votive offering in the temple of that goddess at Rome. Pliny takes care to mention that the inscription recorded their British origin (this alone implies that oriental pearls must have been already well known), and he rather seems to disparage the gift on that account; but the Roman ladies were apparently of a different opinion, for Britannic pearls speedily became the rage, and enormous sums were given for choice specimens by the fair leaders of *ton* at Rome, Pompeii, and "shining" Baïæ, the Biarritz of imperial Rome. Antony, or as some allege, Agrippa, brought a pearl from Egypt so large that, cut in half, it formed a pair of earrings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon; but this was of course an oriental or an African gem. The Roman ladies wore pearls in their hair and on various parts of their dress, even on the straps of their sandals, as well as on their arms, neck, and ears. In the latter they were frequently worn, as we learn from Pliny, loosely strung

together in separate drops, when they were termed *crotalia*, or castanet-pendants, and the fair wearers took a childish delight in the rattling of these drops as they clicked against each other with every movement of the head. Pliny denounces the new "sensation" very warmly, complaining that the malady had reached even the common people, who had a proverbial saying that "a pearl worn by a woman in public is as good as a lictor before her." He further makes mention of a wedding-feast, at which Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was present, covered with emeralds and pearls disposed in alternate layers and rows on her head and hair, woven into wreaths, hanging from her ears, encircling her neck, arms, and fingers, and decorating every part of her dress. He gravely censures this prodigal display, and appraises it at no less than 300,000*l.* of our money. The Britannie pearls were held in peculiar estimation by these dainty dames for their pinky hue (at the present day those that come from the Persian Gulf are golden yellow, and the Ceylon specimens mostly white), and the oriental ones seem for a time to have gone more or less out of fashion. In reference to Britain, Tacitus, in his *Agri-cola*, mentions that pearls of a "tawny livid color" were frequently thrown up by the waves on its shores, and then collected by the islanders; but these, from the description of the tint, were in all probability bits of amber, rounded and polished by the action of the waves, such as may be picked up at the present day after any great storm on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. We should note, however, that Venerable Bede, writing some centuries later, but quoting apparently from Solinus, says that "excellent *pearls* are found in the British seas, various in color, though principally white."

Meantime, in the prodigal age of imperial Rome, while the husbands spent half their incomes on banquets of night-ingales' tongues and Kentish oysters from the "Rutupian bottom," the latter being imported at fabulous prices,—their wives, as Seneca hints, hung the other half from their ears in the shape of British pearls. Fashion, no less than history, proverbially repeats itself; and since gold and silver-dust for the hair, African

cosmetics, and other adventitious aids to beauty, after being a crying evil in Juvenal's days, have lately returned to us in full force, so likewise are British, and more particularly Scotch, pearls daily more sought after by the fair sex. Even Cleopatra's extravagant feat of dissolving a costly pearl in vinegar and drinking it off at a banquet, had its exact parallel in England during Elizabeth's reign. That grave and otherwise frugal citizen, Sir Thomas Grèsham, is said to have reduced to powder a pearl valued at 15,000*l.*, and to have drunk it in a glass of wine to the health of her Majesty, thereby winning his wager from the Spanish ambassador as to which of them would give the most costly dinner. But the material for this ruinous toast was in all probability like its Egyptian prototype, an oriental specimen.

In the Middle Ages Scotch pearls were celebrated on the continent of Europe for their size and beauty, and their peculiar pink hue was highly esteemed by foreign magnates. The famous hussar-jacket of Prince Esterhazy, entirely covered with pearl embroidery, was largely indebted for its sheeny splendor to Scotch pearls. But pearls are fragile things to hold, and at court festivities the prince's track in a waltz was marked by a shower of pearls scattered profusely around him; while the wear and tear incidental to donning and doffing the precious garment was a small fortune to his valet, who carefully gathered up the cast-off wealth of his master from the dressing-room floor.

Nor in these early days was Ireland behindhand in contributing gems "rich and rare" from her loughs and streams. Many beautiful pearls were found in the rivers of Donegal and Mayo, and other districts beyond the Pale; and on October 13, 1688, we find Sir Robert Reading corresponding with the Royal Society on the structure, color, and so forth of the Irish pearls. In England, the pearls from the river Irt in Cumberland, became so noted, that "fair as Irton pearls" became a proverbial byword in the north country. The river Conway, in Wales, was also famous; and at the present day the fresh-water mussels are called by the Welsh countryfolk "deluge-shells," from their supposed origin in Noah's flood. Sir R. Wynne presented

a magnificent pearl from the Conway to Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., and it still figures as one of the principal adornments of the royal crown. Though the mania for native pearls seems to have partially died out in the next half-century, yet between 1761 and 1764, pearls to the value of 10,000*l.* were sent to London from the rivers Tay and Isla, then, as now, the principal centre of the Scottish pearl-fisheries. But, as Mr. Bertram justly remarks, the trade carried on in the corresponding three years of the present century represents far more than double that amount, and it increases every year. We owe the revival of this ancient industry to the discernment and enterprising spirit of a foreign dealer in gems at Edinburgh, who, having occasionally met with fine pearls said to come from the Scotch rivers, was so attracted by their size and beauty, that he resolved to collect them in a systematic way, by travelling through the country and buying-up all the good specimens he could find. This stimulated the search for more; and the visits of the foreign gentleman, who gave such good prices, soon sent man, woman, and child into the lochs and streams, groping for mussels and prizing them open in search of their occasional precious contents. On the classic banks of "bonnie Doon," which at one time had a good reputation for its pearls, the mussel-hunt grew so keen among the Ayrshire folk after the jeweler's visit, that it became locally known as "the pearl-fever." Nor is it surprising that the epidemic should be catching, when we learn that in 1863 the wages paid by him to those employed in pearl-fishing on his account exceeded 150*l.* a month, while there were besides many other fishers who traded independently, making a very comfortable living by an occupation which involved no capital and comparatively slight exertion. The mussels are usually found in the clearer parts of the stream; and if lying too deep to be reached by the hand, are easily captured by inserting a stick between the gaping shells, which instantly close upon it, and both are drawn up together. It would seem that, on an average, one mussel in every 100 or 130 contains a pearl, though this is of course a variable calculation. Mr. Unger was rewarded for his spirited exertions by

gradually collecting a large number of remarkably fine specimens, which commanded prices varying from 5*l.* to 60*l.*; and titled, nay even royal ladies, caught the infection, and eagerly sought after these Scottish gems. Their fame soon spread to the Continent, especially to France, where the Empress Eugénie, herself on one side of Scottish extraction, possesses a splendid necklace formed entirely of Scottish pearls. More recently foreign agents have appeared in the north in quest of these gems, and the trade waxes brisker than ever. Nay, even the Australians, bent upon acclimatization projects, are anxious to import the pearl-mussel to their rivers. Nor is the fishery confined to the Tay, the Doon, or the Isla. Other streams, such as the Clyde, Earn, Teith, Ythan, Forth, &c., yield a fair quota of pearly treasure, according to the nature of their beds. There are four species of fresh-water mussels in the British islands, of which the usual fluviatile sort (*Alasmodon margaritifera*) does not object to a habitat among rocks and stones; whereas its cousin (*Anodon cyaneus*), of a larger size and more homely exterior, prefers the muddy ooze of lake bottoms, or the sandy reaches of our wider and more placid streams. Loch Tay is also very prolific in mussels; and the late Marquis of Breadalbane had a fine collection of pearls gathered from its waters. The partial laying dry of Loch Vennacher, in constructing a sluice for the Glasgow water-works, revealed a great quantity of mussels, wherein many fine pearls were found by the laborers. This incident suggested to Mr. Unger the idea of systematically dredging this and other lochs, and of examining their beds by means of diving apparatus: but the muddy nature of their bottoms proved a great bar to success; and, on the whole, the experiment did not reward his explorations. We regret, moreover, to hear that, as was the case with the marine pearl-fisheries of Ceylon for many years, several of the Scottish streams are nearly exhausted of their mussels by over-fishing; and unless the reformed Parliament furnishes us with a "Pearl-mussel Act," there is some danger of these mollusks becoming extinct in a few years.

The origin of pearls was a subject of much speculation in ancient times, and still provokes considerable discussion

and difference of opinion among zoologists. The ancients fabled that they were originally drops of rain or dew, which falling into the half-opened shells were converted by the animal into pearls by some occult process of nature, "plastic force," or what not. This theory is gravely advanced by Pliny, who in his chapter on pearl-oysters avers further, that pink pearls are produced only upon sunny days, while the dull-hued specimens are due to a cloudy sky, &c. Dioscorides, who ought to have known better, seems to incline to the same opinion, *faute de mieux*. Moore poetically alludes to the theory in the well-known lines :

"And precious the tear as the rain from the sky
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea."

In connection with Pliny's statement that the deep-sea pearl-oysters are accompanied by sea-dogs, who act as their faithful guards, Procopius (*De Bello Pers.* b. i. c. 14) tells a whimsical story. He avers that the sea-dogs [qy. dog fish?] are great admirers of the pearl-fish, and follow them out to sea: that when the sea-dogs are pressed by hunger, they go in quest of prey, and then return to the vicinity of the oysters and gaze upon them. Now, a certain fisherman had noticed these platonic loves of pearl-oyster and sea-dogs, and watching his opportunity when the mollusk was deprived of its faithful sentry, who was absent for a while in search of food, pounced upon the defenceless oyster, and made for the shore with his prize. But the sea-dog, having taken a hasty meal, hurried back on the fins of love to the vicinity of his beloved, arriving just in time to catch a glimpse of the retreating robber. Before the latter could reach the shore he was overtaken by the sea-dog, and a fierce struggle ensued for the pearl-fish. Finding himself getting the worst of it, the fisherman made a last effort, and threw the pearl-fish high and dry on the strand, whereupon he was at once "torn in pieces" (see Procopius) by its infuriated protector. Unluckily we are not informed whence Procopius derived this extraordinary legend, which, as a traveller's tale, combining the poetic with the popular-scientific element, throws the fictions of Herodotus and Strabo completely into the shade.

But to return to the formation of pearls. Modern naturalists, after much patient investigation, generally ascribe their origin to an irritation produced by the intrusion of some foreign body, such as a grain of sand or grit into the shell or body of the mollusk; this particle becoming in due time, by a pathological process, covered over with a calcareous secretion deposited thereon in successive layers or lamellations.

The late Professor Quekett subjected a sea-pearl to microscopic examination, and found the nucleus to be a minute portion of steel, probably from its position part of the blade of an oyster-knife, which having chipped off in a vain attempt to open the oyster, had been coated over with pearly matter by the mollusk. The exact chemical composition of this secretion, termed *nacre* by zoologists, has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but its calcareous origin would account for Cleopatra's pearl being so easily soluble in vinegar. The material is deposited in irregular layers, overlapping each other in such a manner that the edges of the successive nacreous coats present, when highly magnified, sharply-serrated outlines; and it is not improbable that to this irregularity of deposition pearls are indebted for their peculiar sheeny lustre. They are usually found between the mantle or shell-secreting membrane and the shell itself; but they also not unfrequently occur loose in the viscera or muscles of the animal. Those of a perfectly spherical form are seldom met with except loose in the interior of the mollusk; and those which adhere to the shell, being irregular in shape and less uniform in color, are probably prominences or protuberances of the shell covered over with nacreous matter rather than true pearls. Other zoologists have indeed held (with Tertullian of old, who calls them "maladies of shell-fish, or warts"), that they originate in a diseased condition of the fish, which may not in all cases be aware of the presence of the foreign body within its frame. The latter theory is somewhat at variance with the speculations of a recent writer, who stands up stoutly for the intelligence and æsthetic development of the oyster, which, as he declares, is possessed of a heart, and is perchance not insensible to the tender passion!

As to the color of pearls, there has always existed great diversity of opinion. Sir Robert Reading, in his letter to the Royal Society, apparently attributes their hue to the central node or nucleus, affirming that pearls, if once of a dark tint, will never clear. But his theory has been completely upset by recent investigations, specimens having been found both in Scotland and Ireland, white without, but perfectly dark within; and pearls discolored by age have been sometimes restored by skilfully removing the outer layer of nacre altogether. Linnæus satisfactorily proved by a series of experiments on the fresh-water mussel of Sweden, that irritation, resulting, as we have said before, in a pathological process of nature, is the primary origin of the pearl being formed. He suggested a plan to the Swedish government of boring holes through the shell, and introducing a wire having minute grains of sand fixed thereon between the shell and the fish. His plan succeeded so far as to reward him with pearls to the value of 450*l.*, but proving unremunerative as a commercial venture on any large scale, it was finally abandoned. The industrious Chinese have long been in the habit of breeding pearl-mussels in tanks, and, following the same theory as that propounded by Linnæus, of introducing wires within the shell to which small shot or spherical pieces of shell are affixed. They do not, however, bore the shell of the mussel, but gently forcing open the valves, introduce the wire through the opening into the interior. At the end of a year, the particles so introduced are found covered over with a perfect coat of nacreous matter, and if left untouched for a year or two more, the object so coated over can hardly be distinguished from genuine pearls. Sometimes, small clay figures are inserted, which in process of time become similarly overlaid with nacre. We might suggest to zoologists the possibility of repeating these experiments with some of the Scottish pearl-mussels, which are identical with the Lapland species of Linnæus, and which could easily be kept in enclosed spaces traversed by running water.

But after the nearly universal belief that the nucleus of pearls is generally a particle of sand or grit accidentally lodg-

ed within the shell, the patient and straightforward researches of an able practical naturalist, Mr. Robert Garner, of Stoke-upon-Trent, have now almost conclusively set at rest the question of their origin and formation. Finding that the shore mussels near the estuary of the Conway were collected by the inhabitants of the district not only for food and bait, but also for the sake of an opaque pearl which they occasionally contained, he submitted some pearl-bearing specimens of these mussels, as well as of the true fresh-water species (*Alasmodon* or *Unio margaritifera*) from Llanwrwst and Bettws-y-coed, higher up the river, to a careful dissection and microscopic examination. We give the result in his own words, extracted from his very agreeable *Holiday of a Naturalist*.

"They (*i.e.* the pearls) are due to the irritation caused by the presence, in the mantle or shell-secreting envelope of the animal, of a minute parasite, a Distomus. Sometimes a little dark shelly matter, like the interior of the shell, is first deposited, but with the distomus within. Sometimes the parasite may be obtained with pearly plates adhering to it, or seen within a thin covering of pearly matter, or extracted entire from the pearly case. Occasionally, however, a pearl may be less than the parasite, and sometimes pearly prominences are to be seen within the valves, especially towards the posterior extremities; these may be due to other less common causes of irritation, but especially to a parasitical mite (*Atax*)."

We do not remember to have seen this apparently satisfactory solution of the formation of pearls mentioned with the prominence it deserves; and it should suggest to naturalists the expediency of subjecting pearls from other localities in Britain as well as these found in the oriental pearl-oyster (*Avicula margaritifera*) to more careful dissection and microscopic examination. This solution would explain the frequent occurrence of pearls in the viscera or muscles of the animal, where minute parasites or entozoa would be more likely than chance bits of sand or grit to effect a permanent lodgment. Mr. Garner does not mention whether the specimens he examined were generally spherical, or whether they partook of the irregular shape which so fre-

quently characterizes the pearls attached to the shell itself.

It will be a curious instance of the revolving cycle of fashion, should our British pearls again rise so far in estimation as to cause the marine treasures of Bahrein, Manaar, and Condatchy to be slighted in comparison, and should Occi-

dent instead of Orient pearls be quoted as typical of unsullied beauty and purity. Be this as it may, to all the pearl-fishers of Doon, Tay, and sister streams, we cordially address the kelpie's words which so perturbed the sacristan of Melrose as he rode the water—

“Good luck to your fishing!”

London Times.

THE WORKS AT JERUSALEM.

THE topographers and archæologists of the world have doubtless perused with deep interest the letters from Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Warren which from time to time have appeared in your columns on this subject, and which many newspapers in other countries have but reproduced. Though Jerusalem is now more than it has been for centuries a focus of inquiry for the student and of interest for thousands of Moslems, and for all Christians and Jews who read their Bibles, yet there has been undoubtedly a dull apathy about the whole subject which it is difficult to account for, and which is only now being removed by what you have published as to the feasibility of bringing again to light at least an image of the magnificent grandeur of the Holy City in ancient days. Four weeks spent in diligent work among the ruins here have shown me that to see them properly would need as many months of energetic investigation; but, as most travellers here have only a limited acquaintance with the subject and a brief time to enlarge their knowledge, it may be for the benefit of new tourists—and they are now arriving in batches of 20 at a time—to be told what can be very well seen even in a single day.

For this purpose Lieutenant Warren meets us in the morning early, clad in a blouse of genuine mud color, and a sergeant of Engineers carries long tapers for our dark promenade. Down the mouth of a square shaft a rope ladder is lowered until the brown bare legs of a swarthy native from Siloam can stand on the upper end. One by one our party lessens on the surface as each disappears underground, and our last glimpse of the upper world rests upon

two enormous stones in the massive wall of Moriah, and which, by their curved edge projecting, show that once an arch was there. Dr. Robinson was the first traveller to remark this, so it is called “Robinson's Arch,” and we are going down 50 feet below the present surface to see what can be found below of this old bridge at once hidden and protected by the *débris* of centuries.

The hole we are in is like a well, but it is lined with strong planks, and at the dark bottom our passage is through an opening as if into a kitchen grate, where we grope on all fours, with a hard knock on the head now and then, bending sideways too, as well as up and down, until suddenly the roof becomes rugged and crooked, indescribably contorted by angles, all of them the corners of well-cut stone. For here we are in the confused heap of huge voussoirs or arch-stones which, once high in the air, spanned gracefully the rocky vale between Zion and the Temple. At the siege of Jerusalem Titus parleyed with the Jews across this gorge, and then these stones were hurled down here, and with what a crash! Upon them, hidden by their own ruin, new buildings arose and gardens flourished. These also were laid low, and on the desolate mounds the present houses stand. The Jerusalem we see to-day is not the real Jerusalem. That is buried under 50 feet of wreck and confusion, but in its forced silence somehow it speaks eloquently, bidding the Christian and the Jew to heave its burden off, to open the dark to light and air, and to read in the covered relics the story of past times. Therefore we look up and around on these old stones, and seem to listen with an inquiring gaze, for nothing of their rich bold

masonry has been spoilt by this turmoil above. Old as they are, we notice among them one stone below the rest, and yet more hoary than the others. It is part of a still more ancient bridge across the rocky cleft, which then was steep at the sides, but now is filled up by dark silence. David in former days may have marched over here. Certainly many kings and prophets after him have trod upon these stones.

Tanks, cisterns, aqueducts, pavements, here open to us underground. Once we have got down we can scan by the magnesium light a subterranean city, the real city of Jerusalem. The labor of building this, and of now mining into it when buried, is forgotten in wonder as we gaze on the silent relics or wander about the caverns echoing a hollow voice. But for this we must be agile, like cats or monkeys, and follow Mr. Warren complacently crawling on his back through a dark crevice. Another great arch, called Wilson's, also now buried, may be visited without such gymnastics. This also spanned the same valley, and the rock-cut passage for troops may be followed as it winds among ample halls, until we are suddenly barred by the walls of a modern house, which is an end terribly prosaic for a romantic journey.

Here we are reminded of the numerous and great difficulties to be overcome before even one excavation of this kind can be made in Jerusalem, and of the many different people with whom Lieutenant Warren has to deal. First, there is the Supreme Government, then the local Pasha, the Pope, the Patriarch, or Archbishop of Christian sects, the Rabbi and Moslem too, the owners of the soil, the military, the tenants of the houses, the surrounding neighbors, the Consuls of various Powers, the excellent sergeants and corporals of English Engineers, the native workmen, and, finally, the British public, who, perhaps, expect that we should find at once, and in a city twenty times razed and as many times pillaged and harried when in ruins, fine marble statues or golden censers, or even the manuscripts of the Bible. Relics such as these are, however, to be found chiefly in tombs or other sacred spots, and it is precisely there that prejudice or allowable sentiment

opposes to our search a barrier harder than porphyry. Even through these difficulties many curiosities have been sent to England by Lieutenant Warren, and nine cases of those newly found will be shipped in the steamer with me. Still these are not the main object of our search, though it must be allowed that the larger and more philosophic design of our explorations will always be more appreciated by those who come here and see what has been uncovered than by those who are at home and who see only the sculptures, pottery, or numismatic lore incidentally obtained and brought back to England.

Impressed more than ever with the importance, the extent, difficulty, and interest of the work, its necessary expense and permanent value, we climb again up the rope ladder. Daylight regained seems bright, cheerful, and warm, but somehow too garish also. No mind worth having but must have been stirred deeply by the sudden scene below. The thoughts down there are now like the dream of a past night, when we awake to a common workday morning, and soon the calm Moslem with his bare legs rolls up the ladder in a pile upon his back as we follow down the valley to "Job's Well." Near this Mr. Warren once wriggled through a dark hole in the rock and opened up a splendid tunnel. At each 200 feet are long sloping stairs from this to the ground above. Through each of these, now fully opened, we can look down and almost see the clear water which runs rippling at the bottom, coming whence no man can tell, but it wells up plentifully at the end, and then runs along the valley till the roots of thirsty olive-trees lap it up dry, and you may ride on for hours below in the course of "the brook Kidron" only upon hot stones bleached white in the sun.

A little farther up this valley we look into a deep cave where the Virgin's fountain is running in smooth pools of rock. A network of water channels was once under Jerusalem, perhaps not less wonderful than the towers and pinnacles and palaces in the daylight above. Few men have dared to follow Mr. Warren in the amphibious tour of the Jerusalem watercourses. In this one, for instance, the water comes first from

the Pool of Siloam, and it swells up high at uncertain moments as you squeeze through a passage in the dark, wet up to the shoulders, and where the chin must be raised at "high tide" to keep nose and mouth from being filled. Mr. Warren, indeed, seems to have a subterranean turn of mind, and it is fortunate when one's duty and one's inclination are both in the same direction. To-day we were privately visiting the Haram enclosure, where the level sward of green is gorgeous with spring flowers in bouquets here and there round the old pillars or marble blocks. Suddenly Mr. Warren resolves to raise one particular stone of these, and ropes, levers, and ladders were speedily at work. The old Sheikh of the Temple Area (a sort of Moslem Dean and Chapter in one man), intensely bigoted, but outwardly complying, sits restless on the grass, now and then groaning deeply; as he sees the Englishman disappear into a great cavern, the last of the cisterns examined in this hollow-sounding, grassy square. After measuring this below, by swinging to and fro on a rope in the hollow gloom fitfully lit up by his magnesium light, Mr. Warren entered a small hole in the turf above, where one could scarcely expect a terrier to go in, taking leave of us all, with a good-humored joke to the anxious Sheikh, who forced a grim smile into his face, evidently half-fearing, half-worshipping the mysterious intruder he was set to watch. After all, a touch of craziness insures respect among these Moslems, and often I found myself that the Arabs dared not injure the being who could float in a boat alone. After 20 minutes of suspense we heard a cheerful "Hallo!" far off and in a totally unexpected direction, and there was Mr. Warren erect again on the surface some hundred yards away, having traversed a new passage under the grass in total darkness, and creeping on his side. A bit of magnesium was given to the grave Sheikh in reward for his easy guardianship. The old man took it like a child, and thanked the giver, but with a more audible groan.

Next we can enter a shaft near the "Golden Gate" of the Temple, where two beautiful arches in the exterior wall mark the exact spot at which the Mos-

lems are sure the "Nazarenes" must one day enter the Holy City finally to conquer all.

What management and diplomacy had to be used to open a shaft in such a place! Nor can we wonder that the Turk should refuse a stranger leave to dig quite close to his cherished *sanctum*. Even the Dean of Westminster, so valuable a co-operator on the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, would be reluctant to allow a Turkish officer of Engineers to dig by the east buttresses of Westminster Abbey. So we enter the shaft in the Valley of Jehoshaphat with a piquant curiosity, and deep down it goes through acres of shingle and rubbish, scattered here thick for ages, till our feet are in the very rock itself where Solomon's builders laid their huge stones noiselessly. A gallery from this for 70 ft. finds the rock surface sloping upwards. In five minutes, by the aid of a few sketches and sections, we can picture to the mind that noble and sheer cliff, which is here as grand as ever, but only covered by the dusty heaps we see outside. Weeks must be spent, though, in mining by steps along this rocky steep. At any moment the pickaxe may strike on a hewn-out gateway. Already, while I write, it has disclosed a mysterious pillar, pendent and deftly marked by signs; and as each spadeful of brown earth is dug away the hopes are raised of some long-lost inscription being uncovered while we stoop with pale candles to spy out what is at once so old and so new.

The worst of it is that sights like this can be seen only on the spot. We cannot bring home to England the uncovered rock of Moriah. By raking over the *débris* of centuries once more, no doubt there would be numerous relics found which might be portable, and being shown in London would stimulate the generosity of friends who listen with apathy now to descriptions of what is doing here for the discovery of Jerusalem itself, rather than of the ornaments of the Jews. These detached relics and the *débris* which entombs them are the very things which must be barred out, and so are concealed at present by the wood lining of the shaft which is sunk through them all to get into a deeper knowledge of the great buildings as they stood.

Many visitors, and from all parts of the world, descend these shafts during the travellers' season. Ladies can be lowered down in chairs. Strong ropes are used for safety when the timid might be nervous on the ladder alone, and large parties at a time, even thrice in a day, have the benefit of Lieutenant Warren's kind and valuable explanations by candle-light, so that gradually there will be interest excited on this subject among intelligent people everywhere. But the earth we dig in is often so insecure that it would instantly collapse if without support, and the wood required for this is so expensive here that the frames of timber cannot be spared from constant successive employment in other shafts. Therefore, many of the most curious galleries opened up have had to be filled again, and only their records remain in picture and photograph and the memories of travellers. Many shafts, again, are sunk with only negative results, and after weeks of toil, amid danger, and at great expense, it is discovered simply that "nothing is there." But this "nothing" is like the cipher among figures. Some day, perhaps even tomorrow, the appropriate integer will be discovered which converts the cipher, useless by itself, into the record of an important discovery, like a 0 read with 9 before it, instantly becoming nearly 100. Of course I am not now epitomizing what has been explored above ground or below by the committee, but what can be seen even in a brief visit to the dark beneath. Besides much in the Holy City, much has been most carefully examined in country parts, and the map of Palestine, so long imperfect, is now being corrected or completed. Each traveller who has the object at heart may add, as many do, to the gradual but accurate knowledge of the land, the buildings, the manners, the plants, the animals, the climate, and the former life that belong to this country. Some who are far off can help by their purses, others by their pencil or their pen, and even the canoeman by his paddle. But, after all our walks by daylight among the inexhaustible ruins above ground, there is still the conviction abiding that the roots of our problem are in the deep below, and that much of it must be solved by candle-light.

It is hard exercise, but healthful and appetizing, to climb up and down these

shafts; yet we may include in our day's work a visit to shaft 52, its number telling how many others must be left unseen. This goes straight through the rubbish at the south-east corner of the old wall of Jerusalem. Above us, rising proudly still, is the ancient angle of the Temple area, which overhangs the valley steep below, 200 feet. Most likely it was on this, or on a pinnacle near, that our Lord was placed in his threefold temptation. Even now the wall is 70 ft. high above ground, the most expressive feature of the Holy City seen from without in the profile of Jerusalem. At a depth of nearly 90 ft. below the present ground, near the wall, we reach at last the corner stones of the venerable building, so that what we have looked up to before as lofty was seen only from a false base of rubbish, heaped up high and concealing the real rock, and robbing thus the Haram wall of more than half its veritable height. Even above the present surface the stones are huge as well as ancient, and at the bottom they are equally massive and beautifully cut. The rock itself is bared at last upon which the marvellous structure rests. Where each lowest foundation stone lies upon it we can see the rock has been levelled to receive its brethren. Here, and only here, are chippings from the chisel. The stones, indeed, were finished by Divine command before they were placed, but the mason's tool had to be used on the live rock as it lay.

In one part there had been even then some rubbish alongside, and this had been cut out to admit the lowest stones. Among this ancient *débris* I was fortunate enough to pick out the tooth of a camel, which must have lived among the Jebusites before even this old wall was built.

It is on these lowest courses of stones, most of them very large—one more than 17 ft. long—that you can see by candle-light the curious letters, or, at any rate, characters, in red paint, of which full particulars have been published in your columns. These letters are numerous, distinct, and large, and others are actually cut in the stone, but all of them are complete puzzles to the best scholars here, and the decision of the English, German, and French *savans* as to their meaning is awaited with deep interest.

The color of the pigment used for

these letters varies in appearance from time to time as you revisit them. Perhaps a few weeks more may efface some of these marks entirely. Meanwhile, I determined in my last visit to them to-day to imitate the actual tints as well as possible by water-colors and on paper. On bringing up these copies to daylight it was at once remarkable how differently they appear in the sun's rays from what they do in the galleries below, where only candles or the magnesium light have shown them to the curious visitor.

It is disheartening to be told that, from want of funds to keep this shaft open and the wood lining of it properly renewed, even this very interesting sight must be only temporary, and that the approach to it must be closed again in a few weeks from this time, for the wood will not last much longer safely. Meanwhile, the travellers here have availed

themselves of a precious opportunity. An American lady was lowered down the shaft in a chair last week, the first lady who has seen these ancient writings. Mr. Simson, whose drawings are so widely known in the *Illustrated London News*, from the Crimea, and Abyssinia, and the Brindisi route, descended with his sketch-book yesterday. It is hoped that the Marquis of Bute will go down the shaft this week; and perhaps some man who has heart, and head, and money will enable the "Palestine Exploration Fund" at least to keep the shaft open and in secure repair, even if it be left to our posterity to clear away all the rubbish that clogs the splendid wall of Jerusalem, and to lay open to the sun, and to the eyes of the world, the long-covered splendors which are still below, after so many wars and fires and razings, and the gnawing of ruthless time.

ROB ROY.

All the Year Round.

NATURAL GHOSTS.

WITHOUT saying a word for or against the supernatural appearance of dead and dying men, ministering spirits, bad spirits, and all the demons that are found in fire, air, flood, or underground, let us give a good word to the ghosts that are no ghosts. Some of them are quite natural and wholesome, seen by healthy persons, and often by more than one person at the same time. Others are natural and unwholesome, seen usually by sick persons, and, in nearly all cases, by one person only. The familiar form of the healthy, natural apparition is our good old friend, our other self, whom we have had the pleasure of seeing a great many times in print, the giant of the Brocken. I climb the Brocken to see the sunrise on a calm morning, and standing on the granite rocks known as the Tempelskanzel, observe that the other mountains towards the south-west lying under the Brocken are covered with thick clouds. Up rises the sun behind me, and forth starts the giant, five or six hundred feet high, who bestrides the clouds for a couple of seconds and is gone. To see one's shadow in this fashion there needs a horizontal sunbeam and a bank of vapor of the right

sort in the right place. We may go up the Brocken at sunrise a dozen times and hardly have a chance of finding sunbeam and vapor-bank disposed to favor us with the raising of this ghost. The ghost of Cæsar that appeared to Brutus at Philippi is as much of a commonplace as the spectre of the Brocken, and as natural. Was not Hobbes of Malmesbury a great philosopher, who ought to know? "We read," says Hobbes, "of Marcus Brutus (one that had his life given him by Julius Cæsar, and was also his favorite, and notwithstanding murdered him) how at Philippi the night before he gave battle to Augustus Cæsar he saw a fearful apparition, which is commonly related by historians as a vision; but considering the circumstances, one may easily judge to have been a short dream. For sitting in his tent, pensive and troubled with the horror of his rash act, it was not hard for him, slumbering in the cold, to dream of that which most affrighted him; which fear, as by degrees it made him awake, so also it must needs make the apparition by degrees to vanish; and having no assurance that he slept, he could have no cause to think it a dream or anything

but a vision." Then there is moonshine. It makes many things half visible, which timid folks interpret into shapes of terror; burglars, perhaps, if their fears are of the mundane sort; and if their taste incline to the eerie, when the light is dim and silence rules, they will know how to suspect,

In every bush a hovering shade,
A groan in every sound.

Moreover, there is hocus-pocus in its regular commercial aspect, as it was abroad in the days of the Egyptians, and as it is at home in these present days. It is not difficult to understand how the Egyptian priests showed visions on their temple walls, or reflected pictures from the surface of great bowls of water. The devils shown by a conjuror to Benvenuto Cellini were doubtless let loose from a magic lantern. Some drugs give a man spectral illusions. A conjuror offered Dr. Alderson a prescription for a mixture of antimony, sulphur, and other things, which should cause the person taking it to be haunted by spectres.

A philosopher older than Hobbes, the poet Lucretius, supposed that all ghosts were natural productions, being merely thin pellicles cast off from the body.

Next, for 'tis time, my Muse declares and sings, declares and sings through the medium of Creech,

What those are we call images of things,
Which, like thin films, from bodies rise in
streams,
Play in the air, and dance upon the beams:
By day these meet, and strike our minds and
fright;
And show pale ghosts and horrid shapes by
night:
These break our sleep, these check our gay de-
light,
For sure no airy souls get loose, and fly
From Hell's dark shades, nor flutter in our sky:
For what remains, beyond the greedy Urn,
Since soul and body to their seeds return?
A stream of forms from every surface flows,
Which may be called the film or shell of those:
Because they bear the shape, they show the
frame
And figure of the bodies whence they came.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the doctrine of Palingenesis prevailed. This was a chemical explanation of the theory of Lucretius. It asserted that if a flower were burnt and pulverized, a salt might be obtained which was

the essential part of the flower; that on mixing this substance with something which was not disclosed, and applying heat, a spectral flower would arise, corresponding to that which was burnt. This was explained by supposing that the particles of the salt, when heated, attracted one another, and flew off into the respective places they had occupied when in the living plant, so that they thus formed a shadowy representation of it. That being taken for an established fact, it was easy enough to apply it to the human body, which, when fermenting underground, threw off such particles of the essential salt to rise into the air, be drawn into their old relative positions, and thus form

horrid apparitions tall and ghastly,
To walk at dead of night, or take their stand
O'er some new-opened grave.

But why the winding-sheet threw off this salt, and not the coffin—for the ghosts always came up dressed in their grave-clothes, never cased in their coffins—Palingenesisists have not explained.

Another theory, metaphysical, not chemical, made Fancy an incomprehensible material thing lodged in the middle lobe of the brain, which acts the part of a servant to the mind in arranging together the different material ideas brought to the brain by its other servants. The over-zealous industry of this servant in working after the others were gone to bed, was supposed to produce the appearance of spectres, which were thus taken to be, in a very literal sense, the workings of Fancy.

Now we come to the unwholesome class—the natural ghosts; ideas made unusually vivid by some morbid condition of the mind or body. Ghosts of this kind are as natural as those of the other class. Ideas are copies of sensations, only less intense. If any unhealthy excitement adds to the intensity, they may be indistinguishable from impressions of things actually seen and heard. The writer of this, having seen a large number of ghosts, and heard many ghostly voices in his childhood and youth, has, as a wise man once put it, seen too many ghosts to believe in them. And yet how clear and distinct they were. A long flaming sword, for example, in the air at noon-day over London, at the time of the chol-

era visitation of 'thirty-one, or thereabouts; and not only a flaming sword, but the clouds arranged in a frame about it to bring out the picture, as they certainly were not really arranged in the sky. Bah! the pattern of the sword was that chosen by the artist of the first illustrated edition of *Paradise Lost*, whose pictures were often pored over by the young natural-ghost-seer; and it was a shape reflecting little credit on the genius of the heavenly swordsmiths, if they have swordsmiths in heaven.

Take the third experiment of Sir Humphrey Davy in an atmosphere of nitrous oxide. He says, "A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable, in every limb; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connexion with external things; trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime; and for a moment I walked around the room, perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavored to recall the ideas—they were feeble and indistinct."

Inhalation of nitrous oxide increases fulness of the pulse, expands the blood. A like effect is produced by the febrile miasma of Cadiz, in which the spectral impressions are of a painful character. Suppose we say, then, that expansion of the blood is favorable to the producing of spectral impressions. If not that, some other fact as natural, accounts for the appearance of spectres in hectic and other fevers. The ghosts seen by Nicolai, the philosophical bookseller of Berlin, disappeared gradually on the appli-

cation of leeches. Spectral impressions may result also from direct irritation of the brain, or from a high state of nervous irritability acting upon the body generally. The spectres will agree mostly with the mind they spring from. A philosophical man like Nicolai has visions of men, dogs, and horses, such as he would see in daily life. Others, who have their minds full of supernatural tales, and who associate with darkness, instead of nature's rest, the spirit's unrest, will see the sort of ghosts they occupy their minds with. Others, again, whose philosophy leads to a faith in visible intercourse between the living and the dead, will not fail to obtain excellent corroborations of their doctrine.

When supernatural forms are not repetitions of familiar shapes, but follow current superstitions, it has been always observed that they correspond to the forms adopted by popular belief from familiar paintings and sculptures. The witches of Lorraine, who professed to be familiar with devils, were questioned particularly as to the appearance of these devils by M. Rémy, the commissioner for their trial. They had simply realized them by the rude allegorical painting and sculpture of the middle ages. They said they were black-faced, with sunk but fiery eyes, their mouths wide and smelling of sulphur, their hands hairy, with claws, their feet horny and cloven. The cloven foot comes of a tradition that the devil was in the habit of appearing to the Jews in the form of a hairy goat. Saints, when they appear, correspond in the same way with the conventional form of church painting and sculpture. Visions seen in the ecstasies of saints themselves were commonly true visions; natural, as results of an overstrained mind in a wasted and often tortured body. The visions seen by the dying may be explained also by the condition of the body in the last stage of many diseases, when the commonness of spectral delusions has given rise to a strong faith in our frequent visible communion with angels and departed spirits in the hour of death.

Next to sight, hearing is the sense most frequently imposed on, and no sound is so commonly imagined as the call of a familiar companion. Dr Johnson fancied he heard his mother call

"Sam," when she was a hundred miles away, and was much disappointed when nothing ensued. That call by a familiar voice was a frequent experience of the present writer. It was commonly a home voice, and a loud, clear, and abrupt monosyllabic call. But he has heard the voice of a brother miles away, speaking as from behind his shoulder in a college library, and turned to answer in a voice itself so insensibly subdued to harmony with the impression, as considerably to surprise a fellow-student who was standing near. But the delusions of hearing were, in his case, not confined to voices; the sound of opening doors within the bedroom at night, when there was no door opened, and other such tricks on the ear, were also not uncommon, but these (though not the sudden voices, which seemed to be connected with some momentary leap of the blood, as in the sensation that one has sometimes when going to sleep, of falling suddenly with a great jolt) were always to be

explained by traceable relation to a thought within the mind.

Next to hearing, touch is said to be the sense most frequently imposed on; as when people have fancied themselves beaten by invisible or visible fiends, and felt considerable pain from it. The present writer can remember in his own ghostly experience but one delusion of the sense of touch. It was associated with delusion of hearing, and repeated nightly for a week or ten days. Sometimes the sense of smell is deceived, as when the spectral sight of a demon is joined to a spectral smell of brimstone. Considering how often people are saying that they "fancy they smell" something, one might think play upon this sense to be more common than it is. Least liable to delusion is said to be the sense of taste. Thus, a lunatic mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, fancied his porridge dinner to consist of every delicacy, but complained that every thing he ate tasted of porridge.

The Spectator.

HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A LONG-VEXED question—one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarrelled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the Moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He

himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now, there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long out-reaching arms, the spiral nebulae with mystic convolutions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulae, all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass well poised;—in-

deed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse Telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins' experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result, no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the

chaste beams of the wat'ry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behavior of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse has been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual down-pour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is *radiated* from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of *reflecting* heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected towards his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same

metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and cannot happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates towards us.

We do not mention this point from

any desire to cavil at the results of one of the most interesting experiments which has recently been carried out. But the recent researches of Zöllner upon the light from the planets, has shown how largely the surfaces of the celestial bodies differ as respects their capacity for reflecting and absorbing light, and there is every reason to infer that similar peculiarities characterize the planets' power of absorbing and reflecting heat. The whole question of the heat to which the moon's surface is actually raised by the sun's heat depends upon the nature of that surface, and the proportion between its power of absorbing heat or reflecting it away into space.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE NEW TESTAMENT UNDER A NEW ASPECT.*

BARON TAUCHNITZ has crowned the first thousand volumes of his well-known "Collection" by an edition of the New Testament, containing a feature at once so new and so admirable as to deserve a few words of gratitude from every intelligent Englishman, whether connected or unconnected with the profession of theology.

Every one knows that the English New Testament is a translation from Greek. But every one does not know that the Greek from which the translation was made is a very imperfect, inaccurate, redundant representation of the original Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, as they left the hands of their authors. The printers and scholars who, about the year 1550, at the instigation of Erasmus, first put the Greek Testament into type, did the best they could with the materials at their disposal. They collected and compared all the manuscripts within reach, and they formed an edition (a "text," as the technical word is) which did them credit, and the translations of which have furnished comfort and hope to millions of men and women since their day. But time went on, and fresh manuscripts were discovered, older and more carefully written than those which Erasmus

and Stephens had employed; and a number of passages appeared in which their edition was contradicted by more trustworthy readings. Still the original edition continued to be printed and used as a standard, and acquired the name of the "Received Text;" and all the corrections as they were discovered day by day were not employed to alter this text, but were added to it as notes, by which at some future time, when all the ancient manuscripts had been found, and all the quotations of the Testament in the early Fathers of the Church had been examined, and every conceivable source explored, and men knew everything that could be known on the subject, a more correct edition might be made, which should then supersede the old "Received Text."

In process of time, as libraries were explored and Oriental monasteries rifled, three manuscripts came to be discovered of earlier date and more exact execution than any others. The first of these, known as the "Vatican MS.," is in the Vatican at Rome; the second, the "Alexandrine MS.," in the British Museum; and the third, the discovery of our own generation, the "Sinaitic MS.," is at St. Petersburg. The date at which the first and third were written is somewhere between the year of our Lord 330 and 350; the second is a century or so later, say 450. These three manuscripts are now admitted by those best qualified to

* Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition. Vol. 1,000: The New Testament. London: Williams & Norgate.

speak on the subject, to contain the nearest approach which we yet possess, or are likely to possess, to the original writings of the Testament. No doubt there is a great difference between even these early copies and the books as they left the hands of their authors. If we could compare the original of Gospel or Epistle with what it had become after only 250 years of copying and recopying, we should find an immense difference. It is inevitable. Even in printing, even in our day, when verbal accuracy has become almost a religion, mistakes occur in reprints; some sentences are added, others omitted, others distorted. But where books were reproduced by handwriting, and where minute accuracy was not understood or valued, and where copyists were either over-zealous or very ignorant, the chances must have been immense, overwhelming, against any copy being exactly like that which it was copied from. We shall understand this a little better presently. Now, what Baron Tauchnitz has done—with the help of Professor Tischendorf, the most eminent scholar of our day in this line—is this. He has reprinted the New Testament exactly as it stands in the English Bible; and he has put at the bottom of the page all the variations between it and the three great copies just spoken of. And all this in English—that is the “new and admirable feature” of which I spoke at the opening of my paper. Scholars have long been familiar with these things; but until now this information has not been brought within the reach of ordinary English men and women; nor has it been published at all at so insignificant a price or in so clear and convenient a form. I shall indicate presently one respect in which I think the book may be still further improved, but meantime I will give a few instances of the nature of the corrections which this new edition discloses, and which are most obviously interesting:—

The first thing that strikes one on looking at the notes at the bottom of these pages is how often the sign “omit” occurs; in other words, how large a proportion of the differences consists of additions to the original. There are many transpositions of words; here and there also words have to be added which have dropped out in the process of copying.

But these are not nearly so many in amount as those which are marked as redundant.

These redundances are of two kinds. First and most numerous are those which appear to have had for their object to elucidate or confirm the text. The owner of a copy of the Gospels, say in the 5th or 6th century, observes that a sentence is obscure and liable to be misunderstood for want of a word of explanation; or a text from the Old Testament is quoted, and, as he thinks, quoted wrongly; or a pronoun is given where he conceives that the proper name would be more intelligible; or the name of a place or person appears to want explanation; or a saying or narrative is stated in different words from the parallel passage in another Gospel. In these and many other cases, what so natural as to seize the pen and add the correction or the supplemental words? And thus in each of these cases (and many others which do not fall within my rough general divisions) the explanatory word has been inserted, the quotation has been corrected to agree with the passage quoted from, the proper name has been substituted for the pronoun, the narrative has been altered to suit the parallel passage, and so on. Sometimes this would be done in the margin, sometimes in the body of the work. In process of time, the manuscript with its alterations went into the hands of a copyist, who then, according to his lights or his bias, inserted the whole or part of the alterations, possibly with some further additions of his own, all which from that day forward became in that uncritical age indistinguishable and inseparable from the original work. I will give instances of each kind of addition before proceeding further.

1. Words added to a sentence to complete and strengthen the sense or make it more intelligible: as, for example,—

Matt. xiii. 51, “*Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things?*”

Mark iii. 5, “*And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other.*” v. 40, “*He taketh the father and mother . . . and entereth in where the damsel was lying.*”

Luke vii. 10, “*And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.*”

John xi. 41, "Then they took away the stone *from the place where the dead was laid.*" xii. 1, "Then Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was *which had been dead.*"

Acts xxiv. 15, "That there shall be a resurrection *of the dead*, both of the just and unjust." 26, "He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, *that he might loose him.*"

Occasionally these additions have a theological motive, as in Luke iv. 41, where "Christ" has been inserted—"Thou art Christ the Son of God;" or John ix. 35, where "Son of God" has been substituted for "Son of Man."*

But by far the largest number of additions under this head consist of single words put in to remedy halting sentences or obscure construction: "saying," "certain," "yet," "also," "unto them," "unto him," and the like. It is hardly too much to say that one can track the particular editor (as we should say) who made this class of additions almost verse by verse along the pages of the Gospels, and can trace his nervous anxiety lest any of the sacred words he loved so dearly should be misunderstood or perverted for want of his too-careful additions. The pages literally teem with his affectionate touches. In the ninth chapter of Matthew, for instance, there are ten such insertions:—

2 and 5, "Thy sins be forgiven *thee.*" 9, "As Jesus passed forth *from thence.*" 10, "Many publicans and sinners *came and sat down.*" 12, "When Jesus heard that, he said *unto them.*" 14, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast *oft?*" 24, "He said *unto them*, Give place." 27, "Two blind men followed *him*, crying." 31, "Spread abroad his fame in *all* that country." 32, "Brought to him a dumb *man.*" 35, "Teaching in their synagogues, *and* preaching the gospel."

The four consecutive verses 47 to 50 of Luke viii. contain four additions of this kind, namely: "She declared *unto him* before all the people." "He said *unto her*, Daughter, be of good com-

fort." "Saying *to him*, Thy daughter is dead." "He *answered him*, saying, Fear not."

So also in Mark i. 40, "Beseeching him and kneeling down *to him*, and saying." 41, "And touched him, and saith *unto him*, I will." ii. 5, "Son, thy sins be forgiven *thee.*" 8, "He said *unto them*, Why reason ye?"

Luke xx. 24, "They *answered and said*, Cæsar's." 34, "Jesus *answering said.*" xxi. 2, "And he saw *also* a certain poor widow." 8, "Go ye not *therefore* after them."

But we need not go to the 5th and 6th centuries for examples of this. The italics in our own Bibles—explanatory words added by the translators with the same pious intention as those just spoken of, and as often unnecessary—furnish instances of the very selfsame things.

2. We now come to words added to complete a quotation, or bring a statement into harmony with a parallel passage. Instances of these are the quotation from Isaiah in Matt. xv. 8, "This people *draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and* honoreth me with their lips;" and the statement in Mark v. 7, cried with a loud voice and said, *What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God?* which is possibly completed from the parallel passages in Luke and Matthew.

3. Pronouns displaced for the proper name of the person referred to are incessant: as Matt. xv. 30, "Cast them down at *Jesus'* [his] feet;" Mark i. 41, "And *Jesus* [he], moved with compassion;" Luke x. 21, "In that hour *Jesus* [he] rejoiced;" John iii. 2, "The same came to *Jesus* [him] by night;" Acts xi. 25, "Then departed *Barnabas* [he] to Tarsus;" Luke xxii. 62, "And *Peter* [he] went out."

4. Additions to explain a name of place or person are also occasionally found: as John ix. 2, "Go to *the pool of Siloam* and wash;" xii. 4, "Judas Iscariot, *Simon's son*, which should betray him;" Luke xi. 29, "the sign of *Jonas the prophet.*"

5. Alterations bearing on the topography of the Holy Land are rare and not very material. The chief one is the substitution of Magdala for Magadan in Matt. xv. 39; Magdala having probably crept into the copies from a desire to

* In John xix. 40, the Alexandrine MS. substitutes "God" for "Jesus," so that it is perhaps by a mere accident that we escaped having in our English Bibles the very inconvenient expression, "Then took they the body of God, and wound it in linen clothes."

connect it with "Mary the Magdalene." In Mark vii. 31, a change of some moment is made by the alteration of "departing through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon" from "departing from the coasts of Tyre he came through Sidon,"—showing that the road was the same then as now.

The transition is easy from these small additions to such longer and more important ones as Matt. xxvii. 35, or Mark xv. 28, which may have arisen from the anxiety of a commentator to square the facts of the New Testament with the prophecies of the Old; or Mark ix. 44 and 46, which have probably been inserted to correspond with verse 48 and with Isaiah lxvi. 24; or Luke xvii. 36, added from Matt. xxiv. 40; or Matt. xii. 47, added from Luke viii. 20.

In all the cases of which these are types, there is some motive, more or less obvious, at the bottom of the addition. But it is more difficult to explain the presence of other passages, such as Matt. xvi. 2, 3, Luke xxii. 43, 44, or John v. 4, which are not found in either of the most ancient copies, and for which no authority or hint appears in other parts of the Gospels.

Still more remarkable is the next class of additions, which are in all respects truly startling. I mean those which contain some of the most characteristic and "Christian" sentiments in the whole of the New Testament. There are few who, if asked to name the incident which most clearly embodied the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplied us with the most precious traits of His personal manners, would not quote the story of the woman taken in adultery. And yet there can be little doubt that this story—John vii. 53 to viii. 11—did not exist in the original Gospel; in fact, did not make its appearance in any edition before the middle of the 5th century. And there are several other passages, which, though shorter, are hardly less characteristic than is this story. The beautiful narrative in Luke ix. 54–56 loses not only the reference to the act of Elijah, which has always seemed so appropriate to the locality, but it loses what seems to be the very kernel of its teaching, the whole of the words printed in italics being an interpolation in copies made after the mid-

dle of the 5th century:—"And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, *even as Elias did?* But he turned and rebuked them, *and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And they went to another village."

The precept, so parallel to this in spirit, contained in Mark xi. 26, which has formed the motive of so many a prayer, and the text of so many a sermon—"For if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses,"—is in like manner an interpolation of later date than either the Sinaitic or Vatican MS. Even the utterance of our Lord on the cross—Luke xxiii. 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—must pass into the same category, and be erased from the original draft of the record. To the same purport are the words in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matt. v. 44—"Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," which, although they lie at the very foundation of Christian morality, must henceforward be swept away.

I take the opportunity to notice a saying attributed to Christ, which though it has escaped being inserted in the received text of the Testament, and is therefore not in our English Bibles,—and rightly, since as it is not found in any of the three manuscripts which form the basis of our examination, it can hardly have been written by the Evangelist—is yet so full of wisdom and goodness, and so appropriate to some of the questions of our day, that we can as ill afford to lose it as any of those just quoted. It occurs as an interpolation in Luke vi. 4, and is as follows:—"On the same day he saw a certain man working on the Sabbath, and he said unto him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law."

What shall we say of such sentences as these? They cannot surely be the invention of those who inserted them in the later MSS. There is something

about them which forbids us to question their authenticity, or to ascribe them to any one but Jesus Himself. On the other hand, the fact of their omission in the oldest copies seems to show that they did not form part of the original Gospels. They must belong to the same category with those "words of the Lord Jesus" which are preserved in the Acts of the Apostles,—“It is more blessed to give than to receive” (Acts xx. 35), and with those countless “things” that might have filled the “world itself,” the recollection of which, so many years after, at the close of a long life, forced St. John to speak of his own Gospel as a mere skeleton sketch of the life of his Master.

Certainly, if in many respects we have lost by the inaccurate and redundant edition of Erasmus and Stephens, in other respects we have gained; for a Testament without the story of the woman taken in adultery, and without the other gracious words just quoted, would be robbed of some of its most precious gems, even though it be the fact that those gems did not form a part of the Gospels as they left the hands of their authors.

The longest of the interpolations in the Gospels, and the only one which remains to be noticed, is the conclusion of St. Mark, in which the verses from verse 9 to the end of the chapter, though a very ancient addition, are not found in the oldest copies, and therefore cannot be accepted as from the hand of the Evangelist. But this passage is of a very different nature from those just noticed, and of secondary interest; and its loss would be of far less moment than theirs—since while in one portion it is a mere *résumé* of the narratives of the other Gospels, in another it breathes a far less Christian spirit than that which distinguishes them.

My examination, which I now bring to a conclusion, has been done only in the roughest and most imperfect manner, and must be taken as the work of a mere layman, anxious only to excite

others to acquaintance with that which he has himself found so attractive and useful. I have confined myself to the Gospels; but the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, though perhaps less exquisitely interesting, will be found hardly less fruitful than the Gospels. And in the Gospels I have dealt with the redundances only. The questions of the age and authority of the three copies adduced are so fully and authoritatively treated in the clear and interesting preface which Professor Tischendorf has prefixed to the volume, as to render any further remarks on these heads unnecessary.

Any one who will take this Testament of Baron Tauchnitz's, and will mark out with a pencil the passages specified in the notes as omitted in the three MSS., or in two of them, will be astonished at the alterations in the face of those familiar pages. And if at first the phrases often seem balder and the sentences less fluent and abrupt than before, he will find these deficiencies made up for by greater life and greater reality, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has come much closer to the original condition of a document which all must desire to possess as nearly as possible in its original form, and has caught a trifle less faintly the echoes of that divine voice, for the tones of which men were never more eagerly listening than they are now.

The only suggestion that occurs to me for the improvement of this pretty little volume is that some means should be taken of showing in the verses themselves the alterations indicated in the notes. Without this it will never produce its full effect. But when so done—as one may try for himself with a pencil—the effect is most unexpected.

The redundances might be shown without difficulty, and the other kinds of alteration might be indicated, at least where they are of material importance.

G. GROVE.

M. ROUHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is impossible to read the French political news in any daily or weekly journal without constantly meeting with the name of Monsieur Rouher, who, during the twelve years preceding the recent downfall of "personal government," was "the Emperor's right hand," the most prominent and influential statesman in France who upheld the existing *régime*. The Duc de Morny, Marshal St. Arnaud, M. Walewski, Mocquard, Pelissier, all those who carried Louis Napoleon so brilliantly through the *coup d'état*, and afterward supported the Empire, have dropped off one after another, until M. Rouher is the only one now remaining of the famous men who assisted the President at that period.

For years past he has been the most brilliant defender of the Empire, almost the only one of the imperial orators able to hold his own against the attacks of Thiers, Ollivier, Favre, and the other members of the Left. But personal government in France is now at an end, ministers are to be responsible to the legislative bodies, and M. Rouher has been compelled to give way to a minister whose sentiments approximate more nearly to the liberal ideas of the Corps Législatif. His "resignation has been accepted," his portfolio withdrawn from him, and probably the last prominent political work of his life will be that which he is engaged in at present—carrying the new *Senatus Consultum* through the French Senate.

The career of this minister of Napoleon III. shows how success may often be ascribed to the unforeseen and trivial circumstances from which no one would have anticipated any result. M. Rouher was first known, and then became celebrated, by an incautious expression which escaped his lips in the heat of debate, and to which, in cooler blood, he in vain tried to restore its real meaning. His descendants should, out of gratitude, inscribe the word "catastrophe" on their coat of arms, for it was this word which changed the unknown advocate, the most obscure member of a

mediocre ministry, to his own surprise, into a great public celebrity.

Eugène Rouher, the Senator, Minister of State and of Finance, is now fifty-four years of age, and springs from a family, members of which for the last fifty years have held judicial offices. After finishing his studies at the college of his native town, Riom, he went to study law at Paris, became an advocate in 1837, and established himself as such in 1840 at Riom. The Department of Puy de Dôme, or Auvergne, as that part of the country was formerly called, has always been very monarchical and conservative, although, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the most violent opposition newspapers, supported by money from Paris, were published there. Consequently, actions against the press were quite the order of the day, and the Opposition, who were desirous of winning to their ranks the young and tolerably wealthy advocate, intrusted to him, directly after he had settled in the department, a large number of these cases to defend. As a barrister, he had not eloquence. He was not a ready speaker, was unacquainted with brilliant metaphors, and his variations on the word "liberty," then so much in fashion, showed the timid *dilettante*, rather than the skilled Professor, in these press prosecutions.

However, he was thoroughly successful. These trials brought his real judicial knowledge to light. He earned a great deal of money; and, in the year 1843, he married the daughter of the Mayor of Clermont, the chief town of the province, and through this marriage became a considerable landowner. Then he completely broke the loose bands which tied him to the liberal party; and in 1846 boldly came forward as government candidate, at the elections for the Chamber of Deputies, under the patronage of the minister, M. Guizot. But the bitter feeling against one who was considered to be a renegade was so great, that even many conservatives voted against him, and he obtained only a few thousand votes.

Under the Republic, with universal suffrage, he was more fortunate; 42,000 electors named him as deputy to the Constituent Assembly; and when this body had finished its labors, during which M. Rouher always voted with the right, 52,000 voters sent him to the Legislative Assembly.

The deputy of the Department of the Loire, Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, had once heard his young colleague, Rouher, speak in the Constituent Assembly, and when asked his opinion on the talents of the speaker, he replied, shaking his head: "It seems to me as if this citizen did not possess the capability of rightly expressing his own thoughts."

No one understood this oracular sentence: they turned away with a shrug from the deputy with the languid countenance, weary eyes, and world-renowned name. Six months after, M. Rouher was Minister of Justice. He had never exchanged a word with the then President of the Republic, and was utterly astonished when the President of the Council of Ministers, M. Ferdinand Barrot, informed him that it was the express wish of the first magistrate of the Republic that he should accept a portfolio. Till 1851 he remained under several ministries at the head of the department of Justice.

It was at this period that he let fall that celebrated word to which we have before alluded, and which made Rouher known from one end of France to the other. On the morning before one of those important sittings, which during the second Republic often became so stormy, Louis Napoleon said to Rouher—

"They wish again to try to extinguish you with the glorious Revolution of the 24th February, 1848. The people really believe that they were all Mirabeaus or Dantons! We must for once hold a mirror up before them, in which they may be able to see a faithful likeness of themselves in all their littleness!"

Rouher, meditating on these words of the President, went to the Assembly, and it so happened that immediately after his entrance he had to ascend the Tribune, to answer an interpellation as Minister of Justice.

"Be cautious—the chamber is very much excited to-day!" his colleague Baroche said to him.

"Certainly, certainly," he replied, rather absently, ascended the Tribune, and replied in a few impetuous words to the interpellation. The murmurs of the Assembly excited him still more; and when at last he heard the cry from the Left, "That was just what was said before the 24th February," his presence of mind completely forsook him, and, still under the impression which the words of the President of the Republic had made on him, he raised himself up to his full height and exclaimed with a voice of thunder—

"Your boasted Revolution was nothing more than a catastrophe!"

Only those who have been present at a French National Assembly can have the faintest idea of what now happened. Clapping, shrieking, hissing, threats and insults, followed without end! The tumult lasted for more than half an hour, and M. Rouher, who had retired to the ministers' bench, might well have feared for some minutes that his person was not secure from violent treatment.

In vain he explained, after quiet had in some measure been restored, that he had used the word "catastrophe" only in the sense of an unforeseen event. It was of no avail: amidst universal hissing "l'homme à la catastrophe" was again forced to leave the tribune.

Foreigners cannot understand the deep impression which such scenes make on the public in France. This innocent word flew like wildfire through the land, and became a sort of test by which some showed their hatred to the Republic, and others the most unbridled fury against the Government. And the man who had provoked this "catastrophe" in such an innocent manner, could scarcely believe his senses when he contemplated this terrible ferment; but he had an opportunity thereby, such as had never before been presented to him, of studying his countrymen. But he had not much time for this: a vote of want of confidence, a few weeks after, caused the fall of the entire ministry, and led to the *coup d'état*. Rouher remained in the chamber as a simple deputy, who could no longer speak, as the Left would not allow him to say a word, and always brought up afresh the recollection of the "catastrophe." At the consultations which preceded the execution of the

coup d'état at the Elysée, M. de Morny proposed the deputy Rouher as a minister. A dry "No" was the reply of the President, who gave as his reason the following words, which well characterized M. Rouher: "C'est l'homme des demi-mesures!"

The new order of things was, however, scarcely established, when the President, now unrestricted in his authority, offered M. Rouher a portfolio, which he accepted; but a few weeks after he retired, together with M. de Morny, as they refused to countersign the decree which confiscated a portion of the property of the Orleans family. How greatly this much-talked-of decree confused the minds of the most faithful and devoted adherents of Napoleon III. is proved from the simple fact that Morny, Napoleon's own brother, refused to sign it as minister. Time has cooled down this excitement, and it has been argued also that the word "confiscation" was falsely applied, as three courts of law confirmed that this property did not belong to the Orleans family, but to the State.

Napoleon gave the retiring minister the vice-presidentship of the newly-created Council of State, and till 1855 he was almost forgotten, when the Emperor again called him into the ministry, and gave him the portfolio of Agriculture, Trade, and Public Works. Since that time—up to the present "*catastrophe*"—M. Rouher has never left the ministry; and in these twelve years has at different times presided over all the branches of the Government in France, with the exception of War and Marine.

The reader will remember that, after the Italian war, the Emperor, in the year 1859, thought the time had arrived in which a more liberal direction might be given to the Constitution. One of the chief measures taken in this sense was to appoint a minister whose duty it should be to defend the Government in the chambers. Billault was the first who held this difficult post; and after his death, in 1862, Rouher became his successor.

It was the general opinion that the Emperor had made a mistake in this appointment, as it was well remembered that Rouher's oratorical talents had not shone in the chambers of the Republic,

and his "*catastrophe*" speech was again brought up to the remembrance of the French nation. To succeed Billault, one of the best and most talented orators of France, was not an enviable inheritance for any man. But after his first speeches all saw how greatly they had been deceived. Often has M. Rouher, during the last five years, gained the victory over all opponents. Clever, undoubtedly, as a politician, we must not forget that, as a minister of Napoleon III., his opinions, whatever they may be, had to give way to those of his imperial master, whose will was supreme. Rouher, like all the other ministers, was only the executor of the Imperial will; but, as he was the only one in the whole Cabinet whose gift of eloquence could be employed with advantage in the chamber, a much more important place in the councils of the sovereign was assigned to him than to any of his colleagues.

In general, the sketch of those official speeches of which we have been speaking was drawn out for him by the Emperor's own hand. He works out the ideas, and then reads the whole to the Emperor; which, after it has been corrected, is communicated to the rest of the ministry. The morning before the sitting Rouher has another audience, when, often at the last moment, not unimportant changes are made. The really marvellous memory of Rouher has grown with all this mental exercise.

Rouher, in a word, was just the man whom Napoleon III. required—without ambition, without independence, and wonderfully endowed with talents and tact. To have discovered him out of the mass of parliamentary mediocrities, and to have made him pliable to his absolute and inflexible will, is the merit of the Emperor alone.

We must add to this sketch that the private life of Rouher, as well as his personal honor, have never in the remotest degree been subjected to the criticisms of the enemies of the empire, and that for the materials we have used in its preparation we are mainly indebted to the German Magazine *Daheim*, which has done so much toward disseminating among the people information concerning European celebrities.

POETRY.

A TRUE STORY.

SHE made a garden when she was young;
 Her eyes were dazed by the sunrise glow—
 Poor child! she thought she was wise and
 strong,
 She knew no better; 'twas long ago.

She planted her beds with seedling flowers,
 She planted her lawn with yearling trees;
 She built a trellis for woodbine bowers,
 "How happy," she said, "shall I be with
 these!"

How happy," she said, "shall I surely be
 When my pansies and lilies and tulips blow!
 I must wait for the cones on my cedar-tree,
 For the noblest things take long to grow.

"'Tis easy to wait for a while," she said,
 "The low little daisies will soon be here,
 And my thicket will glow with roses red,
 And my apple-tree bloom, in one more year."

So she waited, singing, as waits the bird
 For his nestlings before their wings are
 rown;
 She waited, singing, tho' no one heard;
 It was no sorrow to sing alone.

And the low little daisies starred the lawn,
 But the pansies and lilies were slow to spring;
 One tulip, streaked like a winter's dawn,
 Just feebly opened to hear her sing.

"My pansies will come in June," she said,
 "My lilies will come when the days are long,
 But I fear my tulips must all be dead,
 Save this poor blossom that loves my song."

So she waited, singing, as waits the bird
 For his nestlings, after their wings are grown;
 She waited, singing, tho' no one heard;
 'Twas little pleasure to sing alone.

Only a pansy or two at last
 Looked sadly up in her face and died;
 Only one lily, when June was past,
 Drooped dying by one dead tulip's side.

"Alas!" she said, and she sang no more,
 "I never dreamed that it would be so;
 I cannot sing, for my heart is sore,
 Since seedling plants are not sure to grow.

"Yet wait," she said, "and in days to come
 Roses will bloom on my thorny tree;
 Under my limes will the wild bees hum,
 And the shade of my cedar be fair to see."

She could not sing and she would not cry;
 Silent and trusting she waited still;
 The days and the months and the years went by,
 And the winter frosts were strong to kill,

The garden she made when she was young
 Was not a garden in after years;
 This story had never been said or sung
 If blossoms could thrive in a rain of tears;

This story had never been sung or said
 If our seedling hopes were sure to grow—
 She waited to see her cedar dead,
 Then her hopeless tears got leave to flow.

She wept and wept by her thorny tree,
 Nor one red rose for her weeping grew;
 In her leafless limes, not one wild bee
 Made one poor dream of her youth come true.

And yet she had planned her garden well,
 Trusting the sun and the kindly rain;
 So, when she saw how it all befell,
 She never would hope or trust again.

She laid her head when her hair was gray
 On the low little daisies that did not fail;
 She had not a tear nor a word to say—
 What could weeping and words avail?

This story had never been said or sung
 If love were faithful, if hope were true;
 We planted gardens when we were young;
 The churchyard daisies were all that grew.

MARIA.

THE SUMMER POOL.

THERE is a singing in the summer air,
 The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
 The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
 And perch'd upon the honeysuckle-hedge
 Pipes the green linnet. O the golden world!
 The stir of life on every blade of grass,
 The motion and the joy on every bough,
 The glad feast everywhere, for things that love
 The sunshine, and for things that love the shade.

Aimlessly wandering with weary feet,
 Watching the woolly clouds that wander by,
 I come upon a lovely place of shade,
 A still green pool, where with soft sound and stir
 The shadows of o'er-hanging branches sleep,
 Save where they leave one dreamy space of blue,
 O'er whose soft stillness ever and anon
 The feathery cirrus blows. Here unaware
 I pause, and leaning on my staff I add
 A shadow to the shadows; and behold!
 Dim dreams steal down upon me, with a hum
 Of little wings, a murmuring of boughs,
 The dusky stir and motion dwelling here
 Within the small green world. O'ershadowed
 By dusky greenery, tho' all around
 The sunshine throbs on fields of wheat and bean,
 Downward I gaze into the dreamy blue,
 And pass into a waking sleep, wherein
 The green boughs rustle, feathery wreaths of
 cloud

Pass softly, piloted by golden airs,
The air is still, no bird sings any more,
And, helpless as a tiny flying thing,
I am alone in all the world with God.

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—in the pool
The fly scarce moves; earth seems to hold her
breath
Until her heart stops, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming Rain!

While thus I pause, it seems that I have gained
New eyes to see; my brain grows sensitive
To trivial things that, at another hour,
Had passed unheeded. Suddenly the air
Shivers, the shadows in whose midst I stand
Tremble and blacken;—the blue eye o' the pool
Is closed and clouded;—with a shrill sharp cry,
Oiling its wings, a swallow darteth past,
And 'weeding flowers beneath my feet thrust up
Their leaves to feel the coming shower. O hark!
The thirsty leaves are troubled into sighs,
And up above me, on the glistening boughs,
Patters the summer rain!

Into a nook,
Screen'd by thick foliage of oak and beech,
I crept for shelter; and the summer shower
Murmurs around me. In a dream I watch
And listen. O the sweetness of the sounds,
The pattering rain, the murmurous sigh of leaves,
The deep warm breathing of the scented air,
They sink into my soul—until at last
Comes the soft ceasing of the gentle fall,
And lo! the eye of blue within the pool
Opens again, while in a silvery gleam
The jewels twinkle moistly on the leaves,
Or, shaken downward by the summer wind,
Fall melting on the pool in rings of light!

LOST.

THE moon comes out and glimmers,
The stars like diamonds gleam,
And long green boughs are waving
O'er a pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts travel backwards,
Into the long dead years,
And your face comes before me,
Seen through a mist of tears.

We met—we loved—we parted:
The story ever new,
We lived—we hoped—we waited,
And so the long years grew.

A vast sea rolls between us,
A gulf that time has made,
New habits grow upon us,
Old beauties faint and fade.

Take one last look behind you, !
Into the vale of years;
Does my face come before you,
Seen through a mist of tears?

L. C.

MADDALENA.

Dost thou not miss that pleasant interchange
Of thought and feeling, tastes and fancies bright,
Which from the varied world of books would
range
To our own hearts, thrilling with Love's first
light?
Then wouldst thou chide, if I one thought should
know
Unshared by thee, and if across my smile
Flittered a shade of care. With accents low
And tender, thou couldst instantly beguile
My sadness into joy, so true and deep
That I from very happiness would weep
At being loved by one so good and pure;
Yet would I rather all my grief endure
At having lost thee, than have never known
That heart, that soul, which once were all my
own.

RELICS.

[We think our readers will thank us for rescuing the following beautiful fragments from the oblivion to which the fastidious taste of Mr. Tennyson had consigned them. They are among the early poems rejected by him in bringing out his works in 1833.—EDITOR.]

SONNET.

"THERE are three things that fill my heart with
sighs
And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
Fair maiden forms moving like melodies)—
Dimples, rose-lips, and eyes of any hue.
There are three things beneath the blessed skies
For which I live—black eyes and brown and
blue:
I hold them all most dear; but, O black eyes!
I live and die and only die for you!
Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused
At sunset underneath a shadowy piano
In old Bayona, nigh the southern sea—
From a half-open lattice looked at me,
I saw no more, only those eyes, confused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain."

[It seems a pity to have sacrificed so exquisite a description of the Death of a Lamb. No one but a true poet could have written it.]

"The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart; and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and flinched eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies."

A PRAYER.

SHE knelt by the crimson altar,
My darling, young and fair,
And the blue and gold in the martyr's robes,
Floated and shone in her hair;
Her voice, like the cry for mercy,
Which is raised to God in heaven,
For she prayed a prayer that the angels know
That sin may be forgiven!

And the light from the painted window
Lay on her like a glory,
As she knelt and prayed in the sun-lit aisle,
Like some sweet saint of story.
Oh, love, all love excelling,
'Tis so that sin relenteth,
For she knows the joy that the angels know,
When one lost soul repenteth.

"MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE."

SONNET.

THE moon, upon a halo-gilded throne,
Smiles in her palace, while the pearly hours,
Floating in brightness from celestial bowers,
Glide peacefully to slumber, one by one.
The Zephyr from its home of summer bloom,
Where dewy vales reflect enamored skies,
Wafts to my cheek delectable perfume—
Blossoms, with softly iridescent eyes,

In beauty sparkle on the sea of green,
That rolls its billows to the starlit shores
Of Night—How indescribable the scene!
My soul exalted adoration pours
To Him who shelters with his loving hand,
And scatters moonlight o'er this Prairie Land.

C. ERNST F.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

THIS eve along the calm resplendent west,
I marked a cloud alive with fairy light,
So warmly pure, so sweetly, richly bright,
It seemed a spirit of ether, floating blest,
In its own happy empire! While possessed
With admiration of the marvellous light,
Slowly its hues, opal and chrysolite,
Waned on the shadowy gloaming's phantom
breast:
The cloud became a terror, whose dark womb
Throbbled with keen lightnings, by destruction
hurled
Red bolt on bolt, while a drear ominous gloom
Enveloped Nature: o'er the startled world—
A deep alarm—burst the thunder boom,
And the swift Storm his coal black wings unfurled!

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THIS volume is much the most valuable recent contribution, we might say indeed one of the most valuable we have ever had, to that department of American literature in which it is most signally deficient, namely—literary criticism. Traversing the whole of that glorious period which has been well called the Golden Age of English literature, taking the numerous and diverse aspects under which human genius at that time seems to have displayed itself at its acme—poetry, drama, philosophy, theology—Mr. Whipple has given us the most comprehensive, luminous, and appreciative survey of the time and its works that has ever been collected in the compass of a single volume.

Hazlitt's essays and lectures will always claim the attention of the student; Mrs. Jameson, Hunt, and Schlegel will ever be read with delight; but Mr. Whipple has the advantage of familiarity with the labors of these and others in the same field, and brings to his work not only a thorough acquaintance with the subject, but much of the analytic subtlety of Hazlitt, the genial limpid sensibility of Mrs. Jameson, and at times the bewildering eloquence of Schlegel.

Mr. Whipple's style is, in itself, worthy of study by those who can appreciate literary art. Clear, vivid, and picturesque, glittering with antithesis and epigram, and again glowing with a perfect lava flood of thrilling, spontaneous eloquence, there

is hardly another living writer who wields an instrument at once so keen and powerful. Indeed, in the author's previous works, the writing has been so fine as to have become a reproach, and he was said to be "all style and no stamina," caring too much for expression to be very solicitous about ideas, stringing together the conceits, fancies, and glittering phrases which he had skimmed from Carlyle, Macaulay, Arnold, and others.

If these strictures were just, and they doubtless were to a certain extent, they are not applicable to the present work. We believe there is not a volume of literary criticism in the language which displays more vigorous, analytic, and discriminative thought than "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," and there is certainly none which affords a clearer conception of one of the most critical periods in the history of intellectual development.

Mr. Whipple initiates his subject with some preliminary remarks upon the characteristics of Elizabethan literature, and then brings before us in succession Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Middleton, Marston, Chapman, and other minor dramatists; Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and Spenser, the minor Elizabethan poets; Sidney and Raleigh, Bacon and Hooker.

Of course the central figure is Shakespeare, and the two essays upon him, if not perfectly satisfactory, will probably be the most attractive of them all to the reader. We may remark of Mr. Whipple's criticism upon Shakespeare, that it is

negative rather than positive, exposing the absurdities of many of the stock ideas which have obtained concerning the great poet, rather than attempting to measure his "myriad-minded" genius.

No critic has ever approached the subject more reverently, or with a more pervading conviction of the utter inadequacy of the mind to "really receive the colossal conception of Shakespeare himself." As he finely says, "criticism upon Shakespeare is like coasting along a continent," and he only professes to treat desultorily of the salient topics which the theme presents.

And first of all he attacks with something of scorn the popular idea that Shakespeare was in himself a somewhat commonplace personage, who by some unexplained intellectual process blundered into the grandest monuments of human genius; a man lacking in individuality and great only in his works,—as Coleridge has it, "an omnipresent creativeness." "No king or queen of his time had so completely felt the cares and enjoyed the dignity of the regal state as this playwright, who usurped it by his thought alone; and the freshest and simplest maiden in Europe had no innocent heart experience which this man could not share—escaping in an instant from the hag-haunted imagination of Macbeth, in order to feel the tender flutter of her soul in his own. . . . He was on an excursion through the world of thought and action, to seize the essence of all the excitements of human nature,—terrible, painful, criminal, rapturous, humorous; and to do this in a short earthly career he was compelled to condense ages into days, and lives into minutes. He exhausts in a short time all the glory and all the agony there is on the throne or on the couch of Henry IV., and then, wearied with royalty, is off to the Boar's Head to have a rouse with Sir John. He feels all the flaming pride and scorn of the aristocrat Coriolanus; his brain widens with the imperial ideas, and his heart beats with the measureless ambition of the autocrat Cæsar; and anon he has donned a greasy apron, plunged into the roaring Roman mob, and is yelling against aristocrat and autocrat with all the gusto of democratic rage. He is now a prattling child, and in a second he is the murderer with the knife at its throat. . . . Yet this indestructible spiritual energy, which becomes mightier with every exercise of might; which plucks out the heart and absorbs the vitality of everything it touches; which daringly commits itself to the fiercest, and joyously to the softest passions, without losing its moral and mental sanity; which in the most terrible excitements is as 'the blue dome of air' to the tempest that rages beneath it; which, aiming to include everything, refuses to be included by anything, and in the sweep of its creativeness acts with a confident audacity, as if in it nature were humanized and humanity individualized;—in short, this unexampled energy of blended sensibility, intelligence, and will is what constitutes the man Shakespeare; and this man is no mere name for an impersonal unconscious genius, that did its marvels by instinct, no name for a careless playwright who blundered into miracles, but is essentially a person, creating strictly within the limitations of his individuality,—within those limitations appearing to be impersonal only because he is comprehensive enough to cover a wide variety of special natures,—and, above all, a per-

son individually as great, at least, as the sum of his whole works."

Notwithstanding this testimony to Shakespeare's unexampled individual greatness, Mr. Whipple repudiates another of the popular proverbs, that his mind was universal, "wide as nature and human nature." He points out some directions which the poet's genius did not take, characters in which his sunny and genial nature could feel no sympathy. "And first, Shakespeare's religious instincts and sentiments were comparatively weak, for they were not creative. He has exercised his genius in the creation of no character in which religious sentiment or religious passion is dominant." Shakespeare in common with the other dramatists of his time saw nothing in the Puritans but objects of satire and contempt. "It may be doubted also if Shakespeare's affinities extended to those numerous classes of human character that stand for the reforming and philanthropic sentiments of humanity. We doubt if he was hopeful for the race. He was too profoundly impressed with its disturbing passions to have faith in its continuous progress. Though immensely greater than Bacon, it may be questioned if he could thoroughly have appreciated Bacon's intellectual character. He could have delineated him to perfection in everything but in that peculiar philanthropy of the mind, that spiritual benignity, that belief in man and confidence in his future, which both alone and account for so many of Bacon's moral defects. There is no character in his plays that covers the elements of such a man as Hildebrand or Luther, or either of the two Williams of Orange, or Hampden, or Howard, or Clarkson, or scores of other representative men whom history celebrates. Though the broadest individual nature which human nature has produced, human nature is immensely broader than he."

These are the most original and subtle points in the author's remarks on Shakespeare, but they are by no means all that is good in these two remarkable essays. He does not pretend to exhaust the subject; he does not even attempt to treat it in all its aspects, and above all he does not presume to pronounce in the superior *ex cathedra* style which is so offensive in the majority of Shakespearean critics. He says, with the "reverent humility" which he so much admires in Shakespeare himself: "The greatest and most interpretative minds which have made him (Shakespeare) their study, though they may have commenced with wielding the rod, soon found themselves seduced into taking seats on the benches, anxious to learn instead of impatient to teach; and have been compelled to admit that the poet who is the delight of the rudest urchin in the pit of the playhouse, is also the poet whose works defy the highest faculties of the philosopher thoroughly to comprehend."

We have dwelt thus long on Shakespeare, because he is the figure around which naturally clusters the interest of Elizabethan literature, not because he furnishes the theme for the best portion of Mr. Whipple's book. When writing of Shakespeare the author seems oppressed with the magnitude of the subject, but when he gets on lower ground he shows more self-confidence. The essay on "rare Ben Jonson" is thorough and acute, and is pervaded throughout with a rich and breezy humor. So also on Spenser and the Minor Poets,

on Sidney and Raleigh. But the papers on Bacon are the best in the volume. His character, the influences by which he was surrounded, his works, and the relation in which he stands to modern Inductive Philosophy, are analyzed in a most able and comprehensive manner—better than in any other treatise we have seen. No one can read these papers without having a truer and juster conception of Bacon's character, of what he did, and what he failed to do.

Mr. Whipple rejects utterly the insolent flippant epigram about Bacon being "at once the wisest and the meanest of mankind," and shows that the traditional defects of the man were due to the vast comprehensiveness of his mental grasp, to the absence of prejudice and passion—those conservators of morals—to his conviction that the magnitude of his ends would justify almost any means adopted for their attainment, and to one of those tragic verdicts of history by which, in this case, Essex, who betrayed his benefactors, is held up to admiration, and Bacon, who adopted the only reasonable course open to him, is condemned as a treacherous ingrate. Bacon's virtues were undoubtedly his own; his faults were due in great part to the times in which he lived. The accusation on which he was condemned—that of accepting bribes for judicial decisions—was by no means unusual under James I., and in the case of Bacon seems to resolve itself into this, that he accepted the money offered him for corruption and then decided according to law.

Mr. Whipple's estimate of Bacon's philosophical position will probably be new to many who have regarded him as in fact the father of modern scientific methods,—it was so to us,—but it will doubtless be acquiesced in by scientific men, and will be the final verdict of history. He shows that Bacon's method has in truth never been followed, that it was disproved even by contemporaries, and that no discovery in science has ever been made by the twenty-seven Tables of Prerogative Instances. That a fatal objection to it is that it is an invention of a single human genius which would have rendered all subsequent genius or originality not only unnecessary, but impossible. The reason why Bacon was chosen as the father and representative of Inductive Philosophy, or, in other words, of Modern Science, was that it was found convenient to adopt "one whose name lends to it so much literary prestige, and who was undoubtedly one of the broadest, richest, and most imperial of human intellects, if he was not one of the most scientific."

We have said enough to show the scope and dignity of Mr. Whipple's criticism; but, in order to illustrate the solicitude for justice and the mental conscientiousness which he brings to his work, we will conclude our review with the concluding paragraph of the essays. Passing rapidly in review the writers whom he had discussed, and referring particularly to those on whom his strictures are severe, he says: "As we more or less roughly handled these, as we felt the pulse of life throbbing in every dust-covered volume,—dust out of which man was originally made, and to which man, as an author, is commonly so sure to return,—the books resumed their original form of man, became personal forces, to resent impeachments of their honor, or misconceptions of their genius; and a troop of spirits stalked from the neglected

pages to confront their irreverent critic. There they were,—ominous or contemptuous judges of the person who assumed to be their judge: on the face of some sarcastic denial; on others, tender reproaches; on others, benevolent pity; on others, serenely beautiful indifference or disdain. 'Who taught you,' their looks seemed to say, 'to deliver dogmatic judgments on us? What know you of our birth, culture, passions, temptations, struggles, motives, two hundred years ago? What right have you to blame? What qualifications have you to praise? Let us abide in our earthly oblivion,—in our immortal life. It is sufficient that our works demonstrated on earth the inextinguishable vitality of the soul that glowed within us; and, for the rest, we have long passed to the only infallible—the Almighty—critic and judge of works and of men!'"

The Man who Laughs. By VICTOR HUGO. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS" has been pretty generally reviewed both in this country and in England, and has met with almost equally general condemnation. Mr. Swinburne, indeed, in a thrilling poetic rhapsody on Victor Hugo's genius, has deprecated any formal criticism whatever upon such a writer and such a work, and has more than hinted that whoever ventures upon it is one of Charles Reade's "anonymuncles who go scribbling about." He says that such a work is to be read, "not by the lamp-light of realism, but by the sun-light of his (the author's) imagination reflected upon our own;" in other words, that every genius must be a law unto itself. And this is undoubtedly to some extent true; but if it is unqualifiedly so, if a man by possession of genius is put entirely beyond the pale of analysis and discussion, then any such thing as a "police of letters" is impossible; and it is precisely this assumption that criticism has always had to combat. The concession, too, of the assumption would do nothing toward simplifying the inevitable difficulties, for who is to decide precisely what degree of genius is requisite to justify a man in denying the competency of any tribunal, and what man or men possess that degree?

If it be conceded that the eloquence of Ruskin is superior to the broken exclamatory language of a Choctaw; if it be conceded that in professing to write an historical work, truth to history, if not in details, at least in the spirit of the times, is better than demonstrable absurdities; and if, again, it be conceded that regard should be paid to the possibilities of time, place, and race, and if these principles are invariable, then we have at least some canons of criticism which are as elementary as any other intellectual laws, which are as applicable to Victor Hugo as to the smallest "anonymuncle" of the press.

Having thus endeavored to establish a base to stand upon, let us proceed to the examination of "The Man who Laughs."

Of course no one at this day would deny the splendor of Victor Hugo's dramatic, poetic, and constructive genius, his profound reverence for the true and the beautiful, and hatred of wrong and oppression, the breadth and intensity of his sympathies, and his supreme mastery of language. These indeed are before the world as

facts above the province of inquiry or criticism. He has written books which are deeds, and which will be among the proudest legacies which our age will hand down to posterity; and in anything that we may say we wish it to be taken with this qualification.

In the present work the author gives us the first of a series on *Aristocracy*, *Monarchy*, and *Ninety-three*; and, as "the English patriciate is the patriciate in the precise meaning of the word," he lays the scene of his work on Aristocracy, in England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Anne. It is thus professedly historical, and in order to show us "the very age and body of the time," detail is accumulated upon detail; heraldry, genealogy, and ceremonials are searched with the patience of a compiler; laws are sifted, and social customs pictured, until, despite the numerous mistakes, it is painful to contemplate the amount of research it must all have cost. And yet, if Mr. Dixon had taken Generals Butler and Winder, the New York legislature, and our city councils, our brutal prize-fights, and the laws which in some States sanction the beating of women, Mormonism, and Shakerism, and held them up to the world as the normal product of our civilization, he would probably have been as near the truth of history as is M. Hugo's conception of England in Anne's time. Dukes, duchesses, and ladies go to prize-fights where one of the combatants is knocked dead and carried off in a wheelbarrow, all being *en règle*; young lords, being challenged, choose, one the mace and dagger; another the duel with two knives, body to body, stripped from the waist up; and a third boxing; the hero, restored to his barony, makes a speech in the House of Lords, such as Bright would not dare deliver in the Commons to-day, and a scene ensues which beggars Donnybrook Fair.

In fact, the whole drama and personages are viewed through the eyes of a Frenchman, and a Frenchman, too, who has lived amid all the conflicting intellectual and political movements of the nineteenth century, who looks upon the relations of people and aristocracy as we do to-day, and who ignores the difference with which such a question was regarded a hundred and fifty years ago.

We have probably said enough to show that in its historic aspects "The Man who Laughs" cannot but be regarded as a failure, but in these aspects alone. As a grandly dramatic, poetic, and philosophical picture of human life, or rather of individual lives, it is not unworthy of Victor Hugo's genius. Though unequal and turgid in parts, and though the worst faults of the author—his jerky, ragged, exclamatory style—is exaggerated to such a degree as to make "The Travellers of the Sea" seem smooth reading, yet the grandeur and beauty of thought and the magnificence of imagery cannot be disguised even in a translation, and are altogether unequalled by any other modern writer. To those who would realize how by mere power of language a horrible charm can be thrown around things which are loathsome and repulsive in themselves, and an awful moral significance attached to them, we would recommend the magnificent overture called "Sea and Night," especially the descriptions of the storm

and foundering at sea, and the struggle of the galleys corpse with ravens at midnight amid the howling of winds and tempest. We cannot recall anything equal to them, even in the author's previous writings.

"The Man who Laughs" is in its essence a magnificent, fervent appeal for the people against oppression; and those who have read *Les Misérables* need not be told with what power Victor Hugo treats of social wrongs. The sharp contrasts between poverty and luxury, suffering and festivity, starvation and the palace, are sketched with the old dramatic vigor; and the characters introduced, though eminently un-English, have a far wider human significance—that of elemental social forces. The queen and nobles on one side, on the other Gwynplaine, the man with a perpetual laugh stamped upon his features by a surgical operation performed in infancy, typical of the people, who amid all their sufferings must carry a smiling countenance. Josiane the Flesh, and Barkilphedro the Devil, who belong to no nation and no clime, but unhappily are among the possibilities of human nature everywhere. Ursus, "The Philosopher," as he called himself, the gruff, blustering, cynical, but tender and affectionate old mountebank who took in the children Gwynplaine and Dea when they were abandoned, and spurned by the world. And Dea! how shall we speak of her whose life is written "as if in star-fire and immortal tears?" She was a seraph that had wandered out of bounds and yet breathed on earth the air of Paradise; and, blind herself, she came upon the humble scene, like a vision of the morning, or like a "dream of sleeping music." Like "little Nell," she was already "less of earth than heaven," and we feel from the first that the final tragedy must come. But she is not lost to us, she cannot be lost to us;—we shall see her again when we hear the "sobbing of the litanies," when the sound of music is borne upon the breeze, when we breathe the perfume of flowers, and when Nature is at her prayers beneath the evening stars.

It is enough for one human genius to have created such a character, and to have depicted such a death. There is nothing in all our literature to compare to her, save Ophelia, and Miranda, and the Pompilia of Mr. Browning's last poem.

As our notice is, so is the book. Rambling, jumbled, and confused; luminous with conceptions almost divine, disfigured with others which are neither man nor woman, brute nor human. A book much worse than Victor Hugo ought to have written, but such as only he could have written.

The Vagabonds, and other Poems. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

MR. TROWBRIDGE has very little of the "divine afflatus" of the poet, and not much of the simplicity and ease which, despite their quaintness and archaisms, characterize the old balladists; but he has written several very excellent ballads which are doubtless familiar enough to all readers of periodical literature. "The Vagabonds," which gives the title to this volume, and which is probably the best poem in the collection, has been read in every school-room, literary society, and

rostrum in the Eastern States; and in it the author has at once marked the field and the limitations of his poetic faculty—its characteristics are the characteristics of everything he has written. The same mingling of sentiment and pathos, and attaching of moral significance to obvious facts and experiences, the quick, ebullient fancy, swift to perceive analogies and to draw them, which have made "The Vagabonds" so popular, and given them a place in our literature, will be found in all his pieces which rise above the level of magazine poetry. It is this capacity for detecting analogies which is at once the merit and the defect of Mr. Trowbridge's poetic faculty—it gives to his verses their wit, grace, and brilliancy; and enables him to handle his rhymes with remarkable ease and dexterity; but when he attempts to trace the hidden in the obvious, to find moral coincidences in the outward aspect of things, he becomes didactic, and didactic to a degree which would have driven Edgar Poe and his school of critics mad. Several of the best poems in the collection, such as the "Frozen Harbor," and "By the River," are deformed by vague "applications," which are usually uncalled for by the subject, and which are markedly inferior to the poems themselves. Longfellow, in his "Besieged City," has given us the one example in our language of absolute success in this class of poetry, but the very perfection of that beautiful poem should warn all lesser writers away from the ground.

Mr. Trowbridge is not always guilty of this, but he perpetrates it so often that we come to have an uncomfortable feeling that if it is not there the poem is unfinished, or the last verses left out.

Of the other poems in the volume, the apostrophe to "Beauty," "Our Lady," "The Restored Picture," "La Cantatrice," "The Wolves," and "Strawberries," are the best.

"Beauty" is genuine and ardent, written in the "fine frenzy" of true inspiration, and reminds us of James Russell Lowell.

The inevitable "Lyrics of the War" are part of the ephemeral literature of the recent struggle, and, with the exception of the "Sword of Bolivar," which is not a war lyric, should have been left in the oblivion which they had no doubt obtained. It is astonishing that with all the tremendous events and splendid inspirations of our civil war, only five or six poems really worthy of the subject should have been produced; but the more of these lyrics we read, the more we are convinced that whatever impulse it may have given the intellect of the country, it certainly failed to reach the poets. Mr. Trowbridge's, however, is not the genius to "sing of arms and of men," and of human passions.

"Darius Green and his Flying-Machine" is written with all the broad and liberal humor of Dr. Holmes, and had we seen it in a magazine, we should, undoubtedly, have given him the credit for it. The remainder of the "lighter pieces" are devoted principally to pastoral themes, and as in all the poems in which Mr. Trowbridge is content to use his really excellent descriptive talent, they are picturesque, suggestive, and pleasing.

The book is neat and handsome, and embellished with a portrait of the author, whose face shows him to be what we have described—a man

of wit and sensibility, quick in his perceptions, given to reflection rather than action, and saddened by too much pondering on the pathos of human life.

The Intelligence of Animals. From the French of ERNEST MENAULT. New York: Scribner & Co.

THIS is No. IV. of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," the merits and objects of which we have discussed at length in a previous number. The series will probably contain from thirty to fifty volumes, and as each volume traverses a special field of natural history, the whole will present a comprehensive range of scientific information in a popular, untechnical, and easily intelligible shape.

The object of the present volume is sufficiently indicated by the title. M. Menault endeavors to explain in a popular manner the reasons and experiments which have led the best modern exponents of natural history to repudiate the old theory of mere "unreasoning instinct," and to assign to the lower orders of animals an intelligence differing only in degree from that of man. In order to do this he has condensed the latest testimony of the best authorities concerning the animal kingdom, commencing with the ant, the only example we have of a true Platonian Republic, and ending with the *quadrumana*, or monkeys; then narrative being composed principally of anecdotes, with some of which we have all been familiar from childhood, while others are new and sufficiently startling.

The theory expounded in M. Menault's work is by no means new, though it will doubtless prove so to many who here meet with its scientific discussion for the first time. It is now almost universally conceded by those whose views are entitled to the highest respect upon this matter, that we must either so extend the meaning of the word instinct as practically to include a large majority of the human race, or else we must concede to the whole animal kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, an intelligence capable of drawing deductions from observed facts, of adapting itself to unforeseen circumstances, and susceptible of being improved by cultivation—in fact, the reasoning faculties of man. There is no other alternative, and whether we adopt the one or the other, it necessitates the abandonment of the old idea, the fallacy of which even Buffon could not help perpetually exposing, of mere mechanical instinct.

We forbear from entering into the philosophical results of this theory, for there is not a sentence in M. Menault's work of a speculative or controversial tendency, and in his preface he distinctly declines to give in his adhesion to "the development theory." But we may mention that it utterly annihilates the principal and most popular objection to Darwin's theory. If the intelligence of man differs from that of the lower animals in degree only, and not in kind, the development of the human race from pre-existing races is not on its face the impossibility which it has been popularly held to be. The possession by man of what we call "moral ideas" cannot be advanced authoritatively as an argument, for according to the philosophy of the Utilitarian school, which certainly has the allegiance of a large majority of thinking men, moral systems and moral ideas are but the result of experience, and experience is merely the record of reasoning faculties which we possess in

common with other animals, however infinite may be the *degree* of difference.

"The Intelligence of Animals" is illustrated with fifty-seven woodcuts, many of which are poor enough, but the style is, on the whole, neat and cheap. We should be glad to see this series in every Sunday-school library in the country, for there, more than elsewhere, they will be accessible to children; and while the works are singularly free from objectionable teachings, they will place before those whose interest it is most desirable to awaken, a wider range of popular scientific knowledge than could ever be obtained by them before.

In Silk Attire. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

"In Silk Attire" is a sensational novel, not exactly as Charles Reade's novels are sensational—credible, practical, and realistic—but altogether above the average level of contemporary fiction.

The story is commonplace enough, the best of taste is not always exhibited, and Mr. Black seems to lack constructive talent and the highest power of expression; but he is an artist and a man of imagination, and it is only on a closely critical survey of his work that its deficiencies are noticeable. It tells of love and of passion, and it treats of them with the warmth and fervor of a vivid and rather sensuous imagination, but it leaves no vague rebellious questionings, no passionate revolt against established moral systems, and none of the morbid discontent with the realities of life which are the unfortunate effects of so large a portion of modern sensational fiction. In a word, it is stimulative but healthful.

The heroine of the story is an actress, and the psychological problem which the author works out is the impossibility of acting truly and grandly in the "counterfeit presentments" of the stage when once the great drama of individual personal life has commenced. To act greatly is to feel deeply, but to feel outside of ourselves, to project ourselves wholly into an intellectual conception, and, above all, utterly to ignore our own individuality, in so far as it separates us from the simulated character. To do this "the abysmal depths of personality" must have remained untouched, and individual life must be in abeyance. The moment those grand absorbing passions which lie buried in our bosoms are stirred, self-consciousness intervenes, and acting as an inspiration, and not merely as an art, is necessarily at an end.

Mr. Black has worked out his story with skill, and with a subtle insight into human character. His women especially are typical, personal, and, what is not usually the case, possible.

Harper's Edition of George Eliot's Novels. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS do not seem at all intimidated by the vigor which Fields, Osgood & Co. have exhibited in the "publishers' war" recently commenced between the two houses, and the struggle continues without abatement. They are now following up the household edition of George Eliot's novels with a new edition of their own, in 12mo, cloth, which they are selling at a price which cannot possibly pay for the binding. We spoke last month of the household edition published by Fields, Osgood & Co. The Harper's

edition has the advantage of illustrations, larger type, and lower price.

It seems a pity that such a contest should be carried on between two of our largest and most respectable publishing houses; but while the gods war we mortals may live, and the public is certainly the only one to whom any benefits can accrue from it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Mill on the Floss. By GEORGE ELIOT. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 315.

Henry Esmond, and Lovel the Widower. By WM. M. THACKERAY. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 253.

Countess Gisela. By E. MARLITT. Translated by A. NAHMER. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 125.

Romola. By GEORGE ELIOT. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 344.

Sermons. By Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 323.

A Compendious German Grammar. By W. D. WHITNEY. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt.* 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 248.

Felix Holt, the Radical. By GEORGE ELIOT. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 278.

Veronique. A Romance. By FLORENCE MARYATT. Boston: *Loring.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 200.

Found Dead. By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 110.

Zell's Encyclopedia. Semi-monthly parts. Nos. 10 and 11. Philadelphia: *T. Ellwood Zell.* Large quarto, pp. 40.

Too Bright to Last. A Novel. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 60.

SCIENCE.

A "Mysterious Something."—But do the laws of chemical affinity, to which, as I have endeavored to infer, living beings, whether vegetable or animal, are in absolute subjection, together with those of capillary attraction, of diffusion, and so forth, account for the formation of an organic structure, as distinguished from the elaboration of the chemical substances of which it is composed? No more, it seems to me, than the laws of motion account for the union, of oxygen and hydrogen to form water, though the ponderable matter so uniting is subject to the laws of motion during the act of union, just as well as before and after. In the various processes of crystallization, of precipitation, and so forth, which we witness in dead matter, I cannot see the faintest shadow of an approach to the formation of an organic structure, still less to the wonderful series of changes which are concerned in the growth and perpetuation of even the lowliest plant. Admitting to the full as highly probable, though not completely demonstrated, the applicability to living beings of the laws

which have been ascertained with reference to dead matter, I feel constrained, at the same time, to admit the existence of a mysterious *something* lying beyond—a *something sui generis*, which I regard, not as balancing and suspending the ordinary physical laws, but as working with them and through them to the attainment of a designed end. What this *something* which we call life may be is a profound mystery. We know not how many links in the chain of secondary causation may yet remain behind; we know not how few. It would be presumptuous indeed to assume in any case that we had already reached the last link, and to charge with irreverence a fellow-worker who attempted to push his investigations yet one step further back. On the other hand, if a thick darkness enshrouds all beyond, we have no right to assume it to be impossible that we should have reached even the last link of the chain, a stage where further progress is unattainable; and we can only refer the highest law at which we stopped to the fiat of an Almighty Power. To assume the contrary as a matter of necessity is, practically, to remove the First Cause of all to an infinite distance from us. The boundary, however, between what is clearly known and what is veiled in impenetrable darkness is not ordinarily thus sharply defined. Between the two there lies a misty region, in which loom the ill-discerned forms of links of the chain which are yet beyond us. But the general principle is not affected thereby. Let us fearlessly trace the dependence of link on link as far as it may be given us to trace it, but let us take heed that in ~~the~~ studying second causes we forget not the First Cause, nor shut our eyes to the wonderful proofs of design which, in the study of organized beings especially, meet us at every turn.—*Professor Stokes' Address to the British Association.*

Influence of Meteors on Health.—Here is a subject for medical philosophers and those fond of abstruse questions. In an article on "The August Meteors" in our contemporary the *Spectator*, the possible influence of meteoric matter on the animal life of the earth is touched upon. Professor Herschel has succeeded in examining and analyzing, by means of the spectroscope, the light of seventeen of these bodies; and he has detected the well-known yellow bands produced by sodium in combustion. It is strange to consider what becomes of all the sodium thus dispersed throughout the upper regions of the air, as there can be no doubt that, in some form or other—mixed or in combination—it reaches the earth. The very air we breathe must at all times contain, according to our contemporary, in however minute a proportion, the cosmical dust thus brought to us from out the interplanetary spaces. As the different meteoric systems are differently constituted, the air we breathe is continually being impregnated with various forms of metallic dust. It is not certain that deleterious results do not occasionally flow from an overdose of some of the elements contained in meteors. As far as facts and dates are concerned, it might be plausibly maintained that a meteoric system has brought plague and pestilence with it. The "sweating sickness" has been associated (though not very satisfactorily, it must be allowed) with the thirty-

third year return of great displays of November stars. A notion has even been entertained that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was brought about by an unusually heavy downfall of sodium-laden meteors. Speculations and hypotheses of this kind, no doubt, make up some interesting reading; but they are, it appears to us, quite barren of all utility. We need not go to interplanetary spaces as the source of sodium compounds in the atmosphere. The spray of every wave that dashes itself against a rock, or becomes beaten into surf, causes the dissipation of a certain amount of salt into the atmosphere; and Professor Roscoe goes so far as to conjecture that the soda, which all accustomed to work at all with the spectroscope know to be present everywhere, may, by its antiseptic properties, exert a considerable influence in maintaining the public health. The invigorating and beneficial effects of sea breezes may be due to the large amount of soda, in a minute subdivision, which they contain. When invalids go to the seaside—which, indeed, all the world seems bent on doing just now—they little think that they are possibly being cured in more senses than one.—*The Lancet.*

Science and Arts.—The meeting of the *Royal Agricultural Society* at Manchester, besides showing improvements in live stock and farm and dairy produce, made clear to all beholders that the application of machinery to agriculture has become more and more practicable. There were nearly eight thousand machines and implements exhibited, and this fact alone implies a large and lively demand. Among them were horse pitchforks, which, by a combination of poles, ropes, and pulleys, will fork hay or barley from a wagon to the top of the tallest rick with surprising rapidity. Ploughs are now made to effect eight furrows at once by the aid of a steam-engine; and steam-cultivators loosen at once breadths of from nine feet to eighteen feet, and work to a depth of six inches. No wonder that the number of those enterprising persons increases who undertake to plough farms in any part of the country by contract. Another contrivance lays down iron shoes as a sort of endless rail, under the wheels of carts on soft roads; and thus another farming difficulty is overcome. And hard roads are not neglected, for a fifteen ton roller has been constructed which bites up the surface of an old road, and presses down solidly a layer of new macadam at the rate of half an acre in ten hours, and at a cost of a farthing a square yard (superficial). We hear that the Manchester meeting was unprecedentedly successful, and it seems to have deserved success.

What is Light?—The present state of optical science is such as to furnish us with evidence, of a force which is perfectly overwhelming, that light consists of a tremor or vibratory movement propagated in an elastic medium filling the planetary and stellar spaces, a medium which thus fulfils for light an office similar to that of air for sound. In this theory, to difference of periodic time corresponds difference of refrangibility. Suppose that we were in possession of a source of light capable, like the bell in the analogous case of sound, of exciting in the ether supposed at rest vibrations of a definite period, corresponding, therefore, to light of a

definite refrangibility; then, just as in the case of sound, if the source of light and the observer were receding from or approaching to each other with a velocity which was not insensibly small compared with the velocity of light, an appreciable lowering or elevation of refrangibility would be produced, which would be capable of detection by means of a spectroscope of high dispersive power. The velocity of light is so enormous, about 185,000 miles per second, that it can readily be imagined that any motion which we can experimentally produce in a source of light is as rest in comparison. But the earth in its orbit round the sun moves at the rate of about eighteen miles per second; and in the motions of stars approaching to or receding from our sun we might expect to meet with velocities comparable with this. The orbital velocity of the earth is, it is true, only about the one ten-thousandth part of the velocity of light. Still, the effect of such a velocity on the refrangibility of light, which admits of being easily calculated, proves not to be so insensibly small as to elude all chance of detection, provided only the observations are conducted with extreme delicacy.—*Professor Stokes's Address to the British Association.*

Tau Corona.—Some time in the earlier half of last year an obscure star in the constellation of the Northern Crown, which had hitherto been barely noticed by the astronomers, was observed suddenly to blaze up till it almost equalled the lustre of a star of the first magnitude. A similar phenomenon had been known to occur more than once before, but then for the first time science was possessed of appliances which enabled it to determine the cause. It was discovered by the help of the spectroscope that the sudden increase of brilliance was due to a conflagration of hydrogen, and it was calculated that this increase of *light* implied an increase of *heat* given off which would raise by *seven hundred and eighty times* the temperature of any bodies that might be within the range of its influence. That the fixed stars have planetary systems dependent upon them is nothing more than a probable conjecture; but it is tolerably certain that our sun in his constitution, &c., resembles the stars. And further, it has been observed by the same wonderful instrumentality of the spectroscope that there do take place in him burnings of hydrogen similar in kind to the tremendous conflagration which seems to have occurred in *τ Corona*. What effect upon our world such a conflagration in the sun—obviously not an impossible event—would have may be very easily understood. Everything would be instantaneously turned into vapor. The philosophers are kind enough to say that such a catastrophe is not likely to happen, but they would themselves allow that they have no data by which to calculate the probability.

Singular Occurrence.—A strange geological phenomenon caused some excitement last week at Murat, a village situated between the valley of Mont Dore and that of St. James. A civil engineer had caused a rectangular well to be sunk to a depth of 53 metres through a stratum of hard tufa, which covers the primitive formation in that district. At this depth, which is insignificant compared to the shaft of a mine, the heat, nevertheless, became so intense that the workmen had to be relieved at short intervals.

Their wooden shoes soon got intolerably warm, and they could not lie down to rest themselves on the hot ground. On the other hand, the appearance of the tufa denoted that the well had nearly reached the granite. The engineer, on leaving the spot for a while, had recommended his men to be very careful during his absence, and to content themselves with removing the rubble, without going further down. One of them, however, in throwing the last shovelful into the skip, took it into his head to remove with his pickaxe a piece of tufa, about 30 inches in circumference; but no sooner had he done this than he saw the bottom of the hole he had made swell up. At the same time a loud rumbling noise was heard. The men, in a fright, jumped into the cage and called to be pulled up, but they had barely got to the height of a dozen metres when a thick column of hot water, preceded by a violent report, rose up in the air, projecting huge stones upwards. The water in falling scalded the men grievously. The jet diminished, and the well filled rapidly, the poor fellows succeeding, however, in getting out in time. In the course of ten hours the well got quite full, and from that time a rivulet of thermal water has been flowing from the spot into the Dordogne. The liquid on arriving there still retains a temperature of 40 deg. centigrade. Upon analysis it has been found to contain upwards of twenty milligrammes (nearly half a grain) of arseniate of potash per litre, a proportion unheard of before. The Minister of Public Works has sent a commission of engineers to the spot for further investigation.

Dr. Ginsburg's Discoveries.—Dr. Ginsburg, who has been searching the great continental libraries, has found, and with immense labor copied, several valuable Masoretic MSS., especially at Hallé, where he lit upon an "*Ochla vi Ochla*," a Masora, commencing with those words, which he has good reason to believe once belonged to Elias Levita, a famous Talmudist of the 9th century, and which was avowedly incorporated with the more recent Masoras to which reference is generally made. It may suffice to explain for the unlearned reader that a Masora is a sort of complicated concordance of the Hebrew Scriptures, with critical notes upon almost every word and letter, fixing their pronunciation, force, and meaning. He has already, with great labor, copied several of the principal MSS., and is about to resume his researches in Spain, Palestine, and perhaps in St. Petersburg.—*English Independent*

ART.

In the whole course of art history no country exemplifies more clearly than Holland the law that schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture respond to the physical geography of a country and to the character of the race who inhabit it. In this sense the arts of Holland are emphatically national. The pictures of Rembrandt and Vander Helst, of Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Gerard Douw, Metz, and Mieris, involve that strict relation of cause and effect which we are accustomed to look for

only within the limits of the inductive sciences. The conditions under which Dutch art has come into the world are well defined, and the quality of the art accords with those conditions. Granted the existence of a democratic form of government, a people addicted to commerce and agriculture, a nation dwelling in lowlands bordering on the sea, trading towns ruled by well-to-do burgomasters; religious communities who do not ask of the arts aids to devotion, who do not call for the intervention of saint or angel, who do not require that a picture shall give imaginative warmth to worship or permit that the work of man's hands shall come between God and the conscience; and we almost of necessity find just that style of art which now meets the traveller at every turn in the midst of the plain, picturesque, and plodding people of Holland. The Dutch painted no jewelled crown, no regal throne or sceptre; theirs was an art for a commercial commonwealth. Rembrandt, born in a mill, looked upon nature from beneath a deep shadow; the light on his canvas was a flash in darkness; he etched his father's windmill, he painted that grand portrait of his friend, Burgomaster Six, which abides in the family house at Amsterdam even to this day. In like manner Teniers and Ostade gathered materials which lay at their own doors; they walked into the streets and sketched the peasant seated on a bench, the tinker mending a kettle, the boor carousing away his senses over a pot of beer; such scenes as we have recently witnessed in the fair of Rotterdam. In Holland, in fact, at every step we meet with some such picture as we have been but just before admiring in the Gallery of Amsterdam or of the Hague. Compositions like those of Paul Potter abound. As soon as the towns are left for the country we come upon cows in meadows, ruminating beneath the pollard willow. We walk towards the coast and discover how the painters of a former day frequented the Zuyder Zee to watch the coasting craft becalmed, or beating against the breeze into shelter. Here silvery mists rise from the tranquil horizon as in the calm, gray distance of Vander Velde; the sails lie idle waiting for a wind. In Holland nature is sombre and shadowy, the meadow green, the sky gray, the sea silvery as the sun shines among the vapors. Shadows too lie in the towns among the narrow streets overhung with gables. For the golden sun of the south enters not these northern latitudes, neither does the broad swell of the Atlantic sweep into the narrow and chopping seas. And such as are these aspects of nature, such has been the phase of Dutch art, and such does its character continue even to the present day. A land which has never been known to rise into a mountain, a people guilty of a revolution about once in two centuries, is not likely to break out into heroics, or to indulge largely in the drama of historic art.—*Saturday Review*.

A correspondent of the *French Journal Officiel* writes as follows: "About forty years ago, when a large house in Constantinople had sunk beneath the level of the soil, an immense series of subterranean vaults was discovered, supported by magnificent marble pillars, which, judging by their rich decorations, were the work of Greek artists. Underneath the walls is a lake of unknown extent, and of considerable depth. This mysterious construction, of which history makes no mention, is

supposed to extend under a considerable part of the city. The principal entrance, being the only one accessible to visitors, is situated in the courtyard of a private palace, the proprietor of which has a boat in which he amuses himself sailing about within a hundred yards of the entrance. Last month an Englishman, accompanied by a sailor, desired to explore the lake thoroughly: having obtained the necessary permission, he set forth on his adventurous journey, but never returned, he and the sailor having been asphyxiated beyond the reach of help. Another Englishman volunteered to go alone in search of them in another boat with six torches attached to it; for a long time the reflection of the torches upon the waters was visible to the onlookers at the entrance, until it was lost in the gloom and darkness. After an absence of two hours he returned from his unsuccessful search completely exhausted, and nearly choked with the foul air he had inhaled, having in his whole course seen the ranges of vaults and pillars uniformly continued. The Turkish authorities have ordered the boat to be lifted, and prohibited parties from sailing on the lake, but still permit the curious to inspect this singular construction at the entrance, which reminds the beholder of the architectural wonders of ancient Egypt."

Cav. Salazaro has recently discovered, in the Church of St. Michele di Capua, a crypt belonging to the epoch of the Longobards, with paintings of the tenth century in an excellent state of preservation. In the centre of the cupoletta is a fresco of Christ in the act of giving his benediction, similar to what may generally be seen in the basilicas of Rome. In the centre is a column of oriental granite of great beauty; it is veined with red, and the capital of the column bears the distinguished characteristics of the age of the Longobardi. Signor Salazaro has also discovered, at Calvi, a large grotto containing from forty to forty-five frescoes of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. In the crypt is a rather remarkable painting of St. Peter holding in his hands the "keys of heaven," crossed in such a manner as to make a perfect monogram of his name—Petrus.

An important discovery has been made at Pompeii. A painting has been found in a chamber adjoining the one which was opened at the time of the Princess Margherita's excursion. The picture represents the circus, such as it existed not long before the eruption, and is the first of this kind which has been brought to light, as the Romans ordinarily selected mythological, rural, or purely ideal subjects. The representation shows that the amphitheatre was planted with trees. Near the circus is to be seen a large edifice, of which, hitherto, not the slightest indication existed. Commander Fiorelli is said to intend searching for this building, so as to complete the knowledge already possessed of the buried city. The painting has been detached from the wall, on which it was executed, and will be removed to the museum at Naples, in order to be protected from the action of the atmosphere.

The hollow originally dividing the two summits of the Palatine Hill, in Rome, was discovered three or four years ago in the process of excavations which are still going on. It appears that the Emperors filled it up for the extension of their palaces,

using the buildings which stood in their way as substructions. Some of the latter have at last been unearthed, and their walls are found to be rich in fresco paintings by Grecian artists. Opposite the main entrance of the principal house there is a representation of a street, the houses being carefully represented, and a few figures. This is the first picture of a Roman street which has ever been found. The French painter, Leroux, is making an exact copy of the fresco, before the colors shall have faded by exposure to the air.

A beautiful bronze, recently discovered at Foggia, in Italy, has been purchased by the British Museum. Its subject is a naked boy at play. His little body is all life and excitement; he lifts up two fingers of his left hand, while the outspread right is concealed behind his back. The game he is engaged in is played in Italy to this day.

The age of the statue is a matter of conjecture, but the most favored notion is, that the work is of the Macedonian period. It is in an almost perfect state of preservation, and of a size very unusual in antiques of this character.

The Royal Academy of London reduced the price of admission during the latter part of the season to sixpence, in order to encourage the interest of the working-classes.

The project utterly failed, however, to attract any larger number; the British workingmen, unlike their neighbors the French, not being yet sufficiently cultivated to feel any enthusiasm for art. The movement, nevertheless, is in the right direction, and low prices will eventually attract the attention of the masses and develop the lacking taste.

We have already spoken of the reforms which were made last spring in the management of the National Academy of Design. The new system, however, does not go into operation until next year; and the coming fall and winter exhibition will be under the auspices of the old organization. It is to be hoped that the unmistakable expression of public opinion, which the late discussion evoked, will be sufficient to warn the various committees against the most flagrant abuses complained of.

The international exhibition at Munich, of which we spoke last month, is now open. Berlin sends 200 pictures; Vienna, 200; Paris, 120; Italy, 140; Belgium, 60; and England, 12. The United States sends 61. The contributions from France and Belgium are said to have been very carefully selected, and the impression they make is correspondingly favorable. There were upwards of 300 pieces of sculpture contributed, a much larger number than was anticipated.

A mosaic of Sir Joshua Reynolds, life size, has been sent from Vienna to the South Kensington Museum, England. The great English painter is represented standing in an easy attitude, a palette on the table beside him, in his right hand a brush, with which he is in the act of mixing the colors. In his left hand is a book, on which may be read the title of his "Discourses."

A portion of the funds for the great cathedral of Cologne is obtained by means of a lottery. Up to the present time 750,000 thalers have been obtained from this source, of which sum 366,000 thalers still remain unexpended. Since the body of the

cathedral has been finished, the work is now concentrated upon the towers, which are to reach a height of 500 feet.

It is stated that Albert Dürer's picture, "The Death of the Virgin," which had disappeared for so long a period, and had been so long looked for in vain, is now to be seen above the high altar in St. Wolfgang's Church (on Lake Wolfgang, in Upper Austria), where it is exciting great admiration.

Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold have been making a systematic exploration of London—from Wapping to Kensington, among high and low—with the view to a great work on the great capital. M. Doré has made a most interesting collection of studies.

During the time the Œcumenical Council is sitting in Rome, an exhibition of oil paintings by old masters will be held. Those only will be admitted which treat on subjects founded on Biblical history, and portraits of dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

John Ruskin has been elected to the newly-created chair, the Slade Art Professorship, at Oxford. This is a fitting tribute to the most eminent art critic that England ever produced. There were nine other competitors for the position.

M. Dutilt, of Rouen, is the possessor of a collection of engravings valued at \$160,000. An exquisite etching by Rembrandt, among the number, is valued at \$5,000.

Leigh Hunt's bust, executed by Mr. Durham, will be placed over his tomb in Kensall Green Cemetery, on October 19—the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

In excavating at Pompeii, a fresco painting has been found representing the circus as it was before the great eruption. Close to it is a large building, no traces of which have been ever recognized, but which the Commandatore Fiorelli is now engaged in seeking.

VARIETIES.

How Queen Victoria Heard of her Accession to the Throne.—The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain went to the Princess Victoria at Kensington Palace to inform her of King William's death. They reached Kensington Palace at about five in the morning; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come to the Queen, on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that!" It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the

room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

Proposed Intersection of Ireland by a Ship Canal.—It is proposed to cut a canal, navigable for the largest class of American and other vessels, between Galway and Dublin. Some Liverpool men are actively canvassing in favor of the scheme, and it is stated, so well approved is it by Americans that the necessary capital could all be raised in the United States. The distance between the two ports is about 100 miles, the ground flat, and it is understood that no engineering difficulties of moment are in the way, while a large amount of time would be saved and danger and shipwreck avoided. The scheme embraces a fleet of steamers for towing purposes.

A Lady's Trip across Mont Cenis.—A lady writes as follows to the *Record*:—"Leaving Geneva at 6 30 a. m., we reached St. Michael at 3 40 p. m., and changed into the Fell railway. Of all the wonderful things we ever did see, that railway beats all. The engine is small and light, with a very little boiler, shaped like a grand piano; then there is a space of daylight, with a rod or two, and seeming to be scarcely connected with the underworks. These are a wonderfully heavy and involved mass of wheels—three pairs perpendicular, two pairs horizontal, and the edges of these last are concave, to clasp the middle rail, which is raised about a foot above the ground, and by means of which the engine goes clawing itself uphill. The train was small, consisting of only four carriages in all, viz., engine, luggage-van, and two long carriages, saloon-shaped like a Manchester omnibus, entering at each end, where stood a guard working very strong brakes. Then off you go. The rails are laid on one side of the ordinary road, along which the diligence is going with one passenger and luggage. The train makes the most extraordinary movements. You are whisked sharply from side to side, and, short as it is, this train is sometimes curved so much that if you look out at the window you see the engine close before you nearly broadside. Sometimes, when it is very steep, you feel the engine pulling you on by short sharp tugs, and when they stop, which they do frequently for coal and water, the guards all clap on their brakes vigorously, as the train begins instantly to run back a little, and that feeling is not pleasant. Often you run along, seeing nothing under you but an awful chasm 500 or 600 feet below. We saw the Great Tunnel about half a mile on our right. This railway will not go through it, but quite another line is being made. There was a huge building near, from which a great pipe went into the mouth of the tunnel to supply the workmen with air. Towards the summit began endless wooden galleries, like tunnels, covering the line from the risk of avalanches and drifts, for although it was a perfectly calm day below, the wind here blew furiously. The moon rose almost full, and when, nearly at the top, the train rushed into the open air, the view of the white expanse and the awful crags all round was something most—I can't say what. Every one sat on the arm of their compartment, and no one spoke a word. The average depth of snow was two feet, but oh, the tremen-

dous drifts! The houses of refuge here come every quarter of a mile—a sort of lodge, with a light in each. The sensation when we reached the top and began to descend, was very curious. You could not mistake the very moment when your carriage crossed the line. The ascent had occupied four hours and a half, but we went down at a tremendous pace in one hour and a half, with all the brakes on. If it were not for that centre rail, which secures your safety, I can't imagine any one daring to go by these trains."

A great commotion reigned, a few weeks ago, at the famous Bonaparte Lyceum in Paris. It has upward of one thousand pupils, mostly the sons of the wealthiest citizens of Paris. A collection is taken up annually at the Lyceum, for the benefit of the so-called Prince Imperial Charities. This year the pupils manifested their hostility to the young Prince and the whole dynasty, by refusing to give a single sou for the purpose; but, in order not to appear heartless, they immediately organized an independent subscription for the poor, and drew up a manifesto, stating their disgust at the attempts constantly made by the Government to connect the name of the Prince with everything relating to the youths of France, and calling upon their brethren in the other schools of Paris to collect money likewise for the poor, but not to allow the Prince Imperial's name to be used in connection with it. The Government heard of the affair, and the Rector of the Lyceum was ordered to reprimand the students severely. When he did so, he was hissed by the boys, who shouted also: "Down with the Prince Imperial!"

A lecture has been given by Mr. W. H. Perkin, at the Royal Institution, on "*The Newest Coloring Matters.*" Among the many interesting facts then put forward was the discovery of a beautiful blue color, by a German chemist, on treating rosaniline with sulphuric acid. Unfortunately, it was not a "fast color." A dyer made many trials therewith, in the hope of turning it to account, but all in vain. He happened to mention his difficulty to a photographer, who, knowing that hyposulphite of sodium would fix a photograph, recommended the dyer to try that. The trial was made; when mixed with the hyposulphite the blue became a beautiful green, and, better still, a "fast color." This was the origin of that brilliant dye commonly known as "night green," because of its remaining unmistakably green in appearance when seen by artificial light. Let it be remembered that nearly all the new colors are extracted in some way from coal-tar, that the first was discovered not more than thirteen years ago, and that the annual value now manufactured is £1,250,000, and it will be seen that in the industry created by these new products there is an admirable example of the results of scientific investigation. The best of it is that the field is inexhaustible: for many years to come it will yield a rich harvest of discoveries.

Gold has been brought from San Francisco to London in twenty days, which may be taken as a proof that the great railway all across America is in working order. Of course, if metal can travel so quickly, passengers can, and we may perhaps see some curious results of a sudden influx of a

new population into new localities. What will become of characteristics of race when large intermixture has taken place? Early ethnological history abounds, as is well known, with accounts of multitudinous migrations from the East, and it seems as if history were about to repeat itself, for the Chinese and Japanese are swarming into California in greater numbers than ever. From 2,300 in 1866 the tale rose to 10,000 in 1868, and that it will be largely increased in the present year may be regarded as certain, seeing that these oriental laborers are in demand not only in the Pacific States, but are to be introduced into the Atlantic States between the Potomac and Mississippi. It is found that as laborers on railways and on farms, the Chinese are more trustworthy than American (which includes Irish) laborers. Hitherto the arrivals of Chinese women have been but scanty; but on one day in June last, 1,250 were landed at San Francisco. Are the yellow race going to supersede the Blacks and the Irish in the struggle for existence; and will they in time exert a modifying influence on the Anglo-Saxon race among whom they dwell? We may anticipate that these and other questions will one day occupy the attention of the American Ethnological Society.

Justly Ungrateful.—Says a writer in Blackwood, "I remember a cruel old schoolmaster of mine, who always accompanied his flagellations with the assurance we'd bless him yet for this scourging, and that the time would come when we'd thank him on our knees for these wholesome floggings; but after a long lapse of years I have felt no gratitude, nor ever met a school-fellow who did."

Female Education.—Mr. John Stuart Mill has written to some ladies at St. Petersburg, who are organizing a scheme for the higher education of women in Russia. Mr. Mill says:—"I have learnt with pleasure, mingled with admiration, that there are found in Russia women sufficiently enlightened and courageous to demand for their sex a participation in the various branches of higher historical, philological, and scientific education, including the practical art of medicine, and to gain for this cause important support from the scientific world. That is what the most enlightened persons are asking, without having yet attained it, in the other countries of Europe. Thanks to you, mesdames, Russia is perhaps about to surpass them in speed; it would be a proof that civilizations relatively recent sometimes accept before the older civilizations great ideas of amelioration. The equal advent of both sexes to intellectual culture is important not only to women, which is assuredly a sufficient recommendation, but also to universal civilization. I am profoundly convinced that the moral and intellectual progress of the male sex runs a great risk of stopping, if not of receding, as long as that of the women remains behind, and that, not only because nothing can replace the mother for the education of children, but also because the influence upon man himself of the character and the ideas of the companion of his life cannot be insignificant; woman must either push him forward or hold him back."

When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife, a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson, the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.—"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but I am a little diffident in speaking to him, pray go and tell him my proposals yourself." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."—"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply, and pin it to your back." He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

A Kingdom to Let.—Anybody want a kingdom all for himself, twice as big as the Isle of Wight, with hills as high as Skiddaw, timber, fresh-water streams, beautiful climate, varying only from 38 deg. to 78 deg., and a soil that will grow anything? The *Telegraph* of Friday says there is such a kingdom to let, to be had of the British Government for a moderate rent. It is the island of Auckland, 180 miles south of New Zealand, with no natives, and belonging to the Colonial-office, which some years ago leased it to Messrs. Enderby, who leased it again to a company. The latter failed to pay the rent, and Government accordingly took possession again. No further assignment has been made, and if anybody wants to be a sort of king, and can get forty or fifty laborers together, Lord Granville will, we doubt not, make him Lessee, Governor, and Parliament all together. He ought to be rich enough to keep a steam yacht though, or he will be rather more secluded than if he kept a pike. If adventure is not wholly dead among us, that island will be taken up this year.—*Spectator*.

A Khamsin in the Desert.—Our route was brought to a standstill, for the sand was whirled up into the air in masses, more like a wall than anything else I can compare it to. The appearance of the desert looked as billowy as an angry sea. Then we passed through deep furrows of burning sand, gathered, as it were, up in masses like the furious waves of a most tempestuous ocean, and thus we pursued our path, like skilful swimmers buoy themselves over mighty billows, through the scorching crests of those sandy hillocks. Notwithstanding the precaution which we had all taken to keep our mouths covered, we breathed almost as much sand as air; our tongues clove to our palates; our eyes became haggard and bloodshot, and our respiration became as heated as if we had burned our throats, which greatly increased our sufferings. Still on we went, without feeling certain of our whereabouts, for the atmosphere had become intensely dark, and the clouds of hot sand in which we were enveloped kept gradually becoming denser. The whole of that scorching, sandy waste appeared to heave, swell, and smoke like the eruption of Mount Vesuvius prior to the bursting forth of a volcano. Our throats were parched with an insatiable maddening thirst—a thirst that seemed to make one's blood boil again; even

the appearance of that lurid horizon fascinated the sight like a basilisk, and ever and anon, like that deceitful mirage, conjured up before our eyes bright clear lakes, fertile islands, shady trees, dripping fountains, umbrageous shelter, and flowing waters.—*The Grand Pacha's Cruise on the Nile.*

Robinson Crusoe's Island Colonized.—The following bit of information will be of interest the world over:—At a distance of less than a three days' voyage from Valparaiso, in Chili, and nearly in the same latitude with this important port on the western coast of South America, is the island of Juan Fernandez, where once upon a time Alexander Selkirk, during a solitary banishment of four years, gathered the material for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." This island, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chilian coastland, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December, 1868, it was ceded to a society of Germans under the guidance of Robert Wehrdan, an engineer from Saxony, Germany, for the purpose of colonization. The *entrepreneur* of this expedition, Robert Wehrdan, left Germany eleven years since, passed several years in England, served as major through the war of the republic against secession, and was subsequently engaged as engineer with the Ceropasco Rail, in South America. He and his society, about sixty or seventy individuals, have taken possession of the island, which is described as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there countless herds of goats, some thirty half-wild horses, and sixty donkeys—the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations. The grotto, made famous as Robinson's abode, situated in a spacious valley, covered with large fields of wild turnips—a desirable food for swine—has been assigned to the hopeful young Chilian gentleman to whom the care of the porcine part of the society's stock has been intrusted, and he and his *protégés* are doing very well in their new quarters. Juan Fernandez is one of the stations where whaling vessels take in water and wood.—*San Francisco News.*

England's Decadence.—If war is to be made by money and machinery, the nation which is the largest and most covetous multitude will win. You may be as scientific as you choose; the mob that can pay more for sulphuric acid and gunpowder will at last poison its bullets, throw acid in your faces, and make an end of you; of itself also in good time, but of you first. And to the English people the choice of its fate is very near now. It may spasmodically defend its property with iron walls a fathom thick, a few years longer—a very few. No walls will defend either it, or its havings, against the multitude that is breeding and spreading, faster than the clouds, over the habitable earth. We shall be allowed to live by small pedler's business and ironmongery—since we have chosen those for our line of life—as long as we are found useful black servants to the Americans; and are content to dig coals, and sit in the cinders; and have

still coals to dig—they once exhausted, or got cheaper elsewhere, we shall be abolished. But if we think more wisely while there is yet time, and set our minds again on multiplying Englishmen, and not on cheapening English wares; if we resolve to submit to wholesome laws of labor and economy, and, setting our political squabbles aside, try how many strong creatures, friendly and faithful to each other, we can crowd into every spot of English dominion, neither poison nor iron will prevail against us; nor traffic, nor hatred: the noble nation will yet, by the grace of Heaven, rule over the ignoble, and force of heart hold its own against fire-balls.—*The Queen of the Air.* By John Ruskin, LL.D.

Mr. Ruskin on "The Higher Alps."—The following are the closing sentences of the preface to Mr. Ruskin's new book, "The Queen of the Air; being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm":—"This first day of May, 1869, I am writing where my work was begun thirty-five years ago—within sight of the snows of the higher Alps. In that half of the permitted life of man, I have seen strange evil brought upon every scene that I had best loved, or tried to make beloved by others. The light which once flushed those pale summits with its rose at dawn, and purple at sunset, is now umbered and faint; the air which once inlaid the clefts of all their golden crags with azure is now defiled with languid coils of smoke, belched from worse than volcanic fires; their very glacier waves are ebbing, and their snows fading as if hell had breathed on them; the waters that once sank at their feet into crystalline rest are now dimmed and foul, from deep to deep, and shore to shore. These are no careless words—they are accurately, horribly true. I know what the Swiss lakes were; no pool of Alpine fountain at its source was clearer. This morning, on the lake of Geneva, at half a mile from the beach, I could scarcely see my oar-blade a fathom deep. The light, the air, the waters, all defiled! How of the earth itself? Take this one fact for type of honor done by the modern Swiss to the earth of his native land. There used to be a little rock at the end of the avenue, by the port of Neuchâtel. There is the last marble of the foot of Jura, sloping to the blue water, and (at this time of year) covered with bright pink tufts of *Saponaria*. I went three days since to gather a blossom at the place. The goodly native rock and its flowers were covered with the dust and refuse of the town; but in the middle of the avenue was a newly-constructed artificial rockery, with a fountain twisted through a spinning spout, and an inscription on one of its loose tumbled stones:

'Aux Botanistes,
Le club Juraïque.'

Ah, masters of modern science, give me back my Athens out of your phials, and seal, if it may be, once more, Asmodeus therein. You have divided the elements, and united them, and discerned them in the stars. Teach us now but this of them, which is all that man need know, that the Air is given to him for his life, and the rain to his thirst and for his baptism, and the Fire for his warmth, and the Sun for sight, and the Earth for his meat—and his rest."



Portrait of a nun, by the artist, John, 1900.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. X., No. 6. }

DECEMBER, 1869.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols. }

The British Quarterly.

FRANCE AND THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF 1869.

THREE men have been especially remarkable in the ranks of Catholic Liberalism. Two of these were the Abbé Lacordaire and the Count de Montalembert, the former of whom had recommenced his famous displays of eloquence in the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was in vain that his enemies had tried to keep him in obscurity, in consequence of his early association with Lamennais. He had but to open his lips in the little chapel of the Collège Stanislaus where his splendid orations produced an effect which, in spite of all the clamors of bigotry, raised him to the pulpit of the metropolitan cathedral. Various precautions were taken by his opponents, the outlines of his discourses were demanded; but once caught in the flood-tide of his eloquence, the torrent carried everything before it, and the archbishop's court sought in vain in the fiery improvisation of the orator for the sketch which had been previously approved. He trod the verge of the abysses with-

out, however, falling into them; but the modern spirit of Liberalism pervaded all he said. His attempt to restore the Dominican order in France is well known. The white robe of the monk contrasted strangely with his thoroughly secular style of thought and expression. His conferences have led to much criticism; their arguments are often sophistical, the dialectic is at times fanciful, and, after all, the basis of Catholic doctrine is defended in its utmost rigor; but a generous spirit breathes through all his utterances, and his audience, always subdued and enchanted, yielded to the electric power of his eloquence, on the surface of which ever floated his ardent love of liberty. Immediately after the *coup d'état* all the pulpits of Paris were closed to the illustrious Dominican, and he was never heard again in the city, except on the one occasion of his reception into the French Academy. Since his death in 1861, many of the secrets of his inner life have been made public.

The brilliant orator who at times produced all the effect of an ancient tribune, practised the strictest austerities of his Order. He inflicted on himself almost unparalleled macerations, and these, no doubt, helped to shorten his life. He thirsted after humiliation and suffering, and did not shrink from an extreme of asceticism, which could scarcely be surpassed by a Hindu fakir. In the depths of his heart Lacordaire suffered intensely from the bitter conflict between the convictions of his youth, and his sincere yet enforced submission to the Papacy. He well knew that the spirit is above the letter, and that the spirit of Rome was not that which animated either his life or his words.

M. de Montalembert was the worthy rival and faithful friend of the great Dominican preacher. More plastic and profoundly influenced by an affectionate nature, he had greater difficulty in freeing himself from the strong links which bound him to Lamennais; but yet for a time the rupture was more entire. There was, indeed, one phase of his life when he preferred the church to liberty. This was during the strong reaction which followed the Revolution of 1848. On the eve of the events of 1851 his attitude was not what might have been expected from his antecedents. His horror of demagogues inclined him for the moment towards Imperialism, but when he arose from this moral swoon, with what astounding eloquence did he launch his thunders against Absolutism and all its tools, especially against those nearest to him who had dishonored Catholicism by unworthy alliances! Sincerely Christian, of an ardent and enthusiastic nature, he once more hoisted his true colors and unfurled them bravely in the face of the most obstinate prejudices. The Anglo-Saxon race has no more fervent and enlightened admirer than this Catholic nobleman. The third chief of the liberal Catholic party of 1852 was a young professor of the Sorbonne, M. Frédéric Ozanam, who, in the midst of a brilliant career, was carried off by consumption, before he had attained the age of forty. By his learned and eloquent lectures on foreign literature, he had the unspeakable advantage of coming constantly into contact with the students of the University. He was

also one of the originators of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, an association of laymen intended to form among the young Catholics a bond of active charity in the relief of the poor and destitute. Ozanam combined the finest gifts of intellect with exalted piety. Amid weakness and suffering he might often be seen visiting the homes of the poor to administer relief and sympathy. In consequence of his efforts the association, which in its commencement was the expression of pure Christian love, rapidly advanced to success. Ozanam possessed all the generous impulses of youth, and he had dreams of an alliance between his most precious beliefs, human and Divine. This idea formed the very soul of that teaching, which obtained distinguished success for him at the Sorbonne, by the accuracy of its learning, and the effect, slightly feverish, perhaps, of an eloquence which exhausted his strength. He used at times expressions of singular boldness, such as, "There are people who do not believe in God except when a purple mantle has been thrown over his shoulders." "No, no," exclaimed he on another occasion, "I do not believe that fire has ever had power to conquer one thought, however false and detestable it might be." Perhaps the most touching feature in the history of M. Ozanam is the perfect resignation with which he learnt that in the prime of his maturity, while enjoying the purest domestic happiness, in the midst of a splendid career of usefulness, with brilliant prospects before him, he must renounce all that made life precious. We know nothing finer than his death-bed scene as described by Lacordaire.

Among the adherents of the same party we must not forget to mention the Prince Albert de Broglie, the distinguished representative of a noble French family. He was grandson of Madame de Staël, and son of the Duc de Broglie, one of the finest and purest specimens of a liberal Christian statesman. M. Albert de Broglie has proved himself worthy of his rich inheritance. As the well-known historian of the church of the fourth century, his talent is never more strikingly displayed than in the discussion of religious and political questions, which he handles with a bold irony that is singularly incisive. We see that he had not

been trained in the stormy atmosphere of Lamennais and his school. Liberty came to him as an undisputed birthright; he claims it with less passion and less breadth than does Montalembert, but no inconsistency can be laid to his charge. As for the Liberalism of M. de Falloux, he holds it neither by inheritance nor from the apostolate of Lamennais. By birth and education he belongs to the strictest sect of the Legitimists. He is the author of the "Life of the Inquisitor, Pious V.," and in this work he has declared that toleration is the virtue of the ages without faith. We cannot, therefore, recognize him as a Liberal on principle, although he has since entirely broken with the extreme Catholic party, and now ranks, though with some reserve, among the defenders of civil liberty. "*Le Correspondant*," a monthly magazine, which has become the organ of the liberal Catholics, owes to him its extraordinary success.

We must beware of forgetting the interesting group known as the new French "Oratoires," and organized by Père Gratry, the large-hearted and sympathetic apologist of modern Catholicism. Too much disposed to use mathematical processes in the place of moral demonstration, he is always eloquent, high-minded, and enamored of liberty, and though somewhat too indulgent to the Jesuits, is ever eager to harmonize the irreconcilable in theory and practice. We must also mention another man of mark, M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, the generous and talented representative of democratic ideas in combination with profoundly Christian principles. At the epoch which we have now reached, he had far outstripped the majority of liberal Catholics in demanding the separation of Church and State as the first condition of the individual development of personal faith.

The reconstitution of Gallicanism proper a few years before had led to the formation of a third party, unimportant as to its numbers, but counting among its adherents some distinguished names. The Abbé Guettie, the learned historian of the French Church, had tried to find in the national traditions a firm basis of resistance to Ultramontanism. His heavy and badly-written work was a well furnished arsenal of weapons against Rome.

A no less decided partisan of this section was that eminent theologian the Abbé Monet, professor of theology in Paris, well known by his valuable works against Pantheism, as well as against that school of Traditionalists who, the better to ensure the authority of the Church, would overturn all the foundations of truth. The Abbé Monet, though an orthodox Catholic, was hostile to the exaggerated pretensions of the Papacy, but was more favorable to the rights of the national French Church than Lacordaire, with whom, in 1848, he had labored in founding "*L'Ere Nouvelle*." For this act of independence the Holy See had never forgiven him, and it had with a very bad grace confirmed his appointment to a bishopric *in partibus*, to which it demurred on the plea of his being subject to fits of deafness. This literally meant that he had turned a deaf ear to the commands of the Roman court, an unpardonable sin in that quarter. The most extreme liberal of the Gallican party was, however, to be found in the cell of a philosophical anchorite, M. Bordas Demoulin, known to the public by his works on the philosophy of Descartes, who, with his disciple, M. Huet, formed the whole of this particular school. This paucity of numbers was, however, compensated by the strong faith and indomitable energy of its leader. M. Bordas Demoulin, determined not to abate one jot of his proud independence, lived in poverty and solitude, whence he sent forth the imprecations of an indignant prophet against the humiliations of the Church, expatiating in glowing terms on what might have been its possibilities if it had not openly allied itself with democracy. Above all, he insisted on the immediate necessity of breaking every tie which bound it to the temporal power, that, with a wooden cross in its hand and the word of liberty on its lips, it might recommence the conquest of a world which had repudiated it. He has developed his great ideas in a volume entitled "*Des Pouvoirs Constituants de l'Eglise*," in which he explains his entire theory. M. Huet has given wider circulation to these notions in a series of short clever papers, which are instinct with the same austere, yet liberal spirit. This small clique presents to us one of the most interesting

manifestations of the period. Such was the aspect of affairs in the Catholic Church of France, immediately after and to some extent under the influence of the *coup d'état* of December. From this brief sketch we are now in a position to understand its principal divisions, and the characters of the men who played important parts in them. We shall next inquire in what way the momentous decisions of the court of Rome in subsequent years have led to fresh troubles and inaugurated new conflicts.

The first of these decisions was the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. It were useless to dilate on the vast import of this bold stroke of the Papacy. However important in itself as a doctrinal decision which gave unqualified sanction to Mariolatry, the fact of daring to promulgate a new dogma without a general Council was the most dangerous and insolent of Ultramontanist innovations. Nothing like it had ever been known. In times past, the solemn right of defining doctrines had always been reserved to the representatives of the Church assembled in Council. Now nothing could much less resemble a legitimate council than the pretended consultation by letter with the principal bishops, and the hasty gathering together in Rome of a few of their number. In the great ages of faith, a similar encroachment on the part of the Papacy would have created universal indignation — or rather, the fear of public opinion would have stifled such a project in its birth. The Jesuits of Rome knew well enough that they had now no need to dread giving a shock to the minds of men by this experiment, although it was far more audacious than anything ever before attempted. There was great joy in the camp of the Papal fanatics. The followers of the *Univers* mounted the Capitol and chanted Simeon's song. In the complete subjection of the Church to the Papacy they saw the dawn of a glorious day.

The more liberal of the Ultramontanists felt no scruple in applauding the new dogma. The *Correspondant* joined the chorus of the *Univers*, and the Abbé Gratry excelled all his compeers in exalting the glories of Mary. The old Gallicanism alone seemed cut to the heart. The most distinguished of its adherents

groaned in secret, but it was well known that to many among them these were days of grief and bitterness.

MM. Bordas Demoulin and Huet issued a bold protest. In a book entitled, "*Essais sur la Reforme Catholique*," they pointed out that the old traditions were utterly set at naught by the Jesuits at Rome. "What a crime," exclaimed M. Huet, "thus to run counter to the time-honored method of arriving at truth! What a crime, above all on the part of those whose prime mission is to teach it, who have solemnly sworn to defend it!" These bold champions did not hesitate to pronounce the new dogma a heresy. "As it involves," said they, "all the corruptions, so it forces us to demand radical and complete reform. The crisis admits neither of concession nor delay. When an outrage is committed against God's revelation, submission is not obedience, but apostasy and unfaithfulness to the faith of Jesus Christ" (p. 605). MM. Bordas Demoulin and Huet spoke out boldly that which many others thought and muttered in secret. The strongest protest came from an aged priest, the Abbé Laborde, a man universally respected, who, on hearing what was brewing at Rome, set off thither, naively imagining that the voice of truth would gain a hearing from the princes of the Church, even though it came through an unknown country priest. He presented to the Pope a brief but earnest manuscript, entitled, "*La Croyance à l'Immaculée Conception ne peut devenir un Dogme de Foi*." It were worth while to read his account of the persecutions that he underwent from the Pontifical police. Hunted as a felon, driven by force from the Eternal City, he returned to France to breathe his last in the wards of a hospital, where, with his dying hand, he penned his final protest against these modern heresies. The cry of the just, which in vain sought to gain a hearing on earth, reached heaven, and the sentence of the dying man against the usurpations of the Papacy was the solemn voice of Him who holds the keys of hell and of death.

The rapid succession of great political changes have strangely complicated the internal crisis of Catholicism. The most serious of these events has been

the Italian war, which overthrew the power of Austria, the natural protector of the Papacy in the Peninsula. The latter, deprived of several of its finest provinces and threatened with the loss of others which groaned under its yoke, naturally assumed an attitude of violent opposition to the new kingdom of Italy, which it at once excommunicated. The ancient political *régime* possessed in its eyes a sacred character, inasmuch as it was from this only that it could claim the conservation of temporal power. This explains the fact that since the Italian war of 1859 the reaction has found more favor than ever at Rome, and the hatred of civil and religious liberty has assumed proportions truly fanatical. Absolutism in every sense is the rampart of the temporal power of the Papacy, which can only justify itself from this stand-point. It now becomes easy to comprehend by what means the Holy See was led on to the Encyclical of 1867 with its accompanying Syllabus. Surely it would not have been drawn into such unqualified imprudence if it had not felt that it was now being driven into a permanent position of aggressive warfare. Every advance of Liberalism seemed to it to batter down a stone from the fortress behind which it defended its political sovereignty. Thus it fell foul of its true enemy while pretending to be deeply concerned for its interests, and took up a stand upon the temporal power as a sacred entrenchment which should prove an exception to the general principles of modern society.

The Pope was right. The logic of events is not arrested by man's caprice. A truce to inconsistency; we can do nothing by half measures. It is impossible to plead for liberty at Paris and to fight against it at Rome. The time is past when we could say that what is "truth on one side of the Alps is falsehood on the other!" Liberal Catholicism, whether or no, must take part in the crusade against Pontifical absolutism, and in this long siege against Rome, which can only end in the utter overthrow of the "Wall" of this China of the West. From these considerations we may obtain a clear explanation of the internal conflicts of Catholicism and the condemnations launched against some of

its most illustrious defenders. It is that all their apologies for disguising or maintaining the abuses of the temporal power of the Papacy have not compensated for the injury they have inflicted upon it by daring to advocate the cause of liberty.

However, the conductors of the *Correspondant* do not stint their defence of the temporal power; they overwhelm Italy with their hatred, simply because she has touched the loaves and fishes of the Lord's anointed. They attack her with their fiercest polemic, while they shut their eyes to the amount of evil that the Papacy had inflicted on her as the unflinching obstacle to her enfranchisement.

When Count Cavour adopted as his motto that fine sentiment of M. de Montalembert, "*L'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre*," the Liberal Catholic party were ready at once to accuse him of blasphemy. Orators, publicists, and bishops vied with each other in defaming and outraging the Italian nation, and insulting her aspirations. The Bishop of Orléans rivalled his colleague of Poitiers in his efforts to drag it in the mud, and to glorify the beauty, gentleness, and liberality of the pontifical rule. The party represented by the *Correspondant* did more than use its pen in the same cause; it also furnished its keenest sword in the person of General Lamoricière, the warrior of Castelfedardo. One voice alone in the Catholic camp refused to join in the chorus with the defenders of the priest-king, and that was M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, who, in 1866, published a volume entitled "*L'Italie*," in which he protested, in the name of religion, against these fatal confusions of faith and politics. We cannot help quoting the following passage, which nobly maintains the honor of spiritual Christianity in the midst of this theocratic fever:—

"In whatever part of the civilized world a heavy blow is aimed at the rights of conscience, every man feels himself involved and there rises at once an universal protest.

"When fanatical priests at Rome carried away a Jewish child from its home, every friend of justice, whether Rationalist, Protestant, or Catholic, forgot his distinctive faith, and thought only of the rights of the outraged father. When in Spain Protestant

Christians were condemned by the temporal power on account of their religion, the whole Jewish community throughout the world nobly pleaded the cause of their Christian brethren.

"Shall Rome alone, of all civilized peoples, fail of her mission? Now, when liberty is the great need of the age—a need so imperious that even those who curse her in their hearts are compelled to wear a mask, when she is the pole-star toward which the eyes of all the oppressed on earth are turned—shall Rome, the temporal kingdom of the Pope, prove the insurmountable obstacle? This, which holds in check not only Italy but the whole Christian world, is a prodigious calamity which takes the form of a challenge from the spirit of the past to crush the aspirations of the whole civilized world.

"Thus, whatever events are taking place in Europe, this great fact must never be lost sight of. Let the peoples never forget that every conquest of liberty will be precarious, every solution incomplete, so long as the question is not radically settled at Rome by the abolition of the temporal Papacy. Such is our reason for having, during some years past, raised the cry, *Delenda est Carthago*." Every institution of our times must be submitted to the crucible of liberty. The obstinacy of the Romanist clergy in clinging to a political basis, will only convince the Liberals everywhere that the Church has no other foundation on which to stand, and that failing this, she must at once sink into ruin."

Such language could not but be offensive at Rome; by way of retaliation the Papacy was bound to show its gratitude to the eminent men who had fought as its champions, nevertheless it rewarded with unqualified approbation those only who were its entire slaves.

It looked with suspicion on the support of the liberal Catholics, well knowing that the spirit which animated them was, in fact, the same which first aroused Italy, and now encouraged her revolt against itself. The Papacy had now become alive to the fact that it is impossible long to cherish the love of civil liberty, more especially liberty of conscience for the world in general, and at the same time to proscribe it in one little enclosure. This misapprehension was, however, soon to be dissipated, and nothing hastened the impending rupture more than the great manifestation of liberal sentiment which took place at the Catholic Congress of Mechlin, in the month of August, 1863. The Count de Montalembert, in tones which vividly recalled

to those who heard him the impetuous editor of *L'Avenir*, took the initiative. On the 20th and 21st of August, 1863, he delivered two orations, in which, with splendid eloquence, he summed up all the principles of liberal Catholicism, without overlooking their glaring inconsistencies. These orations were afterwards published in a pamphlet, and to be appreciated should be read in their entirety. In these vehement utterances Montalembert asserts his claim to a share in the heritage of Cavour, and developes anew the famous motto, '*L'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre*.' We cannot deny that he begins cautiously; he calls the illustrious founder of Italian freedom a great criminal; he takes pains to show the way in which his ideas on the complete independence of the Church may be reconciled with the Roman theocracy; that, according to the approved phrase, the temporal and spiritual power ought to be united at Rome, that they may be separated elsewhere. But these concessions, all of which are perfectly sincere on his part, only bring out in stronger relief his bold demands for freedom. He loudly declares that he has nothing to regret in the past; that the Church ought resolutely to turn its back on the old *régime*, and loyally to make use of the great powers of the time—of universal suffrage, of the freedom of association, of the press, and of worship—in order to remove all the misunderstandings of this epoch. To this last point the great orator devotes the whole of his second address. We will let him speak for himself. We shall by-and-by see the importance of this extract in the history of contemporary Catholicism.

"Of all the liberties which up to the present time I have undertaken to defend, I hold liberty of conscience to be the most precious, the most sacred, the most legitimate, the most necessary. I have loved, I have defended liberty of every kind, but, I glory above all, that I have fought as the champion of this. To-day, after so many years, so many struggles, and so many defeats, I cannot speak of it without unusual emotion. Yes! be it ours to love to defend every form of liberty; but it is religious liberty that claims our warmest respect, that demands our most entire devotion, for it broods over the loftiest and purest regions of thought and activity, while it sweeps through their widest domain; its empire reaches from the depths

of individual conscience to the most conspicuous manifestations of national life. It alone illumines two lives and two worlds—the life of both soul and body, of heaven and earth, belonging alike to all without exception, to the poor as well as to the rich, to the strong as to the weak, to peoples as to their kings, to the youngest of our little children as to the genius of a Newton or a Leibnitz—yet! strange and melancholy fact! it is religious liberty the most fragile, the most delicate of all, which we fear to touch, lest we should destroy it; it is this which, proclaimed everywhere as right in theory, is the least of all comprehended, respected, and shielded from a thousand rude and treacherous attacks, too often unperceived and unpunished.

“I must confess, however, that this enthusiastic devotion to liberty, which animates my soul, is not common among Catholics. Many like it well enough for themselves—which is no great merit, for, as a general rule, every man would like every kind of liberty for himself—but pure religious liberty, liberty for the consciences of others, the liberty of a form of worship which they deny and reject, disquiets and disgusts many amongst us.

“In the interest of Catholicism, I plead then for liberty of conscience without reserve or hesitation. I freely accept all the consequences, whatever they may be, which public morality does not condemn, and which equity demands.

“This brings me to a delicate but essential question, which I approach without evasion, because, in all discussions of this nature, I have ever found the wisdom of boldly meeting this natural and often thoroughly sincere objection current amongst the adversaries of the liberties of Catholics. Can we now, this day, demand liberty for truth, that is, for ourselves (for every man, if he is sincere, must believe that he holds the truth), and refuse it to error, that is, to those who do not think as we do. I distinctly answer, no! here, I know full well, *incedo per ignes*, and I hasten to add that I make no pretension to anything beyond the expression of my individual opinion. I bow before all the tests and all the canons which may be quoted against me; I neither contest nor discuss one of them, but I cannot stifle the deep convictions of my innermost heart and conscience; I cannot refrain from expressing, after having for twelve years studied the efforts which are being now made to rehabilitate men and things, that in my youth no one among Catholics dreamt of defending this liberty. I declare then that I feel an inexpressible horror at every species of punishment or penance inflicted on humanity under the pretext of serving or defending religion. The fagots lighted by the hands of Catholics do not excite less horror than the scaffolds on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs (loud applause); and I quiver

with pain as I feel on my own lips the gag that has been forced into the mouth of those who preached their faith with pure consciences. The Spanish inquisition saying to the heretic, ‘The truth or death, is as odious to me as the French terrorist saying to my grandfather, ‘Liberty, fraternity, or death!’ (Renewed applause.) The human conscience has a right to demand that these hideous alternatives shall be no longer imposed upon it.” (Great applause.)*

Surely such language as this leaves nothing to be desired in point of explicitness. Welcomed with enthusiasm by his own party, though by many of them deemed somewhat extreme, it called forth loud cries of indignation from his opponents, especially among the vehement apostles of Jesuitism, for M. de Montalembert had aimed a vigorous blow at the fundamental principles of this powerful school, and at all the foundations of its secret teaching. We have no doubt, that immediately after the congress of Mechlin, and in consequence of the demands and accusations which sprang out of that assembly, the Encyclical of December 8th, 1864, was prepared; for reading it without prejudice, and taking the words in their natural sense, we cannot fail to find in it the plainest denial of all that Montalembert had pleaded for with such generous earnestness before the assembled congress.

These are the words of the present so-called Vicar of Christ upon earth:—

“You are not ignorant, most venerable brethren, that there are, in the present day, many men who apply to civil society the absurd and impious principles of naturalism, who dare to say that good government and civil progress demand that society should be constituted and ruled altogether apart from religion, as if there were no such thing, or, at least, ignoring any difference between the true religion and those which are false. Further, in defiance of the doctrine of the Bible, the Church, and the Holy Fathers, these men do not shrink from declaring that the best government is that which does not recognize its obligation to repress, by legal penalties, the violators of Catholic law, except when the public tranquillity demands it. Setting out from this absolutely false idea of social government, they hesitate not to adopt that erroneous opinion, so fatal to the Catholic Church and the salvation of souls, which our

predecessor, Gregory XVI., of blessed memory, characterized as madness; it is this,—that liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every human being; that it ought to be proclaimed, and secured by the law of every well-constituted state, and that every citizen should be at full liberty to express publicly his opinions, whatever they may be, by word of mouth, in print, or otherwise, without being subject to any limitation from the civil or ecclesiastical power; but, in making these rash assertions, they do not consider that they are preaching the liberty of perdition, and that if human opinion is allowed license to question everything, there will never be wanting men who will dare to resist the truth, and place their confidence in the words which man's wisdom teacheth; a most deadly and pernicious error which Christian faith and wisdom ought carefully to avoid, according to the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And, since wherever religion is banished from civil society, where the doctrine and authority of Divine revelation are set at nought, the true notion even of right and justice is obscured and lost, and material force takes the place of true justice and legitimate right, there it is that certain men, taking no account of the most sure principles of sound reason, dare to proclaim that the will of the people, manifested in what they call 'public opinion,' or in any other manner, constitutes the supreme law, independent of all right Divine or human, and that in politics, accomplished facts have the force of right simply in virtue of their being facts. But who does not see and feel, that society, freed from the restraints of religion and true righteousness, can henceforth have no other end than the accumulation of wealth, and can be subject to no law in any of its actions, but the quenchless desire to gratify its passions, and serve its own interests! This explains to us why men of this class pursue, with cruel hatred, the religious orders; never taking into account the incalculable services rendered by them to religion, society, and literature, they utter vile slanders against them, declaring that they have no warrant for their existence; thus echoing the calumnies of heretics. In fact, as our predecessor, Pius VI. of blessed memory, very wisely said, 'the abolition of the religious orders inflicts a wound on liberty,' the liberty of obeying the Master's commands, does despite to a mode of life commended by the Church as conformable to the doctrine of the Apostles, and inflicts a wound on those illustrious founders whom we adore at our altars, and who established these orders under the direct inspiration of God.

"But these men go further, and, in their impiety, declare that the faithful should be deprived of the privilege of publicly giving alms in the name of Christian charity, and

would even abolish the law which on certain days forbids servile work, in order to provide opportunity for Divine worship; and all this under the false pretext that this privilege and this law are at variance with the principles of a sound political economy.

"Not content with banishing religion from public life, they would even exclude it from the bosom of the family. Teaching and professing the fatal errors of communism and socialism, they affirm that domestic society, from which the family derives its existence, is a purely civil institution, and consequently that from the civil law are derived all the rights of parents over their children, above all the right to teach and educate them.

"As for these mistaken men, the chief end of their maxims and machinations is wholly to withdraw the education of youth from the healthy doctrine and holy influence of the Church, in order that they may taint and defile, with the most pernicious errors and vices of all sorts, the tender and susceptible hearts of the young. In fact, in all ages, those who have been eager to overturn social and religious order, and to annihilate all laws, human and Divine, have made it the prime object of their devices and efforts to degrade and deceive youth, because, as we have indicated above, their great hope is the corruption of the generation that is to come.

"Neither must we neglect to teach that royal power is given to some men, not only for the government of the world, but, above all, for the protection of the Church; and that nothing can be more advantageous or more glorious for kings and governors than to conform themselves to the words which our most wise and courageous predecessor, Saint Félix, wrote to the Emperor Zeno, to 'leave the Church to govern herself with her own laws, and to allow no one to put any obstacle in the way of her liberty!' In fact, it is certain that it is to their interest, whenever they are concerned with matters relating to God, scrupulously to follow the order which He has prescribed, and not to prefer but to subordinate the royal will to that of the Priests of Christ."

We place below a few of the propositions CONDEMNED in the Syllabus appended to the Encyclical.

Pius IX. pronounces his anathema on the following commonplaces:—

That every man is free to embrace and profess that religion which, according to the light of reason, seems to him to be true.

24th.—That the Church has no right to use compulsion; it has no temporal power, direct or indirect.

54th.—That the Church ought to be separated from the State and the State from the Church.

74th.—That matrimonial causes and relations belong to civil society.

77th.—That in our time it is useless to regard the Catholic religion as the only state religion to the exclusion of every other cultus.

78th.—That the law is right which in certain Catholic countries provides for foreign residents the enjoyment of their own peculiar forms of worship.

80th.—That the Pope might and ought to put himself in accord with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.

We must now consider what was the effect produced by this document on the three sections of French Catholicism, namely: the absolute Ultramontanists, the liberal Ultramontanists, and the Gallicans. We need scarcely interrogate the first of these parties: its response is what it always has been. Its exultations are characterized by the insolence of victory and revenge. Its journals, *L'Univers* and *Le Monde*, abused without measure the advantage they had just gained. They saw their favorite doctrines defended by the sacred buckler of infallibility, and they never ceased to extol the whole system of civil and religious tyranny. The Pontiff himself declared that they alone comprehended him, and that the apologists of the Inquisition and the dragonnade were the chosen organs of eternal truth.

The second section, the liberal Catholics, represented by the *Correspondant*, while secretly champing the bit, began by bowing before the storm. The pontifical condemnation struck its tenderest part. We need but compare the Pope's Encyclical with Montalembert's manifesto at Mechlin to see that the sentiments of the two documents are wide as the poles asunder. The *Correspondant* should have preserved its silence. An Encyclical is not a dogma; it may be accepted with reserve. Unfortunately, the Bishop of Orléans did not believe in observing such a measure of prudence, which would have been quite in harmony with his dignity. Incensed at the advantage reaped from the Encyclical by the enemies of the Church, he published a pamphlet to show that the Pope had spoken well, and had only condemned license and not liberty. By a clever diversion, the impetuous prelate, rushing head foremost into political controversy, entered on a vehement discussion

of the convention concluded between France and Italy on September 8th, 1864, immediately after which the French occupation of Rome had taken place. After thus truculently denouncing a treaty which he characterized as treason, he discussed the Encyclical, and launched out into a thousand subtle interpretations to show its hidden depths of meaning, and to prove that a reasonable construction might be put upon the Holy Father's anathemas. This was simply patching the new piece on the old garment, and, according to our Lord's words, making the rent worse. No interpretation, however clever, could disguise the agonizing transparency of the Pope's words. All the world knew that the Bishop of Orléans and his party would have moved heaven and earth to prevent the appearance of the Encyclical; and that his attempt to show that it had been prepared especially for their satisfaction, was one of those extraordinary expedients which, by their excessive cleverness, defeat themselves. M. De Montalembert took care not to be led into the snare. He was silent for a time, but when he spoke, he gave utterance to precisely the same thoughts and convictions which he had avowed in the past, just as if the Encyclical had never appeared. We may see how thoroughly incorrigible he was, by perusing his noble work on the American war, in which he takes the opportunity to pay a fresh homage to the Anglo-Saxon race, and to civil and religious liberty.

The Encyclical did not the less trouble many upright consciences. We have a remarkable proof of this in a volume which the *Correspondant* would not venture to advertise, though it was written by one of its staff, M. De Metz Noblat, a thoughtful man, whose lofty, powerful mind gave him great influence among the well-known group of the liberals of Nancy. It is entitled "*L'Eglise et l'Etat*," and contains a collection of articles on the great question of the relations between the temporal and spiritual powers. It is clear that the author inclines towards their separation, although he gives no decisive judgment. He concludes his volume with a solemn declaration, that it is more than a simple exposition of his own

ideas; it is the burden of his conscience which he cannot but make known in face of the assumptions of the Papal court. He asserts that he speaks not for himself alone, but that his scruples and anxieties are shared by a large number of those who cannot cheapen their deepest convictions. Hence the importance of his noble protest.

We have now to trace the effect of the Encyclical on those who still adhere to Gallicanism. All the most distinguished members of this party were cut to the heart, but their doctrine of the non infallibility of the Pope, when speaking only in his own name, enabled them to regard the Encyclical as simply a Romish manifesto, bad enough, no doubt, but not binding on their consciences. It had been at all times desirable that this distinction should be clearly made, in order to neutralize the vexatious results of pontifical declarations, which always, in spite of the theory of their inchoate inspiration, produced an immense effect. The French Government had hit upon an excellent plan of giving it greater notoriety by forbidding its official publication, under the pretext that it clashed with civil rights. This interdiction was not made until the press, with its thousand mouths, had spread the Encyclical in all directions, and only served to interest the liberal feeling of France in favor of a document, which had been so foolishly burked. The State, by meddling in this matter, went the surest way to complicate the question.

The effect of the Encyclical on M. Huet was just that of the last feather which broke the camel's back. After the death of Bordas Demoulin, Huet stood alone in the breach, and found it exceedingly difficult to maintain his bold Liberalism, and at the same time to hold by the Catholic Church. Subsequently he yielded to a violent mental reaction, and gave up not only Catholicism but Christianity itself, and he now ranks among the opponents of revelation, as is too evident from the painfully interesting volume in which he gives an account of the evolutions of his mind, under the title of "*La Revolution Religieuse au 19me Siècle*," from which we cite the following passage:

"Our age has seen but one Catholic who may be called liberal in the sense in which

this term is applied to modern Protestant and Jewish reformers; I allude to Bordas Demoulin. He knew how to combat face to face the successors of St. Peter. He conceived the bold design of reconstituting, upon the ruins of old abuses, a primitive Christian liberty which should include all orders in the Church, laity as well as clergy; but the events proved that Bordas was too far advanced for the present age. He ought to have lived in the sixteenth century. He died nominally a Catholic, but at heart, perhaps, the truest Protestant of his epoch. Three events of great importance and significance have marked the reign of Pius IX., and have consigned Catholicism for ever to Ultramontane rule. These are the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of 1854, the Austrian Concordat of 1855, and the Encyclical of 1864. These acts have shut Catholicism within a circle, from which it is impossible for it to escape.

"We are not here treating a theological question, we are merely sketching the history of a religious movement. In this respect the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception appears to us to be the most remarkable event that has occurred in the annals of Catholicism for more than a century. Surely our contemporaries must be indifferent to results, or secure of success, for this great event has passed almost unperceived. Let us pause over this date, December 8th, 1864; it marks the opening of a new Catholicism, which we must be allowed to call an extreme Catholicism, from which the spirit of the times and of modern society can hope neither for truce nor quarter.

"As to the manner of conducting this business, care was taken that the episcopate, which is the rival power of the Papacy, should find itself not simply ignored, but disgraced. The Papal party acted advisedly in bringing two hundred bishops to Rome to affirm the definition of a dogma, but where all deliberation was forbidden, and they were forced, like so many mutes at a funeral, to be present in silence at one of the most solemn acts of Catholic life. From that time they were degraded from the position of pastors to the level of the flock, and the inordinate ambition of Rome was satisfied. The infallibility of the Pope, which France, for so many years had refused to acknowledge, was alas! publicly declared amid the applause of good Catholics. The theocracy of Gregory VII. revived with fresh power. We must wait to see what will be the results of all this; the future alone can declare them. I know that some of the most highly respected among the clergy lament, groan, and yet hope in secret; but can Catholicism ever retrace its steps? The Church, so to speak, has burnt her ships. All hope of reform is at an end. The rapid movement of modern life withdraws it from

the antiquated Church, which is now stereotyped by this Ultramontane dogma. Superstition, which comportis only with the subtleties of rabbinical scholasticism, is extending its dominion. M. Borda foretold the fall of Catholicism, if it should ever dare to reform itself. We shall see it, said he, utterly degraded and finally degenerate into Paganism. This prophecy is in course of accomplishment. The new Catholicism, or Marianism, is dogmatically as incompatible with scientific as it is with political or social progress. Casting from it the educated classes, it will become the religion of the peasants, among whom, like the early Roman paganism, it will perish. Some few of the *élites*, led astray by the prejudices of custom and early training, and a few metaphysicians of the past may still take refuge in the shelter of the old sanctuary. As for the masses their true intellectual and moral life is drained. The reign of Pius IX. marks the fatal date of the decadence."

Such was the effect of the Pope's Encyclical on a thoughtful, conscientious man. It would seem as if the infatuated folly which carried the Papacy to this extreme of audacity, at the same time infected the whole French Catholic Church, for, in December, 1868, she inaugurated a campaign which of all others was the best calculated to multiply such defections as that of M. Huet.

This campaign arose out of a perfectly harmless innovation on the part of the Minister of Public Instruction, who, in order to bring greater educational advantages within the reach of young girls, had arranged for courses of instruction from the Professors of the Lycées in all the principal towns of France. Assuredly there was essentially nothing in such a project to inspire alarm. The mothers of families were left perfectly free as to whether or not they would send their daughters to these classes, which, moreover, were to be conducted on principles that should be entirely neutral on religious questions. But the Church would not understand it thus. It regarded the education of woman as its own peculiar domain. To dispute this was, in its view, an unwarrantable encroachment, an intolerable usurpation of its rights. So thought Mgr. Dupanloup, and he issued pamphlet after pamphlet, in which he denounced the dark project of giving secular education to young girls, who ought only to be nursed and brought up in the bosom of the Church. This cry of alarm sounded far and wide; the

"*mandements*" of his colleagues responded to his appeal, following one another with scarcely a pause. Nothing could be more pitiful than this episcopal prosing, which could do nothing but parade its grief like a woful elegy, with a deep black border. Unfortunately, the general silliness of this elegiac literature was relieved by occasional denunciations, and the lovers of liberty were charged with the cost of its tears. It would not even weep *gratis*. This particular question soon widened and embraced many others. Not only the education of young girls, but the whole scheme of University instruction was attacked. A vast system of petitioning was organized, under the initiative of the Bishop of Orléans, who had set fire to the powder by his pamphlet, entitled "*Les Alarmes de l'Épiscopat*," in which he enumerated the various signs of Materialism in the education of youth, which so greatly disquieted his episcopal brethren. By a strange perversity, he set on foot a petition which, demanding liberty of instruction for itself, appealed to the State to overlook and keep a check on certain free associations which provided higher education for females. Here we have a specimen of the endless equivocation of the Catholic party. Whenever it speaks of liberty, we know that it means only its own, and that it would like to keep everybody else in chains. The talon has too often protruded from the velvet paw for us to pay one moment's attention to its professions of liberality. Have we not seen it seizing every opportunity to take advantage of the university monopoly? We should sympathize with it, if it asked for liberty of instruction in all departments; but we are increasingly convinced that although the State ought, as much as possible, to aid the dissemination of knowledge, it is not its province to instruct, for the moment that the State becomes the schoolmaster, at least in France, it must have a fixed doctrine, be it philosophical, religious, or political, and we are at once saddled with a State history, philosophy, and religion. We do not hesitate to say that whatever may be the materialistic influence of free education, it is liberty alone that can cure its own evils. Let all monopolies be destroyed, and there is no longer any privileged class. This is all that we ask.

But French Catholicism would gag the mouths of its opponents, and make use of the State as its *gendarme*.

In the identical petition which demanded liberty of instruction a plea was put in against popular libraries, which the Church would like to have overhauled, because, according to the view of M. Dupanloup, "there are sophists, like M. Jules Simon, who insist that God has no need to be defended by the law." Such is the upshot of this bastard Liberalism. It brings to mind the ridicule which last year covered a certain Doctor Machelard, who brought before the consideration of the Senate some abomination, which he pretended to have heard. It was discovered the day after this fearful disclosure that the faithful witness was a deaf man, who could hear nothing but his own conjectures or suspicions.

Nothing could be better adapted to bring religion into discredit than the discussion before the Senate of the famous petition from fathers of families. The Senate, as a rule, is conservative of everything except religion. In spite of its Bench of Cardinals, it is far from being an apostolic company. Doubtless it has gained experience in the service of three or four successive *régimes*, but it is of a kind that ill accords with zeal for the faith; and any religious cause that is brought before the Senate, be it Protestant or Catholic, makes but a sorry figure. The Marshals who, with one hand on their sword-hilt and the other twirling their moustaches, confess the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, will produce an effect more comic than edifying. As to the cardinals, we may appeal to their own speeches. Is there any enlightened friend of religion who would not have given anything if these most reverend dignitaries would have held their peace? The only result of the debates in the Senate has been to furnish an opportunity to M. Ste. Beuve proudly to raise the standard of a free philosophy and to enlist all the scoffers on his side—an easy success in presence of such grievous blundering. The Minister of Public Instruction confined himself to timidly pleading extenuating circumstances without attempting to base his argument on any high principle. In fact this would have been impossible, for he no more than his opponents wished for true

liberty. He only wanted to get an order of the day which should confirm him in his own position.

Nothing but irritation and misunderstanding came out of these debates, and only the enemies of religion reaped any advantage from them. Such was the issue of the fine campaign inaugurated by the Bishop of Orléans at the very moment when the Encyclical was quite enough to bring discredit upon Catholicism, if not on Christianity itself.

But we must not lose sight of the real state of things which, however disguised by circumstances, is at all times that of profound division in the bosom of the French Catholic Church. This is perhaps more conspicuous in Paris than elsewhere. There, on the one side, are the religious orders, the houses of the Jesuits, which, owing to their indisputable success as teachers of youth, and more especially their work in the great military schools of government, have considerably multiplied of late years. In the centre of Paris, close around the church of Ste. Geneviève, we find a religious enclosure, a kind of Roman colony, pledged to all the traditions of Ultramontanism. At its head are such dignitaries as Mgr. de Ségur, an old chamberlain of the Pope, who has long played the part of a Legate, carrying on a direct correspondence with the Vatican, and giving information about the teachings and practices of his ecclesiastical inferiors. This, however, has been put an end to. The Archbishop of Paris, determined no longer to tolerate these inquisitorial proceedings of a subaltern, made forcible entry into the houses of the Jesuits, who had vainly tried to escape from his control.

The party known as the "*Zélants*" found strong supporters in the Faubourg St. Germain among the families of the old legitimist aristocracy. The opposite tendency is, however, at present very powerful at Paris. Among its adherents may be reckoned the Theological Faculty, with its learned Dean, Mgr. Marét, and Mgr. d'Arbois, the present Archbishop, one of the most enlightened and learned among the clergy at the present time. His fine expressive face bears the seal of mental superiority and austere habits. His piety is enthusiastic, and nothing can be more impressive than his

impassioned addresses. He dreads all Ultramontane extremes, and while he ardently loves France, and desires her glory, he mourns over the absurdities which compromise religion and modern thought. Unhappily he looks far too much to the civil power for support. He is not content with showing deference to it; he is its prime friend and admirer. His discourse at the first communion of the Prince Imperial went beyond all reasonable measure of official respect to the government. This is the one feature of the Gallican Church which he should at any cost abandon, for his dependent attitude injures religion far more than his finest allusions can serve it. We frankly express this regret at the same time that we cherish a warm sympathy with a prelate who seems so admirably adapted to stem the current of Ultramontane follies. He has suffered much from the suspicions and accusations aimed against him by the "*Zélants*." It is well known that he is in bad odor at Rome. When he pleads his own case before the Pope, his personal advantages and eloquent speech dissipate all the prejudices felt against him; but as soon as his back is turned, his accusers return to the attack, and undo his work. The Archbishop has gathered around him in Paris a large number of intelligent, enlightened, liberal men, among the junior clergy, from whose influence we should augur a better future for the Church of France if the opposing current were not so mighty and so favored by the highest ecclesiastical power.

The boldest step taken by the Archbishop of Paris has been that of allowing Père Hyacinthe to preach in the pulpit of Nôtre Dame, under whose vaults crowds have gathered to listen to his eloquent appeals. Père Hyacinthe has not yet identified himself with any theological dogma; indeed it seems uncertain whether he has any strong dogmatic tendency; but his preaching is characterized by a generous, earnest spirit, which has already made him a power on the side of liberty. Connected by family ties with the old University party, he received a solid classical education, took orders in his early youth, and became a barefooted Carmelite. He possesses the gift of eloquence in a degree which places him in the first

rank of pulpit orators. His first appearance in Nôtre Dame was a triumph. Eager crowds thronged the place two hours before the appointed time. He is small of stature, with a frank, intelligent face, and a sonorous voice. He speaks as if inspired by the impulses of his mind and heart, and in his best efforts there is an entrancing power that is altogether unequalled. This cannot be said of all his utterances; sometimes the thread of his discourse is snapped and lost in the rushing torrent of his improvisation. His dialectic is occasionally subtle as that of a seminarist, and his images are often too abundant, but the indefinable electric flash of genius kindles and quickens all he says. Père Hyacinthe's imagination is majestic and beautiful, and never more dazzling than when he paints with a master's hand some fine Oriental Scripture scene. Hitherto he has touched only on ordinary subjects, such as the personal God, eternal principles of right, civil society, religious society, &c. We long to find him treating the deeper questions of spiritual life, such questions as must lead his hearers directly to the feet of Jesus Christ. The most remarkable feature of his preaching is that noble breadth of sentiment which acknowledges and bids God speed to true piety wherever it is found. Another characteristic of his preaching is its freedom from sacerdotalism. He boldly urges the universal priesthood set up by God in the bosom of every family, and declares that every father and mother ought to be the priests of their own household, and that the great misery of the Church in the present day springs from the fact that God's people have renounced this solemn responsibility.

Doubtless it is easy to bring charges of inconsistency against a popular preacher, but such inconsistencies, almost inevitably growing out of his position, do not alter the fact that this mighty voice has given utterance to the sorrows and aspirations of the Christian conscience in the very heart of Catholicism. The soul of the great orator, like an Eolian harp, vibrates to the wind that passes over it. Père Hyacinthe's conferences are far more than isolated manifestations; they reveal a general state of feeling in the multitude who re-

echo them. The rage which they excite elsewhere, the cruel disdain with which they are treated by the *Univers* increases what we may term their barometric value. The Abbé Loyson teaches from his chair of Moral Philosophy in the Theological Faculty of Paris the same liberal sentiments, and in a form still more distinct, though less ornate. It is true that Père Hyacinthe has been succeeded in the pulpit of Notre Dame by Père Felix, who preaches there regularly during Lent. This eloquent preacher is the mouthpiece of the Jesuits, and has placed at the service of Romish dogma his clear, keen intellect, which, capable as it is of taking many *détours* in sophistical argument, never fails to come back and make humble prostration before the great idol of Papal authority. Last year he conducted two conferences against Protestantism, in tones full of bitterness and injustice, and in which all the old calumnies were resuscitated. The contrast is, indeed, striking between the two popular preachers; but this contrast is only an epitome of all contemporary Catholicism. We should have liked to give specimens of the oratory of these great rival preachers, but our space is exhausted. We should have liked also to say much on the subject of Catholic piety. It would have been highly interesting to trace in the region of daily practical life these two currents which, in the domain of thought and the conflicts of the Church, are ever rushing wildly against each other. We might cull choice specimens from one of the most touching of recent publications, *Les Recits d'une Sœur*, by Madame Craven, from the recent poetic portraiture of Eugénie de Guérin, or from the Abbé Gratry's graphic sketch of the young catholic theologian, the Abbé Pereyre, which brings before us a noble specimen of deep and earnest piety. On the other hand we see these streams, so pure at their source, adulterated, vitiated, and strangely mingled with the most abject superstitions, such as the pretended miracles of "La Vierge de la Salette," and "La Vierge de Lourdes," those prodigies of absurdity, fruits worthy only of the charlatan priests of an expiring paganism. We wished also to have enlarged on the development of

a new form of worship, which is much in vogue nowadays, the adoration of St. Joseph, which seems to be greatly on the increase, if we may judge from its eminently silly devotional literature. These strongly contrasted features must never be lost sight of when we are endeavoring to understand contemporary Catholicism. We may take as our guide in these interesting researches, a valuable work by the Abbé Michaud, on *L'Esprit et la Lettre de la Vraie Piété*, in which he strongly protests against the abuses of modern pharisaism and against every thing that would enervate and materialize true religion. This, however, is too vast and important a theme to be lightly skimmed. It has been our endeavor to show that the divisions of Catholicism are general and universal, and that they bear upon practice as much as on theory.

It is under the circumstances which we have been endeavoring to describe that the meeting of the Oecumenical Council, summoned by the Pope for December next, is about to take place. Its preface and programme are contained in the *Encyclical* of 1864. Verily the Catholic Church has never before reached so momentous a crisis, for now everything around her wears the aspect of change. In the sixteenth century the Council of Trent was competent to decide any doctrinal question without the fear of exciting violent internal conflicts. Civil society, in spite of some slight efforts in France and Spain to show their independence of the Holy See, was at that time closely bound to the Church. Now, all is utterly changed, with the exception of the Pope's little principality. The State is now constituted on a wholly different basis from the Church. The State is a merely secular institution, and knows well that it cannot return to its old religious limitations. Such is the position of things in which the ecclesiastical representatives of Catholicism are summoned to make decrees not only concerning doctrine—a matter that might create but little excitement—but also upon the relations of civil society to the Church.

This great ecclesiastical machine called a general Council is about to be constructed and set to work before the whole world. Its wheels will have to work in

an absolute vacuum, for as to any decrees that it may make touching the political relations of religion, it is all but idle talk. The Council is simply a *coup d'église* of the Ultramontanists. It is a Jesuit plot; and the audacious men who take the lead in it reckon before everything to make use of it against the Liberals. It is not modern impiety that they trouble themselves about, for they know perfectly well that its abettors but mock at their anathemas; it is the liberal tendency in the bosom of their own Church which engrosses their energies; it is this which they hope to crush. Possibly they may succeed; only, that which they thus think to destroy may perhaps burst its bonds, and be marshalled once more outside the narrow limits within which they had thought to stifle it. There is their supreme danger. Two recent publications, which now lie before us, bring out the gravity of this position of affairs more forcibly than anything we have stated. Both of these refer to the forthcoming council. One is a letter on the future Ecumenical Council by the Bishop of Orleans. This is a hymn of hope, and brings to mind—shall we say it?—the timid boy who whistled as he crossed the churchyard to keep his courage up. It is, at least, a spurious effort to reassure himself against some invisible danger of which he has a vague and indefinite dread. The Bishop affirms that everything will pass off in the most glorious fashion, and that true liberty will result from this blessed and triumphant council. "Liberty," says he, "has she any cause for anxiety? What can those men have to dread who from the Catacombs to the Carmelite Massacre have established Christianity with their lives in their hands? Shall the bishops of America combine with the bishops of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland in a conspiracy against liberty?" The eloquent prelate wisely omits the Bishop of Rome. He knows that we have no need of encouragement from America and Switzerland; but that a little may be required from France and much from the Holy City, whence comes the Encyclicals and anathemas against modern society. We believe that at Rome there is a permanent conspiracy against liberty, shown at one time by grievous moans over the most trifling signs of progress, at another

by significant acts such as the Austrian Concordat and the steps which followed its abolition. Further, we believe that the convocation of this council is a part of that conspiracy, and that one object of it, which is fully decided on, is to formulate into dogmas and temporal power, the entire negation of liberty of conscience, and all the other fine things that are taught and practised at Rome. Our anxieties, therefore, are all alive with respect to the results of this celebrated and dangerous council, and we do not stand alone; witness the second publication to which we have referred, which has but just issued from the pen of M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, and is entitled "*La Révélation et l'Eglise*." In it the author clearly develops his views as to the impossibility of harmonizing Christianity with modern society, so long as the Church remains a political establishment united to the State. He shows that this confusion of things essentially different was the destructive characteristic of Paganism, which ignored the rights of conscience because it knew nothing of the true God. In our days it compromises everything, and deteriorates everything, and by enlisting religion in the service of absolutism, renders it distasteful to every generous nature. These grand ideas are developed from reason and history with rare vigor and force of language. The author does not hesitate to denounce the miserable policy of the Court of Rome, especially on the eve of the council. He thus expresses himself:—

"Whence does this pretended divorce arise? Why should the Church seem to have lost that discernment of the wants of the age in which it lives, and that power of renewing its youth which has given it during eighteen centuries such unexampled longevity? What radical alteration would such divorce have effected in the onward progress of humanity? Would the great movement of civilization have suddenly changed its course? Might we not think so when a Church which has been the initiator in all progressive movements is suddenly arrested, and can do nothing but launch anathemas against the modern world?"

"It is time that the dignitaries of the Church should take this view. The France of the present day is and wishes to remain the France of '89. To allow it to believe that the Church represents a social right opposed to the social right of '89,—founded

on principles irreconcilable with those principles,—would be not only to make a divorce with the Revolution, but to make a divorce with France itself. Catholic France has certainly deep roots in its national history, and its fidelity to its religious traditions—in spite of the retrograde policy of its ministers—is a wonderful and striking testimony to this fact. It has also the instinctive conviction that this antagonism rests upon a prodigious misunderstanding.

"But it is not without danger that the public mind is left indefinitely in agitation and indecision upon interests so important as these. Already the Church has alienated the liberal, active, living portion of the country. We find it difficult to express ourselves with sufficient clearness when we speak of these violent anarchical spirits, whose fundamental doctrine is, the revolt of man against God, the abolition of all moral discipline, and the negation of all social power. That these men should be the irreconcilable enemies of Christianity, and that the Church should not cease to condemn their errors is all very natural; but the fact that the subversive theories and the most legitimate conquests of the Revolution should be enveloped in common anathemas, combines at once peril and injustice.

"Let those who are trying to force the Church into this line of reaction know that the question is not now concerning confused tendencies and distractions where religious incredulity endeavors to aid the reform of the political status, but concerning practical principles which are accurately defined, concerning a new social right which is taking possession of the whole world, and which, having had its first manifestation in France, is no longer the dream of a few Utopians, but has become a fact, and an indestructible one.

"Such is the present situation: the Revolution is affirming itself, formulating itself, and becoming the foundation of all civilized nations, while the Church is protesting with the perseverance of despair. This antagonism has already produced disastrous effects; we fear it is producing effects incalculably more disastrous.

"During three centuries hostility has been proclaimed between the Church—which has made itself the cringing parasite of absolute governments in order to assure its own power—and secular society, just becoming conscious of its rights; while the people, anathematized because they wish to be free, have not ceased to advance and increase in importance."

We regret that our space does not allow us to quote the eloquent passage in which M. Arnaud de l'Ariège depicts the withering influence of the Papacy on the Austrian Empire and on the fair

lands of Italy and Spain, and points to the peculiar combination of circumstances which lead liberal Catholics to anticipate with strong misgivings the results of the Œcumenical Council.

Will this courageous note of warning be regarded? In a few months we shall see. If the council proves to be what all the preceding circumstances would lead us to fear, if it sanctions the adoption of the Syllabus, if it officially and dogmatically confirms the rupture between Rome and modern society, it will be responsible before God and men for the aggravated unbelief which it will provoke wherever Catholicism is regarded as the representative of Christianity. The fearful crisis which will alienate the minds of men from the Gospel, and in fact from the very idea of God, will be precipitated with a violence surpassing anything that we have hitherto seen. But the crisis within the Catholic Church will not be less serious. Possibly the votaries of Rome may succeed in concealing it for a time; perhaps many of the more liberal-minded among them may have the courage to fight against it; nevertheless, it cannot be avoided.

The unhesitating and unqualified condemnation of a tendency whose roots are deep and far-reaching, which is not the accident of the moment, but which is connected with a long series of events in the past, will bring sooner or later a rupture which will be hastened by the disappearance of the fiction of endowed religions. It will introduce an epoch of trouble and anxiety, but at the same time of agitation that shall be fruitful of good results. Catholicism, itself reformed, shall bring its tribute to the great religious movement which is going on all over the world, and to which no one church by itself is equal; if, on the contrary, liberal Catholicism is crushed and extirpated, there will ere long remain nothing of the great Roman Church but a lifeless corpse ready to vanish away.

The conclave of ecclesiastics which is to take place at the end of this year, under the peculiar combination of circumstances which we have endeavored to explain, is an event of great significance. In any case, it will be the winding-up of a long drama, to which we

may fairly apply the title of Racine's tragedy, "Les frères ennemis." There can, in fact, be no opposition more radical and determined than that which exists between the two parties who constitute the Catholicism of the present day.

The signal wonder of the Romish Church of our time is not its unity, which is only a myth, but its continued affirmation of unity in the midst of divisions so rooted and startling.

Fraser's Magazine.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

A REMARKABLE discussion has been going on of late in France on the subject of female education, which throws a curious light on the Catholic view of ideal womanhood and its fruits, and is particularly interesting to us in England, where the same questions (though under a strangely different aspect) are in fact being battled over, *i. e.*, what is the result we ought to aim at in our education of women, and how is it to be obtained.

The object for which woman was put into the world, which may for shortness be symbolized as that weekly enounced by the *Saturday Review*, is pretty nearly equivalent to the opinion of M. de Maistre, a great Catholic authority quoted by the Bishop of Orleans in his interesting little volume on *Les Femmes studieuses*. "To be able to understand what men are doing and talking of so far as to know that Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not request in marriage a niece of Louis XIV.," "is to be their greatest *chef-d'œuvre*;" "they may love and admire the beautiful, but must not be allowed to seek to express it;" "art, or study of any kind must only be carried on by way of amusement;" "woman is only ridiculous and unhappy if she attempts anything serious in any department of knowledge;" "she becomes a monkey;" in short, though she may be receptive of the thoughts of others, the power of original thought cannot and ought not to be hers.

To this the Bishop, Dupanloup, replies by giving a long list of women whose gifts have been uncontested. He goes on to say that "not only have they a right to intellectual cultivation, but that it is also a duty. God never makes useless gifts, and woman has received from her Creator the gift of intelligence,

that it may be used. A strict account will be required of every talent it is said in the Bible, and I know of no Father of the Church who has thought that this parable does not concern women as much as men." "St. Augustine says that no creature to whom God has granted the lamp of intelligence ought to act like the foolish virgins and let her lamp go out for want of trimming, not only for her own sake, but for that of others." "Woman," the Bishop goes on, "has not been considered as an intelligent free being, created in the image of God and responsible to Him for her actions, but as the property of man, *made only for him who is her end and aim*" (the italics are his), "a fascinating creature to be adored, but still an inferior being for the use and pleasure of man, who is alone her master, legislator, judge—as though she had herself neither soul, conscience, nor moral liberty, and as if God had not given her also faculties, aspirations, rights as well as duties."

Monseigneur Dupanloup does not mince matters. He goes on to say that "coquetterie is the natural result of this education which makes man the only end of the destiny of woman;" that "if the one man to whom she has been given is vicious, cross, or unworthy of affection, when temptation comes in the form of that superior being for whom she has been taught to think herself created, having been always told that she is an incomplete being, incapable of a separate existence, unless she be very strongly fortified by Christian principle she is enchained by the fatal attraction."

He proceeds to show that "the repressed capabilities, and unsatisfied desires which are not allowed to feed on what is good and true, fix on all sorts of false and unwise objects, and hence the lowness of mental and moral tone, the

feeble-mindedness of many women evidently fit for better things, but whose education has been stopped when they were really children." "A clever woman," he says, "will not remain confined to such arid duties as M. de Maistre desires. The knowledge that 'Pekin is not in Europe,' and the like, will not satisfy her, and unless she has intellectual pleasures as a rest from material duties, she will resort to frivolity to escape from their *ennui*." He might have moreover added that a really superior woman will always do whatsoever she has to do better than the mere drudge. "Serious and earnest mental application, real exertion of thought, are necessary. Even music and drawing are not enough unless they are of the higher order." "We must not deceive ourselves. Rigid principles with nothing but futile occupation, devotion with a merely material or worldly life, produce women without resources in themselves, and often insupportable to their husbands and children." "Earnest intellectual occupation calms exaggerated feelings of anxiety, restores the balance of her mind, and satisfies any just and noble desires she possesses; it gives peace sometimes more than any prayer, and brings back the spirit of order and good sense."

Mutilating the tree into a stunted shrub is not the way to improve it, "and the woman who feels that she has missed her aim in life, exhausts herself in vague aspirations. 'Vocation' is a word as applicable to women as to men. There is a divine plan for each soul, the realization of which is helped on by our efforts, or checked by our want of energy. We cannot foresee always to what end God intends his gifts, but he certainly has given them for some object. After all, the desire to keep women ignorant is chiefly caused by the idleness of men, who desire to keep their superiority without trouble. It is a vicious circle: idle men wish their wives to be ignorant and frivolous, and as long as women continue so, they wish men to be idle. They seem to think that they have gained a victory when they have succeeded in making their husbands neglect their business. How many magistrates, lawyers, and notaries are worried by their wives into failure and want of exactness in their attention to their work."

The Bishop's description of "polite" life in Paris is very graphic and somewhat terrible; "a young woman seems to think that she has married in order to be able to run about the world and amuse herself: balls, concerts, visits, *the turf*, do not leave a moment of rest day or night. Later in the year come the watering places and *bains-de-mer*. Whether he likes it or not, the husband must share this exuberance of excitement; he is often bored and often remonstrates, but the wife employs all her grace, skill, and seductiveness, which God had given her for a very different use, to induce him to yield." "If she has married a literary man, an orator, or a philosopher, and he takes up a book to escape from this whirl, she pouts (which is thought charming when she is twenty), dances round him, puts on her bonnet, comes back, sits down, gets up, looks repeatedly in the glass, takes up her gloves, and ends by an explosion against all books and reading, which are of no use but to make a man absent and unbearable. For the sake of peace, the husband throws away his book, loses the habit of reading, and in time, failing to raise his companion to his standard, he sinks down to hers."

Certainly, in France, husbands must be more complying than with us, and female influence stronger, for it would be a strange household in England where such fantastic tricks could succeed.

He goes on to show a state of things to which fortunately there is no parallel with us. "In the well-to-do classes," he declares, as soon as there is any question of marriage, a young man is called upon to give up his profession, "for every girl who has enough to live on insists on her husband's doing nothing. A soldier or a sailor must remain single, or marry a dowerless girl. This senseless prejudice is such an accepted fact that even the most rational mothers of a certain class hardly advise their sons to adopt a profession, or only for a few years, for say they, 'a married man cannot go on with one.' How can men be expected to work under such conditions, or care for a position which may have at any moment to be given up? What zeal or ambition is proof against the knowledge that at five or six and twenty, when a man has just got over the difficulties which beset the beginning of all careers,

he is to renounce everything? I have known mothers in despair at seeing their sons, in the very moment of success, forced to forsake it all at the peremptory demand of a young girl and the blindness of her parents, who cannot foresee the dangers of idleness, and the inevitable regrets, the monotony of a tête-à-tête after the emotions of Solferino, the unceasing excitement of our Algerian garrisons, or the adventurous life of a naval officer. It is the part of a Christian woman to teach her daughters to dread the dangers of brutal stupidity and idleness; the social and intellectual suicide produced by having no employment, no office, no work; the religious and political necessity of taking up a useful position in life and asserting one's influence in the cause of right."

He complains that the separation of mind between men and women is becoming more and more dangerous; "if she has read nothing but frivolous books, and has no idea of what can be said on both sides of a question, now that all subjects are discussed and reasoned upon, how can she give that help, virtue, purity, and faith which are her peculiar province? She must become serious, reflective, firm, courageous, I will even say manly in thought, to be able to do her part. There are no noble works in which woman has not borne part; she is intended as the 'socia' of the man—even more, his helpmate, support, councillor, 'adjutorium.'"

With regard to her children, "study is necessary to accomplish her most important duties; she must attend to their intellectual as well as their moral education. How many an affectionate mother stands by her influence over her sons from are required the power to guide and understand now the character and judgment and the daily greater, than as love; whereas occupations and the sexes become working with and for them, should lead, for God."

At present what does education for girls, who at eighteen are taught do all is finished with their first pink gown, "and who fling themselves headlong into the rapturous delights of going out into society? They have learnt nothing thoroughly, not even that on which they

spend so much time. A girl will practise four hours a day at the piano, and possess at the end no knowledge of the great masters, their styles or schools. Music has degenerated into a brilliant noise, which does not even soothe the nerves." Drawing as usually taught does not even develop the sense of the beautiful. A girl may be able to draw what is called well, and not know a good picture from a bad one, or whether Perugino was the master or the pupil of Raphael.

As to the charge of pedantry, or of being a "blue stocking," these are not the consequences of real knowledge; it is the incomplete development of the mind, the smattering of sciences and accomplishments which make a woman believe that she knows what she is really ignorant of.

Moreover, when there is no proportion between aspirations and the power of realizing them, the half-educated mind will not be satisfied with common life, but will seek its pleasures in excitement and emotion.

There is one point to which the Bishop incessantly recurs, which certainly does not bear by any means the same proportion to the life of women in England as in France—dress. He describes how it takes up the conversation for several hours at least every day, how it saps the foundation of everything serious even in virtuous and Christian women. He complains of the inordinate time taken up in shopping, the way in which milliners and ladies' maids become the confidantes of girls, that a mother teaches her daughter to think that dress is one of her greatest interests and primary duties, talks and allows her to talk about it for hours, and to judge of everything in the

life, asks only title; she thinks only of in short, even on the very day when is about to consecrate her life to devotion to the most serious duties" (underlined in the original). "When she finds, as life goes on, that she must give up instead of being an idol, serve instead of being served, the trial is a hard one."

He says that some sort of plan of life is necessary to secure a certain proportion of details to the whole. In

architecture a great work is sometimes sacrificed for the want of this harmony. Let the architect of his own life look to it. If there is difficulty in gaining time for reading, let women learn the art of seizing on odd times, of using disengaged moments.]

Study makes women like their homes, and instead of being "crushed and flattened under the enormous weight of nothing," as De Maistre calls it, gives them an occupation and an interest there. For this, however, she must give herself a chance in matter of time: if she stays out every night at late balls and parties, how can she work in the morning?

In short, nothing could be more admirable than the Bishop's tone, or more judicious than his remarks, and probably Monseigneur d'Orleans, a clever, ambitious man, very earnest in what he considers the right, was considerably pleased with the effect he had produced. He had proved his case only too well; his facts do not seem to have been disputed. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, member of the Senate, followed suit, and it now only remained to find a proper remedy for such a grievous state of things. A paternal government, of course, felt itself called on for action, and the Minister of Public Instruction appealed to the whole lay body of teachers to organize a better system for the education of women.

To the horror of the Bishop, it was proposed to establish courses of instruction for girls, lectures, lessons by the professors of the university, in short all the "personel et matériel scientifique" of all the 80 lycées and 280 colleges of France was to be employed in the cause.

Monseigneur Dupanloup was furious.

To have himself "nursed the pig" which impelled the ~~arm~~ ^{arm}, he uttered ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~lists~~ ^{lists}, declaring that the "whole was the result of a conspiracy to take the education of women out of the hands of the Church."

To which M. Sauvestre, as one of the representatives of the lay and ~~res~~ ^{res} ~~ing~~ ^{ing} part of the community, replied in a little book called *Sur les geroux de l'Eglise*. "If," said he, "the Church

has already had the whole of the education of girls in her own hands, as by your own confession is the case, upon it must fall the responsibility of the state of things which has called forth the reprobation of the two bishops." "For nearly twenty years the priests in France have enjoyed an influence recalling the worst days of the Restoration; for ten years the clergy have had the direction of almost all education, as Monseigneur admits, and what is the result in his own words?—"flimsy, frivolous, superficial. A young woman in general knows nothing, absolutely nothing; she can only talk of dress, steeplechases, and the absurdities of other people. She knows by heart all about the most famous actors and horses, the names of the performers at the Opéra and the Variétés; she is more familiar with the *Stud Book* than the *Imitation*. Last year she betted on Tourques, this year on Vermouth, &c.; she will tell you the best milliners, the most fashionable saddlers, and weigh the respective merits of the stables of the Comte de Lagrange and the Duc de Morny; but, alas, should conversation turn on any subject connected with history or geography she is struck dumb; she is incapable of talking on business, art, politics, or science." "These girls," says Sauvestre, "so well up in horses and theatres, all come out of fashionable convents; could any one, indeed, live in the world who had not been educated in a convent?" He goes on to describe how an attempt has been made to destroy all lay instruction, * support and encourage Jesuit colleges and convents, and the school out various brotherhoods and a wrong, (where the young mind ~~is~~ ^{is} put in of all distinctions ~~of~~ ^{of} where the pupils ~~are~~ ^{are} place of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~distinction~~ ^{distinction} ~~between~~ ^{between} theft ~~are~~ ^{are} taught of ~~able~~ ^{able} and theft which is ~~which~~ ^{which} is ~~between~~ ^{between} defamation to be ~~blamed~~ ^{blamed} and that which is permissible to ~~avoid~~ ^{avoid} the holy interests of the Church & morality—of which last permission the outside world will perhaps think that the Bishop has occasionally availed himself liberally in his second pamphlet).

Sauvestre then gives his authorities, beginning with a catechism in very gen-

eral use, sanctioned by the Church, headed by testimonials from the Bishop of Strasburg and Bishop of Verdun, at much length, third edition, 1866.

"Is it always wrong to steal?"—A. "No; it may happen that the person from whom you take the property has no right to oppose you, or you are in extreme distress, and only take what is absolutely necessary to deliver yourself from it; or in secret as a sort of compensation, which you cannot otherwise obtain, of things which are due to you in justice" (this last is even a point of doctrine which is called "secret compensation"). "Thus servants who do not think themselves paid according to their merits, the shopkeeper who thinks he is selling too cheaply, can right themselves by this convenient doctrine."

The chapter on "Defamation" shows how "calumnies need not be retracted in five different cases; *i. e.*, when you cannot do so without injuring your own character by the exposure more than your neighbor's by the defamation, &c., &c.," which is followed by "Dispensation from the fulfilment of a sworn promise," and "if conscience," says M. Sauvestre, "is inconveniently painful, the child is told that there are eight kinds of conscience, among which figure the 'scrupulous' and the 'capacious.'"

Nothing appears too small on which to give directions. For instance, there is a chapter on Magnetism, "which it is probable may be practised if you do not summon the devil to interfere;" table-turning, however, "is expressly forbidden as a devilish practice." It is forbidden to open and read sealed letters . . . "unless you have reason to suppose that the writer of the letter or the person to whom it is addressed will not object!" (you yourself being the judge).

Then come Exercises for Girls according to the method of St. Ignatius. She is to imagine that she sees before her some holy scene and place; "for instance, that of the Annunciation: fancy the little house where the holy Mary is awaiting in the moonlight the beautiful angel who is to bring to her the happiness and glory of maternity." Then comes "the Contemplation of the Circumcision" in the same way; "imagine yourself in the stable where it is per-

formed," the whole scene being given in what we must consider most extraordinary detail.

The coarse materialism of the Exercises upon Death and Hell is still worse. "You are to realise through every sense—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch—what will take place on your own death-bed, your cries of pain, the death-rattle, your agony and fear; then the tolling of the bell, the grave-digger digging your grave, your nasty smell after your death, your funeral, the conversation of those who see you carried along and discuss your character."

The contemplation of hell is "to bring up before your mind, first the abyss, its length, width, and depth, filled with an enormous fire; then the horrible smell of the smoke, as of pitch and sulphur; the taste, all that can be conceived of bitterness, such as tears, the noise of sighs, cries of agony, blasphemy, and howling amidst the roaring of the flaming fire," &c., &c.

Part of the recommendations for a holy life consists in a seclusion of four weeks, wherein five such exercises are to be used each day. "You are to deprive yourself as much as possible of the light of the day, the doors and windows are to be closed, only light enough left to read and perform necessary things. Avoid all thoughts which can give you joy, *such as the Resurrection.*" "A hair-cloth shirt, girdle with small iron chains, and discipline even to the drawing of blood, are recommended. No conversation except with the director. The patients are to live with this phantasmagoria of death, hell, and the crucifixion, to weep, accuse themselves of sin, invoke phantoms, and to believe in their own guilt; if they do not appear at their call, to lash themselves, torture their bodies in order to drive away all reality and judgment. By the time the seclusion is ended, the wretched victims have probably lost all control over their reason, require a director indeed, and are in a fit state of subjection to the priest." These Exercises, singularly called spiritual, are used in all the religious houses in France, and are to be found in every variety of edition and of different arrangement; "they produce a deep self-contempt, the giving up of thought and action alike to the director, the

fear of hell, a systematic destruction of reason and conscience. This is what the priests have put in the place of morality, and this is why the country desires to take the direction of education into its own hands."

The Bishop had gone so far, in his first work, as to allow that female education as now conducted, "even the most religious, does not give any taste for serious work, or but too rarely; that it dissipates, weakens, and debases the minds of women, instead of strengthening and raising them." Who, answers the layman, are to blame for this if the priests are always crying woe to "those who seek in human science for what will satisfy their curiosity," and when the ideals held up for imitation are those contained in the *Lives of Saints, Servants of Mary, &c.*, the absurdities and indecencies of which are too unpleasant to quote? These books are given as prizes, and constitute the staple religious reading in schools and convents (the "besotted lecture pieuse," which Miss Brontë describes with such horror in *Villette*). What must be a girl's notion of a useful life and of true pity, who is called upon to admire, e.g., "the blessed Benoitte Reineural," who "used the discipline every day from her fifteenth to her forty-fifth year, wore hair-cloth fifteen years, iron bracelets armed with sharp points twelve years, iron garters four years, a corset of tin pierced inside like a rasp for five years," which sound like the penances of some Indian fakier in honor of some hideous Juggernaut.

There are 72,000 monks and nuns in France who devote themselves to teaching, 62,000 in lycées and colleges, 5,800 in ecclesiastical establishments; nearly one-half of the *écoles primaires* are in the hands of the Congregationalists; while the examinations and certificates required from lay teachers are not exacted from the 8,000 sisters who direct schools, 7,000 of whom are without certificates.

The manner in which history is taught by this army of monks and nuns is so remarkable that, unless its influence was lost through its own violence, it is difficult to understand how any liberalism could exist in France at this moment. The manuals on science, history, &c., used in the different schools, by M. Chantrel of the *Univers*, M. Gabourd, &c.,

works which have passed through many editions, show how.

"One of the high-sounding words employed by freemasons, infidels and Protestants, is toleration. . . . Truth and virtue alone can possess the rights of liberty; error and vice have no rights; they can have none. . . . To prevent and punish evil, to interdict the propagation of error, is not to be a persecutor, for no one can be said to persecute evil. . . . In a Catholic society, to practise or teach heresy is to attack the constitution of law and of society."

"Careful study shows that whatever has been done agreeably to the wishes of the Holy See, and in conformity to its instructions, has been just and beneficial," a complete justification, says M. Sauvestre, "of the Inquisition and the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. That pious massacre was approved of by the Holy See, the head of Coligny was sent to the Pope, and a medal struck at Rome in its honor, with the effigy of Gregory XIII. on one side, and the slaughter of the Huguenots by an angel, on the other the words, Ugonottorum Strages, 1572. Three frescoes were, moreover, painted in the Vatican on the subject."

"There are three degrees of social liberty," says M. Chantrel; "but the highest is where good only is free; the Church admits nothing of toleration. It may be necessary for a time to tolerate these evils," i.e., the "liberté des cultes et de la presse," that is, as long as it cannot do otherwise. "To deny authority by divine right is a principle destructive of social order." The King has a right divine, under the direction, of course, of the Church. Sauvestre gives other gems from the historical summaries, such as, "The Protestants began the massacre of St. Bartholomew;" the crusade against the Albigenses, the slaughter by the Baron des Adrets, the hangings, butcheries, women ripped open, &c., were caused by their own fault: "The outrages against God and his saints had inflamed the imaginations of men to such a pitch of fury, that they no longer confined themselves to the limits they ought to observe. . . . Massacres are the inevitable effects of heresy," says M. Gabourd.

"It was at Vienna that Pilate died, two years after the crucifixion of the Just One. . . . Herod Agrippa and Herodias

finish their days at Lyons. . . . Martha, Mary, Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, landed on the coast of Provence, where they planted the cross."

"*Les Provinciales* are nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations, either exaggerated or absolutely calumnious; the book, indeed, was burnt at last by the public executioner." A *History of France*, one of the class-books of the Jesuits, describes the revocation of the edict of Nantes—"The dragonnades did not occasion the death of any Calvinist, and excited the most vivid enthusiasm in France; any excesses must be attributed to the military zeal of Louvois; those which took place after the edict received the approbation of Louis XIV., but if he was wrong almost the whole of France was wrong also." Then negligently, as if it were an affair of small moment, it observes, as to the number of exiles, that, according to the computation of Vauban, "they were between 80,000 and 100,000; or, according to statistics furnished to the Duc de Bourgogne, 67,000 to 68,000 refused to abjure."

In the succeeding reign Cardinal Dubois is represented as a much calumniated man, spotless; while the chief fault of Louis XV. was that he sent the Jesuits out of France.

Modern history is told in an equally remarkable manner:

"The taking of the Malakoff was accomplished by the French troops marching in, bearing an image of the Virgin, and Pelissier placed the success of the assault under the protection of one of her fêtes."

The dangers of science are guarded against by the *Catechism of Perseverance*, 22d edit., headed by the approbation of the Pope and a whole string of cardinals, the almost incredible silliness of which must be studied to be believed. It is, of course, in the form of question and answer.

"On the third day God placed the sea therein bed prepared for it."

"Q. What do you observe of the extent of the sea?—A. That it is neither too great nor too little.

"Q. What did he cover the earth with?—A. With green grass, because it suits our eyes better than any other color; if it had been red, black, or white, we could not have borne the sight" (so that the

Esquimaux and the negroes are probably blind).

"Q. Why were the stars created on the fourth day?—A. To teach men that they were not the cause of the productions of the earth, God ordained this so as to prevent idolatry.

"Q. What do you observe about fish?—A. I observe that it is a wonder that they should be born and live in sea-water, which is salt, and that this whole race has not been annihilated long ago."

"On the fifth day God made the birds. Like fish, they are born of the sea, and it is a great miracle that that element should have produced in the twinkling of an eye two species so entirely different."

In an "exercise" given to the pupils of a convent in Ille et Vilaine the vision of a nun who had appeared to one of the sisters gives much information as to purgatory. "It is like a lime-kiln, but some souls endure icy cold. The Holy Virgin does not often come there, but when she does, she talks to every soul and tells them how long their time will be." "St. Joseph very rarely visits the souls, she has only seen him once." The nun who saw the vision offered a calming gift of holy water; the soul was pleased, but said that it felt hot, and, vanishing, left a piece of the burnt flesh of her fingers behind, which looks like burnt velvet. "To doubt the truth of this apparition," says the directress, "appears impossible, considering the infinite good resulting from this twofold miracle." "The flesh of a soul!" says Sauvestre, admiringly. If it is replied that great absurdities might be detected in out-of-the-way English girl-schools, and that it is not fair to observe on these, the answer is evident; Mrs. Jones's or Mrs. Brown's silliness is on her own undivided responsibility; the French convent schools are part of a great organization carried on under the guidance of the infallible Catholic Church.

The details of the strange, mystic, amorous passion inculcated towards the Saviour in these young girls are too disgusting to give, but Sauvestre relates a trial in which a certain Rev. Father Gonzaga figured before the law courts of Poitiers, where letters were produced, such as "I threw you palpitating into the arms of your husband" (Jesus

Christ); showing how such sentiments may be abused.

A rapport was distributed to the Chambers in 1863, says Sauvestre, which says:

"During the thirty previous months, out of 34,873 lay public schools, 99 teachers were condemned, 19 for crimes, 80 for misdemeanors, *i. e.*, one in every 352 schools. Out of 3,531 public schools, conducted by ecclesiastics, there were 55 condemnations, 23 for crime, 32 for misdemeanors, *i. e.*, one in every 64 schools. The calculation of crime taken separately makes the comparison still worse, *i. e.*, one in 1,835 lay teachers; one in 153 ecclesiastics. The species of crime was such that these statistics were no longer allowed to be published after 1863."

Again, a circular from the General Superior of the Institute of Christian Schools, May, 1861, published surreptitiously, contains the following concerning the state of things in his own order: "Until the present time we have thought it best only to hint at this vice, but the gravity of the circumstances has become such that this delicacy is no longer possible when we consider the deplorable facts which have successively appeared." He quotes two former circulars in 1854 and 1860, and says, "These warnings have been given in vain."

"The brothers are chiefly taken from young men fresh from the plough or from tending cattle, induced to join the order greatly by the wish to escape military service; they make a promise of which they do not understand the extent, a black robe is thrown over their shoulders, and they become at once teachers. Are the brutal instincts of these untaught natures surprising?"

It certainly gives a strange idea of the state of French morals when the Bishop thinks that he has reduced the question of public lectures to a hopeless absurdity by saying, "Carry out your principles, let the Minister declare that any man, any Frenchman, has a right to open a 'Cours' for young girls, unless the Departmental Council oppose it in the interest of public morals, and see what would be the result!"

Which is exactly the scheme now being established in most of the large towns in England, without any protec-

tion either from ministers or mayors, and which yet the most zealous advocate of female modesty has not remonstrated against for this reason.

No words in the Bishop's vocabulary seem large enough to express his horror for this "plan détestable, audacieux, irréligieux, cet étrange principe," fearful and new. Indeed the honest terror which he exhibits against the teaching of girls from fourteen to seventeen by professors is so genuine that we can only wonder at the state of things it implies. He cites "le grand roi" Louis XIV. (a curious guardian of female delicacy) as an authority against it, tells how when Napoleon established the girl-schools for the Légion d'honneur, "ce grand homme" ordained that *no man, not even a gardener*, was to be admitted within the precincts; even the directress herself was only to receive one in the *parloir*. The Bishop declares openly that it would be impossible to send a French girl "seule dans une voiture publique à 500 lieues, ou en pleine mer à 5,000, confiée à un capitaine pour l'Australie, comme cela se fait chaque jour en Angleterre et en Amérique. Essayez en France et vous verrez; ou plutôt n'essayez pas, car vous savez bien que c'est impossible." Instead, however, of deploring such a state of things, he evidently considers it part of the "distinction des femmes françaises dans toute l'Europe," which, he adds, is "depuis longtemps incontestée."

Clearly he is not of the opinion of the Irish melody—

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her o'er the green isle.

It is very clear that the French maiden is no "Una."

It is indeed curious to read Monseigneur Dupanloup's books, where the facts are mostly uncontested and where the steps of his argument are admirable, yet feeling all the while that they tend to an absolutely opposite conclusion. As a matter of course a Roman Catholic Bishop cannot conceive Christianity beyond the pale of his Church, and religion itself is identified with the particular form to which he belongs; but we should not find much difference on this point in the opinions of a presbyter of the Scotch communion, an ordinary

Anglican rector, or a Methodist minister: "the right is what I think, the good is what I am." Still it is put more rudely than even our controversies accustom us to hear. "Your religion," he says to the Protestants, "consists entirely in destroying ours." He reproaches M. Duruy for having said something in favor of Luther, and remarks, "Bossuet, avant d'écraser l'impiété et l'immoralité de ce moine apostat," &c. (there may be some difference of opinion in Europe as to whether Luther has been *écrasé* or not). He goes on, "To take girls out of the influence of priests is to deprive them of all religion, to make them atheists." "Religion, modesty, morality, are worth all the 'ologies in Europe," to which every one would agree. "Atheism and immorality are worse in women than in men," Q. E. D. "La femme sage, modeste, laborieuse," can only be obtained "sur les genoux de l'Église," in the face of his own report of the utter failure hitherto of this very influence in the ordinary modern French-woman.

Still it is evident that the new form of instruction is not without great danger in so inflammable a community, and the scheme of the Minister has so many unwise provisions, that French girlhood seems likely to be as much ruined by the too great publicity of the new régime as by the absurd monastic regulations at present in force, and may fall between the two schools of extreme views.

If the Bishop could persuade himself to try and find a remedy for the evils of the Minister's new system, instead of indulging in this prolonged tempest of objurgation, he would render the greatest service to the state. Let him lift up his testimony against "public exhibitions in the Sorbonne," against "receiving prizes in the Salles publiques des Mairies, at Comices Agricoles, Expositions," and the like, against reciting odes before a large mixed audience, which are all most dangerous for young girls, and specially for French girls it is evident. These however are by no means inventions due to M. Duruy and his assistants. They exist already in many French girl-schools and in the crowning of the Rosière.

Many of the subjects of lectures cited

by the Bishop are certainly not very judicious; but does he think the erotic literature of the convent more likely to produce modest women? As he says, many of the professors may have gone far in scientific rationalism, but a study of the surprising facts of the Catechism is hardly likely to fortify the mind against its attacks. He complains of the books placed in the libraries of the lycées, and mentions amongst them with horror *Don Quixote*, "our joyfulest and all but our deepest modern book," observes Carlyle; and the *Jerusalem Delivered*, "our great Christian epic," as it is generally considered. He says these will stain "la foi et la délicatesse des mœurs." Does he really, after the wise counsel given in his first volume, consider the abominable lives of saints to be more edifying?

And so we return once more to the original idea of the opposition between faith and knowledge, the belief that ignorance and innocence are synonymous, the virtues of darkness, the devotion to Plato's "shadows of the cave," the honest terror that light of all kinds must be dangerous for the eyes, the source of the myths, older than Faust (the old German story, not Goethe's) or even Prometheus, that the gods will punish the desire of knowledge, which is not good for man, still less for woman.

It is supposed that a young girl is more likely to be religious for believing that Pilate died at Vienna, and that birds were born of the sea; more modest, for never even seeing a man, "even a gardener." "Is man more wise than his Creator?" as Job inquired, no one can tell how many hundred years ago. Has he separated men from women in families in the world? Male and female created He them. And these attempts to improve God's arrangements by concocting such an utterly artificial, unnatural life, bears its own fruit of evil, and tends to a fearful reaction, as the Bishop himself bears witness. At the first contact with the real world, the bewildered girl, seeing man almost for the first time, as a natural result, feels a morbid interest in these charming fiends, so seductive, so terrible that they were not even to be looked at.

As to the experience we may gain by studying these different experiments in

education, we shall probably feel that one extreme is almost as bad as the other; the unbelieving professors and the superstitious nuns are both of them very little to our taste. The reaction from the ignorant and narrow restrictions on female teaching in France has led to a desire "that girls should study exactly the same things as men;" and if Messrs. Albert & Co. give them lectures on Abélard and Rabelais, upon Rousseau and Voltaire, as M. Dupanloup declares, we shall certainly agree with him, that however useful in a study of French literature for grown-up intelligences, these are utterly unfitted for young girls.

We do not wish the Home Secretary to request the masters of Eton and Harrow, and "all the grammar schools," to undertake the education of English girls, and we shall certainly not confide our daughters to the petty jealousies, the narrow intellects and hearts, of the conventual Mrs. Stars and Miss Saurins. Still, if we return to the advice of the Bishop before he lost his temper and the balance of his judgment, we shall find his observations as applicable in our own case as in France. To enable a girl to learn something which she cares for so thoroughly as to make it a real interest in her after life, to allow her a greater choice of subjects—indeed to choose that for which she has a "vocation," to use a grand word—to discourage that foolish smattering of knowledge, that series of indifferently taught accomplishments which every girl is forced to pass through, and which nine-tenths of them drop entirely when they are married; in short, to be accurate and conscientious, and not to be allowed to skate over the surface of history and languages as they now too often do, is what we should aim at. A girl who conceives that she understands French, Italian, and German will often be found to misuse half the genders in her French talk, not to be able to translate an ordinary Italian letter, and when you ask her the meaning of the page of German which she is reading off so glibly, prove that she does not understand half the principal words, which yet she does not take the trouble to look out, but goes on snatching at the sense as if such trifles did not signify; while, not improbably,

you may find the young lady undertaking the study of some dead language in the same fashion.

There is no examination, no comparison with other minds possible in the ordinary governess education in England; and only those who have occasion to test it can conceive the extraordinary incorrectness of the information, the shallowness of the knowledge of the common "well-educated" girl, the want of any power of reasoning, of any knowledge of the logical sequences of cause and effect in her mind.

Women have hitherto never been made to feel that there is any importance in the accuracy of what they learn; they have never been compelled to bring up their knowledge, as it were, to a pitched battle, to find out which were trusty battalions of facts to be relied on, and which would give way under the least pressure. They have never realized what it is to know that a class or a fellowship, an appointment for India or a clerkship in a public office—*i. e.*, the whole future of their lives—depended upon the correctness of their construing of a Greek play, their facts concerning Charlemagne or Charles V., their differential calculus or their algebra; and wanting these material incentives, they and their parents have been perfectly satisfied with the slovenly results incident to such dilettante teaching as they have hitherto been only able to obtain.

Knowledge will not give women more influence, as sometimes seems to be feared; indeed, it is hardly possible to be greater than it is, and certainly not desirable; but it will enable them to use wisely, for wise ends, that which they possess in such large measure already. Indeed, if men at all realized the amount which they exercise at present in life, they would take care that they were better fitted to wield it. Fénelon, certainly no advanced Liberal, says, "there is no doubt that the bad education of women does more harm than that of men." It is often at present the least estimable part of a woman which gives her this sway over man.

If we attempt to calculate the power of a mother over her children in their early days, both with regard to their health and characters, the power, both

for good and for evil, of young women over young men, that of mothers over their sons, of wives over their husbands, and make some sort of estimate of its aggregate, we shall not any longer consent to leave the preparation for such a sphere of action in the hands of the worst educated of human beings—i. e., the larger portion of the governesses and schoolmistresses of England

To know how little we know is the result of all real knowledge, and this certainly will not make women presumptuous or vain; it is the half knowledge, the shallow impertinence of "cram," which is really dangerous.

A clever, educated woman may be reasoned with and convinced; it is the ignorant, narrow, obstinate woman, seeing only one side of a question, believing that there can be no right but her own, who, adhering doggedly to her own way, so often carries the day against her busy husband, who has no time and no inclination to battle out the infinitesimal trifles, which yet make up so large a part of life. It is the inferior mind which generally rules the household. A man or woman with many interests in life, and sympathy with many ideas, does not care to contest indifferent matters; and to be always on the watch to obtain that large field of influence which falls in "by lapse" gives an incalculable advantage in the long run.

The difference between men and women is so radical, both bodily and mentally, that save in the most exceptional instances, there cannot be the smallest danger of a deeper education making them too much like men. There is a pathetic story by George Sand, given in a *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where the difference is touched upon with extreme feeling by one who had done her best to make herself, as she thought, manly: most truly, "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

There is a great complaint made at present against fast girls and frisky matrons—these certainly have not erred from over-education. If it be only as an experiment, we may at least try a different course. As to the fear of that most unpleasant of results, the making "learned women," this is an evil which at present would seem very little to be dreaded. Although the love of reading is quite as

common among girls as among boys, the over-devotion to it amid the engrossing cares of after life is not likely to be exceedingly dangerous.

It is the power of assimilation which is so wanting in ordinary minds, and which ought to be cultivated—to teach them that the random skimming of a dozen reviews, the whipt cream, as it were, of other folks' knowledge, is not equal to the painstaking digging out of the essence of one fact and making it their own. Robertson complains of the dreadful habit of swallowing books which is growing on this generation. "I have," he says, "read fewer books than most girls of nineteen;" but then he had made use of them.

To this should be added the acquiring the rare art of intelligent listening, so as to benefit one's self and assist the speaker; "neither to disturb, divert, nor lower the conversation," says Dupanloup, "the first of the liberal arts," as some one calls it; and this would appear to be essentially feminine. Yet there is generally no worse listener than a young girl, unless it be in affairs of sentiment, when "a fellow feeling makes her wondrous kind."

There has been an extraordinary change in opinion on these questions even during the last few months. Three of our universities have already given our girls the opportunity of testing their knowledge by examination; lectures are being established in most of our great towns, on almost all conceivable subjects; and there has been a general sifting and overhauling of our girl schools and teachers. Whether in the efforts now making we have yet hit upon the best methods of communicating knowledge without injuring home character remains to be seen; but even if, as seems probable, a "college for women" cannot generally be made to fit into the present arrangements of society, it will at least give an opening for girls to obtain (if they please) a year or so of honest work in any pursuit for which they have real talent, and which the extremely fragmentary nature of women's ordinary home life renders so difficult to arrange. Above all, it will prepare teachers with some recognized standard of ability and acquirements such as we cannot now obtain. It will get rid of the broken-down lady who, knowing nothing her-

self, aspires to teach that nothing to our daughters—to whom we have been hitherto chiefly condemned.

Probably also by giving some sort of certificate like the diploma required for governesses in Germany and elsewhere, it will cause that ill-used class to be both more considered and better paid, and so open the field to a higher order of ability.

It is evident that household cares can no longer find the same occupation for woman as of old. Before the time of machinery and of shops, the feeding and clothing, the comfort, even the existence of the whole establishment depended upon her; her wise forethought, her manual dexterity, and her power of management, provided for all, and this was a sufficiently interesting and difficult duty for her life, and a large opening for her energies. The "virtuous woman" in Proverbs is no household drudge; she is a merchant, an agriculturist, and an admirable ruler; she "maketh fine linen and selleth it," "she considereth a field and buyeth it," and "with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard;" she has evidently a turn for art, and wears very fine clothes, silk and purple, but "she is good to the poor, she openeth her mouth with wisdom," she looks after her household and children, and "causes her husband to be honored," "strength and honor are her clothing," and her "rejoicing" is particularly mentioned. This woman certainly wanted neither occupation nor consideration. Her particular work is done, but it is her modern equivalent which we want now to produce.

"The brain of woman," said Professor Barlow some time since, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, "though smaller absolutely than that of man, is larger relatively to the size of her body." He fortifies himself with many quotations from professors both German and English for the fact, and proceeds to say that "this large development of her intellectual organs requires culture," and the danger of leaving them to run to seed is great. With these large brains, the rare susceptibility and quick perceptions which women generally possess, unless good and useful pursuits are open to them, and they have worthy objects to occupy their minds, they will take up with those which are mean and low, but which offer a chance of power, always peculiarly charming to an inferior. It is not by their noblest qualities that some of the least excellent of the sex have ruled so royally. A woman can flirt by nature, but she reaches her best development only as the result of very careful culture.

To put the question in its lowest form, women are half the human race, and merely as a matter of numbers it may be worth trying whether the world would not advance faster if "a good education" were given them. There is amongst us the widest disparity of opinion as to what constitutes this "good education," but as no party believes that we possess it, or anything approaching to it, at the present moment, in the midst of our own uncertainties, any evidence as to the mistakes and experience of other nations becomes exceedingly valuable.

Fraser's Magazine.

OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND ANNIHILATION.

THERE was a piece of poetry, or at least of verse, which I was constrained in my youthful days to commit to memory, and publicly repeat, with appropriate gesticulation, before a large assemblage. It was Cato's soliloquy about the immortality of the soul. School-books are much changed; I think this old favorite piece has now disappeared from them. I inwardly rebelled against that piece, even as I repeated it. In that piece, the accomplished author makes

Cato speak of human nature as shrinking from annihilation:

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught?"

I quote no more: that is the idea, and then it is beaten out thin.

This is accepted by many without due thought. Is there in human nature this shrinking from annihilation? I doubted

it as a little boy. I doubt it much more now. There are some certain facts which look another way.

What is the most prevalent vice of humanity? It is the use of intoxicating liquors or drugs. Find human beings where you may, savage and civilized, they have found out something that can intoxicate; and a great many habitually use that to excess. And what is the great end of all intoxicating liquors, or drugs? Why, it is unconsciousness. It is to get away from one's self: in fact, it is annihilation for the time. On a day of drenching rain and storm like this, you give a few pence to the poor soaked, starved hopeless beggar; and the beggar hurries to spend the pence on a glass of drugged and poisonous whiskey, seeking therein oblivion of his cares. And it is a sorrowful ~~fact~~ that many educated persons, both men and women, pressed by a load of anxiety and misery, as by like means get away from it. Even the trouble which rises no higher than the rank of worry, sometimes has driven to the same wretched relief: which is some way downer perdition. But you ~~are~~ inclined plane that ~~is~~ ^{is} ducts from there being the universal ~~that~~, and inward ~~horror~~ of falling into ~~thought~~, there is nothing more longed after by a considerable portion of the race. Every one has known, when terrible physical agony was pressing, the blessed relief of the powerful opiate, under which the iron claw of pain relaxes, and you feel yourself floating away into rest. The most beneficent discovery of modern times is assuredly of that anæsthetic, which makes human beings unconscious through critical times of their life, in which consciousness would be agony. Are there not some who have made such a wretched thing of life, that its presence is hopeless misery: and the best they wish for is to be relieved of its intolerable load? Poor Burns was perfectly sincere when he wrote,

"Oh life, thou art a weary load,
Along a thorny, wretched road,
To wretches such as I."

And Sophocles meant it, when he wrote the famous chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, of which the first lines mean this: "Not to be, is best of all: but when one

hath appeared, then to return with swiftest foot to whence he came, is next." The sum of the matter is, that to many people, life is pain: and it is natural to wish to get away from pain, anywhere, anyhow.

Of course you will say, that I am speaking of a very deplorable section of mankind, the forlorn hope of humanity. Yet it is curious how from the higher view, the religious point of view, you will find things said which virtually come to the same thing, Mrs. Barrett Browning thought there was no text, even in the Psalms, that sounded so delightful as the renowned one, "So (it ought to be *surely*) He giveth His beloved sleep." I remember a sermon by that great preacher Mr. Melvill, in which, after quoting the words, the preacher burst out, "What could He give *them* better?" That is, what could He *give* better? — that is better than *unconsciousness* a being which is annihilation? *aware*, is exactly of which you *are* have no being at all. the same thing which millions of *Nirvana* beings think the best thing: and *Nirvana* is annihilation. For absorption into the Deity, or into nature, is to all intents annihilation. The final loss of individual consciousness is annihilation. The little drop of being falling into the great ocean, and ceasing to have any separate conscious existence, is annihilated as the little drop. It may be worked up again into something else; but it is not *that* any more. And to me, to my sense and conviction, to say that my soul at death will go out, like the extinguished flame that goes nowhere, and to say that it will go back to the great ocean of Being it came from, mean exactly the same thing; and mean annihilation. In either case, I myself should cease to be.

I have heard it maintained with some ingenuity, that the highest idea of a Christian life is a pantheistic idea; that the highest attainment in holiness is to have one's will so subordinated to the will of God that one ceases, in fact, to be a separate being. No doubt it is a grand attainment when the creature can really look up to the Creator and say, *Fiat voluntas Tua*, meaning what is said. But this is quite different from absorption. There is no loss of individual con-

sciousness here. There is no loss of individual will here; though the individual will is so thoroughly in harmony with the Divine will, that they shall always pull the same way. To go on through life, willing what God wills, and consciously happy in willing so, is anything but absorption in the Deity; anything rather than annihilation. Consciousness, will, individuality, are all in vivid existence. It is not "Henceforth I go out and am extinguished:" it is "*Henceforth I live.*"

But, to go back to the assertion that great numbers of human beings, far from shrinking from annihilation, do in fact regard it as a great blessing. Let me record what was once said to me by a thoughtful and devout friend. He said that he believed that times come to every one, in which he would willingly sink with nothingness. It is sometimes said and when ~~the~~ *I wish I was in my grave*; present is that of ~~said~~, the idea vaguely in Job's mind, when ~~in~~ *in*. That was sleep he longed for. "There ~~is~~ of the cease from troubling, and the weary ~~at~~ at rest." But my friend said he believed the thing which kept many from seriously desiring annihilation, is the fear that life could not be quenched without most awful pain. There is that to be snuffed out, which will not go out easily. Now we know that consciousness may be got rid of in both ways, painfully and painlessly. No one can tell with what amount of feeling, either in mind or body, life under the falling axe of the guillotine flashes away. It is momentary, the great change; though indeed even that has been questioned; but how much agony may be concentrated in a moment, not many know. But we know of a poison which quenches life with appalling rapidity. Less than a moment is enough. Yet that moment is long enough for the dying person to begin an unearthly cry of agony, which is cut short in the middle. Once I had a dog, a young Newfoundland, a great big creature. He became terribly ill, of a disease which caused him great suffering, and after months of doctoring the case was declared hopeless. I resolved the poor thing should die with the least possible pain. So I got a vial, containing as much prussic acid as would kill several

elephants, and while my dear old dog painfully climbed up and put his great paws upon my shoulders, I opened his mouth and poured the whole vial into it. The dog, in half a minute, began to utter a strange howl, but the howl suddenly stopped, and he rolled on his side stone-dead. It was one of the saddest sights I ever saw. But I was far from clear that my poor fellow-creature had the easy end I had hoped. The pain was short, but it was plainly very sharp. And we all remember the fable of the Eastern king, who dipped his head in a vessel of water and lifted it up again, yet in the interval lived a long and anxious life. But there are ways of extinguishing consciousness without any pain. Opiates float you away. Even the coarse means of alcohol, as people learn who have sleepless nights, soothes ~~in~~ nothingness without the least pain. If the quenching of ~~actual~~ life were all that is meant by annihilation, then annihilation might be painless. It is when one thinks of a spiritual principle, within, of whose nature we know absolutely nothing, which may be essentially incapable of death, or which shall have that tenacity of life that it unutterable ~~being~~, that one ~~rough~~ little way into the ~~awful~~ possibilities of a humanity. Archbishop Whately suggested that the day may come when only good shall remain in the universe, not through the reclamation of evil, but the stamping of it out. But awful thoughts present themselves in relation to the actual destruction of a soul's conscious individuality.

I suppose we are all agreed that this life would not do to go on forever. *Anxius vixi*—and anxiety is not the worst. If you are placed in a responsible position, it is weary work to think every morning before you get up, that on this day you may fail in temper or in judgment in a way which may do much harm, and which plenty of illset people will be ready to pounce upon and make the worst of. And you cannot be always on your guard, with all your wits about you. The moment comes in which the habituated and cautious crosser of the London streets finds himself full in the way of the fatal hansom, and is crippled or killed. Yet with all detractions from

the enjoyment of this life, there once was an aged professor who declared that he wanted nothing more. He was content, through illimitable ages, that he might rise and breakfast, walk away to his class-room and give his lecture, come home and dine and read the reviews. But in the little company in which he said all this, no other agreed with him. It must be something away from these weary worries. The way in which we manage to bear up, is by vaguely fancying that the future will be entirely different from what the past has been. And with all, going on, the load gathers on the heart—the foot grows weary. The day comes when you can no longer have your children all under your roof as it used to be—they must be away, far away, with thousands of miles between them and you; and I do not just now see how, unless you be a vilely selfish being, you can after that ever have a light heart any more. There is something very touching, when you see on the faces of those you know the plain signs that life is just a little too hard and heavy for them; is wearing them out and breaking them down. And this is so with most. If there be easy-minded people now, who “daff the world aside and let it pass,” I do not know any of them. A little while since I beheld a large assembly of clergymen, most of them country clergymen. None of them had been disestablished or disendowed—none were likely immediately to be so. I saw many faces there, some which I can remember for a good many years; seen at intervals through that time. The faces were aging; that is nothing, for with advancing years all things must age. But the lines of care and thought on many of them were much deeper than when I saw them last. They were worn faces, most of them. One could not but think upon the slow and weary struggle, year after year, to make the ends meet; of many depressing calculations. Then the religious perplexities of these days weigh very heavily upon some; and the political aspect is to some a very sad one. It is difficult to get rid of the convictions of all one's life; specially difficult for those who have nothing to gain by so doing. The better world would need to be something exceedingly different from this world. One could not face the old

thing over again. And what the better world is, we are not told. We have not the faintest clear conception of what the place, and the life, can be, in their details. It will be all good and happy, no doubt; but everything we used to know will have passed away.

In my youth, I knew a worthy country parson, old and gray. Just in front of his house spread the churchyard—an ancient churchyard of large extent, with innumerable graves. Beyond the churchyard rose noble hills, richly clad with noble trees. And the venerable man's one joke was to point the visitor from the sombre foreground to the lovely background of the picture, and to say, “You see I can show you a beautiful prospect beyond the grave.” What should we give to the man, priest or prophet, who could indeed let us look for a few minutes behind the veil! Every diligent student of the New Testament knows the solemn reserve it holds as to what is *there*. Brief, general, without detail, manifestly figurative, are the notices of revelation as to the other world. And those who have been there and returned seem to have kept silence. “Where wert thou, brother, those four days? There lives no record of reply.”

It has long appeared to me, that (apart from a sanction which this is not the place to name) the great disproof of annihilation, and the great consideration which constrains human beings to shrink from annihilation for themselves and others, is found in the realm of the affections. Of a truth there is in human nature Addison's “horror of falling into naught,” when we think of those very dear to us who are dead, who are dying. Here it is that the natural belief in immortality has its foundation. And it is very remarkable to see how some, who have shaken themselves pretty nearly free of all other dogmatic belief, have clung to the belief of the immortality of the soul. It was Mr. Buckle, of the *History of Civilization*, who wrote that “the belief in a future state approaches certainty nearer than any other belief; and it is one which, if eradicated, would drive most of us to despair.” And the eloquent but sceptical writer founds his belief just on this, that IT MUST BE TRUE. In what I shall venture to call an unfor-

tunate paper published in *Fraser* ten years since, and which he wrote immediately after the death of a mother to whom he was attached with entire devotion, he speaks thus :

"To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness—to see this is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone, when the very signs of life are mute, when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believed the separation to be final, how could we stand up and live?"

There is something touching and striking in this moan, wrung from the heart of the sceptic by the pure misery of his first great bereavement. You cannot read the essay in which the passage stands, without feeling that it was written at a very white-heat of feverish passion. The man felt that a certain dog-

matic belief was absolutely needful to hinder his going mad or killing himself; and he judged that a belief which he found absolutely necessary must be certainly true. Now that he is gone, and so many years have passed, there is no harm in saying that when he brought his essay to the good and never-forgotten man who then edited this magazine, he was in such a state of nervous agitation that he was unable to count the pages of it.

The subject greatens on me—and this little dissertation, which was intended to do no more than question one little point in relation to a grand and awful subject, must either come to an end, or go upon a tack not quite suited to the pages of a magazine. Wherefore let it end. Let it end by my saying that unless man be intended for a life after death, all this amid which we live is a miserable mockery. All religion—all religions that have ever been; all the churches and temples which overspread the earth; all that worship of Something which is a pure necessity of humanity; all are meaningless. And Sophocles would be right: "Not to be, is best of all!" A. K. H. B.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.—THE FIRST AND LAST PERIODS OF ROMAN IMPERIALISM COMPARED.

I HAVE already said that there are two very distinct periods in the imperial history, and that these are divided by a long revolutionary period of transition. The end of the first period I placed at Marcus Aurelius; we may be more precise if we choose and place it at the breaking out of the Marcomannic war. The beginning of the other period may be placed at the accession of Diocletian, when the unity and tranquillity of the Empire were restored and the outlines of the new system of government were sketched. The transition period which intervened is, perhaps, the most melancholy in European history. It presents some of the worst tyrannies, some of the bloodiest revolutions, and some of the

most enormous calamities in history. It presents Europe suffering from two plagues at once; the one the plague properly so called; the other, a mutinous, omnipotent, and half-barbaric soldiery.

To this middle period I shall not again call your attention. I propose now to place the first and third periods before you in contrast, in order to make more clear the radical and universal change which had taken place in the interval. In other words, I propose to institute a detailed comparison between the Empire under Hadrian or the Antonines, and the Empire under Constantine or Theodosius.

First, then, in the early period the Roman world was clearly and broadly separated from the barbaric, but in the latter period the separation has disappeared. In the earlier period certain

nations belonged to the one and certain other nations to the other; the nations beyond the frontier were of a different stock from the nations within it. There was a distinction of blood, as well as of place and of institutions. In the latter period the physical boundary remains, and also the distinction of institutions; but the German blood is to be found in the Roman population as much as out of it. Germans are within the Empire, and not only so, but more diffused through the Empire than any other nationality. The Empire had before been a specific substance with a distinct form. It is still a distinct form, but the substance or stuff is no longer distinguishable from that of barbarism. The word Roman has ceased to be a national designation, and has become a legal or technical term. There are Roman citizens still in the eyes of the law, but they are as likely to have the features and habits of barbarians as of those who are not Roman citizens. There is still a Roman army; there are still legions officered still by centurions and tribunes; but the soldiers are now very commonly Goths, Vandals, and Sarmatians. There are still famous Roman generals as in the days of Scipio and Marius; and famous victories are won, as in old days, over barbarous hordes; but Stilicho was a Vandal and Aëtius a Sarmatian, and their victories were won perhaps with Roman science, but certainly by barbarian hands. Even the forms are in some cases barbarous. Roman soldiers now rushed to the charge with the old German war-cry, called the *barritus*; when Julian became Emperor, he was lifted on a shield like a Frankish chief.

Even in the earlier period the word Roman had been stretched considerably beyond its original meaning. There were already multitudes of Roman citizens who had never set foot in Rome. But it was still a name denoting certain nations and excluding others, and it was still justified by the fact that Rome remained the seat of government and the centre of the Empire. It was considered the strangest instance of eccentricity in Tiberius that he retired without necessity from Rome, and deliberately preferred to live elsewhere; a hundred years later the first Antonine lived ex-

clusively, and the second usually, at Rome. But now, not only had the word Roman ceased to be exclusive of any nationality, but it was used to describe an empire of which Rome was not the centre. Diocletian took the government away from Rome, and Constantine provided a worthy seat for it on the Bosphorus. Nor by this change did Rome merely cease to be the sole seat of government; it lost its metropolitan character altogether. The Emperors of the West abandoned it as well as those of the East. They preferred to it first Milan and then Ravenna. There are still other claims to the title of Roman, which the earlier Empire had possessed and which the later Empire wanted. In the time of the Antonines the fact that the Empire had been founded by a conquering nation issuing from Rome, was still conspicuously seen in the distinction between those subjects of the Empire who had the Roman citizenship and those who had not. The distinction was becoming faint, but so long as it was recognized by the law, so long as in the army the legions consisting of Roman citizens were distinct from the allied cohorts and squadrons consisting of those who wanted the citizenship, so long the Empire might still be said, in a sense, to be Roman. But during the transition period this distinction also was effaced. When all the freemen of the Empire were placed on an equal footing, and the distinction between legions and allies disappeared in the army, the last visible record of Rome's conquest was obliterated.

We are accustomed to think of that Holy Roman Empire which disappeared from the world within living memory, as having been Roman only in name. The misnomer in that case was certainly more glaring, but it was hardly more real than in the case of the Empire of Constantine. It is true that the Empire of Constantine had arisen out of that of the Antonines without breach of continuity, and that the change had been gradual. Still it had been a very complete change; one by one most of the Roman characteristics had disappeared. The appropriateness of the title could only be discovered from history. The Empire might be called Roman, as Constantine might be called Cæsar. But

Constantine was as much connected by blood with the old Julian gens of Alba Longa as the vast political system half-Oriental, half-barbaric, in which so many nations were united, was connected with the drowsy old provincial town on the banks of the Tiber, which Ammianus has described for us.

If the Empire was no longer Roman either by nationality or in the sense of being connected as an appurtenance or dependency with the city of Rome, neither was it Roman in the sense of possessing the political institutions which had originally belonged to Rome. Here the contrast between the age of Constantine and that of the Antonines is particularly marked. Under the Antonines the Empire retained much of the political character of the old Republic. It was in fact nearer to the Republic than it had been under the first Cæsars. Just at that exceptional period the State was guided by a President for life, nominated by his predecessor from among the most promising men of the age, possessing indeed power limited by nothing but his will, but choosing for the most part to regard his Senate with deference. This Senate was a chosen body of distinguished men selected by the Emperor from the whole Empire, and required to take up their residence in Italy. They formed a dignified club at Rome, and gave a powerful expression to the feelings of the upper classes. The old Republic had often witnessed a similar government, when a Dictator had managed the State with the confidence of the aristocratic Senate. The monarchical element was there but in the form least repugnant to Republicanism, for the monarch was not hereditary nor separated by any clear demarcation from his subjects.

In the time of Constantine the government is essentially different, for the Senate as an organ of general aristocratic opinion has practically disappeared, and the Life-President has become a Sultan. Both these changes were natural, and omens of them had appeared even before the Antonines. The Senate of Nero was almost as insignificant as that of Constantine, and no Sultan could trample on human beings more contemptuously than Caligula. When the earlier Emperors were restrained, it was

by their own good sense or virtue; the system was entirely without checks. But what before only the bad Emperors had been, every Emperor was now, and the Senate was now habitually as insignificant as before a bad Emperor had occasionally made it. An Augustus, a Trajan, an Antoninus, had found it politic, and perhaps judged it right, to treat the Senate with great respect, and to secure its co-operation in government. But the Emperors of the later series who answer best to these, and who were the wisest rulers—Diocletian, Constantine, Valentinian, Theodosius—steadily disregarded and trampled on the Senate; only a weak Gratian flatters it. Nor has it only lost favor with the Emperors; it has suffered a great change of character. In the first place there is now no longer a single Senate, but two—one at Rome and another at Constantinople; and next, there are now a multitude of senators scattered through the provinces who do not practically attend the meetings of the body at either of the two capitals. These changes were calculated to destroy the influence of the Senate as an organ of public opinion. Its judgment was no longer the solemn decision of a picked body of distinguished men assembled at the centre of government. It was assembled partly at Rome, which was not the seat of government, but a venerated ancient city possessing a circle of very distinguished and extremely indolent, noble families; and partly at Constantinople, which was sometimes nominally the seat of empire, but often only the seat of the Eastern Government. The decisions of these two bodies might be contradictory, nor did they necessarily represent the opinion of the senatorian order which was scattered through the Empire. Thus changed in character, and steadily discouraged by the Emperor, the Senate loses almost all its influence. It is preserved as a convenient *nucleus of wealth* for the operations of the tax-gatherer. As a political organ it becomes only once again conspicuous, and that is when the Roman Senate makes its fruitless protest in favor of the ancient gods, and once more sits, as in the old Gallic invasion, to represent a lost cause and to be bearded by victorious invaders.

When I say that the Emperor has become a Sultan, I mean, not only that he has assumed Oriental state, and a kind of sacred character as head of the Christian Church, but also that his immeasurable superiority to his subjects is admitted by them in their hearts, that the very conception of liberty has disappeared, and that that period has already begun which only ended with the French revolution, the period during which government had a supernatural character and exercised a dazzling or enchanting power over the minds of men. This spell, which the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were uneasily laboring to shake off, was first thrown upon men's minds by Diocletian and Constantine. By these men the deep distinction that had so long existed between the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and the Orientals on the other, was effaced. They destroyed what we may call the classical view of life, which asserts human free will, and regards government merely as a useful and respectable machinery for economizing power, and introducing order, beauty, and virtue into human affairs. In place of it they introduced the Asiatic view, which rests upon unalterable necessity, and elevates government into a divinity, teaching the subject to endure whatever it may inflict, not only without resistance, but without even an inward murmur; and, in short, to say to government what religion commands us to say to Providence, "Thy will be done."

With the Oriental theory of government was introduced Oriental cruelty and wastefulness of human life. In the earlier Empire there had been seen cruel Emperors, but now cruelty has become part of the system. The history of this time might be written in letters of blood. Executions, tortures, massacres, make the staple of the narrative even in the reigns of good Emperors. The great Theodosius massacres thousands of innocent people in a transient fit of passion. Constantine puts to death his wife and son. Valentinian, a brave and able Emperor, sheds as much blood as Caracalla, apparently from no bad motive, but only from a kind of mania for severity which has infected government. When the Em-

peror is of weak character, this uniform cruelty is intensified by his fears. Constantius does not appear to have been a monster like Caligula or Nero; he was simply a weak man; yet his tyranny, as described by Ammianus, appears far more tremendous than theirs. Theirs at the utmost is European, his is Asiatic.

It is the redeeming feature of this despotism that the rule of hereditary succession is not habitually practised in it. The ablest generals are still frequently invested with the purple, and there appeared during this period rulers who, in their merciless energy and the vastness of their views, resembled the Czar Peter. But the hereditary principle would occasionally creep in, and when it did so it always inflicted irreparable injury. The evils of hereditary succession can be guarded against when they can be calculated upon. The real burden of government can then be devolved upon ministers. But when the law of birth intrudes itself into an elective monarchy, when a weak man or a child is placed upon a throne which is commonly filled by merit, he is expected to govern personally; no adequate ministerial organization is at hand to screen his deficiencies; and his incompetence tells to its full extent upon his empire. The hereditary principle should be excluded altogether if it is not exclusively adopted. The right of nominating his successor, which was given in the Roman Empire to the Emperor, gave him the power of ruining everything by a single act. One corrupt or partial appointment was fatal. The nepotism of Aurelius brought on the dismal revolutionary period; the nepotism of Theodosius brought in the barbarians.

The worst kind of government is that which is regarded by its subjects as divine, and at the same time is really weak. Such was the government of Constantius, of Honorius, of Valentinian III.; imbecile, and at the same time despotic, plaguing the world like an angry deity, and misgoverning it like an ignorant child. But these were exceptional cases. Government during this period was commonly at a higher level. It was Asiatic, but it was commonly able. Compared with Asiatic governments, it was good. If the Em-

peror was regarded as a divinity, at least he earned his deification for the most part by merit. He was not such a deity as those which Egypt worshiped, a sacred ape or cat, but rather a Hercules or Quirinus who had risen by superhuman labors to divine honors. But compared with the government of the Antonines, it was barbaric. The Empire has fallen into a lower class of states. Reason and simplicity have disappeared from it. Subjects have lost all rights, and government all responsibility. The reign of political superstition has set in. Abject fear paralyses the people, and those that rule are intoxicated with insolence and cruelty. It is an Iron Age.

Government having assumed godhead, assumes at the same time the appurtenances of it. It is surrounded with "thousands of angels." A principal feature of this age as contrasted with that of the Antonines is the enormous multiplication of offices and officials. In this respect the Empire had from the beginning advanced upon the Republic. I have already shown that the most conspicuous change introduced by the imperial system was the creation of a number of great offices principally of a military character. A kind of martial regularity and strictness of discipline had been given to the State. By the side of the old civic and free organization had been placed a military organization which was despotic. Under the Antonines the two had subsisted together in harmony, and despotism had worn an almost republican dress. But the civic organization had now disappeared entirely, and had been superseded by a bureaucracy framed after the military model. The holders of function, who were originally elected by the people to rule over the people, have now become soldiers, bearing the commission and under the orders of the commander-in-chief. All officials alike bear the name of *milites*, and their service is called *militia*; even when their functions are purely civil they bear military titles, such as *centurio*, *principilarius*. It seemed at the beginning of this period as if the very conception of any power not military had disappeared from the world. Where is now the toga of Cicero? The Empire had become a camp. But this state of things was not to last. It was

indeed destined that all power should assume the military type; civil life was to be reorganized on the model of military life. But the distinction between the civil and the military power was brought back by Constantine soon after it had seemed to be lost. Civil life is merged for a moment in military, and is then again differentiated; but when it reappears, the military stamp is on it. The military title of prætorian prefect is given to four men whose functions are purely civil, and who exercise supreme jurisdiction each over a quarter of the Empire. Meanwhile the military functions are committed to new officers called *Duces*, the originals of our modern dukes; a distinctive war-office is created; there is a commander-in-chief of the infantry and a commander of the cavalry. The old legatus, such as he is described in the life of Agricola—a despotic sovereign within his own province, a general and a judge at the same time—has disappeared. The civil and military professions have been created, and each is elaborately organized; but the civil profession is an offshoot from the military. The Army, as it were, destroyed the State, and then created a new State out of itself.

Upon the system of the Antonines this is, in one sense, a great improvement. Such a vast empire evidently could not be satisfactorily governed without a complicated organization, nor could it be safe from disturbances without a separation of the civil and military governments. The distribution of the Empire into præfectures, vicariates, dioceses; the creation of an army, of public servants embodied and drilled with all the formality of an army; these were administrative reforms of the first magnitude, and they make the government of Constantine seem a far more finished machine than that of the Antonines. But the well-being of a State does not always increase with the administrative efficiency of its government. An all-powerful government was created: since liberty in that age was out of the question, such a government, had it been wise, might have been the best thing for the State. But it was all-powerful for evil as well as for good, and in the end, after saving the Empire, it ruined it.

I showed in my last lecture that the

Empire was essentially weak for want of the first conditions of vigor in a society, —population and industry. It was too weak to bear the ponderous weight of such a government. For, besides the cruelty, this government had all the wastefulness of Oriental rule. The army of officials might be necessary to carry on government, but they ruined the people. Their enormous number of itself entailed ruinous expenses. Moreover, in making ostentation a principle, the government had, as it were, committed itself to extravagance. Extravagance involved oppressive taxation, and the agents of this taxation, the official class, inevitably formed the habit of rapacity. Thus for the tyranny of an Emperor, to which in earlier times the people were sometimes exposed, was now substituted the uniform, universal, crushing tyranny of an official class.

Evils seldom come in this world without their compensations. I have been enumerating the symptoms of a long decay, the decay of a world. Steadily downward to a lower level of civilization and of happiness sank the Roman Empire. Its population barbarized by immigrations from beyond the frontier; its old civic freedom disappearing even from memory; its organ of opinion, the Senate, sinking into an insignificant committee of placemen; its Emperor putting off the sense of responsibility, and along with it all restraints of human feeling; its administration assuming a military ruthlessness and peremptoriness; its government generally becoming its own triumphant and insolent enemy,—Rome, the representative of European civilization, the inventor of civilized jurisprudence, and the inheritor of Greek philosophy, descends to the level of an Asiatic State. She passes through the fire to that military Moloch whose minister she had made herself. With genius dead, and the intellect fallen into such rudeness that she can scarcely tell us articulately the story of her woes, we see her more than once prostrate before one of those monstrous human idols that are worshipped in Asia, a silly creature educated in insolence and wearing a diadem, cruel and irresistible, deriving all his strength from human weakness, yet exacting copious libations of human blood and the utmost farthing of trea-

sure. But to all these losses there were compensations, and these I proceed to consider. The Asiatic despotism had some points of advantage over the classic. Liberty, which in its old forms had disappeared, began to spring up in new ones. In the first place, at the moment when freemen sank to be slaves, slaves began to turn into freemen. We do not know distinctly the steps of the transformation, but, like all the other changes to which I have called attention, it took place between the age of the Antonines and that of Constantine. A class of agricultural serfs came into existence, attached to the soil and irremovable from the spot on which they lived. They are sometimes called slaves, but they appear to have had property, and they had rights against their masters and duties to the State. In the decay of population human beings had risen in value. The government wanted recruits for its legions, and began to lay claim to the services of those who before had been the chattels of private citizens. In the decay of industry it was necessary to provide for the cultivation of the soil. One of the peculiarities of this government, in which human free-will was almost suppressed, was its principle of assigning vocations by arbitrary compulsion to whole classes of men. Many governments have assumed the right of pressing people against their will into some vocations, particularly into military service. But in the age of Constantine a principle of forced enlistment is applied to almost all functions. Men are forced into municipal offices against their will, in some cases they are pressed into trade. It was by another application of the same principle that one class of the population is bound to agricultural labor. The government, as it were, enlists an army of cultivators, whom it controls with as much rigor as its army, properly so called. These cultivators are in the strictest sense servants of the soil. They have a definite function in the community, and for the fulfilment of it they are responsible to the State. The State was no merciful master, but so far as it assumed authority over the serf it rescued him from the authority of his master. As the harshest system is better than individual caprice, we may believe that the lot of the *coloni* was better than that of

the agricultural slaves of the earlier time. If so, an improvement is caused by the very principle of decay and dissolution, and the very rottenness of the carcass breeds new life.

At the same time there was spread through society a new principle, which, if it cannot properly be called Liberty, was a most powerful substitute for it. I have said that government had been erected into a divinity, and that the very tradition of liberty was lost. This is true, and yet a certain kind of resistance to government was carried on upon a vast scale, with unalterable resolution and with success. The edict of Diocletian commanding the Christians to sacrifice was resisted throughout the Empire; the resistance was maintained for seven years, until Diocletian's successor succumbed to it. Athanasius resisted Constantine and Constantius successfully. Ambrose not merely resisted, but rebuked and humbled Theodosius. This new spirit had indeed appeared in the Empire before the age of the Antonines. Aurelius had remarked what he called the "obstinacy" of a class of his subjects, but in his time the phenomenon, though striking, was not yet formidable. It became formidable early in the revolutionary period; and at the accession of Diocletian this obstinacy had spread so widely, organized itself so well, and rehearsed its part so carefully, that it proved irresistible.

This obstinacy in the Empire achieved deeds as memorable as had been achieved by liberty in the Republic. Yet it was not liberty. Liberty is a proud spirit; it regards government as a mere instrument of human happiness, and resists it when it becomes evidently prejudicial to happiness. Liberty flashes out against the government that murders innocent men and dishonors women. Liberty is force of character roused by the sense of wrong. It is consistent, indeed, with a sense of duty and a willingness to bear just restraint; uncombined with these it achieves nothing lasting; but it is more often allied with turbulence and impatience of discipline. Such had been liberty in the old Republic, the rebellion of strong spirits against laws strained too far, self-assertion, sturdiness, combativeness. Such was not the Christian obstinacy. In this when it was genuine

there was no rebellion, there was no assertion of right. Those who practised it were not less obedient, but more obedient than others. They had no turn for liberty; they had no quarrel with the despotism of the Cæsars; this they met, not in the spirit of Brutus or Virginius, but with religious resignation. The truth was, they were under two despotisms while others were under only one. They were not satisfied with submitting to the Cæsar who assuredly did not "bear the sword in vain;" they endeavored to obey the law of Christ also. They bore the double burden with all patience. Those were not the times for free spirits to flourish in. In the soldier-ridden Empire there was no atmosphere of hope in which a spark of spirit could live or a breath of free heroism be drawn. To this class of simple feelings the Christian obstinacy does not belong. It arose from no impatience of restraint, but from a conflict of laws. The law of Christ carried it over the law of Cæsar. The spiritual sovereign prevailed over the temporal. They resisted one master in the interest of another. Their resistance was without the feeling of independence, their rebellion without the wish for freedom; no movement of defiance in their mind, obedience was driven out by obedience and loyalty by loyalty. Therefore, saving the law of Christ, the Christians were the most loyal of the Emperor's subjects, and Christianity confirmed as much as controlled despotism. It produced a complete change in the attitude of the people to the Emperor. It made their loyalty more intense, but confined it within definite limits. It strengthened in them the feeling of submissive reverence for government as such; it encouraged the disposition of the time to political passiveness. It was intensely conservative, and gave to power with one hand as much as it took away with the other. Constantine, if he was influenced by policy, was influenced by a wise policy when he extended his patronage to the Church. By doing so he may be said to have purchased an indefeasible title by a charter. He gave certain liberties, and he received in return passive obedience. He gained a sanction for the Oriental theory of government; in return he accepted the law of the Church. He became irresponsible with respect to his

subjects on condition of becoming responsible to Christ.

The difference, then, between the later series of Emperors and the earlier is this. The earlier Emperors were nominally Republican magistrates, but practically their power was unlimited. The later Emperors were avowedly Oriental despots, but their power had one important and definite limitation. On the other hand, the later Emperors had not so much active resistance to fear as the earlier. The spirit of liberty which prompts to active resistance was in the earlier period not quite dead; the spirit of religion and morality which was vigorous in the later period prompted only to passive resistance. The practical result was that the earlier Emperors could not venture upon so much cruelty as the later, and the later Emperors could not indulge so much caprice as the earlier. In the first century the Romans submitted for years to all the frenzied whims of a lunatic; at last they killed him for his cruelty. The later Romans submitted frequently to much more cruel governments, but they firmly resisted the virtuous Julian when he tried to change their institutions.*

The position assumed by the Church at this time towards government has determined its attitude throughout modern history. It has often controlled and defied kings, as Ambrose did; but it has always remained cold towards the spirit of liberty. Not that there is anything in Christianity incompatible with liberty, not that zealous champions of liberty may not be, or have not often been, zealous Christians. But Christianity sprang up and shaped its institutions at a time when liberty was impossible, and when the wisest course for men in existing circumstances was to abandon the dream of it. Therefore, the earliest documents of Christianity, the biographies of its Founder, and the early history of the Church, bear the stamp of political quietism. In all disputes between authority and liberty the traditions of Christianity are on the side of authority. Passive obedience was plausibly preached

by the Anglican clergy out of the New Testament; when the opposite party sought Scriptural sanction for the principles of freedom, they were swayed irresistibly back upon the Old Testament, where rebellions and tyrannicides may be found similar to those which fill classical history. The whole modern struggle for liberty has been conducted without help from the authoritative documents of Christianity. Liberty has had to make its appeal to those classical examples and that literature which were superseded by Christianity. In the French Revolution men turned from the New Testament to Plutarch. The former they connected with tyranny; the latter was their text-book of liberty. Plutarch furnished them with the teaching they required for their special purpose, but the New Testament met all their new-born political ardor with a silence broken only here and there by exhortations to submission.

But this, which has been the weakness of Christianity in recent times, was its strength in the first ages of its existence. The spirit of Liberty and the spirit of Nationality were once for all dead; to sit weeping by their grave might for a time be a pious duty, but it could not continue always expedient or profitable. Yet this is the attitude of the age of Trajan. Tacitus makes it his object to nurse the ancient spirit as much as possible. He canonizes the martyrs of the Senate—Pætus, Rusticus, Helvidius. He studies to feel like a senator, though conscious that the dignity of that name is only traditional. He studies to feel like a Roman, though alien blood is everywhere corrupting the purity of race; but he cannot prevent the corruption of Roman blood, nor check the undating flood of foreign manners. Plutarch buries himself in the past, and by the power of imagination re-people with its ancient heroes the depopulated and demoralized Greece into which he was born. In the age of the Antonines, to read of Epaminondas, Dion, Timoleon, might be entertaining and elevating, but it could not be practically useful, for it was neither possible nor desirable to imitate such examples. A literary man, like Plutarch, might not keenly feel the hopeless contrast between the reality and his ideal, but Tacitus, in the Roman

* At the beginning of the third century the aristocracy of Rome looked on with an enormous patience while a shameless Syrian priest insulted its gods and its religion.

senate, feels it, and hence the cynical despair that pervades his works. It was, therefore, the strength of Christianity that it renounced this unprofitable ideal. When it came forward, in the age of Constantine, to lead the thought of the Empire, it presented a programme in which Liberty and Nationality were omitted. A noble life had before been necessarily a free and public life, but the New Testament shows how virtue may live under the yoke of an absolute government, and in a complete retirement from politics. Patriotism had been the great nurse of morality; the *polis* had been the centre by which human beings had been held together. Christianity arose from the destruction of a nationality, and showed its power principally in effacing national distinctions, and in uniting first Jew and Gentile, and afterwards Roman and Barbarian. Who can wonder at its success? To a universal empire it offered a universal morality; by limiting despotism it relieved the people, and by sanctioning despotism it compensated the despot.

Thus the age was made somewhat happier by receding further from liberty. Under the Antonines it was fully conscious of its loss, and looked back with regret; but now it had forgotten its loss, had found for itself new objects, and was again looking forward. Tyranny was more cruel, and misery was more widespread, than in the days of the Antonines; but it was less felt, because the age had occupations which absorbed it, and was possessed with thoughts which, in a measure, numbed the sense of pain. The political languor of the age of the Antonines was not compensated by any intellectual or speculative activity. The old ideas were still before men's minds, but constantly becoming more obsolete; the old creeds were still officially accepted, but with less and less belief; the old sacrifices were still performed, but with less and less devotion. Seldom, perhaps, has there been a time when ideas had so little power over a highly civilized community. Roman literature was asleep; a movement was taking place in Greek literature, but it was of a popular and superficial kind. The itinerant Sophists, who travelled over the Greek world at this time delivering lectures or discourses, created perhaps something nearer to the popular literature of our own day

than was known at any other period of antiquity. But they aim only at amusement, or very moderate edification; and the only one of them who has attained permanent fame, Lucian, exhibits most vividly the spiritual emptiness of the time. His dialogues are a universal satire—a satire upon what men do, but still more upon what they think, upon what they profess to believe and to venerate. They give a low impression of the philosophy of the age; religious belief, except in the lowest forms of superstition, they represent as absolutely dead. Lucian writes for and of the people; a very different writer, a writer much too noble to be a fair representative of his age, the Emperor Aurelius, still shows us what was going on at the same time in the minds of the most cultivated. The ancient gods have disappeared from his creed, and no new objects of worship have taken their place. Piety remains, and serves to him as a kind of proof of the existence of its objects, but sometimes he feels the proof insufficient. Why should I care to live, he says, in a world void of gods and void of a Providence?

Pass over the revolutionary period, and what a contrast? We find ourselves in an age when ideas, good and bad, have an overmastering influence, and when, in particular, the sense of religion is more universal and more profound than it had ever been in the world before. Thoughts, reasonings, controversies, which in the age of the Antonines had been but languid in the schools, had now made their way into the world, and lived with an intense life. The populace, which in the age of the Antonines lies, as it were, outside the province of history, having neither opinions nor purposes, which counts in politics only as something to be fed and to be amused, as a reason for bringing corn-fleets from Egypt and Africa, and for building amphitheatres—this populace, now in still greater poverty, and falling into a misery from which no government could any longer relieve it, is filled with vehement opinions, ardent beliefs, disinterested enthusiasm. Under the iron military rule human will and character begins to live again. Violent passions surge again, party divisions reappear, acts of free choice are done, men fight once more for a cause, once more choose leaders and follow them faithful-

ly, and reward them with immortal fame. The trance of human nature is over, men are again busy and at work, in spite of tyranny and misery. The sense of a common interest thrills again through a vast mass, as it had thrilled through the citizens of Rome in old republican days; but the mass is now composed, not of the citizens of a single city, but of the population of a world-wide empire. Representatives of many nations appear in the great parliament at Nicæa; the leaders in the party conflict which raged there had their enthusiastic followers in every country in which Roman camps had ever been pitched. For the first time it might be said that the Empire was alive. Up to this time the nations of which it was composed had been held together but by military force. Now for the first time they thought and felt in unison; now they had an organization not imposed from without but developing from within; now they had a common imperial culture and system of philosophy.

Yet all this vivid activity, which contrasts so strongly with the languor of the age of the Antonines, was compatible with a despotism infinitely more absolute than that of the Antonines. Under the paternal rule of Aurelius the people had remained inert and lifeless; under the afflicting tyranny of Valentinian they lived, willed, and acted with spirit and energy. The explanation of this is that, as I have said, the later despotism was one which secured itself by accepting limitations. Its subjects surrendered finally one-half of their liberties on condition of enjoying securely the other half. For a nominal freedom, which was in fact an unlimited slavery, they accepted an undisguised but limited slavery. Human free-will made terms with the victorious power of government, and accepted a fraction, but a secure fraction, of its original possessions. The corporate life of man, which hitherto had been one and undivided, began now to be regarded as twofold. A distinction was introduced like that which we now recognize between political life and social life. In political life despotism reigned with more undisputed title than ever, and was more remorselessly cruel. But from social life despotism was almost expelled; within this not narrow domain a govern-

ment was set up which, whatever its faults, had influential parliaments and popular magistrates. The distinction was drawn roughly enough, and between the two authorities there was frequent border war; but the distinction was maintained, and was no small compensation to those unfortunate generations, the hard-pressed garrison of the beleaguered citadel of civilization.

It was in this way that a considerable share of liberty was reconquered in the Roman Empire, that the distinction between political and social life was first established, and that human free-will, expelled from the channels in which it had been accustomed to flow, found for itself a new channel. But what was the force by which this change was effected? It was a force which had seemed almost dead—the force of Theology. During the revolutionary period the sceptical philosophies lost their influence, and so did that system of moral philosophy which threw man back upon himself. An age of faith set in, an age in which a large class had found a view of the universe which was satisfying and inspiring to them; and in which even those who had not, acknowledged the necessity of finding such a view, and endeavored in various ways to do so. A Theology was the necessity of this age: those who had not got one wished for one; those who rejected the most powerful and satisfying theology had recourse to less satisfying systems, and to spasmodic revivals of systems that were extinct. Outside the Christian Church, as well as within it, Theology was everywhere. In the time of the Antonines the most conspicuous fact, as I have said, is the decline of old beliefs. Doubtless the routine of rustic superstition went on as in earlier times; nor did philosophers speak generally with Lucian's contempt of the ancient gods. Plutarch has an explanation of them which warrants a sort of belief, but this explanation is evidently a concession to conservative feeling. The Gods are venerated in the same way as the Senate, that is, for the sake of the past and on the condition of doing nothing. The exceptions to this, such as Apollonius, who had a more positive religious feeling, were in the earlier age only numerous enough to show the possibility of a Pagan revival. During the

revolutionary period this revival took place. The philosophers passed to theology over the bridge of Platonism. The close juxtaposition into which the different systems of religion prevailing in the different parts of the Empire had been brought, revealed certain features common to all. The revivalists fastened upon these common features, and Paganism in its last age returned to what was perhaps its earliest form, and became Sun-worship.

This movement was spasmodic. The zeal of Julian, Porphyry, and others of that school, was not inspired by a belief, but by the wish for a belief. The influence moves in the wrong direction; it passes not from the belief to the men, but from the men to the belief. Their religion does not reanimate them, but they reanimate their religion. As a proof, however, of the need felt in that age for a religion, it is all the more striking. It was not by these Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pagans that that revival of human freedom and human activity of which I have spoken was produced, but the revival of Paganism shows more clearly than the introduction of Christianity the steady set of men's minds and feelings in that age towards religion. The picture I have given of the late Empire may suggest to us two among the many causes of this phenomenon.

First, then, the age was religious, because it was an age of servitude. Religious feeling is generally strong in proportion to the sense of weakness and helplessness. It is when man's own resources fail that he looks most anxiously to find a friend in the universe. Religion is man's consolation in the presence of a necessity which he cannot resist, his refuge when he is deserted by his own power, or energy, or ingenuity. Negroes are religious, the primitive races in the presence of natural phenomena which they could not calculate or resist were intensely religious; women, in their dependence, are more religious than men; Orientals under despotic governments are more religious than the nations of the West. On the other hand, a time of great advance in power, whether scientific power over Nature, or the power to avert evils, given by wealth and prosperity, is commonly a time of decline in religious feeling, until man's

wants, ever growing with his acquisitions, strike again against the impassable boundary. The age when Europeans became as subject and as helpless as Orientals naturally made them also as religious as Orientals.

Secondly, the Empire was made religious by vast calamities and miseries. It was during the revolutionary period that it took the religious stamp, and that, as I have pointed out, was the age of the Plague and also of unparalleled political disasters. In the presence of such evils, there was no choice but between religion and stoical apathy. The effect of the Plague is visible in the traces at this time of a revival of the worship of Æsculapius. Men cried to any deity that might be able to aid, and renounced the scepticism that left them helpless in their utmost need. And as the weather did not clear, as plague followed plague through nearly a century, and when this evil was removed the *fiscus* and the barbarian afflicted society almost as heavily, men must have come to consider existence itself an evil, had not religion held before their eyes a future state. Those whose whole lives were spent in watching decay and dissolution, who were borne upon a steadfast backward current, who were familiar with the dwindling of population, the disappearance of wealth, the fall of noble institutions, the degradation of manners and culture, could not have been reconciled to life by any plain view of things, by any sober calculations. They could only repair such losses and relieve such beggary out of the inexhaustible treasury of hope and faith. It was well that, in their painful search after objects of worship and after supernatural protection, men were not finally driven back upon the outworn imaginations of mythology. Those imaginations had been lovely in their spring-time, in the days of Homer or Æschylus, but it was late autumn with them now; they were wholesome no longer. There is nothing more pestilential in the social atmosphere than the exhalations of stale poetry. It was also well that they found in the end something better than that Sun-worship which was gradually evolved out of the comparison of religions. This worship, indeed, was far from being utterly hol-

low or spasmodic, but men could no longer be content with the most dazzling material glory. "Two things fill me with wonder," said Kant, "the starry heaven without, and the moral principle within." It was these two awful things that contended for empire over the hearts of men in the fourth century. The invisible Deity vanquished the visible one. There was superstition on both sides, and a Claudian might fancy that to worship beauty in Proserpina was as ennobling as to worship corruption in the ashes of Peter and Paul. But it was not corruption that was worshipped at the shrines of the martyrs, but a higher thing than beauty—moral goodness.

It was because in that revolutionary period, that great chasm between the Old World and the New, the depth and breadth of which I hope I have now made clear to you, the Roman Empire,

searching eagerly to find a religion, discovered in its bosom a worship which had the two things which the age demanded—a supernatural character, and an ideal of moral goodness; and it was in a secondary degree because that ideal was of a type suiting the age, presenting virtue in the social sphere which was still open to it, and not in the political from which it was now excluded: it was for these reasons that when in the later period all the liberty which had still lingered in the age of the Antonines disappeared, when Asiatic sultanism was set up and all public functions fell into the hands of military officials, when tyranny was most oppressive and searching, when human life was cramped and stunted to the utmost, the spirit of freedom was able to assert itself in a form hitherto undreamed of, and when expelled from the State to reappear in the Church.

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Dublin University Magazine.

A SET OF NATIONAL FRENCH NOVELS (THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN NOVELS).*

THE study of French literature is, no doubt, a good corrective of insular narrowness; and yet, for a great many of us, the equivocal character of French novels has quite made that branch of literature at any rate something to be eschewed and abhorred.

The notion that a French novel must be improper—a notion which any work of Emile Souvestre, to mention only one instance, should be enough to dispel—tells with many people against French literature in general; what is the use of finding out the views respecting art or criticism or the philosophy of history, held by men among whom Paul Féval and the younger Dumas are representative names? It is not our business to

defend the literature of the Second Empire; we cannot help being startled when a grave periodical like the *Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes fortnight after fortnight a story like "M. de Camors;" but we must protest against the impure novels of the day being taken as the national literature *par excellence*. Nobody in England thinks of enthroning Miss Braddon, or the writer of the last thrilling romance in *Bow Bells* or the *Young Englishman's Magazine* among the *élite* of English writers. Their books are found on every railway-stall at home, just as their yellow-covered congeners are in France; but for all that, no one classes the authors among the lords of thought who really do something towards shaping the minds of their contemporaries. We regret their popularity, but we are tolerably convinced that their influence is often overrated. It is the same, Frenchmen tell us, with what is technically described as "the French novel;" its abundance is, indeed, a sign of the times; but it is much more an effect than a cause. Its power, except over a very limited class, is small indeed. It certainly cannot pre-

* (1). *Romans Nationaux Illustrés*. Paris: Hetzel, 1867-9:—1. "Histoire d'un Paysan," 1789. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. 2. "Madame Thérèse, ou les Volontaires, de 1792." 3. "Histoire d'un Conscrié de 1813." 4. "L'Invasion en 1814." 5. "Waterloo, suite d'un Conscrié." 6. "La Guerre," drame en 5 actes. 7. "Le Blocus de Phalsbourg." 8. "Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple."

(2). *Contes et Roman Populaires*:—1. "L'Ami Fritz," par Chatrian. 2. "Le Juif Polonais," &c.

tend to be the most approved vehicle of French thought; it is not even, just now, the most popular form of novel literature. That place must be assigned to the very remarkable set of works which we have named at the beginning of this paper.

Perhaps it is our English impatience of novels with a purpose which has made us always too ready to judge our neighbors by those of their novels of which the purpose is only to amuse. This impatience is felt just as much in the case of our own writers: Dickens was able to take liberties with his readers which few authors would dare to attempt; but Dickens lost favor with many when he began to make his attacks on public offices, on the Court of Chancery, on the Marriage Laws, and so forth. The French, on the other hand, since the time of "the Grand Cyrus," have scarcely ever been without some novel with a purpose, the effect of which, social or political, has often been very great. We need only mention "Emile," and, in more modern times, those "Mystères de Paris" which were said to have contributed their share towards upsetting the monarchy of July. M. About's novels, again, all have a very evident purpose; his "Tolla" is just his "Question Romaine" put into a form more attractive for the general reader, if he wants to show the advantages of large farms, and to illustrate the axiom which he propounds so confidently in "Le Progrès" that the age of retail dealing and retail farming and retail everything is past and gone, he gives us a brilliant novel, racy and incisive in style, but marred for the English reader by an overdose of clever special pleading. If he even wants to show what Government has done towards keeping back the encroaching sands in the *Landes*, and what proprietors might do if they would imitate the example of Government, he writes not a dry pamphlet, but "Maitre-Pierre," a lively story about a native of the *Landes*, who seems far more like the "Pathfinder" in Fennimore Cooper than like an ordinary Frenchman. In "Ahmed le Fellah," M. About's latest work, the story is just an excuse for saying what the author thinks about Egypt and oriental governments in their relation to western

powers. This novel, by the way, has been (during its appearance in the *Revue*) a perfect mine of wealth to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has not scrupled to take, from time to time, M. About's views as to the evils of the consular system, and as to the intense folly of discouraging native industry and buying up second-rate European rubbish, and which, writing Turkey for Egypt, has coolly put forth these views as its own. Nor are the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian without a very definite purpose, a purpose in which the grumblers at the present dynasty of course find the secret of their immense success. Where men like M. About, or the brilliant Victor Cherbuliez, to our mind the best master of the lighter style of French writing, have their tens, the pair of novelists who are writing what may almost be called the French "Waverley," can count their thousands of readers. Besides Hetzel's Edition, and that put forth in Belgium, all the works which we have named have appeared in penny numbers, illustrated—and very well illustrated too—by Schuler, Benet, and that remarkable wood-engraver, Riou. Some of them have been translated into English in our cheap weekly magazines. They have been introduced as class books into English schools. In fact, since "Waverley" there has been no instance of such a decided success. Victor Hugo's "Misérables," also a novel with a purpose, was carefully analyzed in half a dozen English reviews; so were the sensational productions of the Abbé * * *, which certainly added but little to the old controversies involved in the question of Roman Catholicism *versus* Christianity. But the praise of Erckmann-Chatrian is not only in the *Times*, which has more than once devoted several columns to a review of some novel of the series, but in works less magnificent indeed but far more popular than the *Thunderer*. We have already mentioned how largely the "Romans Nationaux" are read in France. No doubt their republican flavor, and their hard hits at Napoleon and Napoleonism, partly account for this; but a great deal is due to their own intrinsic merits.

They deal with what to every one, and to Frenchmen especially, is the most interesting period of French history, and

they treat it in a way which to the reader of most historical romances is inexpressibly refreshing. The characters in these novels are not merely lay-figures, just used to fill up gaps between sensational scenes; they are living men and women, who tell us how they felt while the whole order of things was changing, and while Europe was the scene of perhaps the most wonderful series of events which it has ever witnessed. How did the *people* feel these things? What was the effect of all this overthrowing of dynasties, all this breaking up of old traditions, all this winning and losing battles, on the average peasant, and country-townsmen, and private soldier? We all know more or less about the events themselves. M. Thiers's books, in every way the opposite of those before us, may be called the "Romance of the Period;" while the "Romans Nationaux" contain its commonplace, and therefore (as it so often happens) a great deal of its true pathos. Undoubtedly of the two ways of writing historical novels, the latter is the most satisfactory; we believe MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The *names* of their characters are fictitious, but they do and say just what we are sure people must have done and said at the time of which they are writing. The Thiers's school, on the other hand, gives us real names, but draws on its imagination for the details. The best way, however, of interesting those who have not yet made acquaintance with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and their delightful books, is to say something about the story of each, making such remarks, as we go along, as the plot or the working-out may suggest.

The "Histoire d'un Paysan" is a work apart, not one of a series like "Le Conscrip," "Le Blocus," and "Waterloo," through which run the same names of persons and places according to the plan adopted with such good effect by Thackeray. It breaks off, after describing the grand meeting of the *tiers-état* in June, 1789, with the promise that by-and-by, "when I've had time to gather up my reminiscences," you shall have something about the battles in the streets, the emigration, the reign of terror, and all the other grand and terrible things which went on during the early years

of the republic. This promise has not been redeemed. The writers pass at one bound from 1789 to 1792—from the States-General to the *levée en masse*; and, while describing some of the features of the war in which the Prussians were driven out of the country, it passes very lightly indeed over the horrors of the guillotine. Just once we are told, in Madame Thérèse, the list of executions was unhappily a long one, but that is all the comment on those sad scenes of bloodshed and frenzied cruelty which mar the sublime spectacle of a nation rising as one man, and pushing on, under leaders who have to learn the art of war as they go along, to expel the invaders. In the "Histoire d'un Paysan" the story is very slight; the main interest consists in the descriptions of the wretched state of the French peasantry under the old *régime*, and of the grand awakening which seemed to come all of a sudden when the king determined on summoning the States-General.

The hero, Michel Bastien, is the son of a poor farm laborer with a large family and debts into the bargain. He contrasts, with pardonable pride, his present comfortable condition, his farm, his good grass land, his fine Swiss cows, and his twelve big plough-oxen, his grandchildren, too, some of them well married, the others in a fair way of rising in the world, and, above all, the land, which is his own, with the wretched hovel where he was born, and where he and his brothers and sisters used to shiver amid the stifling smoke, while father and mother, work as hard as they would, could barely get them beans enough to keep body and soul together. All these details about the *good old time*, the story of the taxation, the *gabelle*, the *corvées*, the duty-fowls, the duty-eggs, the tithes, great and small, the tolls at fairs and on highways; the misery which forced three-quarters of the villagers to take to begging every winter, therein trying to compete with the Capuchins and other friars—all this is told at length, and in a clearer way than it has ever been put before (except in "Carlyle's Revolution"), in order to show that the Revolution was necessary. "But for '89" (says old Michel) "I should be what my fathers were before me, the slave of lord and convent; and

yet the sons of these people who owe everything to '89 are actually found writing in their rascally newspapers that the Revolution ruined society, that we were much better and much happier before it. I can't read such stuff without trembling all over with rage. My boy who is going to be a doctor says, 'Never mind, grandfather, they're paid for it. poor wretches'; that's how they live;' but I can't help minding. Why, from '92 to '99 we killed folks by dozens who were a thousand better than they—aristocrats, emigrés, Condé's men, fine brave fellows; and these crawling things betray the cause that made their fathers men instead of beasts of burden, just that they may fill their own greedy bellies. Faugh, if my wife didn't keep the newspapers pretty well out of my way I'm sure I should have a fit of apoplexy. And then to hear rich people declaim against the Revolution, when I know that their grandfathers and grandmothers were many a time whipped on market days for pulling up a carrot on a turnip when they had nothing else to eat—why I hardly know whether to laugh or to grind my teeth at them."

Michel's village is close to Mittelbronn near Phalsbourg and Saverne—one of the cluster of villages to which most of the people in all these novels belong; it is the borderland, and has many of the usual border peculiarities. The people are a fine hardy race; statistics tell us that they are to the French army what the Irish are (or were) to the army of the United Kingdom; more than half the substitutes are Alsace or Lorraine men. They talk two languages, and are quite at home when campaigning carries them across into the Fatherland. At the same time they are thoroughly French in feeling, fight like lions whenever the frontier is to be defended, hate seigneurs and seignorial rights with a good hearty hatred, and, above all, delight in the change which has made every one an owner of his own little patch of ground. This last, however, if a French, is by no means a Celtic characteristic. A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the Irishman longing to be a landed proprietor—one thing is certain, in the most Celtic parts of France the subdivision is far less than it is in the northeast; while in Baden, and else-

where beyond the frontier it is carried further than in any part of France. Nearness to Germany, again, has not thrown any haze of sentiment over MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's books; they are novels of action, not of sentiment. The little touches which bring out the *tout ensemble* of a room or of a building, are French—Dickens made this style fashionable among us; but in Dickens's imitators, at any rate, it is often labored and wearisome; in the novels before us it is perfectly natural—persons and scenes are finished off with photographic minuteness; yet so admirably is the work done that there is no stiffness, no artificialness, perceptible even in the fullest descriptions. The difference between a French and a German novel may be seen by comparing any of this series with "A Mecklenburger's Recollections of the War of 1813," published in Low Dutch, and recently translated into the German of ordinary literature. But we must return to this point by-and-by; let us now see a little more of Michel Bastien. He begins by telling us how all these little villages round Phalsbourg came into being. Towards the end of the sixteenth century George-John, Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, thought his forest-land might as well be turned to account; so he made grand offers to any one who liked to colonize, and got together a lot of people, mostly Lutherans, whom, as soon as they were comfortably settled, he sold, lands and all, for 400,000 florins to the Duke of Lorraine. George-John had based his colony on perfect toleration; but the Duke of Lorraine, who had made no promises, at once sent his Privy Councillor "to charitably exhort his citizens of Phalsbourg to embrace the Catholic faith," with the alternative of losing all their property and being put across the frontier in case they declined to do so. The Duke, too, set up his gallows, appointed his provost with power of life and death, and with authority to torture prisoners if he judged it right so to do. He fixed tolls so high that the trade of the district was crippled; he put taxes not only on every necessary and luxury, but also on every dealing between man and man—if you sold or bought you had to pay; if you measured your wheat, or brewed your beer, or even baked a batch of

bread, or tied up your woolpacks, you were taxed. All this seemed as bad as it could be; but things got still worse when, at the death of Stanislaus, Lorraine was united to France; for then all the King's taxes had to be paid as well as those due to the Duke; and the King's twentieth, levied only on the peasants, and paid on the net produce of the land, seemed the hardest to bear of them all. It is a gloomy picture; but it can scarcely be overcharged, however dark may be the colors employed. Michelet, in his "*Siècle de Louis XV.*" has painted it in his Turneresque way; Arthur Young, long ago, let England into the secret of the miserable state of the French peasantry. And yet there were some brighter features even in such a society as that—as Mr. J. M. Bridges, in his "*France under Richelieu and Colbert*," has well shown, the villagers, from the very fact of their being left to themselves, had preserved something like self-government—poor as they were, they had not sunk to the absolutely dependent position of the English laborer.

One marked feature of the good old time was the wretched state of the soldiery; while the officers were going flirting and parading about Phalsbourg, the men, in threadbare coats which hung about their heels, were literally starving; "they had no pay, and the people on whom they were billeted used to go round begging broken meat for them. Yet these men would have cut down their own fathers and mothers and burned their villages at the bidding of their officers: once in the regiment they forgot home and everything belonging to it." Discharged soldiers had no pension, nothing but a license to beg. The clever fellows used to fix themselves in some tavern and try to decoy young lads to enlist; the bolder spirits took to the road, and dozens of them were hanged every winter for highway robbery. Worse than the soldiers were the begging friars. In one diocese there were sixteen chapters, twenty-eight abbeys, thirty-six priories, forty-seven monasteries, and nineteen nunneries; and, instead of feeding the poor, the Capuchins and such-like privileged beggars took the alms which might have supported the really indigent, and appealed

to the civil power to have "mendicity suppressed," whenever they found the peasants attempting to do a little begging for themselves. The picture of the *frère quêteur*, big, strapping fellow, to whom nothing comes amiss, not even the crust of black-bread which he half bullies, half coaxes out of the poor man's wife, is admirably drawn. This is the man who denounces the potato as an invention of Satan, when a clever book-hawker brings a little seed across from Hanover. "I've seen these fellows going along in gangs, every one of them as strong as an ox. How could the poor learn self-respect when they saw these holy men stretch out their hand and make their bow for a brass farthing? We have too many of them in the country still; but they never get anything out of me. My orders are to bring them straight into the kitchen, where they're sure to smell something good. Then my man offers them the handle of a shovel or a pickaxe, and says, 'You can go and take a turn at such and such a job before you get your dinner;' but I never knew any of them do a stroke of work. They walk off indignant, and I meet them on the threshold and grin as I wish them good morning."

Clearly the old peasant does not forget old scores. He cannot get over the time when the abbey had its *troupeau apart*, the right, that is, of sending its beasts into the common pastures an hour before those of simple laymen, so as to eat off the freshest grass and leave the peasants' cattle only the refuse, and when all the corn-fields were filled with abbey fruit-trees, let out to people who came in trampling over the wheat without even asking leave. He remembers, too, the heap of dry leaves which was his bed, and the lamp with its scanty supply of beech-nut oil, which the mother used to put out on moonlight nights, leaving the father to go on with his basket-making as best he could. The winters, he is sure, were much colder then than they are now. The snow lasted on till April. And this, too, was the fault of the noblesse and the monks. Their huge forests and their numberless ponds kept the air damp and cold; whereas now the land has been cleared and opened out, and even drained in most places, so that we very seldom get the old weather

nowadays. It never occurs to Michel, perhaps not even to our authors, that a good deal too much has been done in many parts of France in the way of clearing; and that, if the climate is milder, floods and droughts are more frequent, and the need of replanting is occupying the attention of the French government as quite much as forest conservancy is forcing itself on the attention of our Government in India. The huge forests bred vast numbers of wolves, and many a night, Michel tells us, he has lain awake on his heap of leaves listening to a pack attacking a stable. "They kept leaping eight and ten feet against the dormer windows and falling back into the snow; then all at once two or three wild cries would be heard—they had got hold of a dog and were rushing down the village street to go and eat him under the rocks." With such a training Michel was pretty sure not to forget, and he assuredly does not forgive, the system under which he grew up. His story is simple enough. As soon as he is able to work his godfather, blacksmith and innkeeper at the next village, takes him off his father's hands. With him he learns not only his craft, but a great deal of "life" of all kinds. "How could I help it when all sorts of people kept stopping at the inn and talking of all sorts of things. If I've made a few good bargains in wheat and in stock since, it is because I listened when a boy to the discussions between the farmers while we were shoeing their horses or mending the tires of their wheels." Maître Jean, the godfather, is a burly, clear-headed man, always grumbling about the taxes and the extravagance of the Government, and fond of saying, as he hammers away at some extra hard job, "Come, come, it's no good shirking; we've got to pay Soubise's pension. He lost us Rossbach, and that is why our good King gave him so much a year." Marie Antoinette, too, gets plenty of blame for her expensive ways, which are compared with those of some village good-wife, who, wanting to play the grand lady, brought husband and family to ruin; "and now Clause is off to the galleys for life, and Madame Clause is going about the country with the Chevalier d'Ozé of the Royal Allemand." Nothing but

politics, indeed, was talked in the kitchen of the "Three Pigeons" when work was over and Maître Jean came in to sup with his two apprentices. And yet, how different from an English ale-house. If any stranger was there, the talk was put off till he had gone. If Maître Jean lifted up his voice in indignation at the rogues who were ruining the nation, his wife, Dame Catherine, would give him a look, and would get up and fasten the shutters for fear eavesdroppers might be hanging about. The village politician of the British type, noisy and violently seditious as far as words go, was unknown in Mittelbronn. Yet everybody, except the Government officials, and the nobles, and a few weak-headed people like Maître Jean's older apprentice, understood one another. They communicated rather by electric sympathy than by spoken words. Very little was said, but the fabric of society was getting thoroughly eaten hollow, and, when the crash came, the mere shell, which had looked so stately to the last, crumbled in a moment. With two of his visitors, however, Maître Jean throws off his reserve. These are the good old Curé Christophe and Chauvel the Calvinist book-hawker, of whom we have already spoken as the introducer of the potato into the country. Christophe is a wonderful contrast to the Capuchins and their fellows, no less than to the higher clergy, like the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, who kept high state at Saverne and let his lackeys thrash the people who did not get fast enough out of the way of his carriage. "I've seen him drive into town on market-days with his four-in-hand at full speed, laughing like an idiot as the pots and pans flew clattering about, and the poor folks ran off, scattering in all directions." That was Maître Jean's experience of His Eminence. It is a pendant to what we read in Alison as well as in Carlyle, of the Duc de Chartres picking off masons at work on the house-roofs near the Louvre, just as if they had been crows. Very graphic is the account of Christophe's visit to this Prince-Cardinal. He goes to complain of the salt tax collectors, who have imprisoned a poor man in his parish for having in his house four pounds of salt which he could not prove that he had

bought at the Government stores. "I meant to put in a word, too, on my own account" (says the good curé.) "These fellows are always breaking into our houses under the pretext of looking for smuggled goods. They come to the glebe house and rummage up and down, and even get my cellar open. It's a crying shame that honest men's houses, ay, and women's too, should be open day and night to these ruffians. They wear no uniform; who is to tell them from housebreakers, I should like to know?" So Christophe goes with his grievance to the palace, and finds the hall and passages choke-full of Capuchins, Picpus, barefooted Carmelites, begging Barnabites, and such like, all thronging in to congratulate Monseigneur that the King had, at last, dismissed that troublesome Necker. All these gentry go in and out as if the place was their own; but the curé is shown into a grand room where he finds two poor priests like himself, and there he waits from eleven till five in the afternoon, while a red-coated lackey looks in every now and then and calls to his fellows outside, "Hallo! these poor parsons (*prêtreaille*) don't seem tired of waiting yet." At last a man brings word that Monseigneur will see nobody till that day week. "He grinned as he told us" (said Christophe, snapping his thick holly stick, as if it had been a toothpick); "but I kept my temper. I made my humiliation a sacrifice to the Lord. This can't last, you see; it's as contrary to good sense as it is to the will of God." Scenes like this enable us to understand the peculiarly ferocious character of the French Revolution: constant insults, daily degradation; these things are far harder to bear and are far more relentlessly punished in the day of vengeance than more serious wrongs. Christophe is a right worthy priest, doing his duty up to his light, keeping school for all comers during three-quarters of the year, and in summer carving saints for the neighboring churches. He has a kind word and a joke always for Chauvel. "Oh! you terrible fellow," (he cries, when they meet) "you here again, corrupting the morals of my friend Maître Jean. I shall have to tell the authorities about you some day." "And, if you do, I should like to know

who will supply Jean Jacques to all the parsons through the country-side," replies Chauvel. "Ah, all your Jean Jacques isn't worth one verse of the Gospel." "Yes, if you'd give us the Gospel, we should not want anything more," says the Calvinist.

This is how the Calvinist colporteur introduces the potato into the country, and thereby (as Christophe says) "does more for the people of the 'three dioceses' than all the monks have done for them ever since there were monks in the land." Chauvel came in one winter from one of his long bouts with a few pecks of shrivelled-looking roots in his basket, and told his friend Maître Jean that these roots were getting to be the staple food all through the Rhine land, that the yield was wonderful, and the crop sure, and that it seemed as if God had sent them just at that time of great distress to enable poor folks to live. Maître Jean has great faith in the clever bookhawker, and plants his croft with the uncanny-looking roots, "*pelures de Hanovre*," as the villagers call them. He gets laughed at on all sides; people point to their foreheads, and say he is putting in turnip-rinds in order to get a crop of carrots; the great fat Capuchin who goes round alms-gathering for the convent at Phalscburg, and who reminds us (amid the lean peasants on whose contributions he thrives) of the monk in Hogarth's "Gate of Calais," says no good can come of planting what a heretic has brought in, and tries to persuade Jean's wife to make her husband "throw the nasty things away." But Maître Jean stands firm: he manures his croft and plants his seed; and Michel, who carried the seed-bag, has to bear all the spring the attacks of all the village urchins without his elder brothers to help him. "Down with the Hanoverian roots! Down with the boy who carried the seed-bag," they cry; and Michel at last wishes very much that something would show above ground. Here is the corn well up, and every other crop showing green and strong; and the croft is still as bare as if it had been planted with pebbles. Even Maître Jean is getting rather discouraged, when Michel, who looked anxiously over the wall twice every day at least, rushes round one morning very early and thun-

ders at his godfather's door, crying out, "They're sprouting! they're sprouting!" Now it is Maître Jean's turn to laugh; and great is the excitement when the crop is got in, and when the first pot-full is boiled. Chauvel comes to dinner that day, and Curé Christophe, too, turns up at the right moment. Such a dinner as they have—a dinner which shows how, in the hardest times, the Gaul never lost the art of cooking—which shows, too, how wide was the gulf between the mere peasant, like Michel's father, and the small village tradesman. First comes a *soupe à la crème*, then eggs and bacon, in the form of an omelette instead of being served in our fashion, and then the potatoes in a basket, "white, with the skins just cracked, and so 'floury' that they made our mouths water." They eat till even the *petit vin blanc* of Alsace fails to provoke appetite, and then Mother Catherine empties a pot of new milk over the remaining potatoes, and they fall to again, till at last the curé cries, "Hold, John, we've both had enough. It is so nice that one might easily eat more than is good for him." Chauvel then gives an account of how the potatoes are grown and cooked in Hanover, and Christophe says, "Before many years are out I hope to see half the country side planted with them." "He had" (remarks Michel) "a dim idea of the value of the importation, but he did not see—how could he?—that it would change the condition of the people, rid us of those continual famines, and do more for the human race than king, lords, and all those whose virtues were cried up to the sky." Such is the estimate formed by the old French peasant of what Cobbett called "a soul-degrading root," the root against which, too, long before the disease, the most far-seeing German writers had begun to raise an energetic protest. But the new food does not make its way in the neighborhood in spite of the curé's recommendation; the Capuchins are against the innovation, and the report is spread that it causes leprosy; so Maître Jean has only three purchasers for his seed. Next spring, however, the news comes that one Parmentier had raised a crop of potatoes near Paris, and that he had had the honor of presenting some to his Majesty, who had actually eaten

some of them. After that Master John had no difficulty in selling his seed at his own price. The Gaul is just like his Irish brother; republican as he is, he can't resist following the example of royalty.

Chauvel's character is wonderfully worked out. There is no straining after effect, no wearying analysis of the man and his way of looking at things. And yet we seem to understand him as thoroughly as if we had known him for years. He it is who brings all the news to the "Three Pigeons." Whenever he comes home from one of his rounds he has a budget of papers at the bottom of his basket, and when the company has gone these are diligently read, in the inn kitchen, with more or less indignant comments from Maître Jean. There is more in them about the Grand Turk and about America than about France; but still they take care to tell how the Queen has given another splendid fête, or how half a dozen great officers of state have been pensioned. "All good for trade," says Chauvel, in his cynical way; and when Calonne is made minister and tries to set things right by his *virements*, transfers of the ever-increasing deficit from one account to the other, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," his grim joy is very characteristic. Not at all a man to be satisfied with half measures is Chauvel. When, by dint of reading Rousseau's "Vicaire Savoyard" and Voltaire, the clergy are beginning to think a little more of their duty—giving away soup, forgiving people their small tithes, draining off the abbey ponds—he says, "Ah yes, they see the boat is going slowly to the bottom, and they want to have friends who will hold out a pole to them when the water begins to come in." "A look at him was enough" (says Michel) "to show what stuff he was made of. You saw that he would run the risk of the galleys a thousand times over to spread his ideas and sell his books. He's not afraid of anything, and he trusts nothing; and altogether he'd be a very unpleasant man to have against you in any difficulty. His daughter Margaret is just like him; they'd break but never bend."

Round Margaret centres all the little romance of the story; Michel who has been to Curé Christophe's school, and

has profited by the good man's teaching, and who moreover has worked so well at the forge that his godfather pays him wages before his time is out, falls in love with her. He looks upon her as a sort of superior being, to repair whose spade is the greatest honor that mortal can have. She seems to understand him, despite his shyness; for when her father is chosen representative of the *tiers-état* for the district, and they go up to Paris, she answers his despairing appeal, "You're not going away for good and all, are you, Margaret?" by a brusque "Do you think it's likely, indeed? What should we do there all our lives, you great donkey? Do you think we're going there to make our fortunes?" Whether he does marry Marguerite is left as uncertain as is what happens to Christophe when the terror begins. The novel as a novel is hopelessly disappointing. Chauvel gets to Paris, writes a very long letter about all the discussions and the questions of etiquette and so forth, amid which the States-General is gradually converted into the National Assembly; and there the story ends, with a few words from the Curé to the effect that those Calvinists are going too far. "They'll never be satisfied till they have pulled down the throne; it was a true instinct which led the kings to prosecute them in the old times, for they are republicans to the backbone."

Story, then, in the novel-writer's sense of the word, the book has little or none. Michel, though only the third son, gets to be the support of the family. The second son, herdsman to a convent, saves little, and can send but little home. The eldest, Nicholas, a fine handsome fellow of six feet six, gets a good number in balloting for the army, and is to be sold as a substitute to pay off the family debts; but, just as everything is settled, the wild fellow gets drinking with some crimps and recruiting-sergeants of the Royal-Allemand, takes the shilling, and loses the twelve louis which was the regulation price. His letter from Paris, telling in the coolest way how his regiment rode down the street sabreing right and left when there was an émeute, causes immense horror to every one except his mother, who is so proud of his being a pet among his officers, that she can think of nothing else. Michel has

to pay off the debt, most of which had been incurred through the mother's one bit of extravagance—she had bought a goat, borrowing the money for it, and as the goat died, all hope of seeing their own again was lost; and M. Robin, the village usurer, who is painted "for the edification of all peasants who may read this tale," gets them closer and closer in his grip, making the old father do a great deal of *corvée* for him besides paying heavy interest. The usurer is still the curse of the French village; it is the fashion to say that he is the outgrowth of the small-property system, but Michel's experience shows he existed in full force under the *ancien régime*.

At last, thanks to Michel, not one of the family is obliged to beg, even during the slack months—a great thing where there were so many children, several of them girls, and one a cripple, in a country, too, where there was an absolute dearth of manufacturers. That is the secret of the contrast between Ireland and England—not the inherent shiftlessness of the Celtic race, but the fact that in the one country the landlord and the farmer have to bid against the manufacturer, in the other they can make what terms they please.

The great turning-point of the narrative is the convocation of the States-General. Necker had made this inevitable by publishing his famous balance-sheet. Thenceforward everybody knew how the money was wasted, and everybody began to cry out aloud, instead of being content with the sympathetic understanding of which we have spoken: "There is a growing deficit, and yet the privileged classes pay no tax at all;" that is the burden of their complaint. "Something in the air" cows the herd of petty officials, and makes even the poorest hold up his head. It is the terrible winter of 1788-9; yet, though people had to live on nettles and wild roots, they kept up their courage. As for the Capuchins, if they had dared to begin begging on the roads, they would have been torn in pieces. At last comes the order for every township to elect its pair of deputies for the redress of grievances. Maître Jean is chosen, and says he won't serve unless they give him Chauvel as his colleague. They don't quite like choosing a Calvinist, but they choose him nevertheless. Then

comes the grand dinner given by Maitre Jean to his electors; it is admirably described; the timidity of the old peasant, Michel's father, who, when he hears the speeches, whispers (as he glances nervously at the door, as if he expected the police to come in every moment). "It's all right, what they say, but don't let us open our mouths—it's too dangerous," is a touch which none but a real genius would have supplied. Take again the picture of Margaret selling her pamphlets in the market-place, while her father is with the other deputies inside the Court-house. Touches of this kind make us call this set of novels a French Waverley; and it is to justify the title that we have preferred writing at length of one, instead of giving merely a hasty sketch of all the books.

Of the rest of them our notices must be necessarily brief. We will take them in chronological order, premising that between the "Paysan" and "Madame Thérèse" there is a great gap, not so much in time as in circumstance, all the working out of the revolution in France itself being disappointingly omitted—it would have been so interesting to have seen it set forth, as the other matters are, from a peasant's point of view—while our attention is drawn off from home affairs to the great rising *en masse* by which the frontiers were cleared of invaders.

"Madame Thérèse is much the *prettiest* of the stories. The scene is laid in the German Vosges, quite near the frontier. Late one winter's night a Republican battalion enters the village of Anstatt, bivouacs, and is preparing to move off before dawn, having duly paid for all its food in assignats, when up comes Wurmser with a whole army of Austrians. The French form in square, stand charge after charge of Uhlans, reinvigorate themselves just as they are losing heart by thundering out the "Marseillaise," and so far drive back their assailants as to be able to build up a barricade of chairs, feather beds, carts, planks, and so forth, which they set on fire, and retreat, under cover of the flames, before the enemy have been able to force a way through. They leave half their number on the little market-place, at the corner of which stands the house of Dr. Jacob Wagner, whose nephew tells the story.

The villagers find that Croats and Uhlans are much worse plunderers than the French who preceded them; but at length "their deliverers" move off, and the task of burying the dead begins in the gloomy winter afternoon. All this is told with even more than the amount of graphic power which is so remarkable in all the Erckmann-Chatrian novels; for in the work thus going on is involved the catastrophe of the tale. When the sexton and his men have cleared the market-place as far as the village fountain, which stands in its midst, nephew Fritz looking on all the time with his boy's eyes full of wonder and terror, they see lying on the fountain steps, apparently quite dead, the *cantinière* of the battalion, whom her big dog is defending from the hands of half a dozen amateur sextons. One of these, a truculent innkeeper, named Spick, has a special grudge against the poor woman because she insisted on filling her barrel with his brandy, and only gave him assignats in return. Fortunately Spick is an arrant coward; so, though he threatens to crack the dog's skull with his pickaxe, he does nothing but threaten; for it is clear that if he missed his aim the animal would fly at his throat. Uncle Jacob hears the noise, comes out, finds that the *cantinière* is still alive, and (after administering a well-deserved rebuke to Spick) has her carried to his own house. Here she is carefully tended, the doctor himself acting as nurse, and is at last restored to comparative strength, no less by the news which is brought that her battalion has not shared in the disaster of Kaiserslautern, and that, therefore, her little drummer-boy brother, the last of her kinsfolk, is still safe, than by the medicine and the nursing of Dr. Jacob. The end is that the confirmed old bachelor falls deeply in love with the handsome Frenchwoman. Such black hair and eyes (says Fritz) had never before been seen in Anstatt; and she, after his devoted kindness, can scarcely help being in love with him. We must not let our notion of a canteen-woman make us think Dr. Jacob Wagner, of a good old family in Anstatt, was meditating a *més-alliance*. Madame Thérèse was daughter of a country schoolmaster, who, with his sons, plain working men, joined the *levée en masse*, that glorious rising which followed the absurd proclamation of the Duke

of Brunswick. Her father became a general of division, her brothers rose to be captains in the army of the Moselle, she drove the canteen-cart, and her little brother John played the drum; and at last, when her father had been killed before her eyes, and only she and John were left, and the Republicans were retreating under a withering fire from a bridge swept by Prussian batteries, the poor girl seized a flag, told little John to run along with her and beat his drum as if he had an army behind him, and, rushing upon the bridge, so shamed the Frenchmen that they charged once more and carried the guns at one rush. All this, and much more, the doctor hears from a colleague one day when he rides over through the snow to Kaiserslautern. But his long talks with Madame Thérèse move him even more than what he hears outside. He is a true German, full of grand misty ideas and of longings for a reign of universal peace and brotherhood; and the cleverest part of the book is the way in which he is "educated" into a republican of the French type. Very well drawn, too, are the villagers who help out the action of the plot. Our authors never slur over any character, however slight; and several of these Anstatt folks may take rank with the best creations of Dickens, nor are they at all marred by that mannerism which so often offends—even in the finest passages of our popular British novelist. But, though Anstatt is a small place, it is moved by what goes on in the great world; and, after the check at Kaiserslautern, the anti-French feeling grows strong in the place. Dr. Wagner is accused of harboring a dangerous republican, and of being himself a Jacobin. Ill reports spread and slanderous whispers are multiplied; folks hint that Madame Thérèse is no better than she should be; when suddenly comes a despatch from his Kaiserslautern colleague to tell him that next morning a detachment of Prussian hussars will come and carry off the *cantinière* to prison at Mayence. His resolution is soon taken; long before dawn he and Madame Thérèse are off in his sledge, to join the French army at Wissembourg. The moment they get within sight of the outposts, the cry is raised "Here comes Citizen Thérèse!" and she has a reception of which an empress might be proud. Little

drummer John takes kindly to his mature brother-in-law that is to be, on whom Hoche confers the post of chief surgeon of Thérèse's battalion. The Anstatt people, only one of whom—a comical old mole-catcher and rural philosopher, in whom Wordsworth would have delighted—is in the secret, soon get a letter "from the lines of Wissembourg," in which "Citizen Wagner" tells them all about the fight of Fraeschwiller, where the sansculottes charged up hill at the Prussian stockades, and Hoche, when they wavered, cheered them on by putting up the enemy's batteries to auction: "Fifty pounds for that gun, my men." "Knock it down to us, General;" and on went the attacking columns till Brunswick was fairly beaten out of all his positions. The next point is the return of the French to Anstatt and the marriage of the Doctor and Thérèse.

We cannot praise the story too highly. The thoroughly natural way in which the "boy element" comes out on almost every page will be noticed by the most superficial reader. Fritz is a boy amid all the excitement and turmoil of his surroundings; and the accounts of his sledging, his sliding, his fun with Thérèse's dog, "Scipio," (this is the classical period of the Revolution, Corporal Horatius Cocles standing side by side with Sergeant Regulus), are admirable. We know few novels in which the *illusion* is so perfectly kept up, none certainly which, while succeeding in this direction, succeed equally well in the matter of truthful and exciting narrative.

"The Conscription of 1813," and "Waterloo" from passages in the life of one Joseph Bertha, the lame apprentice of M. Goulden, a watchmaker at Phalsbourg. Lame as he is, he is not too lame to serve when, after the retreat from Russia, every available man is called out. Moreover, he is engaged to the prettiest girl in a neighboring hamlet; and so his rival, a drunken old postman, clenches the matter by depositing that often and often he has seen this cripple walking in from Quatre Vents at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. So Joseph has to march; and his first campaign takes us to Lutzen and Leipzig, and gives us what is far more interesting than a general account of these battles, precisely what the conscript saw and what he actually

took part in. In all these books there are plenty of sly hits, not only at Imperialism, against which M. Goulden, an old volunteer of '92, makes most energetic protests, but at the first Napoleon, of whom MM. Erckmann-Châtrian clearly form much the same estimate that M. Lanfrey does. He gives many instances of that coarse brusqueness, that disregard for other men's lives, which were among the great Emperor's weak points. The selfishness and faithlessness of most of his marshals, men of such a different stamp from Moreau and Hoche, is also pointed out. In fact, as we said, all the novels are clearly novels with a purpose, that purpose being to point out the inconsistency between Napoleonism and the principles of '89. And yet, all their appreciation of popular principles, and of such enthusiasm as that which the Germans displayed in their "People's War," cannot make our authors like the Prussians. To their courage they bear ready testimony; but they always paint them as overbearing braggarts, savage and vindictive, and hated by the German country folk, who (if these novelists are to be believed) were always pleased to have the French among them.

In "Waterloo" there is a great deal more about the Prussians than an Englishman is accustomed to, though the most recent literature on the subject has lately been doing something like tardy justice to our allies. Clearly, Frenchmen who think as our authors do, think that there is quite as much to be alarmed at in the shout of *Fürwärts* and *Vaterland*, as in the British hurrah. "The blue uniforms were beaten at Valmy and at Jena; is it not possible that the red may be routed at some battle which shall avenge Waterloo?" MM. Erckmann-Châtrian, we said, are no Imperialists; yet they give full evidence of Napoleon's wonderful power of swaying great masses of men. It is something electric which seems to pass from him as he goes about (in Victor Hugo's words)—

"De son âme à la guerre armant six cents mille âmes."

Some of our writers have been weak enough to accuse him of keeping himself out of danger, while he was so reckless in exposing his men; let them read the closing scene of the battle of Lutzen,

where "amid a desperate fire of musketry and cannon the Emperor rode up with his hat pressed down on his big head, his gray great-coat open, a wide red ribbon across his white waistcoat, calm, cold, as if lighted up by the gleam of the bayonets." Everything gave way before him; the Prussian gunners deserted their pieces in spite of all the efforts of their officers; and an old French sergeant, mortally wounded, who had been propping himself up against the wall watching the Prussians, and wishing he had his musket within reach that he might pick off Blucher who was giving orders close by, throws himself forward on his knees and on one hand, and waving the other hand in the air, shouts "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then falls stone dead. This reminds us of Browning's spirited little poem, "The Storming of Ratisbon;" indeed there is no lack of real poetry in MM. Erckmann-Châtrian's writings. The twofold authorship, real we believe, interferes no more with the vividness of the descriptions than it does with the continuity of the narrative.

A good deal of military criticism comes in in the accounts of the campaign of 1813, and the Hundred Days. Napoleon trusted a pack of Bavarians and Saxons, who were only waiting for an opportunity of betraying him. He sacrificed the Poles who gave up all for him, and fought for him like lions to the last. Of course the affair of the bridges at Leipsic, over which the French had to retreat slowly in narrow file with a victorious enemy on their track, gives occasion for severe comment; "the Emperor had forgotten to give any orders, and no one dared to do anything without his orders. Not one marshal of France would have dared to take upon him to say that two bridges were worth more than one. That was the terrible state of discipline to which Napoleon had reduced all those old captains; they obeyed like mere machines, and troubled themselves about nothing else, for fear of displeasing the master." An army so constituted carried within itself the seeds of dissolution; it must get worse and worse, instead of improving, after each campaign, as did the armies of twenty years before, when France was really fighting for an idea. Thanks to the Polish Lancers who make

a desperate charge on the advancing enemy, and to the Sapper who blows up the Elster bridge, the French do get away from Leipsic, and push on to their own frontier, dogged by typhus, and mortified by rumors that the Allies have crossed it before them. When Joseph is safe at home, the thought that the enemy is in the country weighs on him so terribly that he feels it all his life after. "It is good" (says he) "that the young should know these things. Posterity will say that when the enemy had offered to leave us Belgium and part of Holland, all the left bank of the Rhine up as far as Basle, and Savoy, and the kingdom of Italy into the bargain, the Emperor refused such terms because he preferred satisfying his pride to making France happy." This is severe; but it is not too hard on the man who thought the world a mere chess-board for his ambition; and who never understood the moral forces opposed to him, but simply ignored them.

"The Invasion" comes in between "The Conscript" and "Waterloo." It describes the struggle of the mountaineers of the Vosges against the Allies. The remains of the army, decimated by typhus, and thoroughly spirit-broken, had abandoned the passes and had pushed on into Lorraine; but an old sabot-maker, Hullin, who was out in '92, calls the mountaineers to arms; there is a desperate fight; for four days a handful of men stops Schwartzberg's whole army, and it is only by treachery that the Austrians make their way along another road into Lorraine. This we pronounce the most unequal novel of the series. It contains some passages of striking beauty and several of thrilling interest; but some of the characters seem forced and unnatural, especially Yégof the madman, who apostrophizes the wolves as if they were old Frankish kings, and who looks on the Allies as Teutons come back to put their feet once more on the necks of the Gauls. Indeed there is in "The Invasion" a good deal of the extravagance which mars Eugene Sue's "Famille Prolétaire." At the same time, the defence, the retreat to the Falkenstein, where the little band is very nearly starved to death, but manages to crush under fragments of rock hurled down

the precipice a great part of an Austrian column, are admirably told; and the portrait of the old farmer's widow, who gives up everything for *la patrie*, is as lifelike as anything in the whole series. "Waterloo" is an excellent account both of the absurd way in which Charles X. and the Count d'Artois, by their processions, expiations, and so forth, disgusted all reasonable people, and also of the short campaign, and the miserable rout which followed it.

It is by no means a mere attempt to add one more description to those already attempted of the great final battle. Four-fifths of the book is taken up with sketches showing most clearly, and with that consummate art which wholly hides itself, the state of France and the circumstances which led up to Napoleon's triumphant return. The characters are well contrasted. Aunt Gredel, Joseph Bertha's wife's mother, gives all the arguments on the Bourbonist side; and the little touches—such as the good marching of Jean Buche, the conscript wood-cutter, who thought shoes ought only to be worn on parade, and who marched (in spite of all his drilling) with round back and toes turned in "as a wolf walks," but who came in after a long march far less "punished" than any man of his company—are wonderfully true to nature. We purposely say little about the details of the great battle—the book has been through some twenty editions, so that we may well recommend our readers to take it up for themselves—we will only say that the descriptions, especially that of the terrible battle of Ligny, and D'Elion's fatal blunder connected therewith, are most graphic. Waterloo was lost, we are told, because Napoleon, who made many mistakes during the short campaign, did not push on immediately after Ligny, instead of letting the Prussians get quietly away to join the English. He did not even send any cavalry to disturb their retreat. After Ligny they had 90,000 men, of whom 30,000 were fresh troops, and 275 cannon. It was worse than useless to send Grouchy the day after with 30,000 to stop an army like that, and this delay on Napoleon's part enabled Blucher to play him just the same trick which he had already so successfully played at Leipsic. The great

battle itself was (say our authors) a series of blunders. The simplest precautions are forgotten. La Haye Sainte has to be taken; it has been several times attacked in vain. At last Ney, who seems to be everywhere and to do everything, rides up shouting amid a storm of shot from inside, "Burst in that door for me;" but no one has thought of a bag of powder, and so a score of men are battering at the old barn-door with stones and beams and butt-ends of guns, while the defenders pick them off pretty much as they please—and this under the eyes of a marshal of France. Here is Joseph Bertha's estimate of the English:—"They are sturdy, well-set-up fellows, light-complexioned, as trimly shaved as townfolk. They fight well; but we are a match for them. It was not our fault that we were beaten; we showed as much courage as they did, and more." The charge of the Old Guard—"almost all men standing five feet six at least, who had been peasants before the Republic, and who being petted by Napoleon and highly paid, looked on themselves as in some sort joint owners with him; men who knew nothing of country or friends or relations, but whose god was the Emperor," is wonderfully told. So is the terrible retreat; while the sudden revulsion of feeling in France, "men being so weary of Napoleon and his soldiers that they laid everything at his door," is brought out with great skill. The moral of the whole is evidently drawn with a view to the present day. "Yes, we have fallen very low; one would think that our great Revolution was dead, and that the rights of man are brought to nothing. But France is

only resting awhile. Those who go against justice and liberty will be driven out in spite of their Swiss, and their *garde-royale*, and their Holy Alliance. France will have liberty and equality and justice. All that we want is education; but the people are getting more and more educated daily, and you will live, though I shall not, to see our country wake up again." So says M. Goulden, the republican watchmaker, summing up with one of those grand perorations about "the nation" and its continuous life as a nation, which in a Frenchman's mouth are not mere words. "We want" (he adds) "fewer soldiers and more schoolmasters. Then all would go on quicker, and the people would sooner find out that wars can bring nothing but increased taxes. And if the people understood this, no one would dare to go to war, for nowadays the people is master." We have left ourselves no space to notice "the blockade of Phalsbourg"—the most finished, perhaps, of all the series—a novel, deeply interesting, without one word of love in it. Everybody should read it. The character of the old Jew, who, from being thoroughly selfish and self-seeking, becomes, as the siege goes on, something very like a patriot, without ceasing to be a keen Jewish trader, is admirably drawn; so is that of his wife who, aptly named Esther, wins over and makes a fast friend of the truculent old sergeant who is quartered on them; all the circumstances of the siege are given with photographic exactness, while the horrors of the typhus which struck down thousands during the retreat from Leipzig are detailed with a grim simplicity which has rarely been equalled.

Gentleman's Magazine.

THE AURORA POLARIS.

A PITY it was that the skies of England were generally clouded on the night of the fifteenth of April last, for on that date there was a display of the aurora borealis so beautiful that by all accounts it must have equalled if not excelled some of the brilliant manifestations of which we are told by polar voyagers. On several of the earlier

days or rather nights of the same month, assiduous watchers had caught sight of the polar luminosity showing itself diffidently and blushing, but on the evening in question it came forth with a splendor seldom witnessed in these comparatively low latitudes. I saw its last beams at three in the morning of the sixteenth, and then it was fighting

for supremacy with the morning twilight: the true aurora lit up the eastern sky, and spreading northward met the fickle rival that has borrowed its name, so that there was seeming daybreak around half the horizon. Beautiful streamers were shooting towards the zenith even then; but they must have been but a weak remnant of what were beheld by an observing friend at Tuam in Ireland. At midnight he saw the bright shafts dart from all quarters, even from the south, and meet nearly overhead, giving the spectator the idea that he was standing beneath a vast ribbed dome where a trembling play of light appeared to give motion to its features. From all parts of France observant people sent accounts full of expressions of wonder and admiration to their Academy of Sciences; and Belgian physicists graphically described the changeful phases of the exhibition. Throughout the northern States of America the display was most brilliant. From the hour of darkness till dawn, said one reporter, the heavens were suffused with tremulous tints of rose and violet, and a little before midnight the phenomenon assumed overhead the appearance of a great spectral tent, the curtains of which, looped to the four quarters of the sky, were stirred by a mighty wind. The Transatlantic observers declare that nothing of like splendor has been witnessed since the great exhibition of 1859. This was an aurora indeed; one of the grandest ever seen, and certainly the most notable and best watched. Extending in time over several days—from the 28th of August to the 4th of September—and in space over well-nigh the whole globe; intense in its light, vivid in its color, incessant in its changes, and powerful in its electrical influence, it afforded scope for observation and speculation wider than any similar event before or since.

On the 13th of May this year we had another display which promised to vie in every particular with its April rival; it equalled it in brilliance and in the intensity of its colored coruscations, but its duration was short, and it was far less extensively observed than the former exhibition, at least in Europe, and in countries that have as yet published scientific intelligence up to its date.

The northern light of April was first discovered soon after sunset on the 15th; but it seems probable that the phenomenon had commenced during the day before, only the sunlight prevented our seeing the best part of it. There are records of auroræ having been seen in full daylight, notwithstanding the generally accepted belief that they never begin to be developed till after sunset. One was observed at Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, on the 10th of February, 1799, when the sun was a full hour from setting; and another on the 25th of May, 1788. This last commenced the night before, and, as usual, it gave rise to considerable unsteadiness in the images of stars seen in a telescope. The next day, at near noon, the observer, Dr. Usher, noticed that stars again fluttered in his glass—bear in mind the larger stars can well be seen in the daytime with even a small telescope—and he suspected an aurora to be the cause. The sky was scanned, and whitish rays were seen to be ascending from all parts of the horizon, and meeting near the zenith, forming such a canopy as he had seen the night before.

But there is a sense not human which discerns an aurora whether it occur by day or night, be it visible or invisible to mortal eye. I allude to that perception which dwells in the magnetic needle. The loadstone has been and is, in more languages than one, called the *lover*: if mythological relations were permissible nowadays, the aurora should be called its mistress, for the appearance of the one exerts a most powerful influence upon the behavior of the other. More than a century has elapsed since this interdependence presented itself to the perception of some Swedish observers, and, as may be imagined, it has been a matter of intense interest to all magneticians since the epoch of its discovery. It was remarked that the culminating point of the arch of light that commonly shows itself in considerable displays is situated in what is known as the magnetic meridian, and that the point of convergence of the luminous shafts which are called streamers is always in that part of the sky to which the south pole of a dipping needle points. As a dipping needle does not come before every eye, it may be needful to state:

that it is a magnetized bar turning freely upon a horizontal axis, instead of upon a vertical one, like an ordinary compass, and that a needle so mounted *dips* its north end downwards as if it were attracted by something deep in the earth. The angle at which it inclines is different for different points on the globe: in London it is about 69 degrees: over the north or south magnetic pole the needle would stand vertically; and there is an irregular line around the world at all points along which the magnet remains horizontal, and which has, therefore, been called the magnetic equator.

In a magnetic observatory there are employed three needles for the purpose of ascertaining the varying magnitude of the terrestrial magnetic forces in all directions. Although called needles these instruments are really steel bars, some two feet, more or less, in length, and thick and broad. One is suspended by a silken skein in the magnetic meridian, and shows by its gentle oscillations the changes in the *declination*, or compass bearing. Another is partially restrained by two silken suspending cords in a position at right angles to the former, and its movements, in opposition to its ties, show the continual changes in the earth's *horizontal* magnetic force. A third is nicely balanced on knife edges, like a scale beam: its stately vibrations exhibit the varying intensity of the earth's force in a *vertical* direction. Now usually, these needles, although in constant motion, do not twist more than about half a degree from their normal position in the course of a day. Thunders may roll over them and lightnings flash in their vicinity, yet do they take no heed: the tempest is not their master; but gently, almost imperceptibly, they swerve and bow, in obedience to powers whose seat is in the bosom of the earth beneath them.

But let an auroral glimmer show itself; let the "merry maidens," as the polar lights are somewhere called, disport themselves even out of sight of the magnet watcher, and then will the needles run wild. Like a frightened thing of life they quiver and shake, and wander fitfully and far beyond their wonted bounds of oscillation. As the luminosity overhead intensifies, they increase the amplitude of their move-

ments: as it alters its phase, they change their direction. When the aurora is at its height, they are in the greatest consternation; when it dies away, their agitation subsides. There was a time when the observation of these magnetic disturbances was a tediously laborious task. The magnets carried small mirrors attached to their suspension-fibres, and graduated scales were fixed at a distance and observed in the mirrors by the aid of telescopes. The swinging of the mirror brought to view different parts of the scale, and thus the magnet's movements were read and measured. Hour after hour the eye was enslaved, alternately reading the scale indications of the three needles. It was hard work—all watching is; but this was severer than any other vigil keeping, because there was no expectancy to lighten it. The patience of the spell-bound alchemist has been praised; the lonely vigilance of pilot and sentinel have been sung; but the true picture of solitary, hopeless watching would be that of an observer counting clock-beats through a night, and minute by minute peering at and jotting down the reflected oscillations of a compass needle.

Photography is now the constant and untiring observer. One of the prettiest, perhaps the prettiest of all, of the applications of the light-drawing process, is that to the automatic registration of the movements of delicate instruments such as magnets and galvanometer needles. Well-nigh all meteorological instruments are now made to record their own actions; but some of these are moved by forces so strong that they can mark their course mechanically, by pencil upon paper. For instance, the gyrations of a wind-vane are forcible enough to rub a marking-point upon a traversing card: the pressure of wind upon a plate, and the weight of a column of mercury in a barometer tube are sufficient to move pencils and make them score their variations. The friction of the marker is not felt in these cases. But when we come to magnets whose movements can be arrested by a cobweb, mechanical tracing is out of the question. Here photography steps in. By fixing a concave mirror to the magnet, a spot of light from a neighboring gas-flame is formed at a short distance from the reflector; and

every tiny twist of the bar is rendered visible by a displacement of a light-spot. If, then, a sheet of sensitive paper be placed to receive the spot, and made by clock-work to travel slowly in a direction transverse to that of the magnet's swing, it will be impressed at every instant with the shifting beam, and there will be produced a wavy or zig-zag line, which will be, in effect, the *trail* of the magnet.

Thus do the three needles of a modern magnetic observatory perpetually observe themselves. Every day sheets of paper are set before them, and removed on the morrow, bearing the unerring record of their twenty-four hours' watch. And when a great aurora has shown itself, the traces are very beautiful. Now, the line will bend into a gentle curve; then it will be jagged like a saw; anon, it will fly away to right or to left for a few minutes, forming the outline of a graceful spire; presently, it will make an excursion beyond the limits of the sheet, not to return for an hour or more. The larger fluctuations are common to all the traces; for the needles, in their wanderings, keep step to some extent one with the other, one force, variable in intensity, acting upon them all alike, and each showing what is the action in that particular direction in which it is constrained to move.

The disturbance of April last was a very extraordinary one; it began at about noon on the 15th and ended at about three o'clock on the following morning. It seems tolerably certain, therefore, that the aurora, although not visible—from daylight on the one hand, and cloudy weather on the other—during the whole interval, commenced and ended at those times. As yet comparison has not been made between the magnetic movements and the changes in the auroral display; if this is done, no doubt it will be found, as it has been in other cases, that the flashings, the tremors, and varying intensities of the polar-light are all identifiable with marked deflections of the magnetized bars, which will doubtless be found to have exhibited themselves wherever on the earth registers have been secured.

So it has come to be proved that there is an intimate relation between auroræ and the earth's magnetism. But this is

not the only curious relation. In the early days of electric telegraphs it was found that upon occasions the wires became the media of mysterious currents that traversed them in various directions, sometimes opposing and sometimes augmenting the currents from the batteries by which the lines were worked, and sometimes putting a stop to telegraphic operations altogether. As these currents were obviously generated in the earth, they came to be called "earth currents." In course of time, when electric communications extended far and wide, and anomalous behaviors of the speaking instruments were carefully chronicled, it was recognized that these capricious earth currents showed themselves simultaneously with the magnetic disturbances I have been alluding to. By degrees the matter forced itself into importance; and at length the Astronomer Royal, who had been for some fifteen years registering magnet movements by photography, determined to apply the same system of record to two delicate galvanometers placed in the circuit of a pair of telegraph wires specially erected for the purpose in two directions a right angle apart; one line having earth connections at Croydon and Greenwich, the other at Dartford and Greenwich. By this arrangement electric currents coursing the earth's crust from north to south and from east to west were captured and caused to deflect the galvanometer needles, and by this deflection to register their varying strength upon a photographic sheet, just as the great magnets recorded the changing magnetic forces which acted upon them.

For four years this registration has now been incessantly maintained at Greenwich; it has as yet no rival in the world; and it has been found that every remarkable magnetic storm is accompanied by a violent disturbance of these galvanometers; and, moreover, that each change of direction of the magnets is marked by a corresponding change in the swing of these needles; the movements are synchronous and similar as regards the direction in which the disturbing force acts. The great magnets have certain small movements which are diurnal, that is to say, recurring every day, and so also have the

earth current needles. These have not yet been sufficiently examined to establish a similarity; but it is determined, beyond doubt, that the great magnetic disturbances are either caused by, or as it were by a strange marriage related to, the spontaneous galvanic currents generated in or traversing through the earth's crust.

Thus is the aurora affiliated to another phenomenon—these telegraph currents: and they who love curious facts may be amused at hearing that the auroral currents have actually been used for sending telegrams. It matters not to the operator where his electricity comes from; so that his line is charged he cares not whether the earth or a pile of metal plates supplies the current. When, therefore, an aurora shows itself and its electricity, he disconnects his ordinary battery, and *sends his messages by the aurora borealis*. This has been repeatedly done; it was during the late display. As a rule, however, these currents do more harm than good. Many a telegraphist has received a severe shock from them, and they have more than once set fire to combustible matters that have interrupted their course. It was conjectured that they caused the loss of the 1865 Atlantic cable, by interrupting the test currents: it is certain that the strongest of them that ever made their marks on the Greenwich registers were those of August 2 in that year—the day the cable was believed to have parted.

If we look for other coincidences with auroral displays, we shall find them in meteorological conditions. All observers of atmospheric phenomena have noted that when the northern lights appear there is a change of weather, generally from fair to stormy. But this is not established so definitely as the magnetic connection: it rests rather upon popular opinion than recorded and collated facts. One famous meteorologist, Kæmtz, regarded the relation as problematical: but then he confessed ignorance upon the point: there were not sufficient facts to satisfy him. About equally doubtful is the connection between auroræ and solar-spots. At one time a ten or eleven-year period of recurring magnetic variations was believed in, and thought to be coincident with a

similar period of solar-spot frequency. This coincidence, had it been real, would have favored the hypothesis of a relation between auroræ and solar activity. But since a great authority has thrown doubts upon the existence of a decennial magnetic period, we must give up all its supposed relations.

And now we will leave connections to glance at one or two outstanding matters that require a word before we can put the question, What is an aurora? And first upon the height of the luminosity above the earth's surface. Upon this point estimates are very conflicting. From 50 to 500 miles has been quoted for the interval pervaded by the light-giving matter. These were limits actually observed during the display of 1859. But the shepherd observer, Farquharson, to whom we are indebted for a long series of auroral observations, fixed the elevation much lower. Once he saw the rays stream out of a low cloud, and at another time he and a distant spectator so observed a very brilliant aurora as to admit of a determination of its distance by triangulation, and the height came out less than a mile. Captain Parry, in the Arctic regions, even saw a streamer dart towards the earth at a little distance from him. Doubtless all the observed heights are correct, and the aurora is of all altitudes, from near the ground to the outermost confines of our atmosphere. Professor Loomis, who collected and discussed the observations of the 1859 display, considers that the color of the light is an index of its altitude. He starts with the reasonable assumption that the light is analogous to that of ordinary electricity passing through rarefied air. It is known that through a tube of air of ordinary density, the fluid passes with a white light; if the air is partly rarefied it becomes rose-colored, and if the rarefaction is increased it deepens to red or purple. So he would say that white auroral beams are low, and red or purple lights high.

Upon the nature of the light, prismatic analysis will doubtless some day inform us. At present two observations only of the spectrum of the auroral rays have been secured. These agree in proving the light to be mono-chromatic, that is, to consist of rays of only one refrangibility and color. The singular

point is that the one bright line of which the spectrum consists is not known to belong to any chemical element, nor to electricity under any condition of passage through the recognized constituents of the atmosphere. So far the prism has bewildered the theorists, but it will help them presently.

At length we are brought to the question, What is the cause of auroral displays? This is a riddle that many philosophers have guessed at, but that no one has satisfactorily solved. We have seen how several phenomena—magnetic disturbances, terrestrial galvanic currents, auroræ, and possibly atmospheric convulsions—are linked together; it remains to be proved whether any one of these is the cause of the rest, or whether they are all consequences of some action yet to be recognized. Without a doubt the aurora is an electrical phenomenon, or it would not be so intimately connected with magnetic and electric perturbations; and yet it is a strange fact that when it shows itself there is no very abundant manifestation of atmospheric electricity near the earth's surface. The difficulty of accounting for *visible* electricity high up in air has been variously met by the savants. Biot held the luminosity to be real clouds of metallic matter lit up by electricity and arranging themselves, like magnets in the air, parallel to the dipping needle. He derived his supposed clouds from dusty matter ejected from the volcanoes known to be in action near the magnetic poles—for the south has its auroræ like the north, only they do not get so often observed. No one has supported this idea. De la Rive, the most learned electrician of our day, supposed the light to be the luminous effect of the interchange of positive and negative currents between the colder and warmer regions of the atmosphere. The Rev. George Fisher, a polar observer, considers that ice particles, condensed from the humid vapors on the margins of our polar ice-caps, play an

important part in the development of visible auroræ; that electricity is produced by the coagulation; that the particles aforesaid are illuminated by the transmission of the fluid through them, and that the streamers are columns of such brightened particles ascending from lower to higher and electrically opposed strata of the atmosphere. Evidently ice grains have something to do with the matter, for it has repeatedly been noticed that frozen spicula descend from the sky during auroral displays: a French draughtsman while sketching the recent exhibition felt them falling upon his hands. The latest theory is that propounded by Professor Loomis, the historian of the 1859 aurora: it bears resemblance to De la Rive's. The abundant vapors ascending from the equatorial seas are held to carry up into the higher regions of the atmosphere quantities of positive electricity, whilst the earth's electricity remains negative. The former is conveyed by upper currents of the air towards the pole, and there earth and higher air form, so to speak, the two plates of a condenser, between which an interchange of electricity takes place so soon as a certain tension is reached. This interchange is effected through spaces of least resistance, and the streaming electricity being luminous, the familiar auroral beams are manifested. The currents returning through the earth are held to be the cause of the magnetic perturbations and the disturbances in telegraphic wires. This hypothesis in its completeness is plausible; I have merely outlined it; it does not, however, nor do any of its predecessors, account for the accumulation or the sudden generation of the vast quantities of electricity necessary for an auroral display. But we may know this when we have discovered the ultimate source or the storehouse of the thunderstorm's activity. Auroræ may, after all, be the slow and silent lightnings of the poles.

Chambers's Journal.

A PEEP AT POMPEII.

LOOKING at a village on the slope of Vesuvius, apparently as entire as if of recent erection, I was surprised to be told "*that is Pompeii.*" Though aware how completely the greater part of the disinterred city had been exposed to the light of day, it somehow had not occurred to me that, seen from Naples, a distance of eleven miles, it would be thus distinctly apparent. The distance from which it was seen prevented us perceiving that the houses had no roofs, these having all been broken down by the enormous mass of ashes from Vesuvius, and by the heavings of the earthquake.

Pompeii is accessible by railway or by carriage from Naples. In order not to be hampered as to hours of arriving and departure, we hired a conveyance for the day, with the intention of lunching at *Hôtel Diomède*, which is kept by a polite Frenchman, who informed us that he had only Italian enough to enable him to take money, which he seems to do with moderation, as he only charged a couple of francs for a bottle of excellent *Lacryma Christi*, made from a vine peculiar to the neighborhood of Vesuvius.

Arriving at the Herculaneum gate of Pompeii, we were admitted by a turnstile, paying a franc for admission, and being consigned to the care of a *custode*, who is prohibited from taking any fee from visitors, but generally contrives to get something out of them by the sale of photographs. He is very sharp in looking after them, so that they shall not pocket some of the smaller objects met in the walk through the city.

The custode knowing no language but his own, conversation is very limited, unless the traveller happens to be familiar with Italian. To obviate this inconvenience, it is customary to hire in Naples a *commissionario*, who speaks English with great intrepidity, and sometimes gives astounding information with a gravity truly ludicrous.

Having entered by the Herculaneum gate, we are literally in a city of the dead; we are in "*The Street of Tombs*;" the highway on each side being lined with white marble tombs, perfectly

clean and fresh, with the inscriptions and sepulchral designs quite legible and distinct. As I am not writing an antiquarian treatise, I shall only give a single translation of an inscription touching by its beautiful simplicity: "*Farewell, most happy soul of Caia Oppia. We shall follow thee in such order as nature shall appoint. Farewell, sweetest mother.*"

According to our modern ideas, a highway lined by tombs would form a rather lugubrious approach to a town. But go to Rome, and drive for half-a-dozen miles along the Appian Way, surrounded on both sides by monuments, and it will at once be acknowledged that the old Romans did wisely in not permitting sepulture within their cities, unless under exceptional circumstances. As to the melancholy presumed to be excited by constantly passing the mansions of the dead, the Romans do not appear to have suffered from it. We must remember the spirit of paganism, which is embodied in the dying words of Mirabeau: "*Nothing now remains but to die among flowers and perfumes*;" and we must see its actual effects before we can understand feelings so different from ours. The sensual, by introducing at their feasts memorials of mortality, endeavored to find in the idea of death a stimulus to jollity. A skeleton introduced among the guests gave point to the exhortation, "*Vivamus, dum licet esse bene*" (Let us enjoy life while we may).

The more contemplative and refined, having no security for the happiness of the dead in another and a better world, cherished the more tenderly their mortal remains, and surrounded them with all that could please the eye or soothe the imagination of the living. The mourners whose loved ones filled the tomb delighted to adorn their resting-places, and to make them look fresh and gay with flowers, among which were conspicuous the lily and the rose.

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow.

DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

Looking at the small dimensions of the tombs at Pompeii, we get over the difficulty of how there could be family burial-places, when we remember that only the ashes of the dead were deposited within the tomb, the bodies having been burned in an *ustrinum*. It would appear that monuments were sometimes injured by the incremation being conducted near them; hence the not uncommon inscription forbidding the application of funeral piles against them.

But leaving the Street of Tombs, let us enter Pompeii. The road at this point is wide, and paved with lava retaining the deep ruts made by the carriages. In other places, however, the streets are so narrow that for a vehicle to be turned in them must have been impracticable. They have, however, on both sides, a raised footpath for passengers, whose comfort is still further provided for by the frequent erection of stepping-stones, to enable them to pass dry-shod from one side to the other, when the road happened to be flooded by a sudden fall of rain.

Near the gate is an inn, in the portico of which were discovered various coins and personal ornaments, and in the court-yard the remains of carriages and harness, and the skeleton of an ass. The houses are generally one-storied, but many have had two or three floors. The external walls are plain, with few openings to the street, as the private apartments all look into an interior court, and are lighted from it. The flat roofs have all fallen in; but the walls being generally entire, and the rubbish having been completely removed, the appearance of the streets has not greatly suffered. The removal of rubbish from a small street was going on during our visit, but as it was lazily removed in hand-baskets, we could not help longing for a gang of English navvies with spades and wheelbarrows, to let the Italians see what excavating really is.

The honesty of the laborers seems very dubious, as a custode was constantly on the watch lest they should secrete for their own use any valuables which they may discover. Though nothing was found while we were present, yet in the house the excavation of which we witnessed, three human skeletons were discovered, with their gold

and silver ornaments, a very handsome gold ring set with an amethyst intaglio of Abundance, and various other objects of value. As perhaps a third part of the city is still to be investigated, it is very likely that further discoveries of interest will be made from time to time, and enable us still better to understand the domestic usages of the Romans. A walk through Pompeii is far more instructive than all that the visitor may have previously read; and instead of wasting time lecturing on classical antiquities, a teacher in one of our higher schools would spend his time far more profitably were he to conduct his more advanced pupils to Rome and Naples. As an inducement, we may add that the direct route from Florence to Rome by Foligno, is through delightful mountain scenery in the Apennines, and an opportunity will thus be afforded of visiting the Thrasymene Lake and Cannæ.

But we have wandered from Pompeii, to which let us return. In good houses, there are a porter's lodge, a vestibule, a hall of public audience; and beyond, there is the inner court, round which are arranged the family apartments. This court is surrounded by porticoes supported by columns, in the intervals between which are sleeping recesses, and the triclinium, or place for reclining on at meals. In winter, this was under the portico, and protected from the open air; but in summer it was placed beside the marble fountain, pond, or parterre for flowers, occupying the centre of the court. The really private rooms were few, but tastefully painted, and adorned with articles of *virtu*. Warm and cold baths, rooms for servants, a little chapel for the household gods, and cellars below for storing wine and oil, completed the establishment of a Pompeian gentleman.

The floors of common houses even are paved with coarse mosaic in white and black marble; and *Salve*, in black letters on a white ground, often salutes you, on crossing the threshold. Or, a dog *couchant*, with the less hospitable motto, *Cave canem*, warns none but good men and true to enter here. Possibly, it may have been a benevolent hint to beware of a live dog, stationed there as a protection to a domicile so accessible to every passenger. The houses of the rich are paved with finer mosaics, represent-

ing hunting-scenes, fruits, flowers, birds, and beasts in their natural colors. The walls are divided into panels, with rich borders, painted with a great variety of objects, often of great merit in the execution, but too frequently very indelicate in the subjects. Pictures, copies which we brought home as specimens of this style of panelling, represent a naked charioteer driving a chariot drawn by geese, and a scantily draped woman taking naked Cupids from a wicker basket, for the inspection of two ladies, beside whom stands a Cupid. As the latter picture was found in the Temple of Venus, we may conclude that the woman and those whom she is visiting are not of immaculate reputation.

The streets are regular, and where several meet, there is a public fountain. Their names are legible; and the blank spaces on the walls are filled with gaudy pictures of the presiding deities, with electioneering notices, with amatory and indecent verses, with rudely scratched caricatures. Sometimes the scribbings on the interior walls and pillars of a dwelling refer to domestic matters, such as, how much lard was bought, how many tunics sent to the wash, or when a child or a donkey was born.

The shops are mere open sheds below a dwelling-house, with a stone counter in front, and a few shelves inside. The names and trades of their owners are legible, and the signs of their craft are conspicuous, and sometimes very startling.

One of the best houses is a suburban villa, which belonged to a wealthy citizen, Diomedes, whose family seems to have perished; for eighteen skeletons were found in the wine-cellar, huddled together close to an aperture in the wall. They had sought this underground place of refuge, but the minute dust and the sulphurous vapor suffocated them. The wine-jars, like big Eau-de-Cologne bottles, but of unglazed earthenware, are still ranged against the wall, but instead of fine old Falernian, are filled to the brim with volcanic dust. In the garden, which runs down towards the sea, two bodies were found, being probably those of two persons who in despair left their friends in the cellar, and endeavored to find their way to the beach. But it was too late. Through an atmosphere blacker

than the deepest midnight darkness, and impregnated with suffocating vapors, there could be no advance; and so these two unfortunates miserably perished, being unable to find the door of a small garden, as familiar to them as their bedrooms. In the hand of one was a bunch of keys, and near them were found silver vases and money, dropped at last as worthless, in the struggle for dear life. In the horrible darkness, the blind alone could have turned to advantage their habit of moving about without the aid of sight. In Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, this circumstance is skilfully seized upon, and gives rise to the thrilling incident of the blind slave-girl's escape through a garden.

The most horribly interesting place in Pompeii is a room containing plaster-casts, made according to the ingenious process devised by Signor Fiorelli. The showers of pumice-stone by which Pompeii was overwhelmed, were followed by streams of tenacious mud, which flowed over the interstices not filled by the pumice-stone. Objects thus encased were as if in a plaster mould; and when they happened to be human bodies, their decay left a cavity in which their forms were perfectly preserved. Filling up these cavities with liquid plaster, Signor Fiorelli succeeded in obtaining admirable casts of human beings who had perished during the destruction of Pompeii. We thus can have a stereoscope of their death-agony. We have a painfully interesting stereoscope of a cast thus obtained. Two women, mother and child, very probably, are lying feet to feet. The limbs of the elder are extended, her left arm hangs loosely, and on her finger is a coarse iron ring. She seems to have died without a struggle. But the poor girl at her feet, with her legs drawn up convulsively, her hands clenched in agony, her face close to the ground, must have had a terrific death.

We are struck by the limited dimensions of the private dwellings at Pompeii, the best of which seems to us models of fine houses, rather than handsome and comfortable abodes. But we understand the tastes of the people better on reaching the forums, baths, temples, theatres, and the amphitheatre, which, for a third-rate provincial town, are in a style of luxury and magnificence truly surpris-

ing. It is clear that the Pompeians, favored with a delicious climate, lived abroad all day, and only supped and slept at home. The public buildings, round the civil and military forums, with their beautiful and airy porticos, filled with choice works of art, afforded ample space for exercise under cover; and a visit to the baths, the gymnasium, and the amphitheatre, enabled the luxurious Pompeian gentleman to pass the long summer day agreeably enough. The amphitheatre outside the town, is an immense place; the circular rows of seats rising upwards from the level of the arena, and pierced with numerous places of exit for the spectators: the spaces for the gladiators, the dens for the wild beasts, are so entire, that it is not difficult to imagine the scenes there often enacted. One might almost expect it to resound to-morrow with the roar of wild beasts, the savage shouts of the multitude, the critical remarks of patrician amateurs, and the consultations of Pompeian matrons, debating whether the attitude of the wounded gladiator deserved that they should raise their thumbs to save his life.

It is to be regretted that the relics of Pompeii could not be left where found, as seeing them there would have much enhanced their interest; but their removal to the Museum at Naples has the advantage of enabling us to see collected together a great deal of the objects which ministered to the daily life of the defunct inhabitants of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae.

In some things they were primitive enough, but in others as artificial as ourselves; judging from the *matériel* of a lady's toilet, which comprehended rouge, false hair, teeth, and eyebrows, as well as all that vanity could desire in the shape of perfumes, necklaces, earrings, bracelets,

and brooches. But it must have been provoking to the fair one not to be able to see the general effect of her form and ornaments reflected in a large pier-glass. The mirrors are only small plates of polished metal, capable of showing more than an ugly woman might like to see, but less than a beautiful one desires. Under a glass case is a sad mingling of vanity and mortality: the skull and the impression of a youthful female bosom are mixed with a purse, necklace, and bracelets, taken from the body of a Pompeian lady.

Here are all sorts of kitchen utensils, some of them containing the last meal cooked on the day of the fatal catastrophe. There are loaves converted into brown masses, but retaining their shape and the baker's name; eggs, fruit, grains, honeycomb, &c. Inkstands forever dried up, styles and tablets never to be resumed, lie in mournful literary ease in company with a large collection of charred manuscripts. Some of these have been unrolled, but no work of much merit has rewarded the toil of the classic antiquary.

If we would form a true idea of the moral condition of the Pompeians we must visit the reserved cabinet of the Museum, whose contents cannot be described further than to state that painting and sculpture have been lavishly employed in embodying the obscene ideas and depicting the most abominable habits. If our minds be filled with commiseration for the fate of Pompeii, we cannot resist the conclusion that much of what was buried deserved destruction; and that the graceful embellishments of its social life were allied with a moral depravity so profound as to make us thankful that we live in happier days.

North British Review.

DR. HANNA'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

(Concluded.)

In the evangelical narratives there are frequent *breaks* in the continuity of the story, to fill up which by wise inference and not by rash conjecture is one end of historical study. These gaps are due not merely to the silence of the narrators, and the consequent want of connecting links, but to our ignorance of the motives

which led to this or that course of action, and of the feelings with which our Lord's acts were accompanied. Much of what we may call the outward drapery of the scenes of the ministry is altogether omitted by the evangelists; and this, when supplied by a discreet interpreter, sheds peculiar light upon the in-

cidents themselves. Or again, when several possible explanations of an event may be given, it is the part of the interpreter to choose the most likely, and, by a wise selection, it is singular how much light may be cast upon the narrative, while all trace of a hiatus between the events disappears. By thus clothing a scene with its unrecorded moral drapery, much apparent harshness and arbitrariness vanish. For example, in the case of our Lord's cursing the barren fig-tree, when we see that he was "enacting a parable," selecting a type of moral barrenness, and shadowing forth its doom, the very act of destruction becomes morally beautiful. We may instance a few of these suggestions which occur in Dr. Hanna's volumes. The explanation of the sigh which escaped from our Lord's lips before he cured the deaf and dumb man at Bethsaida (*Galilean Ministry*, pp. 307-8); the explanation of the vernacular Aramaic word "Ephphatha," then used in the district of Decapolis, or the use of the Hebrew phrase "Talitha-cumi" to the dead maiden in Jairus's Hebrew-speaking household; the reasons suggested for our Lord's visiting at a particular time the northern district of Cæsarea-Philippi, where he was "surrounded by the emblems of various faiths and worships;" or the analysis of the motives which led the Greeks in Jerusalem to wish to see Jesus,—the act of cleansing the Temple having impressed them (*Passion Week*, p. 144); or the reasons why Galilee was selected as "the chosen trysting-place" for the appearances of the risen Lord with his disciples (*Forty Days*, pp. 109-11). In reference to all the manifold breaks in the narrative we may say what Dr. Hanna says of one set of them,

"We cannot doubt that if all the minor and connecting links were in our hands, we should be able to explain what now seems to be obscure, to harmonize what now seems to be conflicting. But in the absence of such knowledge we must be content to take what each writer tells us, and regard it as the broken fragment of a whole, all the parts of which are not in our hands, so that we can put them connectedly together."—(*Forty Days*, pp. 25-6.)

Another advantage of such a study of the Life of Jesus as this, is its unfolding of the exquisite *sequences* both in

the acts and teaching of our Lord, and in the progressive testimony of others to his claim, those singular "ties of thought" and of incident, to which Dr. Hanna so often refers, the orderliness of the development of his plan, and the harmonious evolution of his whole work towards the world. The very key to the interpretation of one scene is often to be found in its sequence or connection with another. The continuity of the story is marvellous, and when a blank occurs which cannot be filled up, a reason for the hiatus can usually be found. Incident leads on to incident, disclosure to disclosure. Testimony is added to testimony. Christ himself teaches only as the disciples are able to receive his teaching. Enigmatic gleams of truth are dropped, which become intelligible only in the light of the sequel. This characteristic is one in which the life of Jesus differs from all other lives. There was no immaturity of plan or act, and no tardy development: nothing came too soon, nothing too late. The life advanced "without haste, yet without rest." Thus forming a grand and growing unity, it suggests, in its very uniqueness, that its subject himself "saw the end from the beginning." We can even see that to change its order would be to mutilate its parts, to reverse its sequences would be to mar its perfection.

In connection with that inexhaustible fulness which Dr. Hanna most happily and sometimes unconsciously signalizes in our Lord, his lectures are eminently suggestive of new phases and unexhausted processes of thought. They raise a multitude of open questions at which they merely hint, and the curtain falls upon them, leaving them unsolved. Hence their catholicity. They proclaim one great Faith throughout, but they refuse to dogmatize upon details. It is difficult for a man with strong convictions which he holds firmly to be catholic towards those who differ from him; while it is easy for one who sits apart holding no form of creed to be blandly tolerant of all. But when we find catholicity in alliance with a strong faith, the union is as admirable as it is rare.

The most distinctive feature of these volumes remains to be noticed. It is the frequency with which the soundings of moral evidence are taken in the simplest

manner. The author is not writing a formal *apologia*, but he has indirectly written one.

Thus in one of the earliest chapters, on the Nativity, our attention is turned to that "strange timing of events that then took place." Dr. Hanna shrinks from the attempt to penetrate within the veil which hides from us the secret things of God; but he finds it possible to detect "some natural and obvious benefits which have attended the coming of the Saviour at the particular period when it happened." It has enhanced the number and force of the evidences for his mission. For had Christ appeared at an earlier age, there would have been no room or scope for prophecy; and the record of his miracles coming down to us from a time when contemporary history was in the main legendary, would have been more open to question than it can possibly be when it proceeds from a literary age, and reaches us "through the same channel, and with the same vouchers for its authenticity, as a large portion of ancient history." Further, the world seems to have been left for a long time to itself, "to make full proof of its capabilities and possibilities." Some of the highest forms of civilization had already appeared; and the culture of Greek philosophy and art had failed to elevate human nature morally. History anterior to the advent seems to prove that, while human nature may variously elevate itself by efforts proceeding from within, and on its own plane, it cannot thus rectify its disorder and reach its ideal. Between the political condition of Palestine at the exact period of our Saviour's birth and the work which our Lord had to accomplish in the world, Dr. Hanna finds another pre-established harmony:—

"Had Jesus Christ appeared one half-century earlier, or one half-century later than he did; had he appeared when the Jewish authorities had unchecked power, how quickly, how secretly had their malice discharged itself upon his head! No cross had been raised on Calvary. Had he come a few years later, when the Jews were stripped even of that measure of power they for a short season enjoyed, would the Roman authorities, then the only ones in the land, of their own motion have condemned and crucified him?"—(*Earlier Years*, p. 33.)

Again, in comparing the four Gospels with the apocryphal narratives, we are arrested by the immense chasm between the two. "Men who wished to honor Christ in all they said about him; men "better taught, many of them, than the apostles," men who—

"had the full delineation of the manhood of Jesus before them, could not attempt a fancy sketch of his childhood without not only violating our sense of propriety, by attributing to him the most puerile and unmeaning displays of divine power, but shocking our moral sense, and falsifying the very picture they had before their eyes, by attributing to him acts of vengeance."—(*Earlier Years*, p. 120.)

The harmony between the life of childhood and youth at Nazareth and the period of public labor, is found to yield another testimony to the miraculous in Christ's life:—

"His self-recognition as the Son of God in Jerusalem, when twelve years of age, his declaration of it to his mother, his acting on it throughout life, his words in the Temple, followed by eighteen years of self-denial, and gentle, prompt obedience, his growing consciousness of divine lineage, and of the selfishness, worldliness, and hypocrisy he detected around him, his divine reticence, his sublime and patient self-restraint, his refraining from all interference in public matters and all exposure to public notice," are the natural signs of the development of a life sprung not of this world.—(*Earlier Years*, pp. 134-5.)

In the call of the first disciples a sign of the supernatural is seen at the very opening of the ministry:—

"Silently, gently, unostentatiously, Christ enters on the task assigned to him. Would any one sitting down to devise a career for the Son of God descending upon our earth, to work out the salvation of our race, have assigned such an opening to his ministry; and yet could any thing have been more appropriate to him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, than this turning away from being ministered to by the angels in the desert, to the rendering of kindly services to John, and Andrew, and Peter, and Philip, and Nathanael?"—(*Earlier Years*, p. 241.)

Similarly, the self-denial implied in Christ's turning from the Samaritan villages, where a ready reception was accorded to him, and sending his disciples exclusively "to the house of Israel"

(*Earlier Years*, p. 346), is inexplicable on the naturalistic theory of his life.

Dr. Hanna points to the unbroken unity of plan running through the course of the public ministry as a further evidence of the supernatural, for it indicates "a previous foresight." He whose life was never deflected from its course by any of the cross-currents of human affairs must have seen the end from the beginning.

"It has not been so with any of those men who have played the greatest part on the stage of human history. Their own confessions, the story of their lives, their earlier compared with their later acts, tell us how little they knew or thought beforehand of what they finally were to be and do. There have been shiftings and changes of place to suit the shiftings and changes of circumstances; surprisals here, disappointments there; old instruments of action worn out and thrown away, new ones invented and employed; the life made up of a motley array of many-colored incidents out of which have come issues never dreamt of at the beginning. Had Jesus seen only so far into the future as the unaided human eye could carry, how much was there in the earlier period of his ministry to have excited false hopes, how much in the latter to have produced despondency! But the people came in multitudes around him, and you can trace no sign of extravagant expectation. The tide of popular favor ebbs away from him, and you see no token of his giving up his enterprise in despair; no wavering of purpose, no change of plan, no altering of his course to suit new and obviously unforeseen emergencies."—(*Earlier Years*, pp. 252-3.)

The thread of a consistent harmony thus runs through the life from beginning to end; and here we meet the counter-assertion of M. Renan with a direct and peremptory negative. Neander had already admirably replied to the attempt of De Wette and Paulus, to prove a change of purpose in our Lord's life; and the remarks of Dr. Hanna, with the criticism of Pressensé, are a sufficient reply to Renan.

The mysterious moral power which our Lord at times exercised over men offers fresh evidence of his superhuman origin. In the scene at the cleansing of the Temple, whence came that singular spell "over those rough cattle-drivers, and those cold calculators of the money-tables," that at the bidding of the youthful stranger all power of resistance va-

nished? And on the brow of the cliff at Nazareth, as well as in the garden of Gethsemane, whence came that sudden irresistible power over bands of men, that yielded they knew not why? No psychological analysis will explain these three events without the element of the supernatural.

Again, the evident ease and sense of power (never paraded) with which our Lord wrought his works of healing points in the same direction. He gives no explanations, and offers no argument to prove that he is the Christ, but simply and naturally, as one who held the key of Nature's storehouse, he proceeds to work a miracle as we would set about the commonest acts of our lives. When the miracle-workers of antiquity (as Elijah) are represented as raising the dead, they claim no personal power to do so; and it is only "with trouble and with pain," after long delay, and as the delegates of Jehovah, that they succeed, showing that they had to rise above themselves in the act. Our Lord, on the contrary, acts without any sign of rising above his accustomed level. He speaks to the dead, "in the style of him who said, Let there be light, and there was light."

A still more remarkable characteristic of our Lord's life remains to be unfolded, one which leads us to the very root of the moral evidence for his divinity. It is the infinite assumptions that he makes, which, if unsupported by an inward consciousness of their reality, would sink him, morally, beneath the majority of men. So that we must choose between the horns of a dilemma: either he was much more than human, or much worse than his calumniators. This is admirably indicated by Dr. Hanna. Take the words on the ground of which alone our Lord was condemned to die. "Art thou the Son of God?" was the question of the judges, and it was from his re-assertion of the fact that he was condemned as a blasphemer. But if the fact was not true, in the unique sense in which Jesus claimed it, and in which his accusers knew that he claimed it, it must have been the very height of blasphemy in him. No passing delusion could lessen the sin of such a reiterated assertion by one of sane mind, were it false.

"If only a man," says Dr. Hanna, "Jesus was guilty of an extent, an audacity, an effrontery of pretension, which the blindest, wildest, and most arrogant enthusiast has never exceeded. The only way in which to free his character as a man from the stain of egregious vanity and presumption, is to recognize him as the Son of the Highest. *If the divinity that was in him be denied, the humanity no longer stands stainless.*"—(*Last Day*, p. 73.)

To apprehend the full bearing of this remark, we must consider it in relation to the successive incidents of the life, and the continuity of the claim Christ made. He speaks of his oneness with the Father, of an hour coming in which all men, and even the dead, should hear his voice and live. "If this were but a man speaking of the Creator, and to his fellows, we know not which would be worst, the arrogance in the one direction, or the presumption and uncharitableness in the other" (*Earlier Years*, p. 375). Again, in pronouncing a doom over the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida, *for rejecting himself*, he "anticipates the verdict of eternity" (*Galilean Ministry*, p. 123). At Cæsarea-Philippi he minutely and circumstantially predicts the details of his own death; and on his last entrance into Jerusalem foretells the destruction of the city, which Josephus informs us was to the letter fulfilled. Strauss seems to perceive the force of this, as he admits (*New Life*, vol. i. p. 45) that "this previous certainty (if real) must have been as supernatural as the event itself." And in accordance with his theory, the prediction must be construed as an apostolic afterthought, to enhance the mythical glory of the Master. But it is not to the fact of Christ's prevision that we now point, but to the claim associated with it; the assumption of the right to judge mankind, his certainty of a future empire over the world and the realm of the dead; and the conviction is forced upon us, that if no supernatural consciousness supported our Lord in making these assertions, he sinks at once to the level of an inhuman impostor. He denounces terrible woes over the Pharisees. Could the greatest of the prophets have ventured to speak to them as from the throne of heaven, as one who would shortly be seated there? And if this was a delu-

sion on his part, his words not only lose all meaning, but are from first to last profane, and might be turned against himself. In the house of Simon the Pharisee he quietly makes the assumption that to him all debts are owing, and that by himself alone they could be forgiven. He arranges the future destinies of his disciples, pre-announcing and fixing the time and manner of their death. Deity incarnate alone was entitled to use the language, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" He washes his disciples' feet, and thereafter says, "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."

"No one ever made pretensions so high, no one ever executed offices more humble, no one ever claimed to stand so far above the level of our humanity, speaking of himself as the light of the world, having rest and peace and life for all at his disposal. No one has made himself more thoroughly one with every human being whom he met, or was so ready with the services which one man may claim from his brother."—(*Passion Week*, p. 290.)

Again, in the very institution of the Lord's Supper, Dr. Hanna sees a unique testimony to the supernatural in Christ. He says it must have been instituted at the time asserted in the narrative; for "how could any body of men, without a falsehood in their hands which every one could detect, at any posterior period commence the celebration?"

"But who would ever have risked his reputation, his prospect of being remembered by the ages that were to come, by exhibiting such an eager and premature desire to preserve and perpetuate the remembrance of his name, his character, his deeds? They have left it to others after them to devise the means of doing so; neither vain enough, nor bold enough, nor foolish enough to be themselves the framers of these means. But who is this who, ere he dies, by his own act and deed, sets up the memorial institution by which his death is to be shown forth? Surely he must be one who knows and feels that he has *claims to be remembered* such as none other ever had? Does not Jesus Christ, in the very act of instituting in his own lifetime this memorial rite, step at once above the level of ordinary humanity, and assert for himself a position towards mankind utterly and absolutely unique?"—(*Passion Week*, pp. 330-1.)

Again, as to the Resurrection. "It is by this event," says Dr. Hanna, in com-

mon with many others, "that we desire the entire question of the supernaturalism of our religion to be decided." The most remarkable attestation of this fact is to be found where we would least expect it, viz., in the state of the disciples' mind before and after the event occurred. No writer of fiction, no elaborator of floating myths, would have conjoined with the predictions of Christ as to his resurrection, before he died, such an entire forgetfulness of these facts on the part of the disciples a few days afterwards; "such an utter prostration of all faith and hope as that which the evangelists describe, lasting till the most extraordinary means were taken to remove them, and yielding slowly even then." We can easily account for the state of the disciples' minds when their hopes seemed shattered by their Master's death, and the very power of remembering his words had vanished: but we cannot understand how the inventor of a cunningly devised fable, or the credulous idolatry of a number of disciples full of faith and idealism, could have conjoined these two almost repugnant facts—facts which no man could have foreseen, on a calculation of probabilities, because they run utterly counter to the ordinary course of human action. We need not insist on the fact that Christ had "perilled his own reputation on its occurrence;" nor do we rest so much on the positive testimony borne by multitudes to the fact itself. But the puzzle which anti-supernaturalism cannot explain is the moral hiatus between the utter gloom and dismay, nay, even the despair, of the apostles at the time of their Master's death, and the sudden kindling of their faith (the faith of martyrs), which, within a few days, leapt into flame. What link connected these two states of mind in the apostles? Could it have been wholly subjective? There is a gap to be filled, a moral chasm to be spanned, and no bridge but that of the supernatural reality will span it. This becomes even more evident when we consider the origin and education of the apostles. They were rude unlettered men, slow of heart to believe; men without the faculty of poetic idealization; some of them with a large infusion of the spirit of honest doubt. It is a mistake to sup-

pose that the rustic mind of a peasant is usually more amenable to spectral delusions than the soul of the imaginative thinker; and these Jewish peasants, the fishermen of Galilee, required the strong, clear evidence of fact before they would believe that which at first seemed to them too good news to be true. Then it might have been possible for *one* disciple to have elaborated the myth of the resurrection, for one excited woman to report that she had seen a ghost, and that it resembled the dead Master whose loss they all mourned: but a mixed multitude of diverse minds, in every variety of circumstances, united their testimony to the fact; a cloud of witnesses declared it with one voice. And such was the force of the evidence to them that they willingly sealed it by death, while the resurrection became the central fact of apostolical testimony and of missionary preaching for years. No link but that of a real resurrection, the re-appearance of the historical Christ for a season with his disciples, can explain this victorious faith of the men, the rapid assent to their doctrine, the planting of innumerable churches, and the speedy power of Christianity in the world.

But perhaps the best contribution to this line of evidence will be found in Dr. Hanna's chapter entitled "The Great Commission." In the narrative of one of those manifestations of Jesus to his disciples after the resurrection, we read that "he came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." "How," asks Dr. Hanna,—

"How could a man of woman born, who had lived and died as we do, have been regarded as other than the vainest and most arrogant of pretenders, who said that all power in heaven and earth was his, had there not been something in the whole earthly history of this man which corresponded with and bore out such an extraordinary assumption? The simple fact that there was a man who lived for three-and-thirty years in familiar intercourse with his fellow-men, yet, ere he left the world, was recognized and worshipped by five hundred of them, as one who was guilty of no presumption in saying, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth,' goes far to sustain the belief that he was indeed the Son of the Highest. To imagine that a Jew, the son of a Galilean carpenter,

educated in a village in the rudest part of Judea,—that such a man, being a man and nothing more, could have lived so long upon the earth without saying or doing anything to belie the belief in his divinity, presents a far greater difficulty than does the doctrine of the Incarnation.”—(*Forty Days*, pp. 157-8.)

The commission to the infant Church followed this claim of power—“Go, preach the gospel to every creature:”—

“A mission so comprehensive was as novel as it was sublime. Familiarity with the idea blunts the edge of our wonder; but at that time, when, in a remote Jewish province, Jesus gathered a few hundred followers, and sent them forth, assigning them a task not to be accomplished till all nations had been brought to sit under his shadow; the idea of a religion addressed to all, equally adapted to all, and needed by all, had never been broached, never been attempted to be realized. Prior systems gloried in their exclusiveness; and, both socially and religiously, the Jew of the Saviour's time was one of the most shut in and bigoted of his race. His faith and his patriotism were one; and the deeper the patriotism the narrower the faith. And yet it is among this people—it is from one brought up in one of its wildest districts, it is from one for whom birth, position, education, had done nothing in the way of weaning him from the prejudices of his countrymen; it is from him that a religion emanates whose professed object is to gather into one the whole human family. The very broaching of a project so original, so comprehensive, so sublime, in that age, and in these circumstances, stands out as an event unique in the history of our race. Had Jesus Christ done nothing more than set this idea for the first time afloat, that it was desirable and practicable to frame for the world a religious faith and worship which should have nothing of the confinements of country, or period, or caste, he would have stood by himself, and above all others. But he did more than this. He not only announced the project, but he devised the instrument by which it was to be accomplished. He put that instrument in its complete and perfect form, into the hands of those by whom it was to be employed. That instrumentality has never asked for, because it has never needed, improvement or change. When Jesus said, ‘Go make disciples of all nations,’ he announced, and that in the simplest, least ostentatious way, as if there was no novelty in the project, no difficulty in its execution, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that it should be taken up, and the surest thing that it should be carried out, the most original, the broadest, the sublimest enterprise that ever human hands have been called upon to accomplish.”—(Pp. 156-166.)

Dr. Hanna has not written a book for scholars, yet in his volumes there are hints of problems which the most learned scholars may very easily miss. To a devout imagination and a mature judgment aspects of truth are sometimes disclosed to which mere erudition is often blind. We may mention several of these questions underlying the narrative of facts, which are hinted at rather than discussed by our author. The significant absence of any information as to the mode of ordination of the twelve apostles—Christ “having done nothing with his own hand to erect or organize the church” (*Galilean Ministry*, p. 329); the pretended primacy of St. Peter (pp. 332-6); the exposition of the relations of Church and State, in the analysis of the saying, “Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God the things which are God's” (*Passion Week*, p. 79); the trial to our Lord in bearing the burden of insoluble problems which should hereafter perplex his Church, as, for example, the destination of human souls after death (*Galilean Ministry*, pp. 124-5); the possible pain arising from the restriction of his earthly ministry, and its insignificant results (*Passion Week*, p. 147); the “room for the patriotic sentiment in Jesus, that love of country by which every true man is characterized; and, mingling with that which was divine and broadly human, purified from all imperfection, narrowness, and selfishness, that patriotic grief which wept over the overthrow of Jerusalem” (*Last Day*, p. 168). In the answer to the question of the Sadducees (*Passion Week*, p. 90) the root of the system of materialism is disclosed; and the relation of a free personal being to his creation, with the possible changes which nature may undergo in the economy of the future, is alluded to. In the classification of the miracles, as wrought upon nature and upon man, and the reasons given for “the vast preponderance of the latter,” we have a glance into the philosophy of the miraculous. To display omnipotence was not Christ's aim, or he could have done so far more strikingly than he did. His omnipotence was veiled under the moral import and the spiritual end to be reached. A deep question in morals, and the relation of the central commandment to

the separate precepts, are discussed in connection with the lawyer's question, "Master, which is the great commandment?" (*Passion Week*, p. 103). We may further notice the reasons assigned for our Lord's delay upon the earth for forty days between the resurrection and the ascension, and for the brief mysterious glimpses of these days, viz., that both the humanity and divinity should be signalized; the one by his residence so long, and the clearly human appearances; the other by their peculiar character, brief and fugitive, *almost* spiritual and spectral. Had the old Galilean life been resumed, "the rising faith in the divinity" of Jesus would have been checked. Had he ascended immediately from the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, "in the blaze of that new glory around his person, the man Christ Jesus had been lost, the humanity swallowed up in the divinity" (*Forty Days*, p. 39).

The view taken of the nature of our Lord's resurrection body is also noteworthy. It is represented as undergoing during the forty days a gradual transition from the material to a spiritual state, "the corruptible being on its way to the incorruptible, the mortal *putting on* the clothing of immortality" (*Forty Days*, p. 53). Strauss has affirmed that on this point there is an insuperable contradiction in the accounts of the evangelists: one statement representing the resurrection body as physical, because able to digest food, another representing it as a ghost, because able to pass through closed doors. He therefore speaks of the story as a "fantastic imagination." But the supposition that the body which arose from the grave was physical, but that it gradually became etherealized, though not new, is so exceedingly suggestive, that we wonder it is not generally received by the Church. We have some analogies which bear it out. The spirit may gradually exercise a vast ascendancy over the body; and in proportion as a man acquires victory over the senses the form of his organization is refined. Matter may finally yield to spirit, so as to be its elastic and ethereal vehicle, rather than, as now, its impediment and drag. Spirit may gradually be able to dispense with the aid of matter, and after having been educated and enriched by it may stand less and less in need of its coarser

stimulus. And in the resurrection body of Christ we have the type of what the bodies of men may become in a more etherealized universe. It is only in keeping with other divine laws to which he was subject that the process of transition in our Lord's case should have been gradual.

There are occasional repetitions in the course of these volumes, arising no doubt from the order in which they appeared. We have, for example, the analysis of the character of St. Peter given twice over in the same words. Had they been written in a consecutive series, beginning with the Nativity, the retrospect in the fifth volume on the *Last Day of the Passion* would not have occurred; nor such regressions as the biographic sketch of the Virgin, which is suggested merely by Christ's address to her from the cross. The admirable sermon on "the great invitation," introduced into the recital of the Galilean ministry, may be justified by the grandeur of the theme, and because it contains the very essence of our Lord's message to the world; but it somewhat breaks the continuity of the narrative, and, if treated in its evidential character, as testifying to him who could alone invite a world to find repose in himself, it would have been more homogeneous and complete. The two discourses on the parables of the Virgins and of the Talents, and the description of the day of final judgment (in the *Passion Week*), might have been retrenched, especially as some other discourses revealing the inner life of our Lord are briefly passed over. The reference to the abuse of works of fiction introduced into the lecture on the weeping for the daughters of Jerusalem is scarcely relevant.

While it is true that we find in these volumes some things more adapted to the pulpit than the permanent literary page, they are a very noteworthy specimen of Scottish Christian teaching. It is to be regretted that a philosophical analysis and defence of the great data of the Christian faith is seldom heard from the modern pulpit. A notion seems to prevail that the elementary facts of the gospel of Christ ought to be the staple of the teaching there. It was not so always. If we consult the specimens which survive even of patristic and mediæval preaching, or examine the great mas-

ters of English Platonism in the seventeenth century (to select but two instances), we shall find that their ideal was widely different. The exclusion, or even the subordination, of those fundamental themes with which reflective men are struggling, from the place where they should be welcomed and cherished, will impoverish, if it does not arrest, the power of the pulpit. Believing as we do, with the *Spectator*, that questions of an "apparently refined and scholastic nature lie at the very basis of national energy and national morality," we think that these should be freely discussed from the place of direct Christian education.

We would suggest to Dr. Hanna the expediency of following this series of volumes with another, dealing with some of the questions which he takes for granted in these. Though the series is complete in itself, a supplementary discussion of some of the problems which the Tübingen school has raised would form an appropriate introduction. Much remains to be done in this direction. We have not as yet an absolutely accurate history of the results of modern criticism as to the origin of the Gospel narratives.

We should also have relished from the same pen some chapters devoted to the still more arduous task of gathering together the main elements in the teaching of our Lord, summarizing its results, and showing the reappearance of its germs in the apostolic doctrine of the Epistles. If we proceed beyond a mere recital of events to ponder the *meaning* of the facts narrated, we are immediately led into the region of doctrinal form. Doctrine is but the *explanation of fact*. But we think that the collection of "the first flowings" of Christian doctrine from the words of its Founder would reveal some curious discrepancies between it and the creeds of later ages, some modern growths and incrustations, possibly also some losses and departures from its first ideal.

We cannot part with these volumes without a further reference to the fundamental feature which distinguishes this Life of our Lord from those by Strauss and Renan. The admission or rejection of the supernatural determines that fundamental feature. Its recogni-

tion is the touchstone of success, its rejection the badge of failure. From the account we have given of the French and German works, it will be seen that they agree in pronouncing the supernatural unhistoric. Renan has not the hardihood to assert that miracles are impossible, but in the name of universal history he says, that "up to this time no miracle has ever been proved," as none has ever occurred in presence of men capable of testing its miraculous character. Strauss is at once bolder and more rash. In his judgment miracle is "that heterogeneous element which makes history impossible." He would admit nothing supernatural, no matter how numerous the witnesses or harmonious their attestation. Philosophy pronounces the verdict *a priori*, which scientific history ratifies *a posteriori*. Miracle is contingency and lawlessness within an orderly world. It implies that God acts against his own laws. It amounts to a correction of the universe, and consequently involves its imperfection: and as the evangelical recorders had no critical tests, their evidence loses all power of proof.

It will be observed that we have here a gigantic *petitio principii*, a gratuitous assumption utterly inadmissible in philosophy, unless supported by the evidence of an intuition. But its advocates deny the validity of the intuitions, and found it on an induction from historical phenomena. As such it ignores the boundaries of human knowledge. It illogically infers a universal conclusion from a number of particular instances of fixed order in nature (these instances being irrelevant to the argument, as they are admitted on both sides). And it may be directly negated by positive testimony to the opposite. We therefore turn Strauss's dictum against his own theory, that "there may be things so incredible in themselves that this incredibility would invalidate the evidence of a witness in other respects the most credible of men" (by which principle he would reject a miracle, however attested). It may be applied with the greatest cogency to the assumption that Jesus was merely human, notwithstanding any amount of evidence as to the origin of the Gospel narratives. This is an assumption so incredible, that its incredulity would

shake the evidence of any witness from the first century that attested it.

But we decline to admit the postulate from which both Strauss and Renan and all anti-supernaturalists start. They first define a miracle in a fashion which travesties the doctrine maintained, and then refuse on the ground of their dogmatic postulate to admit the relevancy of the only kind of evidence that could substantiate that which they reject. Even although the occurrence of a miracle were tantamount to the suspension of Nature's laws (which it is not), to be entitled to assert that such a violation of Nature was impossible the objector should be conversant with the inmost secrets of natural phenomena, to be absolutely sure that no new force or set of forces had escaped his notice, or was held by the Divine mechanician in reserve. In short, if miracles are impossible, man in his ignorance cannot know the fact. The secret would belong exclusively to Him who has chosen to reveal the opposite. For a creature of limited intellectual vision to deny the possibility of miracle is indirectly to arrogate omniscience. M. Renan has seen this, and hence has fallen back on historical ground, and contents himself with affirming that no miracle has ever been attested.

The question of the miraculous thus recedes into a problem of speculative philosophy. Miracles are impossible except on a theistic theory of the universe. But no theist can validly deny their possibility. It remains for historical and moral evidence to authenticate the fact. But the first postulate of theism, the free-will of God, and the existence of an infinite *reserve of power* in the Divine Nature,—power unexhausted in the creation and upholding of the universe,—supplies us with a firm philosophical basis on which the fact may repose.

Searching for a human analogy to the transcendent power which theism thus conceives as ever within and behind the veil of Nature, we do not betake ourselves to marvels and apparitions; for we find the true analogue within the human will. If our will is free in any sense, it is a source of power; it can originate new processes. By the forthputting of our free causality we can produce a new series of effects, which, how-

ever, blend throughout the whole process with the customary sequences of Nature. We change the order of Nature by introducing a new force within its realm. And if God be free, if human freedom is but a dim reflection or adumbration of his, it is self-evident that he may introduce at will new forces within the existing order of things. We can alter no law of Nature: we can only discharge a new force from the centre of our personality amongst existing laws. And in the miracles of Christ we see Nature amenable to a Divine will, as it is amenable to the supernatural action of our human wills. The difference is not in the nature of the effects produced, but in the rank and power of the Agent producing them. The reign of law is unbroken; but Nature is flexible, and bends before a new-born power. The novel and seemingly anomalous agent blends harmoniously with the existing framework of causation, and is itself subject to the sweep of mundane law the moment that it is introduced. Its miraculous character lies in its source. The new element is not lawless, nor does it come to violate law, or dethrone it. The supernatural is but the *higher natural*. God does not readjust his former work; he supplements it, out of the infinite reserve of his nature. Without the rigor of fixed law, confusion and anarchy would reign: and without the presence of a supernatural will behind the orderly phenomena, the universe would be locked up as in the chains of fate; and intermediated between the chance of the one system and the rigor of the other, between causalism and fatalism, the doctrine of a supernatural and living will emerges.

But we cannot affirm that the presence of God is more real in a miraculous event than in a natural process. That would be to banish God from the realm of Nature,—to limit him to the abnormal and exclude him from the normal. The spiritual and supernatural is rather the *source* of the natural and material. The latter is an apocalypse of the former, a revelation of God, "the garment we see him by." And the "signs and wonders" of the New Testament were not more truly (though they were *as* truly) the signs of the supernatural, than were the lilies of the field, or the fowls of the

air, from which our Lord deduced the doctrine of a universal Providence. What we see in the phenomena of the universe is the apparatus by which God reveals himself constantly in Nature; what the disciples saw in the miracles of our Lord was the apparatus by which he revealed himself once in his Son. The supernatural is the same in both cases. We cannot affirm that the presence of God is less real throughout Nature at all times (though we may not discern it) than it was in the peculiar and unique machinery of the Christian advent; or, to make the distinction more emphatic, that in the *resurrection* of Lazarus God was more specially revealed than he was in the natural *death* of Lazarus. The former incident was but a selected means to impress upon a callous generation the reality of the supernatural, and to supply a type of the continuous miracle of history. But why should our biassed "men of science" so persistently deny the possibility of such a gentle incursion into the realm of Nature of that power which ever sleeps behind phenomena? They deny that there can be "aught in heaven or earth but what is dreamt of in their philosophy." But Science itself is only the human interpretation of natural phenomena, and the human classification of Nature's powers. Why refuse to include within the limits of historical fact a series of new manifestations of which the cause is occult, under-working, and divine? We do not fall into the abyss of oriental dualism by so doing; for between the ordinary and the extraordinary the difference, as we have said, is only one of degree. And a miracle is the highest revelation of Nature, because of the supernatural Power which resides behind and within it everywhere. Apparent violations of order are but instances in which laws that are inferior yield nominally before the power of the superior.

But some reason for the introduction of the new agency within the old order may be shown to exist. Nature was already marred by the introduction of moral evil, and the necessity for the supernatural arises simply from *the failure of the natural*—a failure not due to any physical defect within the universe, but to the loss of moral power in man. The original and normal

state of the creature had by his own act become the abnormal; and the introduction of the supernatural was a means of his restoration to the normal, as human nature had failed to raise and regenerate itself. If the present condition of the earth were its normal state, and the evil were merely a defect to be balanced in due time by excess, there would be no room for supernatural agency. But if the evil be a moral blot in the universe, the interposition of God to remove the blot of the creature is immediately seen to be but the restoration of order.

But the restorative process which is introduced will be in strict conformity with the nature of that which it comes to restore, *i. e.*, it will be mainly spiritual and moral. The physical wonders which may accompany it will be altogether secondary and subordinate. Now, in discussing the Christian miracles, attention is often fixed on the physical marvels, which have no value and little meaning apart from their moral end. A prodigy is a mere finger-post pointing to some moral truth. And possibly the Christian miracles have repelled the scientific world, mainly because of the attention which Christian apologists have bestowed upon their outward forms. But the physical is the accidental, the moral is the essential in a miracle; and the radical conception of the supernatural in Christianity is *the restoration of a lost moral order, by the free act of one whose power is the mere energy of his love*. Thus considered, the supernatural is not only an essential part of Christianity, it *is* Christianity itself. Eliminate it, and you eliminate root, branches, and the whole tree; and the religion of Christ falls at once to the level of the other religious systems, if it does not (because of its claim to the supernatural) sink beneath them all.

Strauss had attempted to show that if a belief in miracles has any warrant at all, it may be as freely extended to those of the Greek mythology, or oriental Buddhism, or mediæval Catholicism, as to those "signs" which accompanied the birth of Christianity. As we reject the former marvels as unhistorical, and make an exception in favor of the Christian miracles, we must show some valid reasons for the exception. If we can prove that it would involve a greater marvel,

and tax our credulity more, to treat the Christian miracles as legends, than to accept them as facts, we have a presumption in their favor; just as if, by the rejection of all miracles, the life of Christ could be made to yield a more satisfactory result, we should have a presumption on the other side. We therefore accept the challenge, and point to the totally different *character* of the Christian miracles from the poetic idealizations of Greece or the apocryphal legends of Jewish story. The test of a divine moral purpose, in which power is ever "vassal unto love," will easily distinguish between the spurious and authentic; while the evidence of facts is in the one case clear, and in the other obscure. We think that the volumes of Dr. Hanna have abundantly proved this point. But a scientific vindication of the miraculous is comparatively useless to those critics who assert their impossibility *a priori*. Strauss virtually says, "I will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Renan desires that the alleged marvel should be performed before the Academy of Sciences, and *repeated frequently*, that no illusion or sleight-of-hand be mistaken for reality. But this demand is fatal to the very idea of the miracle. It is wrought not to excite wonder, but to produce a moral result. Renan ignores the spiritual element in the physical prodigy. But no miracle could have been wrought to gratify the scientific curiosity of men already biassed against its evidence. It is recorded in the Gospels that in certain districts our Lord "could do no mighty works, because of the unbelief" of the spectators. But his miracles were varied sufficiently to prove that by no stock process, legerdemain, or fraud, could any one of them have been wrought; while the whole keyboard of Nature was amenable to his will.

Pressensé has well said, "Falsehood

may have its hour, but it has no *future*;" a maxim by which it would be unwise for any generation to test a novel doctrine submitted to it. But the advance of history, with its "increasing purpose," the gradual extinction of those forms of faith which have no permanent root in human nature, or in the facts of the past, and the severe strain to which those must have been subjected which have outlived the scrutiny of the ages, warrant its application to history at large. What stands the criticism of Time is true; and if error lives, its vitality is due to the truth with which it is in all cases mixed up. The constant and distracting succession of hypotheses as to the origin of the Gospels, and the twilight of uncertainty to which most of them conduct, present a strange contrast to the light which the supernatural casts upon the life of Christ. The first work with the majority of the critics is to abolish the conclusions of their predecessors. This is consistent enough in those who hold with Renan that "the ideal is ever a utopia." But we pronounce his dictum philosophically false, and historically untrue. The ideal *has been realized* in One Human Life. Its solitariness and its ideal completeness is the source of its unique power in the world; and it has "possessed the future" much more completely than it conquered the age in which it first appeared.

We have sufficiently indicated our high estimate of the work of Dr. Hanna, and of the contribution he has made to the apologetical literature of the Church. It has been written mainly for those who have not been perplexed by the questions of modern thought,—rather for the Church than for those outside its borders. But its function is much wider than its author states it, and it may yet take precedence of more ambitious treatises in the estimation of the Church catholic.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

REPORT ON PROGRESS OF WORKS AT JERUSALEM AND ELSEWHERE IN THE HOLY LAND, BY LIEUTENANT WARREN, R.E.

11th JUNE, 1869.

Interesting Discovery at the N. E. angle, Haram area.—We have, during the last few days, succeeded in driving a gallery up to the great block of masonry

forming the northeast angle, and have found the wall to be built of great bevelled stones, to a depth of at least 60ft. below the surface, and we have not yet come on the rock.

In my last letter I expressed some diffidence about our being able to get across, on account of the treacherous nature of the soil, although we were then only 50ft. off. By employing a different shape of gallery frame, and keeping a non-commissioned officer continually at the head of the gallery fixing them, we have been able to surmount these difficulties, and are now likely to make a great addition to our knowledge of the ancient topography. Already we have made a happy commencement.

We struck the Haram Wall about 18ft. south of the north-east angle, and at a depth of about 32ft. below the surface. We then turned north, and ran along the Haram Wall for 26ft. without finding any angle similar to that above. At this point a slit about 18in. wide and 4in. high was observed in the Haram Wall, formed by cutting out parts of the upper and lower beds of two courses. A stone, dropped down this slit, rolled rattling away for several feet.

It was some time before I could believe that we had really passed to the north of the north-east angle; but there can now be no doubt of it, and that the ancient wall below the surface runs several feet to the north of the north-east angle without break of any kind.

If the portions above ground are *in situ*, it would appear that this angle is a portion of an ancient tower reaching above the old city wall.

We have this morning examined the slit mentioned above. At first it was impossible to squeeze through, but after a few hours it became easier, though it is now only 7in. in height.

The passage in from this slit is difficult to describe: the roof falls by steps, but the floor is a very steep smooth incline, falling 12ft. in 11½ft., like the slit and shoot for letters at a postoffice. The shoot ends abruptly, passing through the roof of a passage. This passage runs east and west; it is 3ft. 9in. high and about 2ft. wide; it runs nearly horizontally, and at its eastern end opens out through the Haram Wall. At the western end it goes (by measurement) to the east end of the Birket Israil, but is closed up by a perforated stone. This passage is 46ft. (?) in length. On the south side of it, a little to the west of the shaft, is a staircase cut in the masonry, and running

apparently to the surface, but it is jammed up with stones. The roof of the passage is about 48ft. below the surface. The stones forming it are of great size, but do not show large in comparison with those of the sides, which are from 14ft. to 18ft. in length, and vary from 3ft. 10in. to 4ft. 6in. in height. To the west of the staircase the bottom of the passage slopes down rapidly, so that in one place it is 12ft. in height. The roof also is stepped down 4ft., about 11ft. from the western end.

Altogether this passage bears a great resemblance to that which we found under the Single Gate, October, 1867.

At the eastern end, where the passage opens out through the Haram Wall, a rough masonry shaft has been built round, so that we can see a few feet up the wall, and about 7ft. down it below the sole of the gallery. It is evident that here there has been some tinkering at a comparatively modern date.

In the course forming the sole of the passage there is a water duct leading through the Haram Wall, about 5in. square, very nicely cut; but in the next course, lower, a great irregular hole has been knocked out of the wall, so as to allow the water to pass through at a slightly lower level, and so run into an aqueduct 9in. wide and 2ft. high, which commences at this point, and runs nearly due east from the Haram Wall. All this botching and tinkering looks as if it had been done quite recently, and the workmen have left their mark on the wall in the shape of a Christian cross, of the type used by the early Christians, or during the Byzantine period.

At the further end of the passage, to west, the same large massive stones are seen until the eye rests upon a large perforated stone closing it up. This is the first approach we have yet found to any architectural remains about these old walls (which I believe now are admitted to be of the time of the Kings of Judah), and though it merely shows us the kind of labor bestowed upon a concealed overflow aqueduct, still it has a bold and pleasing effect, and until something else is found, will hold its own as some indication of the style of building at an early period.

It consists simply of a stone closing up the end of the passage, with a recess or

alcove cut in it 4in. deep. Within this recess are three cylindrical holes, 5½in. in diameter, the lines joining their centres forming the sides of an equilateral triangle. Below this appears once to have been a basin to collect the water; but whatever has been there, it has been violently removed. It appears to me probable that the troops defending this portion of the wall came down the staircase into this passage to obtain water.

At first sight this passage appears to be cut in the rock, as stalactites have formed all over it, and hang gracefully from every joint, giving the place a very picturesque appearance. It seems probable that we are here some 20ft. above the rock.

There can be little doubt that this is an ancient overflow from the Birket Israil, which could not at that time have risen above this height, about 235°, or 25ft. above the present bottom of the pool, and 60ft. below the present top of the pool.

It is also apparent that the Birket Israil has been half full and overflowing during the Christian period, and that for some purpose or other the water was carried away by an aqueduct to the Kedron Valley. At the present day, when there is such a dearth of running water in Jerusalem, it is rather mystifying to find that within our era the Birket Israil has probably been constantly full up to a certain point, and flowing over.

It will be a great mistake now if we have to stop this work for want of funds. We have got over to this N. E. angle with considerable trouble, and at great risk, and it is highly probable that difficulties would be put in the way of a second excavation at this point.

If the excavations are to continue, I am convinced it is essential that we should strain every nerve to get sufficient funds to complete this work.

18th August, 1869.

N. E. Angle of Haram area (continued).—We have now made further progress at this angle, and have settled several points of considerable interest.

1. We find that the tower (so called tower of Antonia) at the N. E. angle of the Haram area, forms part of the main east wall, and, at near its base, the wall and tower are flush, or in one line.

2. The wall is built up of bevelled stones from the rock, but up to a certain height (nearly the same as at Robinson's arch) the stones have rough faces.

3. The rock, which is only twenty feet below the surface at the St. Stephen's Gate, falls rapidly past the tower, so that at the southern angle the wall is covered up with *débris* to a depth of no less than one hundred and ten feet, and the total height of the wall is over one hundred and fifty feet.

4. There is now no doubt that the valley at the Bab az Zahiré passes down through the Birket Israil into the Haram area, and thence out to the east between the N. E. tower and the Golden Gate; and that the platform of the dome of the rock is at least *one hundred and sixty-five feet* above one part of the valley in the northern part of the Haram area; and also that the contour trace showing the conjectural line of the ground in the northern part of the Haram area, forwarded in June, appears to be nearly generally correct.

5. Some characters in red paint have been found on the bottom stones of the Haram wall under the southern end of this tower; a trace is enclosed.

6. It appears probable that the four courses of bevelled stones of this tower, which appear above ground, are in *situ*, and also in the wall south of the tower, but of this latter it does not seem so certain.

7. The faces of the stones below a certain line are described as rough (in paragraph 2), but they are quite unlike the roughly-faced stones at the S. W. angle. The faces project from two to *twenty* inches or more, presenting a very curious appearance.

8. The stone used does not seem to be so compact and hard as that used at the S. E. angle, and the chisel working is not so carefully done.

The manner in which the tower becomes flush with the wall is very interesting; for the first forty-eight feet above the rock it is one wall, the stones being carefully drafted, the faces projecting irregularly, on an average ten inches. The upper and lower parts of the faces are horizontal, and the sides are vertical, so that they in some instances present the appearance of one cube stuck on to a larger one.

The wall throughout this distance has a batter formed by each course receding $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from that below it, up to course Q, where the projecting faces end; here the tower begins, and it is formed by the portion forming the wall continuing to recede from 4 to 7 inches, while that forming the tower only recedes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, so that at 70 feet from the bottom (level of the gallery), and 22 feet from whence the tower begins, the projection is nearly 2 feet. If this were continued at the same rate up to the surface, another 40 feet, it would give to the tower a projection very similar to what it has, viz., about seven feet; from this it would appear as though the upper were *in situ*; but it is to be remarked that the stones in the wall at the surface, and also in the gallery, have projecting faces, and as the southernmost shaft was sunk at the junction of the tower and wall, it yet remains to be seen whether the wall throughout is composed of stones with projecting faces, while the stones in the tower are like those at the Wailing Place.

It is also to be remarked that the level

of the point where the tower commences is only a short distance below the surface at the S. E. angle, where there is a check in the wall as if just such another tower were commencing.

De Vogüé's view of the Temple of Jerusalem restored, appears to give an approximate view of what the east wall of the Haram is at *present*, except that the centre tower is not known.

There is no straight joint between the tower and wall at the N. E. angle; it is one wall for the 22 feet we have examined, and probably continues the same up to the surface. Where the projection increases to 2 feet, the stones are cut out to that depth, but a few feet higher some other method must have been adopted.

I propose after the summer to drive the gallery 100 feet further to the south along the wall, and then to sink again in search of the bottom of the valley, which is likely to be some thirty or forty feet lower down; as it is, this shaft at the angle of the tower is the deepest yet sunk, the bottom being 110 feet below the surface.

The Spectator.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

Mrs. CLOUGH has done wisely in giving her husband's remains so frankly to the world, and all understanding readers will thank her sincerely for the true taste, perfect simplicity, and quiet literary skill with which she has edited them. These two volumes, as they now stand, contain as adequate a picture of the singular, but large, simple, and tender nature of the Oxford poet as is now attainable; and it is one which no one can study without much delight and some pain, without much profit and perhaps also some loss, without feeling the high exaltation of true poetry and the keen pleasure caused by the subtlety of true scholarship, at every turn; nor without feeling now and again the sad infection of those "blank

misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized," which are scattered so liberally through these fine poems of buoyant ardor, disappointed longings, and speculative suspense, and through these singular letters and reviews of reticent tenderness and rough self-satire. The new materials, now for the first time published, and many of them for the first time printed, are of the highest interest in the contribution they give us to Mr. Clough's intellectual autobiography. And some of them will add greatly to his fame,—especially the strange and wonderful poem written at Naples in 1849, in which Mr. Clough starts from the precisely opposite point of view to Keble's Easter hymn, and instead of singing,—

"Oh, day of days! shall hearts set free,
No minstrel rapture find for thee?"

pours out the despair with which the poet infers from the multitude of servile

* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters, and a Memoir.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Vol. I. Life, Letters, Prose Remains. Vol. II. Poems. London and New-York: Macmillan.

hearts *not* set free from either guilt or meanness, that "Christ is not risen." This poem will live, we believe, forever in English literature, as the most burning and pathetic lament which an ardent love of Christ, amazed and ashamed and aghast at the spectacle of an utterly un-Christian world calling itself Christian, and the despair of intellect naturally suggested by this spectacle, ever produced. To our minds, this singular poem, short though it be, is not unlikely to be recognized as one of the greatest poems,—if not in all English literature, which is likely enough,—certainly of our day and generation. But as we hope to say something separately upon it, we will only say of it here that it is unquestionably the author's greatest achievement, and is not less remarkable for the patient realism and almost bitter intellectual precision of the style, than for the molten stream of religious passion which it pours out. As a rule, Mr. Clough's lyrical poems are not quite so successful in delineating the mood which they are really meant to delineate, owing to the chronic state of introspective criticism on himself in which he is too apt to write, and which, characteristic as it is, necessarily diminishes the linearity and directness of the feeling expressed, refracting it, as it were, through media of very variable density. As he himself,—no doubt in this stanza delineating himself,—says of one of his heroes:—

"With all his eager motions still there went
A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
That from the obvious good still led astray,
And set him travelling on the longest way."

And in the same poem there are descriptive touches which very skilfully portray the nature of those *dispersive* influences, as we may call them, in his character which, while they may injure his lyrical, add a great wealth of criticism to his speculative and disquisitional poems:—

"Beside the wishing-gate which so they name
'Mid Northern hills to me this fancy came;
A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed:
'Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
And know to wish the wish that were the best!
Oh, for some winnowing wind to th' empty air
This chaff of easy sympathies to bear
Far off, and leave me of myself aware!'"

That is clearly self-portraiture, and it describes an element in Mr. Clough's

nature which, no doubt, contributed greatly to diminish the number of his few but exquisite lyrical poems, and sometimes to confine even those to the delineation of feelings of a certain vagueness of drift, like the dim but characteristic stanzas which he has himself headed with Wordsworth's line, "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." Yet there was, besides this most subtle and almost over-perfect intellectual culture in Mr. Clough, much also of a boyish, half-formed nature in him, even to the last, which, when fully roused, contributed a great deal of the animation, and, when least roused, contributed not a little of the embarrassed, shy, half-articulate tone to some of the most critical passages of his finest poems. He describes this side of boyish feeling admirably in one of his "In Mari Magno" tales:—

"How ill our boyhood understands
Incipient manhood's strong demands!
Boys have such trouble of their own
As none, they fancy, e'er have known,—
Such as to speak of, or to tell
They hold were unendurable,—
Religious, social, of all kinds,
That tear and agitate their minds
A thousand thoughts within me stirred
Of which I could not speak a word,—
Strange efforts after something new
Which I was wretched not to do;
Passions, ambitions lay and lurked,
Wants, counter-wants, obscurely worked
Without their names, and unexplained."

And even in his latest and most finished poems you see the working of this half-developed element of Mr. Clough's massive and rich but to some extent inert imagination; and you see, too, how powerfully it operated to discontent him with his own productions, to make him underrate vastly their real worth. Rapidly as his genius ripened at an age when, with most men, the first flush of it would have passed over, there was something of conscious inertia, not unlike immaturity, in it to the last, which gives a tone of proud hesitation, a slowness of hand, to the literary style of his finest poems. He calls himself, in his Long Vacation pastoral, "the grave man, nicknamed Adam," and there is really something of the flavor of primeval earth, of its unready vigor and crude laboriousness, about his literary nature. Even when he succeeds best,

the reader seems to see him "wipe his honorable brows bedewed with toil." And yet he is impatient with himself for not succeeding better, and despises his own work. He needed external stimulus, something of excitement in the atmosphere, for his best success. Thus, the siege of Rome during his residence there in 1849, was the stimulus which gave rise to his most original and striking poem, "*Amours de Voyage*," which is brimful of the breath of his Oxford culture, of Dr. Newman's metaphysics, of classical traditions, of the political enthusiasm of the time, and of his own large, speculative humor, subtle hesitancy of brain, and rich pictorial sense. Yet so ill-satisfied was he with this striking poem, that he kept it nine years in MS., and published it apologetically at last only in an American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*. He himself says that what he doubted about in it was not its truth of conception, but its vigor of execution. Yet no execution could have been more perfect of the picture,—a picture of inchoacy, we admit,—which he intended to draw. Mr. Emerson has in some things shown himself a fine critic; but he never made a more egregious blunder than when he found fault with Mr. Clough for not making this poem end more satisfactorily. The whole meaning and drift of it would have been spoiled if it had so ended. His idea was to draw a mind so reluctant to enter on action, shrinking so morbidly from the effects of the "ruinous force of the will," that even when most desirous of action it would find a hundred trivial intellectual excuses for shrinking back in spite of that desire. His own explanation of the poem is contained in the final verse:—

"So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil!
Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and good?
Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.
Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing and age,
Say, 'I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days:
But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France.'"

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X., No. 6.

And it is this brain of what the author chooses to call "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days" that the poem is meant to delineate throughout,—their speculative discontent, their passion for the abstract, their dread of committing themselves to a course, their none the less eager cravings for action and for the life that can only be reached through action, their driftings and their reactions;—and all this is artistically contrasted with the great Roman stage on which so many great dramas had been enacted in years gone by, and one great revolutionary drama was going forward at that very moment. To our minds, the poem would lose half its character and meaning if the hero's incipency of passion had been developed into anything but incipency, if it had not faded away, just as it is represented as doing, with the first difficulties, into a restless but still half-relieved passiveness. The irony of the poem, with its background of Mazzinian and Garibaldian achievement, would have been utterly spoiled by any other conclusion. How perfect a picture of the paralysis caused by too subtly speculative a nature, is there in such lines as these, for example, in which the hero declares his intention to abide by the indications of the first adverse throw of fortune:—

"Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence partly.

What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.

Ah, no, that isn't it! But yet I retain my conclusion.

I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances."

"*Amours de Voyage*" would indeed have been spoiled if it had ended "pretily," like any other novel.

One of the most curious and original of the pieces published for the first time in this edition is that on the "*Mystery of the Fall*," to which we regret that Mrs. Clough has not appended any date. Most probably it was earlier than "*The Bothie*." As a poem it cannot rank high, for it is fragmentary as well as unpolished; and the cautious but masculine transcendentalism displayed by Adam in reserving the doubt whether his disobedience was not in some sense or other divinely preordained,—the feminine despair of Eve, the thin saintliness of Abel,

the impatient aggressiveness of Cain, are all somewhat grotesque,—even with the most liberal allowance for something of allegory,—as representatives of primeval man. Still, taken in connection with “Dipsychus,” and, indeed, with a whole series of scattered hints ranging through both the letters and the poems, it is a very curious indication of the direction in which Mr. Clough was inclined to look for a solution of the mystery of moral evil. He evidently inclined to believe that though evil must be taken as absolutely evil for all practical purposes, there is some transcendental view in which it is necessary for the development of independent beings, and a part therefore of human destiny, rather than a mere product of human free-will. With the most exalted love for a pure morality, there is a slight vein of contempt for it, as something impracticably fastidious and fanciful, running through most of Mr. Clough’s works, and a fixed conviction that all actual life must be at best, in some sense, a *conscious* compromise between right and wrong. That is, we believe, an erroneous view, one at the root of whatever error there is in Mr. Clough’s philosophy, and of much of the melancholy of his thought; but it is expressed with great power and originality in this strange soliloquy of Adam’s, as he half-struggles with the overpowering sense of sin which overcomes him, treating his own remorse, if not as a weakness, at least as belonging to a more superficial part of his nature than the lowest depth of all, and recognizing in himself something deeper than either evil or good, a personality above, or, at least, nearer to the very centre of his being, than the sense of either good or evil. In a philosophical point of view at least, and as illustrating a vein of speculation very fundamental in Mr. Clough’s writings, profound and eager as is his sense and abhorrence of evil, we cannot help giving a part of this remarkable soliloquy:—

“SCENE II.”

“[Adam, alone.]

“Adam. Misery, oh my misery! O God, God! How could I ever, ever, could I do it?

Whither am I come? where am I? O me, miserable!

My God, my God, that I were back with Thee! O fool! O fool! Oh irretrievable act!

Irretrievable what, I should like to know?

What act, I wonder? What is it I mean?

O Heaven! the spirit holds me; I must yield;
Up in the air he lifts me, casts me down;
I writhe in vain, with limbs convulsed, in the void.

Well, well! go, idle words, babble your will;
I think the fit will leave me ere I die.

Fool, fool! where am I? O my God! Fool, fool!

Why did we do’t? Eve, Eve! where are you? quick!

His tread is in the garden! hither it comes!
Hide us, O bushes! and ye thick trees, hide!
He comes on, on! Alack, and all these leaves,
These petty, quivering, and illusive blinds,
Avail us naught: the light comes in and in;
Displays us to ourselves; displays—ah! shame—
Unto the inquisitive day our nakedness.
He comes; He calls. The large eye of His truth,
His full, severe, all-comprehending view,
Fixes itself upon our guiltiness.

O God, O God! what are we? what shall we be?

What is all this about, I wonder now?

Yet I am better, too. I think it will pass.

’Tis going now, unless it comes again.

A terrible possession while it lasts.

Terrible, surely; and yet indeed ’tis true.

E’en in my utmost impotence I find

A fount of strange persistence in my soul;

Also, and that perchance is stronger still,

A wakeful, changeless touchstone in my brain,

Receiving, noting, testing all the while

These passing, curious, new phenomena—

Painful, and yet not painful unto it.

Though tortured in the crucible I lie,

Myself my own experiment, yet still

I,—or a something that is I indeed,

A living, central, and more inmost I,

Within the scales of mere exterior me’s,

I,—seem eternal, O thou God, as Thou;

Have knowledge of the evil and the good,

Superior in a higher good to both.”

The prose writings—excepting the letters—now for the first time published, have not nearly the same importance as the poems. The letters, indeed, especially those written from America, are full both of depth of thought and of that grave simplicity which was the chief charm of Mr. Clough’s personal talk. But the reviews, also chiefly written in America, are a little harum-scarum, and written almost as if they were thrown off in factitious high spirits. This is especially true of the letters of Perepidemus and the review of Mr. Newman’s “Soul”—essays the style of which was doubtless meant only to express a transient mood, though the latter, at least, contains solid conviction. But among the other criticisms, brief and unlabored as they are, there are passages of very great beauty and critical depth, as when he describes

Wordsworth's great poetic work as consisting in this,—that he strove, “not unsuccessfully, to build the lofty rhyme, to lay slowly the ponderous foundations of pillars to sustain man's moral fabric, to fix a centre around which the chaotic elements of human impulse and desire might take solid form, and move in their ordered ellipses, to originate a spiritual vitality;”—or where he thus describes the sphere to which in some moods one is disposed to limit the subject-matter of modern poetry,—“There are moods in which one is prone to believe that in these last days, no longer by ‘clear spring or shady grove,’ no more on any Pindus or Parnassus, or by the side of any Castaly, are the true and lawful haunts of the poetic powers; but we could believe it, if anywhere, in the blank and desolate streets, and upon the solitary bridges of the midnight city, where Guilt is, and the wild Temptation, and the dire Compulsion of what has once been done,—there, with these tragic sisters around him, and with Pity also, and pure Compassion, and pale Hope that looks like Despair, and Faith in the garb of Doubt, there walks the discrowned Apollo, with unstrung lyre; nay, and could he sound it, those mournful Muses would scarcely be able, as of old, to respond and ‘sing in turn with their beautiful voices.’”

Taken as a whole, these volumes cannot fail to be a lasting monument to one of the most original men of our age, and its most subtle, intellectual, and buoyant, though very far, of course, from its richest, most musical, and exquisite poet. There is a very peculiar and unique attraction about what we may call the physical and almost animal buoyancy of these subtly intellectual

rhythms and verses, when once the mass of the poet's mind—by no means easy to get into motion—is fairly under weigh. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Clough both represent the stream of the modern Oxford intellectual tradition in their poems, but how different is their genius. With all his intellectual precision there is something of the boyishness, of the simplicity, of the vascular Saxon breadth of Chaucer's poetry in Mr. Clough, while Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetical ancestor is certainly no earlier than Wordsworth. There are both flesh and spirit, as well as emotion and speculation, in Mr. Clough,—while, in Mr. Arnold, soul and sentiment guide the emotion and the speculation. There is tenderness in both, but Mr. Clough's is the tenderness of earthly sympathy, and Mr. Arnold's the lyrical cry of Virgilian compassion. Both fill half their poems with the most subtle intellectual meditations, but Mr. Clough leaves them all but where they were, not even half settled, laughing at himself for mooning over them so long; while Mr. Arnold finds some sort of a delicate solution, or no-solution, for all of them, and sorts them with the finest nicety. Finally, when they both reach their highest poetical point, Mr. Arnold is found painting lucidly in a region of pure and exquisite sentiment, Mr. Clough singing a sort of pæan of buoyant and exultant strength:—

“But, oh, blithe breeze, and oh, great seas,
If ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain, they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

“One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,
Oh, bounding breeze, oh rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!”

Chambers's Journal.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

ONE of those periods is now approaching when the earth is thrilled through her whole frame by magnetic throes of unusual intensity. Physicists will be able to trace in the silent indications of the suspended magnet the action of the most remarkable of all the forces to which the earth is subjected. In tele-

graphic offices, the occurrence of these disturbances will be made apparent by the interruption of communication for longer or shorter intervals of time. And the self-recording instruments at Kew and other such observatories will indicate by unusual movements the progress of those mysterious electric convulsions

known as magnetic storms. But except for such indications as these, and one or two others which have only of late years been referred to the agency of terrestrial magnetism, the inhabitants of this earth will not be made sensibly aware that anything unusual is in progress. For ages these magnetic disturbances have thrilled through the earth's framework without being recognized; and even now it seems almost as by an accident that our physicists have been led to understand the significance of one of the most remarkable of all terrestrial phenomena.

The facts which have been ascertained respecting terrestrial magnetism are so interesting and so little known, that we may confidently claim the attention of the reader while we state some of the most striking and noteworthy of them.

The most generally recognized property of the magnet, its power of indicating the north point, was discovered by the Chinese many ages before it became known to European observers. We learn that the Chinese, when journeying over the great plains of Central Asia, used a magnetic car, in front of which a floating needle bore a figure, whose outstretched arm pointed continually southwards. The Greeks and Romans were aware that iron could be magnetized; but it never happened that a suitably balanced fragment of magnetized iron exhibited to them the earth's directive force. Humboldt remarks, that "on this accidental circumstance alone the great discovery depended." It must be remarked, however, that such accidents have been common in the history of discovery and invention.

Had the western nations discovered the magnet's principal property so early as the Chinese, we should probably have gained valuable information respecting the next property which has to be considered—the fact, namely, that the magnet does not commonly point due north. It is not likely that the Chinese discovered this property, because over the whole of Eastern Asia the magnetic compass points very nearly towards the north. But even if they had, it is not so much the divergence of the compass from the north point which would have

rendered the discovery interesting to us, as the knowledge which ancient observations might have given us respecting the laws on which the *changes* of that divergence depend. In Europe, as we shall presently see, these changes are very conspicuous.

It was in the thirteenth century that European observers first detected the fact that the magnetic needle does not point due north.* For a long time it was supposed that the direction of the needle was the same for all places; but during the first voyage of Christopher Columbus across the Atlantic it was found that this is not the case. He had travelled six hundred miles from the most westerly of the Canary Islands, when he noticed that the compass, which had been pointing towards the east of north when he was in Europe, was now pointing due north. The actual day on which the discovery was made was September 13, 1492. As he sailed farther west he found that the westerly declination gradually increased.

But here we have at once to call attention to another peculiarity of the magnetic compass, otherwise the reader would form a mistaken notion of the present nature of the needle's declination. We have spoken of the needle as pointing to the east of north in 1492. This is no longer a true description of the declination in Europe. The needle now points far to the west of north. It is a peculiarity of the science of terrestrial magnetism that variations are thus mixed up with variations, until it has become a matter of exceeding difficulty to present all the facts of the science in such a sequence that the student shall not be in any risk of being led astray. Properly speaking, the change of the needle's declination from time to time should be kept wholly separate from the changes which are noticed as the needle is changed from place to place. Yet, if this were done in describing the original discovery of the latter change, erroneous impressions would be given respecting the present state of the needle's declination in various countries.

* It may be well to notice a certain peculiarity about the nomenclature of this deviation. Seamen always call it the needle's *variation*; but among scientific men it is called the *declination*.

At present the terrestrial globe may be looked upon as divided into two vast but unequal portions, which may be called the region of westerly magnets and the region of easterly magnets. In the former must be included all Europe except the extreme north-easterly parts of Russia, the whole of Africa, Turkey, Arabia, the greater part of the Indian Ocean, and the western parts of Australia. Returning westwards, we must add to the region of westerly magnets the greater part of the Atlantic Ocean, the north-eastern parts of Brazil, the eastern parts of Canada, and the whole of Greenland. All the rest of the world belongs to the region of easterly magnets except an oval space, which is situated in the very middle of the region, yet has a contrary character. This space includes the eastern parts of China, Manchooria, and the islands of Japan.

Such is the present arrangement of the two divisions; but, fifty years ago, the description would have been incorrect, and fifty years hence it will again be so; for over the whole world the declination is steadily changing—here in one direction, there in the contrary; quickly at some places, almost imperceptibly at others. And we may mention in passing, that, as a general rule, where the declination is least either westwards or eastwards, there it is changing most rapidly; and where it is greatest, it is hardly changing at all. But there appear to be some places where the range of change is so small, that, though the declination is never large, it does not change rapidly—as in other places of small declination. As yet, however, much remains to be learned respecting the progress of these strange changes in countries where magnetic observations have been only commenced in recent times.

Some idea of the complexity of the question will be suggested by comparing the changes which have occurred in two places so near to each other as London and Paris. We shall see that not only are the declinations different in these cities, but their range of variation is different, both as to extent and as to the period in which a complete oscillation of the needle is effected.

The easterly declination of the needle

in London was observed to disappear in about the year 1657. From that epoch, the needle continually travelled westwards, until it began to be thought that it would move ever in that direction, and so come at length to point southwards. In Paris, the easterly declination had not disappeared before the year 1663, and there also the needle travelled continually westwards, though not quite so rapidly as in London. In 1814, the needle pointed about $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the west in Paris, and some two degrees farther west in London. In that year, however, Arago startled the scientific world by announcing that in his opinion the needle's westerly motion was flagging, and he asserted his belief that that motion would presently give place to an easterly movement. Only three years passed before the prediction was fulfilled; and on the 10th of April, 1817, Arago was able to announce that the needle had begun to return towards the north. But observers in London pronounced against this view. The London needles were still travelling westwards, though with a slowly diminishing motion. It was not until the spring of 1819 that the London observers admitted that the needles had really reached the limit of their westerly oscillation. And whereas in Paris the needles had not travelled more than $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the west, in London they had passed no less than 25 degrees from the north point. Corresponding to this circumstance, we see also that the duration of the half-oscillation (for the needles had not been watched from their greatest easterly declinations) was a hundred and sixty-two years in London, and a hundred and fifty-four years in Paris.

It gives a grand idea of the nature of those ever-acting forces to which terrestrial magnetism is due, to consider that the sway of the magnetic needle from limit to limit of its range should occupy so long an interval as three centuries in both these instances. Conceive the scale on which a pendulum should be constructed in order that its oscillations might have a period of as many seconds!

It was while they were engaged in tracking the progress of this long oscillation, that physicists detected minute oscillations superposed, so to speak, upon

the main one, and even more singular in their character. The case is somewhat as though to the bob of a long pendulum there were attached a short one, and that it was to the motions of this short pendulum (beating with its own rapid swing, while carried slowly backwards and forwards by the main movement) that attention was primarily directed.

Each day the magnetic needle sways backwards and forwards *twice* across its mean position. Shortly before midnight, it begins to travel from west to east, reaching the limit of that motion soon after eight in the morning. Then it sweeps westward to its greatest westerly limit, which it reaches soon after one. Then back again towards the east, until half-past eight, and so to its original position at about eleven o'clock.

It must be understood that these motions are so minute in comparison with the great secular oscillation, that they never affect the general direction of the magnet to any noteworthy extent. For instance, we have just spoken of the two easterly limits of the daily swing, but throughout the day the magnet always points far to the west of north. The mean declination, in fact, is (roughly) about 20 degrees, whereas the daily swing never ranges over more than the fifth part of a degree.

It will be noticed that the oscillations above described correspond closely with the diurnal motions of the sun. They are such, in fact, as the needle would exhibit on the supposition that it tries to follow the sun during his complete apparent revolution round the celestial sphere. It is believed that the daily motions of flowers, and in particular that class of motion which has given to the sun-flower its distinctive appellation, are due to the same magnetic properties which cause the diurnal swing of the suspended needle.

But besides the daily sway of the magnetic needle, there is an annual oscillation of a somewhat different character. In fact, properly speaking, the annual change is not oscillatory, though it has a regularly recurrent character. The daily swing is variable. Now, this variability would be somewhat confusing, on account of its general irregularity ;

therefore, physicists consider the mean of several days, and thus get rid of what for the present we may term accidental variations. When this has been done, it is found that the average daily swing of the needle is subject to a slow progressive increase, followed by an equally slow diminution ; and the period of these slow changes is a year.

The peculiarity of this annual change is that its progress is the same for both hemispheres. It might have been expected that it would attain its maximum in summer, when the solar influence is strongest ; but this is not the case. It attains its maximum in January, which is indeed near midsummer for the southern hemisphere, but nearly the least sunny of our northern months. The secret of this peculiarity lies in the fact that the sun is nearest to the earth in January. The peculiarity is a very meaning one, as showing that the magnetic influence is not a local matter, however variable the magnetic declination may be as we shift from place to place. The real fact pointed to by this, as by many other phenomena, is, that the earth must be looked upon as a single gigantic magnet, gaining or losing power throughout its whole frame simultaneously.

The consideration of the *power* of the great earth-magnet must be for a moment laid on one side, while we deal with a form of deviation as remarkable as the declination. We refer to the *dip* of the needle. The ordinary compass is, we know, suspended horizontally, and, for anything which appears to the contrary when we examine such an instrument, that might be the needle's position of rest. But when a needle is so suspended by a silken thread as to be free to assume an inclined position, it is found that the northern end dips perceptibly. We are assuming, of course, that in its non-magnetized state the needle would rest horizontally. In our latitudes, the dip or inclination is so great that the needle is inclined only about 22 degrees to the vertical. When we travel northwards, the dip increases ; when southwards, it diminishes, until we reach a place near the equator (travelling always, it is assumed, in the longitude of London), where the needle becomes horizontal. After passing that point, the southern end dips, and the

inclination continues to increase as we travel southwards.

The same is true for other longitudes, only the place of "no dip" is differently situated. The line along which there is no inclination lies near the equator, crossing that circle at two opposite points, one in west longitude 3 degrees, the other in east longitude 177 degrees. The magnetic equator is not a strictly circular curve, however; it is noteworthy that it departs most from the figure of a true circle where it traverses the Atlantic Ocean.

We have seen the variations which are exhibited in the declination of the magnet, not only at different places, but at different times in the same place. Changes of precisely the same character are exhibited in the dip of the magnet: in London, for example, the dip has diminished four degrees in less than a century; in Paris, during the last two centuries, the dip has diminished about seven degrees.

Seeing this, we must accept with some little question the locales usually assigned to the magnetic poles; because we have every reason for supposing that these poles must be continually shifting their position. In fact, the motion of the magnetic equator, which is continually sweeping from east to west along the true equator, suffices of itself to demonstrate that the magnetic poles are continually travelling around the true poles. What the laws of this motion may be, it would not be easy to determine in the present state of our knowledge; but it is worthy of notice that the same motion would serve to account at once for the change of dip and for the change of declination. For example, in 1663 the magnetic pole may be reasonably supposed to have been due north of Paris. In the latter year the inclination was 75 degrees in Paris, so that we can judge that the magnetic pole was on the nearer side of the true pole. As the magnetic pole passed away from this position, travelling westwards, there would naturally result both a westerly declination and a gradual diminution of dip. And the fact that when Sir J. C. Ross determined the position of the northern pole in 1837, it was found to be somewhat more than 90 degrees west of the longitude of Paris—in other

words, the fact that it had traversed somewhat more than a quarter of a complete revolution soon after the westerly declination at Paris had attained its maximum value—seems strikingly confirmatory of this view. If this theory is correct, the inclination will continue to diminish until the magnetic pole has completed half a revolution, so as to be again due north of Paris, but on the further side of the true pole. Then the declination will be nothing, and it will afterwards become easterly.

It must be admitted, however, that there is much more complexity in the laws according to which the declination varies, than the above view, taken alone, would imply. Doubtless, the peculiarities of the earth's structure, the arrangement of land and water, mountain-ranges, table-lands, and valleys, have much to do with the matter.

The variations of the intensity of magnetic action, either from time to time, or as we proceed from place to place, are among the most interesting of all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The latter class of change is associated so obviously with the changes of declination and dip, that we need not enter on its consideration. The former, however, points to problems of extreme interest in connection with the probable character and source of the whole range of forces included under the subject we are dealing with.

We have seen already that from hour to hour, and from day to day, there are changes in the extent of the minute oscillations of the suspended magnet, and that these changes indicate variations in the intensity of the magnetic force under diurnal and annual solar influences. When we add to these variations a change which has a period corresponding to the motions of the moon, it becomes evident that it is to an influence as subtle and as pervading in its character as gravitation itself, that the terrestrial magnet owes its powers.

But there are other variations still more significant.

A long series of researches had convinced Colonel Sabine, one of our leading authorities on the subject of terrestrial magnetism, that the intensity of the magnetic action is subject to a process of change having a period of some-

what more than ten years. Scarcely had this law been established, when the results of a long and elaborate series of solar observations exhibited to the world the strange fact, that the spots which stain the sun's face vary in frequency according to a precisely similar relation. It was found that the changes of solar spottiness, and of magnetic intensity of action, are not merely characterized by an equality of period, but that the maximum effect under one period is absolutely coincident with the maximum effect under the other.

We might have looked upon this as merely a very singular coincidence, had we not independent evidence of an association between the sun's action and the intensity of terrestrial magnetism. Part of this evidence has been already referred to. But the evidence founded on the exact coincidence of magnetic storms, thrilling in a moment through the whole frame of the earth, with solar disturbances actually witnessed by astronomical observers, is even more striking. Thus, no room is left to question the dependence of terrestrial magnetism on solar action, and the relation between the sun's spots and the vibrations of the needle—a relation which, when first

propounded, was received even by eminent physicists with ridicule—has been accepted as one of the most well established of all the circumstances known respecting terrestrial magnetism. Of the meaning of this singular relation, we have not at present space to speak; indeed, we should be led into a variety of considerations, which would be out of place in such a paper as the present. The appearance presented by the solar spots, the processes by which they are formed, the laws on which their changes depend—all these, and many other questions of the sort, would have to be dealt with, to say nothing of the planetary movements on which, according to modern researches, the habitudes of the solar atmosphere are dependent. We may note, in conclusion, that the solar face has recently presented all the signs which we have learned to associate with the intenser phases of terrestrial magnetic action. Enormous spots and clusters of spots have broken out during the past few months; and probably the spots which will shortly make their appearance will be yet larger, since the epoch of maximum disturbance has not yet been fully reached.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LABURNUM COTTAGE.

THERE had been various letters passing, during the last six weeks, between Priscilla Stanbury and her brother, respecting the Clock House at Nuncombe Putney. The ladies at Nuncombe had, certainly, gone into the Clock House on the clear understanding that the expenses of the establishment were to be incurred on behalf of Mrs. Trevelyan. Priscilla had assented to the movement most doubtingly. She had disliked the idea of taking the charge of a young married woman who was separated from her husband, and she had felt that a going down after such an uprising,—a fall from the Clock House back to a cottage,—would be very disagreeable. She had, however, allowed her brother's argu-

ments to prevail, and there they were. The annoyance which she had anticipated from the position of their late guest had fallen upon them: it had been felt grievously, from the moment in which Colonel Osborne called at the house; and now that going back to the cottage must be endured. Priscilla understood that there had been a settlement between Trevelyan and Stanbury as to the cost of the establishment so far;—but that must now be at an end. In their present circumstances she would not continue to live there, and had already made inquiries as to some humble roof for their shelter. For herself she would not have cared had it been necessary for her to hide herself in a hut,—for herself, as regarded any feeling as to her own standing in the village. For herself, she was ashamed of nothing. But her mother

would suffer, and she knew what Aunt Stanbury would say to Dorothy. To Dorothy at the present moment, if Dorothy should think of accepting her suitor, the change might be very deleterious; but still it should be made. She could not endure to live there on the very hard-earned proceeds of her brother's pen,—proceeds which were not only hard-earned, but precarious. She gave warning to the two servants who had been hired, and consulted with Mrs. Crocket as to a cottage, and was careful to let it be known throughout Nuncombe Putney that the Clock House was to be abandoned. The Clock House had been taken furnished for six months, of which half were not yet over; but there were other expenses of living there much greater than the rent, and go she would. Her mother sighed and assented; and Mrs. Crocket, having strongly but fruitlessly advised that the Clock House should be inhabited at any rate for the six months, promised her assistance. "It has been a bad business, Mrs. Crocket," said Priscilla; "and all we can do now is to get out of it as well as we can. Every mouthful I eat chokes me while I stay there." "It ain't good, certainly, miss, not to know as you're all straight the first thing as you wakes in the morning," said Mrs. Crocket,—who was always able to feel when she woke that everything was straight with her.

Then there came the correspondence between Priscilla and Hugh. Priscilla was at first decided, indeed, but mild in the expression of her decision. To this, and to one or two other missives couched in terms of increasing decision, Hugh answered with manly, self-asserting, overbearing arguments. The house was theirs till Christmas; between this and then he would think about it. He could very well afford to keep the house on till next Midsummer, and then they might see what had best be done. There was plenty of money, and Priscilla need not put herself into a flutter. In answer to that word flutter, Priscilla wrote as follows:—

"Clock House, September 16, 186—.

"DEAR HUGH,

"I know very well how good you are, and how generous, but you must allow me to have feelings as well as yourself.

I will not consent to have myself regarded as a grand lady out of your earnings. How should I feel when some day I heard that you had run yourself into debt? Neither mamma nor I could endure it. Dorothy is provided for now, at any rate for a time, and what we have is enough for us. You know I am not too proud to take anything you can spare to us, when we are ourselves placed in a proper position; but I could not live in this great house, while you are paying for everything,—and I will not. Mamma quite agrees with me, and we shall go out of it on Michaelmas-day. Mrs. Crocket says she thinks she can get you a tenant for the three months, out of Exeter,—if not for the whole rent, at least for part of it. I think we have already got a small place for eight shillings a week, a little out of the village, on the road to Cockchaffington. You will remember it. Old Soames used to live there. Our old furniture will be just enough. There is a mite of a garden, and Mrs. Crocket says she thinks we can get it for seven shillings, or perhaps for six and sixpence, if we stay there. We shall go in on the 29th. Mrs. Crocket will see about having somebody to take care of the house.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"PRISCILLA."

On the receipt of this letter, Hugh proceeded to Nuncombe. At this time he was making about ten guineas a week, and thought that he saw his way to further work. No doubt the ten guineas were precarious; that is, the "Daily Record" might discontinue his services to-morrow, if the "Daily Record" thought fit to do so. The greater part of his earnings came from the "D. R.," and the editor had only to say that things did not suit any longer, and there would be an end of it. He was not as a lawyer or a doctor with many clients who could not all be supposed to withdraw their custom at once; but leading articles were things wanted with at least as much regularity as physic or law; and Hugh Stanbury, believing in himself, did not think it probable that an editor, who knew what he was about, would withdraw his patronage. He was proud of his weekly ten guineas, feeling sure that a weekly ten guineas would not as yet

have been his had he stuck to the Bar as a profession. He had calculated, when Mrs. Trevelyan left the Clock House, that two hundred a year would enable his mother to continue to reside there, the rent of the place furnished, or half-furnished, being only eighty; and he thought that he could pay the two hundred easily. He thought so still, when he received Priscilla's last letter; but he knew something of the stubbornness of his dear sister, and he therefore went down to Nuncombe Putney, in order that he might use the violence of his logic on his mother.

He had heard of Mr. Gibson from both Priscilla and from Dorothy, and was certainly desirous that "dear old Dolly," as he called her, should be settled comfortably. But when dear old Dolly wrote to him declaring that it could not be so, that Mr. Gibson was a very nice gentleman, of whom she could not say that she was particularly fond,—“though I really do think that he is an excellent man, and if it was any other girl in the world, I should recommend her to take him,”—and that she thought that she would rather not get married, he wrote to her the kindest brotherly letter in the world, telling her that she was “a brick,” and suggesting to her that there might come some day some one who would suit her taste better than Mr. Gibson. “I'm not very fond of parsons myself,” said Hugh, “but you must not tell that to Aunt Stanbury.” Then he suggested that as he was going down to Nuncombe, Dorothy should get leave of absence and come over and meet him at the Clock House. Dorothy demanded the leave of absence somewhat imperiously, and was at home at the Clock House when Hugh arrived.

“And so that little affair couldn't come off?” said Hugh at their first family meeting.

“It was a pity,” said Mrs. Stanbury, plaintively. She had been very plaintive on the subject. What a thing it would have been for her, could she have seen Dorothy so well established!

“There's no help for spilt milk, mother,” said Hugh. Mrs. Stanbury shook her head.

“Dorothy was quite right,” said Priscilla.

“Of course she was right,” said Hugh. “Who doubts her being right?”

Bless my soul! What's any girl to do if she don't like a man except to tell him so? I honor you, Dolly,—not that I ever should have doubted you. You're too much of a chip of the old block to say you liked a man when you didn't.”

“He is a very excellent young man,” said Mrs. Stanbury,

“An excellent fiddlestick, mother. Loving and liking don't go by excellence. Besides, I don't know about his being any better than anybody else, just because he's a clergyman.”

“A clergyman is more likely to be steady than other men,” said the mother.

“Steady, yes; and as selfish as you please.”

“Your father was a clergyman, Hugh.”

“I don't mean to say that they are not as good as others; but I won't have it that they are better. They are always dealing with the Bible, till they think themselves apostles. But when money comes up, or comfort, or, for the matter of that either, a pretty woman with a little money, then they are as human as the rest of us.”

If the truth had been told on that occasion, Hugh Stanbury would have had to own that he had written lately two or three rather stinging articles in the “Daily Record,” as “to the assumed merits and actual demerits of the clergy of the Church of England.” It is astonishing how fluent a man is on a subject when he has lately delivered himself respecting it in this fashion.

Nothing on that evening was said about the Clock House, or about Priscilla's intentions. Priscilla was up early on the next morning, intending to discuss it in the garden with Hugh before breakfast; but Hugh was aware of her purpose and avoided her. It was his intention to speak first to his mother; and though his mother was, as he knew, very much in awe of her daughter, he thought that he might carry his point, at any rate for the next three months, by forcing an assent from the elder lady. So he managed to waylay Mrs. Stanbury before she descended to the parlor.

“We can't afford it, my dear;—indeed we can't,” said Mrs. Stanbury.

“That's not the question, mother. The rent must be paid up to Christmas,

and you can live here as cheap as you can anywhere."

"But, Priscilla——"

"Oh, Priscilla! Of course we know what Priscilla says. Priscilla has been writing to me about it in the most sensible manner in the world; but what does it all come to? If you are ashamed of taking assistance from me, I don't know who is to do anything for anybody. You are comfortable here?"

"Very comfortable; only Priscilla feels——"

"Priscilla is a tyrant, mother; and a very stern one. Just make up your mind to stay here till Christmas. If I tell you that I can afford it, surely that ought to be enough." Then Dorothy entered the room, and Hugh appealed to her. Dorothy had come to Nuncombe only on the day before, and had not been consulted on the subject. She had been told that the Clock House was to be abandoned, and had been taken down to inspect the cottage in which old Soames had lived;—but her opinion had not been asked. Priscilla had quite made up her mind, and why should she ask an opinion of any one? But now Dorothy's opinion was demanded. "It's what I call the rodомontade of independence," said Hugh.

"I suppose it is very expensive," suggested Dorothy.

"The house must be paid for," said Hugh;—"and if I say that I've got the money, is not that enough? A miserable, dirty little place, where you'll catch your death of lumbago, mother."

"Of course it's not a comfortable house," said Mrs. Stanbury,—who, of herself, was not at all indifferent to the comforts of her present residence.

"And it is very dirty," said Dorothy.

"The nastiest place I ever saw in my life. Come, mother; if I say that I can afford it, ought not that to be enough for you? If you think you can't trust me, there's an end of everything, you know." And Hugh, as he thus expressed himself, assumed an air of injured virtue.

Mrs. Stanbury had very nearly yielded, when Priscilla came in among them. It was impossible not to continue the conversation, though Hugh would much have preferred to have forced an assent from his mother before he opened his mouth on the subject to his sister. "My

mother agrees with me," said he abruptly, "and so does Dolly, that it will be absurd to move away from this house at present."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Priscilla.

"I don't think I said that, Hugh," murmured Dorothy, softly.

"I am sure I don't want anything for myself," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"It's I that want it," said Hugh. "And I think that I've a right to have my wishes respected, so far as that goes."

"My dear Hugh," said Priscilla, "the cottage is already taken, and we shall certainly go into it. I spoke to Mrs. Crocket yesterday about a cart for moving the things. I'm sure mamma agrees with me. What possible business can people have to live in such a house as this with about twenty-four shillings a week for everything? I won't do it. And as the thing is settled, it is only making trouble to disturb it."

"I suppose, Priscilla," said Hugh, "you'll do as your mother chooses?"

"Mamma chooses to go. She has told me so already."

"You have talked her into it."

"We had better go, Hugh," said Mrs. Stanbury. "I'm sure we had better go."

"Of course we shall go," said Priscilla.

"Hugh is very kind and very generous, but he is only giving trouble for nothing about this. Had we not better go down to breakfast?"

And so Priscilla carried the day. They went down to breakfast, and during the meal Hugh would speak to nobody. When the gloomy meal was over he took his pipe and walked out to the cottage. It was an untidy-looking, rickety place, small and desolate, with a pretension about it of the lowest order, a pretension that was evidently ashamed of itself. There was a porch. And the one sitting-room had what the late Mr. Soames had always called his bow window. But the porch looked as though it were tumbling down, and the bow window looked as though it were tumbling out. The parlor and the bedroom over it had been papered;—but the paper was torn and soiled, and in sundry places was hanging loose. There was a miserable little room called a kitchen to the right as you entered the door, in which the grate was worn out, and behind this was a shed with a copper. In

the garden there remained the stumps and stalks of Mr. Soames's cabbages, and there were weeds in plenty, and a damp hole among some elder bushes called an arbor. It was named Laburnum Cottage, from a shrub that grew at the end of the house. Hugh Stanbury shuddered as he stood smoking among the cabbage-stalks. How could a man ask such a girl as Nora Rowley to be his wife, whose mother lived in a place like this? While he was still standing in the garden, and thinking of Priscilla's obstinacy and his own ten guineas a week, and the sort of life which he lived in London,—where he dined usually at his club, and denied himself nothing in the way of pipes, beer, and beefsteaks, he heard a step behind him, and turning round, saw his elder sister.

"Hugh," she said, "you must not be angry with me."

"But I am angry with you."

"I know you are; but you are unjust. I am doing what I am sure is right."

"I never saw such a beastly hole as this in all my life."

"I don't think it beastly at all. You'll find that I'll make it nice. Whatever we want here you shall give us. You are not to think that I am too proud to take anything at your hands. It is not that."

"It's very like it."

"I have never refused anything that is reasonable, but it is quite unreasonable that we should go on living in such a place as that, as though we had three or four hundred a year of our own. If mamma got used to the comfort of it, it would be hard then upon her to move. You shall give her what you can afford, and what is reasonable; but it is madness to think of living there. I couldn't do it."

"You're to have your way at any rate, it seems."

"But you must not quarrel with me, Hugh. Give me a kiss. I don't have you often with me; and yet you are the only man in the world that I ever speak to, or even know. I sometimes half think that the bread is so hard and the water so bitter, that life will become impossible. I try to get over it; but if you were to go away from me in anger, I should be so beaten for a week or two that I could do nothing."

"Why won't you let me do anything?"

"I will;—whatever you please. But kiss me." Then he kissed her, as he stood among Mr. Soames's cabbage-stalks. "Dear Hugh; you are such a god to me!"

"You don't treat me like a divinity."

"But I think of you as one when you are absent. The gods were never obeyed when they showed themselves. Let us go and have a walk. Come;—shall we get as far as Ridleigh Mill?" Then they started together, and all unpleasantness was over between them when they returned to the Clock House.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BROOKE BURGESS TAKES LEAVE OF EXETER.

THE time had arrived at which Brooke Burgess was to leave Exeter. He had made his tour through the county, and returned to spend his two last nights at Miss Stanbury's house. When he came back Dorothy was still at Nuncombe, but she arrived in the Close the day before his departure. Her mother and sister had wished her to stay at Nuncombe. "There is a bed for you now, and a place to be comfortable in," Priscilla had said, laughing, "and you may as well see the last of us." But Dorothy declared that she had named a day to her aunt, and that she would not break her engagement. "I suppose you can stay if you like," Priscilla had urged. But Dorothy was of opinion that she ought not to stay. She said not a word about Brooke Burgess; but it may be that it would have been matter of regret to her not to shake hands with him once more. Brooke declared to her that had she not come back he would have gone over to Nuncombe to see her; but Dorothy did not consider herself entitled to believe that.

On the morning of the last day Brooke went over to his uncle's office. "I've come to say Good-by, Uncle Bart," he said.

"Good-by, my boy. Take care of yourself."

"I mean to try."

"You haven't quarrelled with the old woman,—have you?" said Uncle Bart.

"Not yet;—that is to say, not to the knife."

"And you still believe that you are to have her money?"

"I believe nothing one way or the other. You may be sure of this,—I shall never count it mine till I've got it; and I shall never make myself so sure of it as to break my heart because I don't get it. I suppose I've got as good a right to it as anybody else, and I don't see why I shouldn't take it if it come in my way."

"I don't think it ever will," said the old man, after a pause.

"I shall be none the worse," said Brooke.

"Yes, you will. You'll be a broken-hearted man. And she means to break your heart. She does it on purpose. She has no more idea of leaving you her money than I have. Why should she?"

"Simply because she takes the fancy."

"Fancy! Believe me, there is very little fancy about it. There isn't one of the name she wouldn't ruin if she could. She'd break all our hearts if she could get at them. Look at me and my position. I'm little more than a clerk in the concern. By God;—I'm not so well off as a senior clerk in many a bank. If there came a bad time, I must lose as the others would lose;—but a clerk never loses. And my share in the business is almost a nothing. It's just nothing,—compared to what it would have been, only for her."

Brooke had known that his uncle was a disappointed, or at least a discontented man; but he had never known much of the old man's circumstances, and certainly had not expected to hear him speak in the strain that he had now used. He had heard often that his Uncle Barty disliked Miss Stanbury, and had not been surprised at former sharp, biting little words spoken in reference to that lady's character. But he had not expected such a tirade of abuse as the banker had now poured out. "Of course I know nothing about the bank," said he; "but I did not suppose that she had anything to do with it."

"Where do you think the money came from that she has got? Did you ever hear that she had anything of her own? She never had a penny,—never a penny. It came out of this house. It is the capital on which this business was founded, and on which it ought to be carried on to this day. My brother had

thrown her off; by heavens, yes;—had thrown her off. He had found out what she was, and had got rid of her."

"But he left her his money."

"Yes;—she got near him when he was dying, and he did leave her his money;—his money, and my money, and your father's money."

"He could have given her nothing, Uncle Barty, that wasn't his own."

"Of course that's true;—it's true in one way. You might say the same of a man who was cozened into leaving every shilling away from his own children. I wasn't in Exeter when the will was made. We none of us were here. But she was here; and when we came to see him die, there we found her. She had had her revenge upon him, and she means to have it on all of us. I don't believe she'll ever leave you a shilling, Brooke. You'll find her out yet, and you'll talk of her to your nephews as I do to you."

Brooke made some ordinary answer to this, and bade his uncle adieu. He had allowed himself to entertain a half chivalrous idea that he could produce a reconciliation between Miss Stanbury and his uncle Barty; and since he had been at Exeter he had said a word, first to the one and then to the other, hinting at the subject;—but his hints had certainly not been successful. As he walked from the bank into the High Street he could not fail to ask himself whether there were any grounds for the terrible accusations which he had just heard from his uncle's lips. Something of the same kind, though in form much less violent, had been repeated to him very often by others of the family. Though he had as a boy known Miss Stanbury well, he had been taught to regard her as an ogress. All the Burgesses had regarded Miss Stanbury as an ogress since that unfortunate will had come to light. But she was an ogress from whom something might be gained,—and the ogress still persisted in saying that a Burgess should be her heir. It had therefore come to pass that Brooke had been brought up half to revere her and half to abhor her. "She is a dreadful woman," said his branch of the family, "who will not scruple at anything evil. But as it seems that you may probably reap the advantage of the evil that she

does, it will become you to put up with her iniquity." As he had become old enough to understand the nature of her position, he had determined to judge for himself; but his judgment hitherto simply amounted to this,—that Miss Stanbury was a very singular old woman, with a kind heart and good instincts, but so capricious withal that no sensible man would risk his happiness on expectations formed on her promises. Guided by this opinion, he had resolved to be attentive to her and, after a certain fashion, submissive; but certainly not to become her slave. She had thrown over her nephew. She was constantly complaining to him of her niece. Now and again she would say a very bitter word to him about himself. When he had left Exeter on his little excursion, no one was so much in favor with her as Mr. Gibson. On his return he found that Mr. Gibson had been altogether discarded, and was spoken of in terms of almost insolent abuse. "If I were ever so humble to her," he had said to himself, "it would do no good; and there is nothing I hate so much as humility." He had thus determined to take the goods the gods provided, should it ever come to pass that such godlike provision was laid before him out of Miss Stanbury's coffers;—but not to alter his mode of life or put himself out of his way in obedience to her behests, as a man might be expected to do who was destined to receive so rich a legacy. Upon this idea he had acted, still believing the old woman to be good, but believing at the same time that she was very capricious. Now he had heard what his Uncle Bartholomew Burgess had had to say upon the matter, and he could not refrain from asking himself whether his uncle's accusations were true.

In a narrow passage between the High Street and the Close he met Mr. Gibson. There had come to be that sort of intimacy between the two men which grows from closeness of position rather than from any social desire on either side, and it was natural that Burgess should say a word of farewell. On the previous evening Miss Stanbury had relieved her mind by turning Mr. Gibson into ridicule in her description to Brooke of the manner in which the clergyman had carried on his love affair; and she

had at the same time declared that Mr. Gibson had been most violently impertinent to herself. He knew, therefore, that Miss Stanbury and Mr. Gibson had become two, and would on this occasion have passed on without a word relative to the old lady had Mr. Gibson allowed him to do so. But Mr. Gibson spoke his mind freely.

"Off to-morrow, are you?" he said. "Good-by. I hope we may meet again; but not in the same house, Mr. Burgess."

"There or anywhere I shall be very happy," said Brooke.

"Not there, certainly. While you were absent Miss Stanbury treated me in such a way that I shall certainly never put my foot in her house again."

"Dear me! I thought that you and she were such great friends."

"I knew her very well, of course;—and respected her. She is a good church-woman, and is charitable in the city; but she has got such a tongue in her head that there is no bearing it when she does what she calls giving you a bit of her mind."

"She has been indulgent to me, and has not given me much of it."

"Your time will come, I've no doubt," continued Mr. Gibson. "Everybody has always told me that it would be so. Even her oldest friends knew it. You ask Mrs. MacHugh, or Mrs. French, at Heavitree."

"Mrs. French!" said Brooke, laughing. "That would hardly be fair evidence."

"Why not? I don't know a better judge of character in all Exeter than Mrs. French. And she and Miss Stanbury have been intimate all their lives. Ask your uncle at the bank."

"My uncle and Miss Stanbury never were friends," said Brooke.

"Ask Hugh Stanbury what he thinks of her. But don't suppose I want to say a word against her. I wouldn't for the world do such a thing. Only, as we've met there and all that, I thought it best to let you know that she had treated me in such a way, and has been altogether so violent, that I will never go there again." So saying, Mr. Gibson passed on, and was of the opinion that he had spoken with great generosity of the old woman who had treated him so badly.

In the afternoon Brooke Burgess went over to the further end of the Close, and called on Mrs. MacHugh; and from thence he walked across to Heavitree, and called on the Frenches. It may be doubted whether he would have been so well behaved to these ladies had they not been appealed to by Mr. Gibson as witnesses to the character of Miss Stanbury. He got very little from Mrs. MacHugh. That lady was kind and cordial, and expressed many wishes that she might see him again in Exeter. When he said a few words about Mr. Gibson, Mrs. MacHugh only laughed, and declared that the gentleman would soon find a plaster for that sore. "There are more fishes than one in the sea," she said.

"But I'm afraid they've quarrelled, Mrs. MacHugh."

"So they tell me. What should we have to talk about here if somebody didn't quarrel sometimes? She and I ought to get up a quarrel for the good of the public;—only they know that I never can quarrel with anybody. I never see anybody interesting enough to quarrel with." But Mrs. MacHugh said nothing about Miss Stanbury, except that she sent over a message with reference to a rubber of whist for the next night but one.

He found the two French girls sitting with their mother, and they all expressed their great gratitude to him for coming to say good-by before he went. "It's so very nice of you, Mr. Burgess," said Camilla, "and particularly just at present."

"Yes, indeed," said Arabella, "because you know things have been so unpleasant."

"My dears, never mind about that," said Mrs. French. "Miss Stanbury has meant everything for the best, and it is all over now."

"I don't know what you mean by its being all over, mamma," said Camilla. "As far as I can understand, it has never been begun."

"My dear, the least said is soonest mended," said Mrs. French.

"That's of course, mamma," said Camilla; "but yet one can't hold one's tongue altogether. All the city is talking about it, and I dare say Mr. Burgess has heard as much as anybody else."

"I've heard nothing at all," said Brooke.

"Oh yes, you have," continued Camilla. Arabella conceived herself at this moment to be situated in so delicate a position, that it was best that her sister should talk about it, and that she herself should hold her tongue,—with the exception, perhaps, of a hint here and there which might be of assistance; for Arabella completely understood that the prize was now to be hers, if the prize could be rescued out of the Stanbury clutches. She was aware,—no one better aware,—how her sister had interfered with her early hopes, and was sure, in her own mind, that all her disappointment had come from fratricidal rivalry on the part of Camilla. It had never, however, been open to her to quarrel with Camilla. There they were, linked together, and together they must fight their battles. As two pigs may be seen at the same trough, each striving to take the delicacies of the banquet from the other, and yet enjoying always the warmth of the same dunghill in amicable contiguity, so had these young ladies lived in sisterly friendship, while each was striving to take a husband from the other. They had understood the position, and, though for years back they had talked about Mr. Gibson, they had never quarrelled; but now, in these latter days of the Stanbury interference, there had come tacitly to be something of an understanding between them that, if any fighting were still possible on the subject, one must be put forward and the other must yield. There had been no spoken agreement, but Arabella quite understood that she was to be put forward. It was for her to take up the running, and to win, if possible, against the Stanbury filly. That was her view, and she was inclined to give Camilla credit for acting in accordance with it with honesty and zeal. She felt, therefore, that her words on the present occasion ought to be few. She sat back in her corner of the sofa, and was intent on her work, and showed by the pensiveness of her brow that there were thoughts within her bosom of which she was not disposed to speak. "You must have heard a great deal," said Camilla, laughing. "You must know how poor Mr. Gibson has been abused, because he wouldn't——".

"Camilla, don't be foolish," said Mrs. French.

"Because he wouldn't what?" asked Brooke. "What ought he to have done that he didn't do."

"I don't know anything about ought," said Camilla. "That's a matter of taste altogether."

"I'm the worst hand in the world at a riddle," said Brooke.

"How sly you are," continued Camilla, laughing; "as if dear Aunt Stanbury hadn't confided all her hopes to you."

"Camilla, dear,—don't," said Arabella.

"But when a gentleman is hunted, and can't be caught, I don't think he ought to be abused to his face."

"But who hunted him, and who abused him?" asked Brooke.

"Mind, I don't mean to say a word against Miss Stanbury, Mr. Burgess. We've known her and loved her all our lives;—haven't we, mamma?"

"And respected her," said Arabella.

"Quite so," continued Camilla. "But you know, Mr. Burgess, that she likes her own way."

"I don't know anybody that does not," said Brooke.

"And when she's disappointed, she shows it. There's no doubt she is disappointed now, Mr. Burgess."

"What's the good of going on, Camilla?" said Mrs. French. Arabella sat silent in her corner, with a conscious glow of satisfaction, as she reflected that the joint disappointment of the elder and the younger Miss Stanbury had been caused by a tender remembrance of her own charms. Had not dear Mr. Gibson told her, in the glowing language of truth, that there was nothing further from his thoughts than the idea of taking Dorothy Stanbury for his wife?

"Well, you know," continued Camilla, "I think that when a person makes an attempt, and comes by the worst of it, that person should put up with the defeat, and not say all manner of ill-natured things. Everybody knows that a certain gentleman is very intimate in this house."

"Don't, dear," said Arabella, in a whisper.

"Yes, I shall," said Camilla. "I don't know why people should hold their

tongues, when other people talk so loudly. I don't care a bit what anybody says about the gentleman and us. We have known him for ever so many years, and mamma is very fond of him."

"Indeed I am, Camilla," said Mrs. French.

"And for the matter of that, so am I,—very," said Camilla, laughing bravely. "I don't care who knows it."

"Don't be so silly child," said Arabella. Camilla was certainly doing her best, and Arabella was grateful.

"We don't care what people may say," continued Camilla again. "Of course we heard, as everybody else heard too, that a certain gentleman was to be married to a certain lady. It was nothing to us whether he was married or not."

"Nothing at all," said Arabella.

"We never spoke ill of the young lady. We did not interfere. If the gentleman liked the young lady, he was quite at liberty to marry her, as far as we were concerned. We had been in the habit of seeing him here, almost as a brother, and perhaps we might feel that a connection with that particular young lady would take him from us; but we never hinted so much even as that,—to him or to any one else. Why should we? It was nothing to us. Now it turns out that the gentleman never meant anything of the kind, whereupon he is pretty nearly kicked out of the house, and all manner of ill-natured things are said about us everywhere." By this time Camilla had become quite excited, and was speaking with much animation.

"How can you be so foolish, Camilla?" said Arabella.

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Camilla, "to care what anybody says."

"What can it all be to Mr. Burgess?" said Mrs. French.

"Only this, that as we all like Mr. Burgess, and he is almost one of the family in the Close, I think he ought to know why we are not quite so cordial as we used to be. Now that the matter is over, I have no doubt that things will get right again. And as for the young lady, I'm sure we feel for her. We think it was the aunt who was indiscreet."

"And then she has such a tongue," said Arabella.

Our friend Brooke, of course, knew the whole truth;—he knew the nature of Mr. Gibson's failure, and he knew also how Dorothy had acted in the affair. He was inclined, moreover, to believe that the ladies who were now talking to him were as well instructed on the subject as was he himself. He had heard, too, of the ambition of the two young ladies now before him, and believed that that ambition was not yet dead. But he did not think it incumbent on him to fight a battle even on behalf of Dorothy. He might have declared that Dorothy, at least, had not been disappointed, but he thought it better to be silent about Dorothy. "Yes," he said, "Miss Stanbury has a tongue; but I think it speaks as much good as it does evil, and perhaps that is a great deal to say for any lady's tongue."

"We never speak evil of anybody," said Camilla; "never. It is a rule with us." Then Brooke took his leave, and the three ladies were cordial and almost affectionate in their farewell greetings.

Brooke was to start on the following morning before anybody would be up except Martha, and Miss Stanbury was very melancholy during the evening. "We shall miss him very much; shall we not?" she said, appealing to Dorothy. "I am sure you will miss him very much," said Dorothy. "We are so stupid here alone," said Miss Stanbury. When they had drunk their tea, she sat nearly silent for half an hour, and then summoned him into her own room. "So you are going, Brooke?" she said.

"Yes; I must go now. They would dismiss me if I stayed an hour longer."

"It was good of you to come to the old woman; and you must let me hear of you from time to time."

"Of course I'll write."

"And, Brooke,—"

"What is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"Do you want any money, Brooke?"

"No; none, thank you. I've plenty for a bachelor."

"When you think of marrying, Brooke, mind you tell me."

"I'll be sure to tell you;—but I can't promise yet when that will be." She said nothing more to him, though she paused once more as though she were going to speak. She kissed him and bade him

good-by, saying that she would not go down-stairs again that evening. He was to tell Dorothy to go to bed. And so they parted.

But Dorothy did not go to bed for an hour after that. When Brooke came down into the parlor with his message she intended to go at once, and put up her work, and lit her candle, and put out her hand to him, and said good-by to him. But, for all that, she remained there for an hour with him. At first she said very little, but by degrees her tongue was loosened, and she found herself talking with a freedom which she could hardly herself understand. She told him how thoroughly she believed her aunt to be a good woman—how sure she was that her aunt was at any rate honest. "As for me," said Dorothy, "I know that I have displeased her about Mr. Gibson;—and I would go away, only that I think she would be so desolate." Then Brooke begged her never to allow the idea of leaving Miss Stanbury to enter her head. Because Miss Stanbury was capricious, he said, not on that account should her caprices either be indulged or permitted. That was his doctrine respecting Miss Stanbury, and he declared that, as regarded himself, he would never be either disrespectful to her or submissive. "It is a great mistake," he said, "to think that anybody is either an angel or a devil." When Dorothy expressed an opinion that with some people angelic tendencies were predominant, and with others diabolic tendencies, he assented; but declared that it was not always easy to tell the one tendency from the other. At last, when Dorothy had made about five attempts to go, Mr. Gibson's name was mentioned. "I am very glad that you are not going to be Mrs. Gibson," said he.

"I don't know why you should be glad."

"Because I should not have liked your husband,—not as your husband."

"He is an excellent man, I'm sure," said Dorothy.

"Nevertheless, I am very glad. But I did not think you would accept him, and I congratulate you on your escape. You would have been nothing to me as Mrs. Gibson."

"Shouldn't I?" said Dorothy, not knowing what else to say.

"But now I think we shall always be friends."

"I am sure I hope so, Mr. Burgess. But indeed I must go now. It is ever so late, and you will hardly get any sleep. Good-night." Then he took her hand, and pressed it very warmly, and referring to a promise before made to her, he assured her that he would certainly make acquaintance with her brother as soon as he was back in London. Dorothy, as she went up to bed, was more than ever satisfied with herself, in that she had not yielded in reference to Mr. Gibson.

CHAPTER XLV.

TREVELYAN AT VENICE.

TREVELYAN passed on moodily and alone from Turin to Venice, always expecting letters from Bozzle, and receiving from time to time the despatches which that functionary forwarded to him, as must be acknowledged, with great punctuality. For Mr. Bozzle did his work, not only with a conscience, but with a will. He was now, as he had declared more than once, altogether devoted to Mr. Trevelyan's interest; and as he was an active, enterprising man, always on the alert to be doing something, and as he loved the work of writing despatches, Trevelyan received a great many letters from Bozzle. It is not exaggeration to say that every letter made him for the time a very wretched man. This ex-policeman wrote of the wife of his bosom,—of her who had been the wife of his bosom, and who was the mother of his child, who was at this very time the only woman whom he loved,—with an entire absence of delicacy. Bozzle would have thought reticence on his part to be dishonest. We remember Othello's demand of Iago. That was the demand which Bozzle understood that Trevelyan had made of him, and he was minded to obey that order. But Trevelyan, though he had in truth given the order, was like Othello also in this,—that he would have preferred before all the prizes of the world to have had proof brought home to him exactly opposite to that which he demanded. But there was nothing so terrible to him as the grinding suspicion that he was to be kept in the dark.

Bozzle could find out facts. Therefore he gave, in effect, the same order that Othello gave;—and Bozzle went to work determined to obey it. There came many despatches to Venice, and at last there came one, which created a correspondence which shall be given here at length. The first is a letter from Mr. Bozzle to his employer:—

"55, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough,
"September 29, 186—, 4.30 p.m.

"HOND. SIR,

"Since I wrote yesterday morning, something has occurred which, it may be, and I think it will, will help to bring this melancholy affair to a satisfactory termination and conclusion. I had better explain, Mr. Trewilyan, how I have been at work from the beginning about watching the Colonel. I couldn't do nothing with the porter at the Albany, which he is always mostly muzzled with beer, and he wouldn't have taken my money, not on the square. So, when it was telegrammed to me as the Colonel was on the move in the North, I put on two boys as knows the Colonel, at eighteenpence a day, at each end, one Piccadilly end, and the other Saville Row end, and yesterday morning, as quick as ever could be, after the Limited Express Edinburgh Male Up was in, there comes the Saville Row End Boy here to say as the Colonel was lodged safe in his downey. Then I was off immediate myself to St. Diddulph's, because I knows what it is to trust to Inferiors when matters gets delicate. Now, there hadn't been no letters from the Colonel, nor none to him as I could make out, though that mightn't be so sure. She might have had 'em addressed to A. Z., or the like of that, at any of the Post-offices as was distant, as nobody could give the notice to 'em all. Barring the money, which I know ain't an object when the end is so desirable, it don't do to be too ubiketous, because things will go astray. But I've kept my eye uncommon open, and I don't think there have been no letters since that last which was sent, Mr. Trewilyan, let any of 'em, parsons or what not, say what they will. And I don't see as parsons are better than other folk when they has to do with a lady as likes her fancy-man."

Trevelyan, when he had read as far as

this, threw down the letter and tore his hair in despair. "My wife," he exclaimed, "Oh, my wife!" But it was essential that he should read Bozzle's letter, and he persevered.

"Well; I took to the ground myself as soon as ever I heard that the Colonel was among us, and I hung out at the Full Moon. They had been quite on the square with me at the Full Moon, which I mention, because, of course, it has to be remembered, and it do come up as a hitem. And I'm proud, Mr. Trewilyan, as I did take to the ground myself; for what should happen but I see the Colonel as large as life ringing at the parson's bell at 1.47 p.m. He was let in at 1.49, and he was let out at 2.17. He went away in a cab which it was kept, and I followed him till he was put down at the Arcade, and I left him having his 'ed washed and greased at Truffitt's rooms, half-way up. It was a wonder to me when I see this, Mr. Trewilyan, as he didn't have his 'ed done first, as they most of 'em does when they're going to see their ladies; but I couldn't make nothing of that, though I did try to put too and too together, as I always does.

"What he did at the parson's, Mr. Trewilyan, I won't say I saw, and I won't say I know. It's my opinion the young woman there isn't on the square, though she's been remembered too, and is a hitem of course. And, Mr. Trewilyan, it do go against the grain with me when they're remembered and ain't on the square. I doesn't expect too much of Human Nature, which is poor, as the saying goes; but when they're remembered and ain't on the square after that, it's too bad for Human Nature. It's more than poor. It's what I calls beggarly.

"He ain't been there since, Mr. Trewilyan, and he goes out of town to-morrow by the 1.15 p.m. express to Bridport. So he lets on; but of course I shall see to that. That he's been at St. Diddulph's, in the house from 1.47 to 2.17, you may take as a fact. There won't be no shaking of that, because I have it in my mem. book, and no Counsel can get the better of it. Of course he went there to see her, and it's my belief he did. The young woman as was remembered says he didn't, but she isn't

on the square. They never is when a lady wants to see her gentleman, though they comes round afterwards, and tells up everything when it comes before his ordinary lordship.

"If you ask me, Mr. Trewilyan, I don't think it's ripe yet for the court, but we'll have it ripe before long. I'll keep a look-out, because it's just possible she may leave town. If she do, I'll be down upon them together, and no mistake.

"Yours most respectful,

"S. BOZZLE."

Every word in the letter had been a dagger to Trevelyan, and yet he felt himself to be under an obligation to the man who had written it. No one else would or could make facts known to him. If she were innocent, let him know that she were innocent, and he would proclaim her innocence, and believe in her innocence,—and sacrifice himself to her innocence, if such sacrifice were necessary. But if she were guilty, let him also know that. He knew how bad it was, all that bribing of postmen and maidservants, who took his money, and her money also, very likely. It was dirt, all of it. But who had put him into the dirt? His wife had, at least, deceived him,—had deceived him and disobeyed him, and it was necessary that he should know the facts. Life without a Bozzle would now have been to him a perfect blank.

The Colonel had been to the parsonage at St. Diddulph's, and had been admitted! As to that he had no doubt. Nor did he really doubt that his wife had seen the visitor. He had sent his wife first into a remote village on Dartmoor, and there she had been visited by her—lover! How was he to use any other word? Iago;—oh, Iago! The pity of it, Iago! Then, when she had learned that this was discovered, she had left the retreat in which he had placed her,—without permission from him,—and had taken herself to the house of a relative of hers. Here she was visited again by her—lover! Oh, Iago; the pity of it, Iago! And then there had been between them an almost constant correspondence. So much he had ascertained as fact; but he did not for a moment believe that Bozzle had learned all the facts. There might be correspondence, or even visits, of which Bozzle could learn nothing. How

could Bozzle know where Mrs. Trevelyan was during all those hours which Colonel Osborne passed in London? That which he knew, he knew absolutely, and on that he could act; but there was, of course, much of which he knew nothing. Gradually the truth would unveil itself, and then he would act. He would tear that Colonel into fragments, and throw his wife from him with all the ignominy which the law made possible to him.

But in the mean time he wrote a letter to Mr. Outhouse. Colonel Osborne, after all that had been said, had been admitted at the parsonage, and Trevelyan was determined to let the clergyman know what he thought about it. The oftener he turned the matter in his mind, as he walked slowly up and down the piazza of St. Mark, the more absurd it appeared to him to doubt that his wife had seen the man. Of course she had seen him. He walked there nearly the whole night, thinking of it, and as he dragged himself off at last to his inn, had almost come to have but one desire,—namely, that he should find her out, that the evidence should be conclusive, that it should be proved, and so brought to an end. Then he would destroy her, and destroy that man,—and afterwards destroy himself, so bitter to him would be his ignominy. He almost revelled in the idea of the tragedy he would make. It was three o'clock before he was in his bedroom, and then he wrote his letter to Mr. Outhouse before he took himself to his bed. It was as follows:—

“ Venice, Oct. 4, 186—.

“ SIR,

“ Information of a certain kind, on which I can place a firm reliance, has reached me, to the effect that Colonel Osborne has been allowed to visit at your house during the sojourn of my wife under your roof. I will thank you to inform me whether this be true; as, although I am confident of my facts, it is necessary, in reference to my ulterior conduct, that I should have from you either an admission or a denial of my assertion. It is of course open to you to leave my letter unanswered. Should you think proper to do so, I shall know also how to deal with that fact.

“ As to your conduct in admitting Colonel Osborne into your house while

my wife is there,—after all that has passed, and all that you know that has passed,—I am quite unable to speak with anything like moderation of feeling. Had the man succeeded in forcing himself into your residence, you should have been the first to give me notice of it. As it is, I have been driven to ascertain the fact from other sources. I think that you have betrayed the trust that a husband has placed in you, and that you will find from the public voice that you will be regarded as having disgraced yourself as a clergyman.

“ In reference to my wife herself, I would wish her to know, that after what has now taken place, I shall not feel myself justified in leaving our child longer in her hands, even tender as are his years. I shall take steps for having him removed. What further I shall do to vindicate myself, and extricate myself as far as may be possible from the slough of despond in which I have been submerged, she and you will learn in due time.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ L. TREVELYAN.

“ A letter addressed ‘poste restante, Venice,’ will reach me here.”

If Trevelyan was mad when he wrote this letter, Mr. Outhouse was very nearly as mad when he read it. He had most strongly desired to have nothing to do with his wife's niece when she was separated from her husband. He was a man honest, charitable, and sufficiently affectionate; but he was timid, and disposed to think ill of those whose modes of life were strange to him. Actuated by these feelings, he would have declined to offer the hospitality of his roof to Mrs. Trevelyan, had any choice been left to him. But there had been no choice. She had come thither unasked, with her boy and baggage, and he could not send her away. His wife had told him that it was his duty to protect these women till their father came, and he recognized the truth of what his wife said. There they were, and there they must remain throughout the winter. It was hard upon him,—especially as the difficulties and embarrassments as to money were so disagreeable to him;—but there was no help for it. His duty must be done though it were ever so painful. Then that horrid Colonel had come. And

now had come this letter, in which he was not only accused of being an accomplice between his married niece and her lover, but was also assured that he should be held up to public ignominy and disgrace. Though he had often declared that Trevelyan was mad, he would not remember that now. Such a letter as he had received should have been treated by him as the production of a madman. But he was not sane enough himself to see the matter in that light. He gnashed his teeth, and clenched his fist, and was almost beside himself as he read the letter a second time.

There had been a method in Trevelyan's madness; for, though he had declared to himself that without doubt Bozzle had been right in saying that as the Colonel had been at the parsonage, therefore, as a certainty, Mrs. Trevelyan had met the Colonel there, yet he had not so stated in his letter. He had merely asserted that Colonel Osborne had been at the house, and had founded his accusation upon that alleged fact. The alleged fact had been in truth a fact. So far Bozzle had been right. The Colonel had been at the parsonage; and the reader knows how far Mr. Outhouse had been to blame for his share in the matter. He rushed off to his wife with the letter, declaring at first that Mrs. Trevelyan, Nora, and the child, and the servant, should be sent out of the house at once. But at last Mrs. Outhouse succeeded in showing him that he would not be justified in ill-using them because Trevelyan had ill-used him. "But I will write to him," said Mr. Outhouse. "He shall know what I think about it." And he did write his letter that day, in spite of his wife's entreaties that he would allow the sun to set upon his wrath. And his letter was as follows:—

"St. Diddulph's, October 8, 186—.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter of the 4th, which is more iniquitous, unjust, and ungrateful, than anything I ever before saw written. I have been surprised from the first at your gross cruelty to your unoffending wife; but even that seems to me more intelligible than your conduct in writing such words

as those which you have dared to send to me.

"For your wife's sake, knowing that she is in a great degree still in your power, I will condescend to tell you what has happened. When Mrs. Trevelyan found herself constrained to leave Nuncombe Putney by your aspersions on her character, she came here, to the protection of her nearest relatives within reach, till her father and mother should be in England. Soresly against my will I received them into my home, because they had been deprived of other shelter by the cruelty or madness of him who should have been their guardian. Here they are, and here they shall remain till Sir Marmaduke Rowley arrives. The other day, on the 29th of September, Colonel Osborne, who is their father's old friend, called, not on them, but on me. I may truly say that I did not wish to see Colonel Osborne. They did not see him, nor did he ask to see them. If his coming was a fault,—and I think it was a fault,—they were not implicated in it. He came, remained a few minutes, and went without seeing any one but myself. That is the history of Colonel Osborne's visit to my house.

"I have not thought fit to show your letter to your wife, or to make her acquainted with this further proof of your want of reason. As to the threats which you hold out of removing her child from her, you can of course do nothing except by law. I do not think that even you will be sufficiently audacious to take any steps of that description. Whatever protection the law may give her and her child from your tyranny and misconduct cannot be obtained till her father shall be here.

"I have only further to request that you will not address any further communication to me. Should you do so, it will be refused.

"Yours, in deep indignation,

"OLIPHANT OUTHOUSE."

Trevelyan had also written two other letters to England, one to Mr. Bideawhile, and the other to Bozzle. In the former he acquainted the lawyer that he had discovered that his wife still maintained her intercourse with Colonel Osborne, and that he must therefore remove his child from her custody. He

then inquired what steps would be necessary to enable him to obtain possession of his little boy. In the letter to Bozzle he sent a cheque, and his thanks for the ex-policeman's watchful care. He desired Bozzle to continue his precautions, and explained his intentions about his son. Being somewhat afraid that Mr. Bideawhile might not be zealous on his behalf, and not himself understanding accurately the extent of his power with regard to his own child, or the means whereby he might exercise it, he was anxious to obtain assistance from Bozzle also on this point. He had no doubt that Bozzle knew all about it. He had great confidence in Bozzle. But still he did not like to consult the ex-policeman. He knew that it became him to have some regard for his own dignity. He therefore put the matter very astutely to Bozzle,—asking no questions, but alluding to his difficulty in a way that would enable Bozzle to offer advice.

And where was he to get a woman to take charge of his child? If Lady Milborough would do it, how great would be the comfort! But he was almost sure that Lady Milborough would not do it. All his friends had turned against him, and Lady Milborough among the number. There was nobody left to him, but Bozzle. Could he intrust Bozzle to find some woman for him who would take adequate charge of the little fellow, till he himself could see to the child's education? He did not put this question to Bozzle in plain terms; but he was very astute, and wrote in such a fashion that Bozzle

could make a proposal, if any proposal were within his power.

The answer from Mr. Outhouse came first. To this Mr. Trevelyan paid very little attention. It was just what he expected. Of course, Mr. Outhouse's assurance about Colonel Osborne went for nothing. A man who would permit intercourse in his house between a married lady and her lover, would not scruple to deny that he had permitted it. Then came Mr. Bideawhile's answer, which was very short. Mr. Bideawhile said that nothing could be done about the child till Mr. Trevelyan should return to England;—and that he could give no opinion as to what should be done then till he knew more of the circumstances. It was quite clear to Trevelyan that he must employ some other lawyer. Mr. Bideawhile had probably been corrupted by Colonel Osborne. Could Bozzle recommend a lawyer?

From Bozzle himself there came no other immediate reply than, "his duty, and that he would make further inquiries."

[NOTE.—We have concluded to discontinue the publication of "He Knew He Was Right" with the present number. Those of our readers who have become interested in its perusal have doubtless for the most part availed themselves of Messrs. Harper & Brothers' complete edition, published several months ago; and the space which it occupies in our pages from month to month will probably give more general satisfaction when devoted to other papers. For the benefit of those of our subscribers, however, who have depended upon the ECLECTIC instalments, we will send Part II. (commencing next chapter, and to conclusion) on receipt of 25 cts.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers' price for Part II. is 50 cts.—EDITOR.]

Gentleman's Magazine.

WILD CATS.

OF all the animals of Europe, perhaps of all living creatures, the most ferocious and destructive is the common wild cat. The fox, carnivorous as he is, feeds willingly on grapes, and, when hungry, devours vegetable produce of many other kinds with an avidity that disproves repugnance. The weasel, though more sanguinary than the fox, has been known, nevertheless, though in the midst of living plunder, to feed for days together

from the remains of a dead horse. The wild cat, on the contrary, admits no medium between craving want and bleeding flesh; and it is only when coerced by actual famine, that he condescends to prey not captured by himself, and torn alive by his own claws.

The fox, on securing a living animal, kills it instantly with a dexterous shake. The wild cat seizes by the neck a hare as large and heavy as himself, and, grasp-

ing it firmly with his claws, begins by gnawing off its ears alive; he then eats gradually downwards from the skull, bolting the teeth and fur, and slowly swallowing the eyes and brain.

A contrast somewhat similar distinguishes, in most other instances, the canine race from the feline; and imaginative writers have seen ground in the distinction for ascribing generosity to the one, and for imputing cruelty to the other. In reality, the difference is due to an exercise of mere instinct. Canine beasts of prey have no effective claws to detain with firmness a struggling victim, which, if not disabled at the very moment of capture, might escape through sheer desperation.

Be this as it may, the wild cat, though the smallest of the feline species, passes deservedly for the most rapacious of the whole race, and owes to his evil reputation the extinction of his kind in almost every department in France.

In England the wild cat is said to have shared the fate of the wolf and of the great bustard. In Ireland and Scotland he is still to be met with at rare intervals. In Switzerland he is found, from time to time, in certain localities. In Austria he abounds, and is not uncommon in Northern Germany, and in other parts of Europe. He is altogether unknown in Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

But, exist where he may, his presence is speedily detected by the rapid diminution of the living beings around him. Hunting chiefly at night, in silence and security, no care in choosing, no artifice in disguising, can long conceal from him the suspected hiding-place of his prey. The nestling squirrel wakes in his claws, an expiring captive. The crouching quail sleeps on, till seized in turn by the noiseless ravisher of her unconscious mate. No kind of attainable prey comes amiss to him; but, fortunately for the larger species, he entertains a decided preference for the small rodentia, of which he destroys incredible numbers. Tschudi relates that the remains of no fewer than twenty six field mice have been found at one time in the stomach of an adult individual. In such respects he renders, no doubt, important services; but these are said to be outbalanced by his mischievous destruction of the insectivorous birds—at any rate, no kind of redeeming cre-

dit is ever accorded to him. The farmer dreads, the sportsman abhors, him. In districts where he abounds, a price is invariably set on his head; and no wild animal in Europe is tracked with greater eagerness, or more revengefully pursued.

Having regard to his diminutive size, the strength of the wild cat is little short of prodigious. Scarcely less so is his astonishing agility, and in these qualities, combined with his predaceous aptitudes and his insatiable thirst for carnage, may be found the explanation of the title formerly applied to him of "*Catus Devastator*." Devastation is, indeed, the fittest term employable for conveying a just idea of his depredations. Rabbits rapidly disappear from neighborhoods infested with wild cats; a single pair suffices to depopulate a well-stocked warren. Where possible, they prey on hares with equal destructiveness; and have been known to exterminate an importation of pheasants, renewed copiously for three successive seasons. In the fold and farm-yard their ravages are incalculably more serious than those of the fox, and the Bavarian breeder knows from experience that the slightest relaxation of his nightly vigilance may cost him the entire profits of a season's toil. Nor are the finny tribes secure from the attacks of these marauders. In dearth of other resources, the wild cat watches by the brook with all the patience and immobility of the bittern, and seldom fails to secure the incautious fish that ventures to the surface within reach of his determined claws.

The habits of the wild cat are essentially solitary. Unless brought together by hazard, it is seldom that two are to be seen in company; and it appears that they fiercely resent intrusion on the part of those of their own species. It is somewhat otherwise in the spring of the year, when the males may be heard catterwauling after the manner of domestic cats. The utterance is, nevertheless, distinct, and resembles in nothing the familiar concert on the roofs at home. The impression once received is likely to be lasting, for it is difficult to conceive a more mysterious concourse of strange notes. The prevailing sound is that of a deep, unearthly moan, suggesting vague terrors, and quite capable of disconcerting a superstitious mind, when heard at

night from the sombre valleys of the Grindenwald.

Man excepted, and occasionally the lynx, the eagle is the only deadly foe to these ferocious little quadrupeds. In open fight, the wild cat would prove at least a match for most other European animals and birds of prey; and is, moreover, not likely to be brought into contact with any such. But in rocky and inaccessible places, where the wild cat is as often found as in the depths of the forest, he lives peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the golden eagle. Nor can he, when attacked, defend himself. His enemy is unseen, and the first intimation of hostilities is a disabling gripe in the throat and loins, followed by total darkness, caused by the shrouding round him of the eagle's wings, or else by a compulsory flight upwards, as the eagle bears him off to some high summit beyond the clouds.

For many years the common wild cat was universally regarded as the original ancestor of the whole tribe of domestic cats, and the majority of writers on natural history continue so to regard him. The arguments for the contrary are chiefly founded on points of difference in the internal organization of the two species as now existing; but it is difficult to admit conclusions drawn from types contrasted, as regards the tame varieties, after a thousand years of uninterrupted degeneracy. Organic transformation is, moreover, analogized completely in the instance of the horse; and as regards the facts relied on, there is no less difference between the cats of Egypt and the Angora or the Manx, than between these latter and the common wild cat.

The essential distinctions between the wild cat and the tame are marked sufficiently. As a rule, the wild cat is the larger animal, and incomparably the more powerful. His tail, which is larger and more bushy, is invariably annulated and tipped with black; it also preserves its thickness throughout the whole length, instead of tapering to a point, as is the case with most of the domestic species.

Another distinction is the richer fur, the more abundant whisker, the larger teeth, and yellow throat. But the most striking contrast is in the eyes. All cats have savage-looking eyes; but those of tame cats, savage as they are, are

mere boiled peas compared with those of wild ones. One would imagine no other eyes could fix the stare of the wild cat without giving way. It seems a kind of liquid ferocity frozen stiff. Rage, hatred, and cruelty appear condensed in one inexorable glare. No one in his senses would think of asking the wild cat a favor.

In addition to the genuine wild cat, there exists another, better known from being less rare, equally ferocious, and scarcely less destructive. This animal is the tame cat become wild. It exists in all stages of wildness, from the timid feline skeleton that haunts the farm, and flies at the approach of the inhabitants, to the well-furred sylvan cat, kittenized in the wood, and descended from a line of ancestors free for a series of generations. This latter species, in all but size and conformation, is the counterpart and rival of the wild cat proper. He is equally rapacious and sanguinary. He kills the hare with ease, and devastates the warren. He lurks in the close foliage, crouches in the cover, and courses boldly in the open country. In this latter mode of hunting, he differs from the wild cat in a point of permanent distinction: the wild cat invariably springs from ambush, and either secures its prey at once or slinks back discouraged; whereas the other repairs a false bound by immediately giving chase, and seldom fails to outstrip the victim by a succession of rapid leaps.

In France, the gamekeeper regards the domestic cat run wild as the least excusable of vermin, and for his sake confounds in one common slaughter the stray cats of every description that venture within range of his official piece. A certain number of these spurious cats are almost sure to be found on every well-appointed gibbet, where, from their large size and brindled hides, they figure prominently amongst other defunct criminals. The keeper seems to have for them a repugnance far more intolerant and unmitigated than for the native and indigenous poacher, and on surveying or exhibiting the collection, he usually gives vent to some half uttered malediction addressed exclusively to these "*affreux chats*."

Unless taken in earliest kittenhood, the wild cat is hopelessly irreclaimable in

captivity. Gentle treatment is utterly wasted on his savage will. He remains to the last wild, suspicious, sullen; ever ready to tear the hand that feeds him, and resenting no less the approach of kindness than the intrusions of aggressive curiosity.

An innkeeper at Trignolles, in the department of the Jura, kept one of these animals in a close cage for two entire years. It had been taken in the forest half-grown, and was confined at first with a domestic cat, in order to be reclaimed, if possible, by the force of good example. But though it witnessed daily its companion's confidence in the human kind, it remained distrustful to the last, watching with anxiety the movements of those who approached it, and spitting with rage and fury when too closely noticed. At length the innkeeper, weary with expending patience on a brute so fierce and unredeemable, ordered it to be flung alive into a stagnant horsepond, where, after struggling exhausted to the brink, it was thrust back with long sticks, and tamed at last by the energetic process of drowning.

The courage of the wild cat, though not proverbial, is undeniably of the highest and most distinguished order. The bulldog's brutal ardor has something in it of insensibility to danger. Without cause or provocation, a bulldog attacks a bear, and his annihilation, from being courted gratuitously, becomes an inglorious and vulgar martyrdom. Men vaunt the panther, but with such an animal the scope for pure courage must be narrowed considerably by the consciousness of might. The lion stands discredited by repeated acts of doubtful valor; and applied to the blind rage of the tiger, no test of bravery can be accurate.

The wild cat is no less prudent than courageous. In conflict with dogs or men he is never the aggressor, and when assailed by numbers, he usually endeavors to escape; but he speedily grows fearless with the approach of peril, and becomes in turn a determined and desperate assailant. The combat is at all times dangerous and exciting, and many occasions are on record of a tragical termination of the strife.

In the neighborhood of Givry, in the department of the Saône and Loire, a wild cat had for some time haunted a

pond, where it had been observed watching eels from the locks of an abandoned mill. Adjoining the mill was an old building, which had been formerly used as a grange for housing corn. Into this building the wild cat had been traced, in company with a tame one with whom it had contracted an alliance. The alarm was quickly given, and the maire of the village, accompanied by all his staff, had shortly surrounded the building with dogs and cartwhips, the maire and his son having each a double-barrelled gun. The tame cat bolted immediately, and in less than a minute was caught and strangled by the dogs. The wild one lay close, and refused to stir, notwithstanding the hooting of the men and the deafening cracks of the cartwhips. It was even feared, from his persevering quiescence, that he had effected an escape through some unguarded hole; but, on examination, it appeared the holes were all stopped, and that there was no issue possible excepting that of the open window, through which the tame one had just passed. The door was then part opened, and a terrier introduced. The dog began immediately sniffing about, and after scouring once or twice round the floor of the building, stood barking furiously with his gaze intent upon the rafters. Still the cat lay motionless, fixing the dog with its savage eyes, and evidently waiting to outwit the danger. The maire's son then squeezed through the half-open door, and calling to his friends outside, was preparing to dislodge the cat, when suddenly, regardless of the dog, it flew down like a fury, and fixing its claws in the young man's head and neck-tie, seized him fiercely by the under lip. All was now howl and scuffle. Dogs and men rushed to the rescue, and in the midst of the confusion the cat escaped into a tree. Here its fate was soon decided. At first it lay concealed amongst the foliage, and protected by the branches on all sides; but a shot from one of the guns soon scared it into sight; a second brought it headlong to the ground, where, after a furious fight, it required the interference of the men to prevent its being torn to pieces by the dogs. The maire's son was gravely wounded. His lip was swollen and lacerated, his face and head torn severely, and a vein opened in his throat, in spite of the thickness of his tie.

He was removed to his home immediately and surgical aid procured, but his recovery cost him a month's seclusion and a long interval of feverish anxiety, lucky at last to escape with his life and a scar two inches long.

"In 1640," writes Hohberg (as reported in Brehm's popular description of the animal kingdom), "whilst beating for foxes in a wood near Pacduwetz, my dog came suddenly on a wild cat, and immediately gave chase to it. The cat ran up a tree, round which the dog kept barking eagerly, for he was a resolute and powerful animal, with an extreme antipathy for cats. I levelled my piece forthwith, but the cat was too quick for me, and leapt into the bushes before I had time to fire. The dog flew after it, and seized it by the back without a moment's pause or hesitation. I was now unable to discharge my piece for fear of wounding the dog, and I therefore drew my dirk and rushed into the cover, where the two animals lay rolling together, confused in an undistinguishable scuffle. I watched my moment, and at last ran the dirk completely through the cat's body, whereupon it tore from the dog, and contrived to run up the dirk with such a nimble movement, that I was compelled hastily to let go the handle, in order to protect my hand. The dog then seized the cat by the neck, and held it sufficiently long to enable me to draw out the dirk, and despatch the dying animal with a second and effectual thrust."

Brehm informs us further that near his native village, a certain division of the forest bears the apparently descriptive title of *Die Wildkatze*. But the name is simply commemorative of a particular event, and perpetuates the authentic story of an encounter with a wild cat which had indeed a disastrous ending. An old tracker one early morning discovers on the freshly-fallen snow the footsteps of a full-grown cat. Joyously he sets to following them up, already congratulating himself on the possession of not only the valuable skin, but also of the handsome premium claimable of right on presenting an adult wild cat at the *Rathhaus* of the communal section. The track leads him to the foot of an enormous beech-tree, where the cat lies certainly concealed. On the branches, however, it is nowhere to be

seen, and must be therefore hidden somewhere in the trunk, which is hollow from the base right up to the separation of the stem. Sure of his game, the tracker prepares his piece, which he rests in readiness against the trunk of the tree. He then draws out his hammer and taps smartly on the bark. Nothing appears; and again the tracker strikes the tree, and this time with louder and more telling blows. Still nothing stirs, and the tracker begins to fear there has been some unaccountable escape. But this is not possible; the snow bears not the minutest trace beyond the one imprinted by the return home of the animal. The cat is surely in the tree, and the tracker at last decides on starting it with a sudden and irresistible alarm. Waiting silently by the tree, in order to increase by stillness the unexpectedness of the shock, he strikes all at once upon the trunk a loud volley of resounding and rapidly repeated blows, at the same moment throwing down his hammer and catching up his gun, in immediate expectation of a sudden bolt. But, alas! before he has even time to adjust his posture, the savage animal is already on his shoulder, clutched fast at his throat, and fiercely tearing at his eyes and face. So utterly unawares is the attack, that the tracker, in his surprise and terror, drops his piece, and, raising his hands instinctively, thinks only of defending his head. In a twinkling the cat has clawed off his large fur cap, and torn through the cravat that still protects his neck. Wild with pain, and blind with blood, the wretched man calls loudly to his son, who is somewhere near him in the same forest. Meanwhile, the cat has scored the flesh from the old man's hands, and is mercilessly furrowing his bald scalp. His cries become more plaintive, his anguish grows intense; till, at length, he sinks to the earth distracted and insensible.

The son arrives in haste, but only to find his father relinquishing all consciousness of the horrid strife. His first impulse is to drag off the cat; but the brute holds on, and the son, with the cat, fears to tear up also the lacerated flesh. He then spies the hammer, and hurriedly deals with it a random blow. The cat cries, but continues not the less to tear its victim. A second and well-aimed blow stretches it lifeless on the grass;

and the son then bends in dread over his helpless father.

The noise of the struggle has by this time attracted a passer-by. The poor tracker is removed to his cottage, where care and restoratives revive him sufficiently to recall his consciousness, and enable him with effort to relate his story; but no skill suffices to avert the end, which takes place on the evening of the day of the adventure, the patient expiring in the midst of much and frightful suffering.

Another incident, nearer home, shows the wild cat in mortal conflict with another animal, no less renowned for valor, and which, on the occasion cited, divided with him equally the honors of the day. This occurred in the north of Ireland, where a sportsman, ferreting for rabbits, was witness of an unexpected and exciting combat. The ferret had scarcely disappeared in the entrance of an earth, when an unusual scuffle announced a surprise below ground. The sound, by degrees, approached the surface, and just afterwards a cat dashed out, dragging with him the ferret, firmly fastened on his neck. Once outside, the two animals redoubled their efforts; each one striving for the other's life, and each exerting to the utmost his instinctive deadliness. The cat gnashed and raved, rending his opponent's breast, and covering his side with cruel claw-wounds. The ferret, calm and exasperating, kept to the one deadly gripe which had begun the battle. No shock, no provocation could persuade him to unlock those once-closed jaws; and, doubtless, with a foe less cruelly armed, though twice the weight, his grim tactics would prevail at last. But here his power failed him through loss of blood; and when he dropped from his antagonist he was quite unable to stand. The sportsman, anxious for the event, stood motionless on the spot from which he had witnessed the combat, merely holding his piece in readiness to fire, in case the cat should offer to attack him. The precaution was needless. On being

liberated by the ferret the cat moved off for a few paces, and then stood perfectly still, with its head bent downwards, and its muzzle resting on the ground. Things lasted thus for several minutes, till the sportsman, observing the cat's eyes to turn dim, took the symptom as conclusive, and approached with some impatience. On this the cat shuffled off towards the earth; and the sportsman, fearing to lose it underground, shot it dead at the entrance of the hole. He was consequently unable to affirm that the cat, in its dire combat with the ferret, had or had not received a mortal wound. There was no doubt as to those it had inflicted: when taken up by its owner, the ferret was quite dead.

The skins of wild cats furnish an excellent fur, and, according to Tschudi, are of double the value of those of the domestic species. In winter the furs of wild cats are especially rich and thick; but have the disadvantage, when taken in that season, of becoming liable to the partial detaching of the hairs. In our day the extreme scarcity of the animal itself deprives of its commercial interest the question of the merits of its fur.

Formerly, in France, the wild cat took rank as game, and was even esteemed a special delicacy. It now shares the prejudice which in modern Europe proscribes the lynx, and, in general, all dangerous and carnivorous cattle. There can, nevertheless, be no reason why the flesh of these animals should be less digestible at present than in former times. Tschudi states that in Switzerland it was eaten commonly. Kobell informs us that lynxes were several times brought to the royal table during the Congress of the Sovereigns at Vienna. He says, also, that, in 1819, the foresters of Ettal had orders to kill lynxes for the private consumption of the King of Bavaria. And Audubon himself somewhat sanctions an inference in favor of roast lynx, by the fact of pronouncing it inferior to buffalo.

J. L.

Saturday Review.

FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for a while a little heightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of color will fade again, and the cool grays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagu, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the

past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful milk-sops, they cry and "tell mamma," they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused.

The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground tumbles over foot-stools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of football hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one arrives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debatable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school-trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whisperings in

corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love-novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of these mysteries we are admitted as worshippers. It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the thought that St. Valentine's day taxes the energies of the Post Office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great Government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregenerate days? Surely it is something that love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All

the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scapegrace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revulsion, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the revery. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. *Odi et amo*, it is the close neighborhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is coquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction that she has gained? After life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensations so vivid, so rapid, so exquisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and wayward as the music in her heart. What other moment of life gives her those "grands ennuis entremêlés de joie" that the old French poetess sung about?

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's First Love, because a man believes in it. "Credo quia impossibile"—"I believe just because it is impossible"—replied Tertullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as first love. We are saved at any rate from the dreary gospel of Mr. Buckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So too there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list. How much too of the reverence, the re-

serve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman. Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bride quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is this new sense—this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's—that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From mere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out upon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alternations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while first love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first fervor of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learnt the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this is—we agree with Mr. Mill—a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the champions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all, they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has at any rate more time to waste than man.

PÈRE HYACINTHE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PÈRE HYACINTHE, the great pulpit orator of Notre Dame, whom the attitude which he has assumed toward his Church, in conjunction with the critical circumstances upon which that Church is now entering, has recently brought so conspicuously to the attention of the public throughout Christendom, was born at Orleans, France, in the year 1827. Little is known of his youth except that, like most men who have subsequently become distinguished for oratorical eloquence, he was somewhat remarkable for his verses, and a tendency to imaginative studies. He seems from the first to have been designed for the Church, and in 1845, being then but 18 years of age, he entered upon his studies at the theological seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where four years afterward, at the unusually early age of twenty-two, he was ordained priest. He obtained employment immediately as teacher of philosophy at Avignon, and was subsequently transferred to the chair of theology in the seminary of Nantes, where he remained until he was appointed officiating priest in the parish of the Church of St. Sulpice.

In 1859 he gave up his parish and went into the Convent of the Barefooted Carmelites at Lyons, as he himself says, "for the more perfect practice of holy liberty," becoming a member of the Order at the expiration of two years.

His first great success as a pulpit orator was made during a "spiritual retreat" held in the Lyceum at Lyons, where during one of the sessions he was invited to take the place of a preacher who was unexpectedly absent.

So pronounced was his success, and so profound the sensation which he created, that it was decided at once that his proper place was the pulpit rather than the chair of the professor, and from that time until he left his Church and Convent, a few months since, his duties have been chiefly forensic.

In 1863 he preached the course of Advent sermons at Lyons, which added greatly to his reputation, and in 1864

was invited to deliver the Lenten sermons at Perigueux.

By this time his fame had reached Paris, whither he soon went, preaching first in the Church of the Madeleine, and then delivering the Advent sermons in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where he has officiated ever since, attracting audiences and awakening an enthusiasm wholly unparalleled since the days when Massillon thrilled Paris.

There has probably never been heard in a Roman Catholic pulpit teachings so broad and liberal, so generous and profoundly sympathetic, so thoroughly imbued with the very essence of religious liberty, as those which PÈRE HYACINTHE has for five years delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame. His is not the blind unreasoning faith of the ignorant devotee, but that of a man whose capacious intellect has swept over the whole field of human thought, who is as familiar with the speculations of modern philosophy as with the decisions of the Œcumenical Councils, and whose religion is an intellectual conviction, not merely a conjunction of circumstances. It is not surprising therefore that the preaching of such a man should be distasteful to the "powers that be" in Rome. Several intimations were made to the reverend Father at various times that his course did not meet with the approval of his Church and Order, and finally, on the 22d of last July, the Superior-General of the Carmelites at Rome addressed him an official letter, censuring him for attending secular meetings, commanding him to abstain from the expression of questionable sentiments, and suggesting that he retire for a time to some retreat in the province of Avignon. This letter drew forth the following response from PÈRE HYACINTHE, which, as the most remarkable document that has emanated from a Catholic priest since Luther made his famous declaration at the Diet of Worms, we insert entire.

My Very Reverend Father:—During the five years of my ministry at Notre Dame de Paris, despite the open attacks and secret accusations of

which I have been the object, your esteem and confidence have never failed me for a moment. I preserve numerous testimonials of them, written by your own hand, and which were addressed as much to my preaching as to myself. Whatever may happen, I shall hold them in grateful remembrance. To-day, however, by a sudden change, the cause of which I do not seek in your heart, but in the intrigues of a party all-powerful at Rome, you arraign what you encouraged, you censure what you approved, and you require that I should speak a language or preserve a silence which would no longer be the entire and loyal expression of my conscience. I do not hesitate an instant. With language perverted by a command, or mutilated by reticence, I shall not ascend the pulpit of the Notre Dame. I express my regret for this to the intelligent and courageous Archbishop who has given his pulpit to me, and sustained me there against the bad will of men of whom I shall speak at the proper time. I express my regrets to the imposing auditory that surrounded me there with its attention, its sympathies, I was nearly going to say its friendship. I would not be worthy of the auditory, of the Archbishop, of my conscience, nor of God, if I would consent to act before them in such a role! I separate myself at the same time from the convent in which I have resided, and which, under the new circumstances that have happened to me, renders it for me a prison of the soul. In acting thus I am not unfaithful to my vows. I have promised monastic obedience; but, limited by the honesty of conscience, the dignity of my person and my ministry, I have promised under the benefit of that superior law of justice and of *royal liberty* which is, according to the Apostle St. James, the proper law of the Christian.

It is for the more perfect practice of this holy liberty that I came to ask at the cloister, now more than ten years ago, in the *élan* of an enthusiasm free of all human calculation, I shall not venture to add, free of all the illusion of youth.—If, in exchange for my sacrifices, I am to-day offered chains, I have not only the right but the duty to reject them. The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in 300 years, an Œcumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared *necessary*: such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the last of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare*. The saints were never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I belong to their race, *filiis sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which, in their encroachments, always most audacious and most baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity,

and the society of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and toward whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against this more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practised. I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much force as gentleness. But if fears, in which I do not wish to share, come to be realized, if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation, if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Œcumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another, truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others. "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jeremiah, viii. In fine, I appeal to your tribunal, O Lord Jesus! *Ad tuum Domine Jesu tribunal appello*. It is in your presence that I write these lines; it is at your feet, after having prayed much, reflected, suffered, and waited much, that I sign them. I have confidence that if men condemn them on earth you approve them in heaven. That is sufficient for me, living and dying.

FR. HYACINTHE,

Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, second preacher of the order in the province of Avignon.

Paris-Passy, Sept. 20, 1869.

The great issues involved in the questions to be brought before the coming Œcumenical Council, and the precise attitude in which PÈRE HYACINTHE stands toward his Church, will justify us in quoting entire the following article from a recent number of the *Saturday Review* :—

It would be difficult to overrate the significance, especially at this moment, of the letter to the General of his Order just published by Father Hyacinthe, and which, though deplored and censured by the Bishop of Orleans, is said to have been previously submitted to the Archbishop of Paris, and to have received his approval. There is probably no living preacher who has exercised so wide an influence as Father Hyacinthe. He has conducted for the last five years the famous "Conferences," addressed to a congregation of some ten thousand people in the cathedral of

Notre Dame, which were initiated by Lacordaire and subsequently carried on by Ravignan. That Father Hyacinthe's teaching was hardly of a kind likely to find favor with the party at present "all-powerful at Rome" was indeed well known, but that they would have the indiscretion to command silence or public retraction, and that the command would elicit so pronounced and emphatic a protest against the whole Ultramontane system now dominant in the Catholic Church, is more than could have reasonably been surmised; and his letter, taken in connection with similar demonstrations from other influential quarters, gives startling evidence of the profound divergence between the two contending parties within her pale which is every day being forced more prominently into view. Moreover, the line which he has adopted, while it has much in common with that of the Trèves memorialists, of Montalembert, of Señor Liaño, the Abbé Saint Pol, and others, derives peculiar importance from the fact of his being not only an ecclesiastic, but a monk of the strictest order in the Church. And it differs no less importantly from that taken under somewhat similar circumstances by persons in nearly the same position. When the ill-omened Bull of Gregory XVI. appeared, which condemned the Liberal Catholicism of the last generation as represented by Lamennais and Lacordaire, Lacordaire yielded at least an external submission to the decree which blasted his fondest aspirations; and Lamennais, who had taught himself and others to identify Christianity with Papal infallibility, after a brief period of suspense, rejected both alike and finally. Father Hyacinthe does nothing of the kind. He refuses indeed "to speak a language or maintain a silence which would not be the faithful expression of his conscience," and appeals from an unjust command to "that higher law of justice and 'royal liberty' which, according to St. James the Apostle, is the proper law of the Christian." But he does not break with Christianity or Catholicism, though he brings the most terrible impeachment against the whole existing administration of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, he appeals to the example of the saints, in whose footsteps he desires to tread, and protests "before the Holy Father and the Council," in the interests of the Church at this solemn crisis, "the most violent, the most obscure, and the most decisive of its existence here below," against "those doctrines and practices which are called Roman, but which are not Christian, and which by their encroachments, always more audacious and more baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis and the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety."

Three or four centuries have rolled away since this language, or anything like it, has been heard from the lips of priests and monks. It recalls the burning words of Gerson and Savonarola, of the speakers at Pisa and Constance, and at the earlier sessions of the Council of Trent, and it confirms in every particular what has for some years past been urged in more cautious terms by the reforming party within the Roman Catholic Church, and has been all along denounced by their opponents as a libellous falsehood of her enemies. Father Hyacinthe expressly accuses the Roman authorities of doing their utmost to bring about an unnatural divorce between religion and morality, and of

being the real authors of the unbelief and moral anarchy so widely prevalent among the Latin nations:—

I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insensate, sought to be effected between the Church, which is our eternal mother, and the society of the nineteenth century, of which we are the temporal children, and towards which we have also duties and regards. I protest against that opposition, more radical and more frightful still, to human nature, attacked and outraged by these false doctors, in its most indestructible and most holy aspirations. I protest above all against the sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel of the Son of God Himself, the spirit and the letter of which are alike trampled under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are given up to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause undoubtedly is not Catholicism itself, but the manner in which Catholicism has for a long time been understood and practised.

No one who is even moderately acquainted with the phenomena of European society can entertain the slightest doubt that these words point to a truth, and a truth which is daily forcing itself more imperatively on the convictions of religious and earnest men, whether among Catholics or Protestants. And if now, as Father Hyacinthe observes, "for the first time in three hundred years an Ecumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared necessary," by the Pope, it seems not a little remarkable that, in convoking it no reference whatever is made to facts which, one would have supposed, contained the true explanation of that necessity. In the fifteenth century the cry for reform was loudly raised throughout Catholic Europe. The Roman Catholic authorities of the present day seem to shrink from admitting the possibility of any reformation being requisite or even desirable. How are we to explain this? One explanation has been suggested by some among both the Catholic and Protestant critics of Father Hyacinthe's letter, which, utterly fallacious as we deem it, is of sufficient consequence from its general bearings, as well as in its application to this particular case, to call for a brief notice here.

Father Hyacinthe's protest, it is said, may be—and from a Protestant point of view is—a very fine and noble one, but what right has he to deliver it? Are we to understand that he has become, or intends to become, a Protestant? If so, well and good. He would, according to one section of his critics, vindicate his position as a consistent apostate; according to the other, as an enlightened Christian. But how can he, as a Roman Catholic, venture to question the possible decrees of the forthcoming Council, and to imply that they may be such as he will not consent to be bound by? Is not the infallibility of the Church and its Councils part and parcel of Catholic belief? Yet he certainly does imply that the Council of next December may go wrong. Now we must confess that we do not see the relevancy of this question. Father Hyacinthe may intend to become a Protestant, though there is no sort of indication of any such design in his letter, and it may be true, as some of his critics have suggested, that it would be a very fine thing if he did. But with that we are not concerned here. No sensible man will suppose, at all events, that the considerable party which he represents are likely to turn Protestants *en masse*; and it becomes therefore a matter of some interest, when we reflect on the critical influence they may hereafter exert on the destinies

of a communion including more than half the Christian world, to inquire whether we ought to tell them that, if they do not, they can only vindicate their consistency, not to say their honesty, by relapsing into Ultramontanism. Let it then be granted at once that a belief in the infallibility of Councils is universal, or all but universal, among Catholics, though we are not aware of any authoritative document of their Church which defines it. Does it therefore follow that they will be bound on their own principles to accept any decision whatever, however little in accord with Scripture or ancient tradition, which may emanate from the assembly of next December? Surely there is a previous question to be determined first. Whether we maintain, with them, that General Councils are infallible, or say, with the Thirty-nine Articles, that "forasmuch as they be composed of men," &c. "they may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God," we still have to ascertain, in the first place, what is a General Council? One condition always laid down is that it should be lawfully convoked and universally received in the Church; and here at once room may be given for much variety of opinion in this or that particular case. Nor can it be said that such questions, however possible in the abstract, do not really affect the practical result. A glance at Church history will convince us of the reverse. About the authority of the first seven General Councils assembled before the division of East and West, no question has ever been raised by Catholic divines, but there the unanimity ends. The number of General Councils of the Latin Church since the separation is variously stated by different theologians, and those who agree upon the number do not always make it up in the same way. The first Council of Lyons (1245) and the Council of Vienne (1311) are, with abundant reason, excluded from the list by many theologians, and none but extreme Ultramontanes would reckon Leo X.'s fifth Synod of Lateran (1517) as Œcumenical. Objections, only less strong, may be urged against several more. On the other hand, Ultramontane writers have openly assailed the claims of the Councils of Pisa and Basle, and some recent Jesuit divines, like the authors of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, without venturing directly to assail the Council of Constance, have quietly dropped it out of their list. Yet these three were the most largely attended, the most weighty and influential on every moral ground, as well as in fact, of all the mediæval Councils, and their decrees received the express approbation of the Pope, if we except the latter sessions of Basle, whose authority no one defends. More than this, when the illusory union with the Greeks was being patched up at the Council of Florence, it was, formally styled the Eighth Œcumenical Council, thus passing over with a wet sponge the ten or eleven, according to the ordinary Latin reckoning, which had met since the second of Nice. On this ground alone, therefore, it cannot fairly be urged that Father Hyacinthe is inconsistent in holding his allegiance to the decisions of the future Council of the Vatican in suspense, while accepting as infallible the decisions of Nice or Ephesus or Chalcedon; especially if it should enjoin a belief inconsistent (say) with the decisions of Constance, by which he is already bound. It yet remains to be seen how far the forthcoming

decrees will receive the assent of the Church. The refusal of such assent has always been held conclusive against the claims of, e.g., the Arian Synod of Rimini, and the Eutychian decisions of the so-called *Latrocinium* of Ephesus.

But there is another consideration of fully equal magnitude, dwelt on by Father Hyacinthe in the concluding paragraph of his letter, and urged at greater length by Señor Liaño in the pamphlet lately reviewed in our columns. Theologians and canonists maintain, in obvious accordance with the dictates of common sense, that freedom of discussion at a Council is an indispensable condition of the validity of its decrees. Indeed, when this condition is absent it is the merest mockery to speak of it as an Œcumenical Council at all, or as in any real sense representing the Church. It is one thing to say—what, we presume, would be the ordinary Catholic view—that the Holy Ghost may be expected so to "order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men" in a Council, as eventually to bring out a true decision even from the most passionate and prejudiced wranglings of rival parties. It is quite another thing to say that He will guarantee the infallibility of decisions which are not, properly speaking, those of the Council at all, when it is simply convoked to register decrees prepared beforehand by an independent authority, and submitted, not to its discussion, but to its passive assent. Nor does it make the least difference whether the compulsion applied be physical, as at the Robbers' Synod of Ephesus, or moral, as at many of the mediæval Councils, or a mixture of the two. The infallibility of Councils, on any but the Ultramontane theory, depends solely on the infallibility of the Church which they are supposed to represent; and a Council which is packed, or coerced or cajoled into acting as the mere mouthpiece of the Pope, does not really represent the Church at all. No Council can be called free which is composed exclusively of bishops every one of whom is bound by the most stringent oath "to preserve, defend, increase, and promote, to the utmost of his power," not the welfare of religion and the Church, but "the rights, honors, privileges, and authority of the Holy Roman Church, of our Lord the Pope, and his successors," and "to observe, and make others observe, the decrees, ordinances, reservations, provisions, and mandates of the Apostolic See." It is, then, without any surprise, and still less with any inclination to charge him with inconsistency or unfaithfulness to his professions, that we find Father Hyacinthe protesting by anticipation against a possible, not to say probable, miscarriage of justice at "the august assembly" summoned to meet at Rome on December 8:—

But if fears which I will not share were to be realized—if the august assembly had no more liberty in its deliberations than it already has in its preparations; in a word, if it were to be deprived of the essential character of an Œcumenical Council, I would cry aloud to God and man to claim another, really assembled in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party; really representing the universal Church, not the silence of some and the oppression of others.

Meanwhile, it must by this time have become clear, even to the shortsighted clique of resolute obscurantists who pull the wires at the Vatican, that they cannot hope to carry matters their own way without a struggle, and that to extort from

the Council an assertion of Papal infallibility is much more likely to imperil the unity than to secure the subserviency of the Church. A recent preacher on the Council, at Archbishop Manning's "Pro-Cathedral" of Kensington, is reported to have told his hearers that for his own part he would not remain another day in the Catholic Church if it did not allow full scope for the reasoning powers. It is very satisfactory, of course, to be assured on such good authority that Monsignor Capel finds full and free play for his intellect within the straitest limits of Ultramontane orthodoxy; but we have to set against this the fact that another preacher, of perhaps almost equal celebrity, has a very opposite experience to record. Cardinal Cajetan said, in his treatise on the relative authority of Popes and Councils, that "the Catholic Church is the born handmaid of the Pope." The Court of Rome is, to all appearance, determined to take an early opportunity of testing the correctness of his description.

Immediately after the despatch of his letter to the Superior-General, PÈRE HYACINTHE left his convent, laid aside his conventual garb, and is now under the discipline of the Church.

On the 18th of October PÈRE HYACINTHE arrived in America, whither he has come to study the practical working of liberal institutions, and also to seek that quietude and retirement, in this great crisis of his life, which the approaching political and ecclesiastical troubles and his own conspicuous position would probably have denied him in France.

Whether in thus coming to what Carlyle calls "a nation of thirty million bores" he has found or is likely to find the retirement which he seeks, we leave to the judgment of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the vulgar and impertinent attempts made by the Press generally, and certain Protestant ministers, to entrap the Father into "defining his position" and accepting attentions which would still farther compromise him with his Church and Order. It is natural enough that, knowing the vast and momentous influence of the issues at stake, we should wish to know something of the attitude, intentions, and purposes of the great preacher, and it is also natural enough on a superficial view to wish him to identify himself with Protestantism, and thus record his conviction that it is impossible for him to remain in the Romish Church without sacrificing the "dignity of his person and his ministry."

But we think that reflection and a study of similar events in the past will convince us that this view is superficial and implies a fatal mistake.

For ourself, we most earnestly hope that PÈRE HYACINTHE may find it compatible with the "royal liberty of a Christian" to remain *inside* the Church of Rome, where alone, as leader of the liberal elements which secular influence has raised up within the Church, he can become dangerous to the Papacy and to the fatal schemes in which the disciples of Loyola are gradually enmeshing Romish Christendom. It should never be forgotten, in looking upon this question, that PÈRE HYACINTHE, as the great Liberal preacher of Europe, addressing audiences of ten thousand people from the pulpit of Notre Dame, and yet standing within the "awful circle" of the Church, and PÈRE HYACINTHE on exhibition as a renegade priest, are very different—different as the power which belongs to a leading member of a hierarchy believed in as infallible, and the fleeting influence of a vulgar notoriety. Inside the Church his influence is great and may become illimitable; outside, he is weaker than the least of our Protestant clergymen who dispose of the Pope, the Cardinals, the Councils, and the Jesuits in a Sunday evening sermon. And the Jesuits know this better even than we can know it. Their policy has always been to force the Liberals into taking the fatal step which in the eyes of all Catholics is a deliberate defiance of God himself; and the Protestants, in endeavoring to entrap PÈRE HYACINTHE into an equivocal attitude, are assisting the Jesuits to remove one of the few powerful obstacles which stand in the way of the universal empire of their Cult. The noble and unfortunate Lamennais, than whom a purer and more gifted man never gave dignity to the priesthood, was driven into absolute infidelity (and it should be remembered that logical and cultured minds like PÈRE HYACINTHE's seldom stop at Protestantism), and now only serves to point the logic of those who would warn their followers against the danger of questioning the authority of "the Holy Roman Catholic Church."

POETRY.

THE AGE.¹

THE age is great! let whoso'er
That wills its majesty attain!—
We cannot, who its movement share,
Give judgment passionless and fair.
We look for martyr and for saint
To times behind us—and our eye,
Too near the present, can but spy
At boys who dress and girls who paint!

Thus they of Egypt doubtless did,
In early times—at History's birth.
They saw the sweating crowds that hid
The slowly-rising pyramid—
That now is wonder to the earth!
They thought not of the pile at all;
This workman's sloth—that bungler's fall
Aroused their satire or their mirth.

The work that seems so grand to us,
Whom Science and her marvels pall,
Was too familiar to discuss—
They talked of little things; for thus,
The small forever please the small.
Ay, when the work was done, the throng
Thought more of dancing, feast, and song
Than that which towered above them all.

So ages will anon succeed,
More great, perchance, than this of ours,
And—though we did but sow the seed
Of nobler things—will say, "Indeed
It was an age of wondrous pow'rs!"
It will be well they shall not know
That while the oaks among us grow
We, at their roots, pluck weeds and flow'rs.

Oh, for a man whose words should strike
A silence through these petty jars—
Should prove our babble is but like
The nightly howl of mongrel tyke
Who scolds the silence of the stars:
A noise incessant, meaningless,
Impugning still the nobleness
Its clamor magnifies—not mars!

Gaze onward, then, and trust the age!
Uplift clear eyes to heaven's cope;
And be contented to engage,
As guides throughout your pilgrimage,
The sweet companions, Faith and Hope.
Let Folly's pioneers-in-chief—
Cheap Satire, sneering Unbelief—
Delight to grovel and to grope!

Look up! and see how grandly looms
Above us what the age has done;
And then discuss the drawing-rooms,
The city marts, the talk of grooms,
That fade like mists before the sun!
Discuss such topics, if you can—
Leave those to mark the March of Man,
Who follow, when our course is run.

Lo! in our midst a giant stands,
Who builds his monument complete.

He strides e'en now from lands to lands—
He moulds the nations in his hands!—
And yet must History repeat
That you were finding petty flaws,
And quarrels with dead leaves and straws
Among the dust beneath his feet?

St. Paul's.

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I SAT at Berne, and watched the chain
Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain,
In stern majestic masses;

I waited till the evening light
Upon their heads descended;
They caught it on their glittering height,
And held it there suspended:

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
Just like a maiden's blushing,
Till all were bathed in rosy light,
That seemed from heaven rushing:

The dead white snow was full of life,
As if some huge Pygmalion
Had sought to find himself a wife,
In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
Though lingering soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
Into their calm, dead splendor.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
The rose so quickly faded.

W. H. POLLOCK.

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

I.

STILL falls the leaf, on golden sheaf
The harvest suns no longer shine;
In ruddier brown their beams go down,
And ruddier tinge the far sea-line;
And each fair fading of the day shows plainer yet
The year's decay.

II.

Soon from the West, in angrier quest,
The chariots of the wind shall sweep;
Soon, down the shore, with hoarser roar,
Shall sound the trumpets of the deep,
Till autumn's vesture disappear, and the dark
storm-cloud's path be clear.

III.

Then, while her eyes to leaden skies
The patient earth no more may raise,
E'en tempests' power in that drear hour
Shakes not her hope in gladder days:
She deems that spring will come anew and deck
her in fresh robes of dew.

IV.

So, o'er our soul when thick clouds roll,
And youth's bright pageants sink in shade;
When, pressed with care, we woo despair,
As dreams we closest clung to fade—
Let some such gracious thought of spring rise hope-
ful to our imaging.

G. W. M. D.

ODE TO THE DAY.

Ann thou art gone, oh Day!
Thy long pale shadow lies upon my heart,
Until it swells with solemn stern reflection,
What art thou, Day? I scarce can call thee Day,
Whose sound imports a slow, awaiting Master,
Granting full leisure for our several tasks.
Rather art thou a bird, whose rapid flight
And plumage without equal,
Stamps thee as Heaven's especial courier,
With message sent to mortals!
Or I could fancy thee a waking dream,
Wherein I see a godlike form,
Stepping from the pavilion of his slumber
Clothed in celestial light, mounting his car tri-
umphal,
Holding Life's reins, and its regalia, with defiant
air,
Couraging his panting steeds around the Earth,
Till, wearied, worn, exhausted,
They rest beneath the welcome roof of Night.

To-morrow as this morn, thou wilt awake the
world,
Wilt ring thy loud alarum, and again
Wilt "hold the word of promise to the ear;"
And we again shall yield thee full accredit,
That when our hand-toil and heart-worry cease,
Respite, and ease, and comfort will succeed.
Delusion vain! to which for many a year
Have I, and hundreds other else been victim.
To those with duties multiplied, recurring ever,
Night comes before its time, leaving, as this one
does,

Only vain sad regrets.
We find the sunlight of existence past,
The elixir of hope, that once did gild
Our distant future, gone, forever gone,
Nor enough future left to do
That purposed to be done,
While yet remained this essence volatile,
This visionary, fleeting form yclept DAY!!

HENRIETTE CAROLINE PUMFREY.

TWO IFS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

If it might only be
That in the singing sea,
The living, lighted sea,
There were a place for you to creep
Away within the tinted weeds, and sleep,
A cradled, curtained place for you
To take the happy rest for two!

And then if it might be
Appointed unto me
(God knows how sweet to me!)
To plunge into the sharp surprise
Of burning battles' blood and dust and cries,
And face the hottest fire for you,
And fight the deadly fight for two!

Atlantic Almanac for 1870.

PRIMROSE TIME.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES.

THIS world was formed for maid and man,
So each must find a fellow;
It hath been so since the world began,
And marigolds were yellow.

For she who wastes her summer prime,
And coldly doth eschew it,
Shall in the Winter of her time
With vain repentance rue it.

Then, pri'thee, say not Nay, but Yea,
Whilst primroses are blooming;
For Spring-time will not always stay
The Winter that is coming.

DESOLATE.

I STRAIN my worn-out sight across the sea,
I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,
My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,
Of the wide deep and the forsaken lea:
Ah! Love, return—ah! Love, come back to me !!
As well these ebbing waves I might command
To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand!
The joy that was is not, and cannot be.
The salt shore, furrowed by the foam, smells
sweet,
Oh! blest for me if it were now my lot
To make this shore my rest, and hear all strife
Die out like yon tide's faint, receding beat:
If he forgot so easily in life,
I may in death forget that he forgot.

Cornhill.

LINES.

UPON a day, no matter, here or there,
Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air
Was heavy with the breath of roses everywhere.

I sat and sang, as bees will hum in June
For humming's sake—vague preludes to no tune,
Songs without words, that yet come to an end too soon,

Unknowing care or joy, or love or pain—
Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain;
And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,
When the last wail came—faint, but swelling higher—
As of a soul o'ercome with passionate desire.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly,
I said, "O bird, teach half thy pain to me;
Thou shouldst not bear alone so great a misery."

And when I turned, my prelude had an air,
My song found words, my careless heart found care;
And, ah! it was too late to pray another prayer.

ALICE HORTON.

SONNETS.

I.

I WALKED among the solemn woods to-day—
The pines, whose sigh, so like a human heart's,
With one long, lingering monotone departs,
A mournful minor wailing far away—
And stern foreboding phantasies held sway
O'er all my being: something undefined,
In that weird, grieving, melancholy wind,
Those ghost-like trees, and the cold, shuddering
play
Of their drooped leaves funereal, told of death—
Death and Decay, that know no after bloom,
No marvellous Resurrection's morning glow,
No second birth of rapt celestial breath,
But dust, and rain, and the desolate tomb,

Round which, sweet Faith! no flowers of thine
shall blow.

II.

But while this morbid fancy on my soul
Pressed with dull weight, along the forest verge
Remote I heard a murmur like the surge
Of gentle waters—a soft, musical roll
Of fairy thunder, such as that which swells
Up the Fair Southland coast when days are calm.

A blissful voice it was, a wind of balm,
Wave-born, and brightening all the shadowy dells;
Oh how it thrilled my spirit! how it spake
In homelike yet majestic harmony
Of that lone shore whereon the billows break
Melodious o'er mine own beloved sea!—
Of joy and childhood's hope, whose splendors take
A strange, fresh radiance from Infinity.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Lippincott's Magazine.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

THY lips are quiet and thine eyes are still,
Cold, colorless, and sad thy placid face,
Thy form has only now the statue's grace;
My words wake not thy voice, nor can they fill
Thine eyes with light. Before fate's mighty will
Our wills must bow; yet for a little space
I sit with thee and Death in this lone place,
And hold thy hands that are so white and chill.
I always lov'd thee, which thou didst not know,
Though well he knew whose wedded love thou wert;

Now thou art dead I may raise up the fold
That hides thy face, and, by thee bending low,
For the first time and last before we part,
Kiss the curv'd lips—calm, beautiful, and cold.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. FREDERICK BASTIAT. Chicago: *The Western News Company.*

MR. HORACE WHITE, of the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the ablest journalists in the West, believing "that the time has now come when the people, relieved from the absorbing anxieties of the war, and the subsequent strife on reconstruction, are prepared to give a more earnest and thoughtful attention to economical questions than was possible during the previous ten years," has prepared these selections from the works of the great French economist, M. Bastiat. Mr. White also considers it incontestable that "we have retrograded in economical science during this period, while making great strides in moral and political advancement by the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of the freedmen;" and in a very modest but very able essay prefixed to the volume

as a preface, he traces briefly the method by which the manufacturers, taking advantage of the entire absorption of the people during the war in military and financial questions, gradually but effectually pressed their claims, until to-day we see the United States the only highly civilized nation committed absolutely to the doctrines of the protective system.

We suppose there are few of us who will not agree with Mr. White that the time for the final settlement of our economical policy has come—that it has come whether we wish it or not, for the contest is already commenced; and fewer still who will not agree with him that the principles of free-trade cannot be expounded to the people by a more luminous and attractive writer than Bastiat. Those who wish to study political economy in its philosophical aspects, and in its relations to the other social sciences, must go to

Mill, Bentham, and Prof. Perry; but, as M. Bastiat points out, there are two ways of accomplishing a work of this kind—constructing truth, which is complex and difficult; and exposing error, which is simple and intelligible. He has chosen the latter, and his work is philosophical and constructive only in this, that in pointing out sophisms he, of course, proves the contrary, and the free-trade theory is in itself so simple as scarcely to need a formula.

In presenting these selections, the compiler has given much the larger portion of the volume to the two series of the "Sophisms of Protection;" the only other papers being a brief essay on "Spoliation and Law," and another on "Capital and Interest." The "Sophisms of Protection" are, of course, the most important to the average reader, and we may say that there is no work in existence which gives in a similar compass so luminous an exposition, not only of the principles of free-trade, but of the protective system itself. M. Bastiat wields a keen and trenchant blade, and it is none the less effective as a weapon from being easily seen, and from glittering with wit and humor and piquant illustration. As the *Nation* says, the discussion as conducted by Bastiat is "not a combat, but slaughter," and will be doubly attractive to those who like to see a campaign made "short, sharp, and decisive." Moreover, any one can understand it who can be made to comprehend that it is best to keep out of the water if we wish to avoid getting wet.

And yet we fear that language like the above will give a false conception of, or at least fail to do justice to, the exquisite polish, finish, and temper, the gayety (so to speak) of M. Bastiat's style. Those who are familiar with the best French *vaudevilles* will have it before them at once; but there is nothing sufficiently typical in our own language to which we can compare it. If his weapon "*slaughters*," it reminds us rather of the skill and science of the surgeon than of the riot and coarseness of battle, and there is almost none of the heat and *argumentum ad hominem* which too often pertain to controversy.

This volume contains much more of M. Bastiat's writings than have hitherto been translated into English, and if we could see several million copies of it put into the hands of our agriculturists, we should have little fear of the economical and political future of the nation. We say "political" advisedly, for M. Bastiat is a broad and thoughtful Liberal in his political opinions, holding with Herbert Spencer that the necessity for government is in inverse ratio to the progress of the people. It will add not a little to the interest of the work among readers in this country to see such republican ideas openly advocated by a Frenchman and member of the National Assembly, who died before the present century had entered upon its second half.

Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. From the French of M. LACOMBE. By CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have already had occasion more than once to notice the "Library of Wonders," which is destined to supply a peculiar deficiency in our ordinary educational influences. It is a series of

books by French authors, for the most part on popular science, that has met with such extraordinary success in France, and also in England, as to attract the attention of several of our own publishers; and now, in addition to the dozen or more volumes announced by Scribner & Co., we may expect a series from Messrs. Appleton & Co. To the general merit of the volumes issued so far, we have before borne testimony. They are reliable, concise, and lucid in treatment, unobjectionable in their theoretical aspects, and almost certain to awaken in children, as well as adults, an interest in scientific subjects—a result so desirable in itself that it may be regarded as the most urgent demand at present made upon our educational machinery.

"Arms and Armor" is a sketch of the progress which the members of the human race have made in inventing instruments to kill each other and to protect themselves from being killed, from the dawn of history up to the time of the Chassepot and Needle-gun. Of course, to compress such a work into the limits of a small volume, the treatment must necessarily be brief, and only the broader outlines could be indicated; but the selection, rejection, and grouping has been done judiciously, and M. Lacombe's book contains all that is really important to the average unprofessional reader. In the parts in which the work was weakest it has been strengthened with "Notes" by Charles Boutell, the English translator (most of which are good, but some of which are offensively pert and "patriotic"), who also adds a valuable chapter on "Arms and Armor in England."

One of the most interesting sections is that which treats of the peculiar weapons of savage races, such as the *wummera* and *boomerang* of the Australians, and the *bola* of the South Americans. Much curious information is also accumulated concerning the weapons and defensive armor of the great nations of antiquity,—those with which the Assyrians, and later, the Medes and Persians, founded their empires, and with which Alexander conquered Asia.

The illustrations to "Arms and Armor" are singularly full, and are the best specimens of wood-engraving we have ever seen. Such pictures really dignify the art of illustration. As we look over these fearful "bills," "pecks," "pila," "Fauchards," and "partisans," with which our ancestors used to tear each other, we are more than ever thankful that we live in an age when, if we must fight, we can at least be shot decently at the distance of a mile or so, without having the murderous weapon come too close to our anatomy. The mutilation among the unprotected foot-soldiers in ancient battles must have been horrible to contemplate, as it is even to imagine.

In addition to "Arms and Armor," Messrs. Appleton & Co. have issued "Meteors, Aërolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena;" from the French of Gurcher and Margollé, by Wm. Lachland," the character of which is sufficiently indicated in the title. It contains many curious facts which are gradually forming the basis for the science of isothermy, and furnishes also the latest and most authoritative interpretations which have been put upon them by scientific men. The style is easy and intelligible, and there is no attempt at technical treatment. The illustrations of this

volume also, though different in character from those of "Arms and Armor," are excellent of their kind.

Too Bright to Last. A Novel. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

THE instinctive suspicion, generated by long and melancholy experience, with which we are apt to regard paper-covered fiction, we own was completely disarmed by seeing the endorsement of Fields, Osgood & Co. upon a novel, apparently the first work of an anonymous author, and which they are careful to assure us is issued from "advance sheets."

Taken thus at a disadvantage, we were seduced into wasting an evening over "Too Bright to Last," and we confess to a grudge against the publishers for trading upon public confidence in a well-earned reputation. A more thoroughly and hopelessly poor novel—one for the writing and publishing of which there is less reason or excuse—it has never been our misfortune to read. Years ago, like most American youth, we devoured the "works" of Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, and that ilk, and in our critical capacity have toiled through much of modern sensational fiction; and after the bewildering surfeit we are probably as ready as any one to welcome even a mild attempt to return to the simplicity of nature; still these, however tiresome in many respects, cannot be said to fail for want of color and a certain kind of unhealthy interest; but why such a book as "Too Bright to Last" should be written, and how, being written, it could find any one willing to offer it to the public in these days, when there is certainly no lack of tolerably clever aspirants to authorship, is one of those paradoxical problems with which publishers are so fond of occasionally confounding the critics.

The plot of the story, if anything so threadbare from long use can be called a plot, is briefly this: A "city-raised," delicate, and decidedly insipid young girl of nineteen, during a visit to the country, falls in love with a Welsh farmer of thirty-five and promises to marry him, much to the horror of an ambitious and scheming Belgravian mother, who refuses her consent, and compels the young lady to wait two years until she is of age, which two years are spent upon the Continent. Returning after the time has expired, she marries the Welsh farmer, lives with him an indefinite time, say six months, at his little farm-house, when, feeling unwell, she returns to her mother's house in London, where one evening she appears at a party in a "magnificent black velvet," is taken sick at the supper-table, retires to the back parlor, and her husband, by a wonderful coincidence, appearing at the opportune moment, dies in his arms, giving expression to the usual eminently proper sentiments. Just at this juncture the party from the supper-room (who have hitherto, it seems, left the dying woman entirely alone) come in, and the book closes with the following tableaux: "Edith, paralyzed with terror, sunk (*sic*) helpless on the sofa; the rest of the women were, as might be expected, in different stages of imbecility;—the men, equally absurd, swearing, and calling savagely for help." Mark that last realistic touch. Men "swearing" (after the manner of gentlemen under the circumstances)

in the presence of the dead, and the author (in fine sympathy with the occasion) pronouncing it "*absurd!*"

But this framework, commonplace as it is, can convey no idea of the indescribable meagreness of the details, the utter poverty of inventiveness and incapacity of adapting even the stereotyped materials, and the supernatural dullness of the work as a whole. Any plot, however good, can be presented in a ridiculous light, and many of our best novels are entirely independent of plot; but, to compensate for it, there must be vivid characterization, a taste for the picturesque, and, at least, a degree of originality and invention in the incidents. "Too Bright to Last" is not less hopelessly deficient in all these requisites than in plot. The scene is laid in Wales, and as the field is new, much might have been made of the wild and rugged grandeur of the country, and of the extremely individual and lawless character of the Welsh peasantry, amounting almost to barbarism, of which we get a glimpse in Forster's *Life of Landor*. But as far as local coloring or local character is concerned, the action of the book might have been laid in the mountains of the Moon. The authoress (for the writer is a lady, and a very young one too, or else the book is what we are half inclined to pronounce it, "a fortuitous concourse of atoms"), seems to think that all that is necessary to bring Wales and the Welsh before our eyes is to give the usual superfluity of consonants to the proper names. "Yronllwydd" is the only word in the book which bears even the resemblance of local significance.

Of characterization there is none. If anything more than personified sentiments and abstractions ever existed in the author's brain, their shadows only have found their way into these pages, and the attempt to recall them as we write is like chasing the phantoms of a vision. Simon Vane, Georgie, mother, sister, uncle, lover, servant—all the puppets to whom the different parts of the little story were assigned, "are such stuff as dreams are made of," and have about as much personal and individual life as the figures of a sum in Long Division. If criticism upon the motives and probabilities of human actions were not wasted on a book like this, we might take exception to what is the very key-note of the story—the love of the shallow, pretty young London girl for the hard, uncouth, and prosaic farmer. That he should love her is credible enough, our rustic swains being usually prepared to love anything in the shape of a woman that dresses well, is warranted "from the city," and is willing to smile upon them. But between the two characters, as the author endeavored to sketch them, there was and could be no point of contact. True, he is represented as "having read, oh! so much," and saying "the quaintest and most learned things" (though for this we have to take the author's word, there being no indication of it in his conversations), by way of distinguishing him from ordinary farmers; but even if this were so, it would be no recommendation to the affections of such a girl as the author intended to depict in her heroine.

If the book were worth criticising in detail, we might prove the inconsistency of nearly every in-

cident in the development of the story, for the author sets out in the first place with a radically false conception of the elements of sympathy between diverse characters; we might point out also some dozens of the grossest grammatical errors, most of which an ordinarily well-informed proof-reader might have corrected; but we have said enough to justify the hope that "Too Bright to Last" will be sufficient to convince even the author that literature is not her vocation; that it is not a question in her case of taste, cultivation, and practice; but that the old principle that "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" applies to brain-work as to everything else in the domain of natural laws. If it convinces her of this, and deters her from further attempts at book-making (and it certainly cannot do less), it will have subserved at least one good purpose.

Thackeray's Miscellanies. Household edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

Catherine. A Story. By IKEY SOLOMONS, Esq., Jr. (W. M. THACKERAY). Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

THESE "Miscellanies," the intended publication of which we announced several months ago, supplement the Household Edition of Thackeray's novels, and for the first time enable the American reader to obtain a complete edition of the author's works. They embrace everything which the English critics have traced to Mr. Thackeray's pen—the papers, stories, and sketches which he contributed to *Punch* and other periodicals before he made his great reputation on "Vanity Fair," as well as his later productions.

Some of Thackeray's best writing will be found in these volumes, the very best examples we have of his exquisitely finished and incisive style (which shone to advantage in an essay), and they overflow with the author's liberal humor and caustic wit, but they also include many hasty, immature, and extravagant sketches, written under the inspiration of a transient impulse, which Thackeray himself would doubtless prefer should remain in the limbo of periodical literature. Such as these had best have been omitted. They have no intrinsic value, and can have little interest save to the critic, who feels a philosophical pleasure in studying the development of genius. It is like confronting a man, to whom experience has brought at least a measure of wisdom, with the follies and absurdities of his youth. Dickens is probably the only living writer who would be willing in middle life to endorse his first essays in authorship; but the "Sketches of Boz" are as characteristic and individual as anything Dickens has since produced, and form an altogether exceptional case.

"Catherine: A Story," which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have rescued from an old volume of *Fraser's Magazine*, and published in paper covers, is of the class which we have just been condemning. It was written many years ago, to counteract the injurious influence of various novels ("Oliver Twist" and "Eugene Aram" among the number) which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, cast a false romance about the lives of low and criminal persons, and tended to confuse the distinctions between right and wrong. The author endeavors to present a true picture of

what such life really is, and many good points are made; but he is evidently on unaccustomed and distasteful ground; is perpetually entering a disclaimer; the movement is slow and jerky; and the whole story is utterly destitute of the taste, temperateness, and precision which characterize all that is good in Thackeray's writings.

Thackeray, as he confesses in the preface to "The Newcomes," felt little sympathy with low life, and knew little about it; and before he died he would probably have agreed with the rest of us that no one was ever yet put upon better terms with crime by reading "Oliver Twist." "Catherine" is also included in the "Miscellanies."

Two Almanacs for 1870. *The Atlantic Almanac.* Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* *Appleton's Almanac.* New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The Atlantic Almanac for 1870 is of the same general character as the two preceding issues, but is even better and more varied in its literary contents.

It contains one of Mr. Hale's realistic ironical narrative papers—"The Modern Sindbad, or Thirty-one States in Thirty Days"—which is a very excellent burlesque upon the custom of those wonderful Englishmen who rush through the cities and over the railways of the United States in the shortest possible time, and then go home to instruct the world, and particularly ourselves, concerning our government, habits, and customs, and our moral and intellectual condition; a story by Charles Dickens, and another by Thackeray; a poem by Tennyson, and also by W. D. Howells and Miss Phelps; and essays by Higginson, Kate Field, Mr. Brewer, and others of our best writers. There is also a specimen of William Cullen Bryant's translation of the *Iliad*, the first volume of which is nearly ready, which seems to us to give promise of a smooth, careful, realistic, but not very forcible work.

We have reserved for the last, for more particular mention, "A Good Word for Winter," by James Russell Lowell, to our mind very much the best contribution. Such delicious mingling of narrative and criticism, of genial humor and graphic description, we get from no other pen but his, and we confess that, in Mr. Lowell's paper alone, we find more than ample reason for the *Almanac's* existence.

The calendars and meteorological tables are of course good after their kind, but in the *Atlantic* these are always secondary features. The publishers have attempted what Mr. Ruskin would call "generalizing the English Annual and the ordinary Almanac," and the *Atlantic* is not in its essential features more of an Almanac than a number of the *ECLECTIC* would be made by the addition of meteorological tables. The illustrations are numerous, but, as usual, not very good; the only really excellent ones being the specimen cuts from forthcoming holiday books. The two pictures in colors are simply atrocious.

Appleton's Almanac is edited this year by Miss Susan F. Cooper, and makes its appearance, as regards externals, in truly "gorgeous array."

It has rather more of the special features of an Almanac than the *Atlantic*, the literary contents

having more particular reference to the months and seasons, and illustrating the varying aspects of nature as presented by the woods, birds, and flowers.

Miss Cooper's style of writing is very temperate and simple, generically different from what we are accustomed to in our usual periodical literature; but she has a thorough knowledge of, and a true sympathy with, her subjects, and those who read through the *Almanac* once will be glad to turn to it often as the months marshal the changes of the year. The illustrations are numerous and appropriate, and beautifully executed; and we think that, in finish of detail and general appearance, *Appleton's Almanac* is rather superior to any other annual we have.

The Court Circles of the Republic. By MRS. E. F. ELLET. Hartford Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

The publishers send us advance sheets of this work, which will be issued immediately and sold by subscription. It relates to "the beauties and celebrities of the nation, illustrating life and society under eighteen Presidents," and "describing the social features of the successive administrations from Washington to Grant." There is probably none other of our writers who, from social experience, familiarity with the subject, and literary culture, could perform this work so well as the author of "Queens of American Society;" and life in Washington from the time of the first President up to the present administration will afford ample scope for the exercise of all her knowledge and talents in this special field.

The book will be a handsome octavo volume, and will contain fifteen steel-engraved portraits of ladies who at various times have graced the society of the Capital. One of these is a picture of Mrs. Ellet herself, taken, we suppose, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and representing a face of such youthful simplicity, intelligence, and sensibility, as we venture to say it would be difficult to find in Washington to-day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 349. Copiously illustrated.

The Comet. By a Cometite. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 543.

Nutworth and his Three Magic Wands. By E. PRENTISS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 279. Frontispiece.

Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and Other Stories. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 212.

A Greek Grammar for Beginners. By Professor W. H. WADDELL. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 104.

The Minister's Wife. By MRS. OLIPHANT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 199.

The Woman who Dared. A Poem. By EPES SARGENT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 270.

Zell's Encyclopedia. Monthly Part, No. 12. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. Large quarto, paper, pp. 40.

Adventures on the Great Hunting-Grounds of the World. From the French of VICTOR MEUNIER. By WILLIAM LACKLAND. No. V., illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 297.

German Tales. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by CHARLES SHACKFORD. No. VI. Handy Volume Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 352.

A Chapter of Erie. By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 18mo, paper and cloth, pp. 152.

The Elements of Tachigraphy. By DAVID PHILIP LINDSLEY. Boston: Otis Clapp. 16mo, cloth, pp. 122.

Uncle Sam Series for American Children, comprising the following poems:

Rip Van Winkle's Nap, by E. C. STEADMAN. *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*, by BAYARD TAYLOR. *Putnam the Brave*, by R. H. STODDARD. *The Story of Columbus*, by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Illuminated covers. Colored illustrations.

Joseph Bonaparte. By JNO. S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth. Illustrated.

SCIENCE.

The Open Polar Basin (?)—This is a subject hardly "physical," and yet it touches very closely a question of astronomical physics. Some very important observations have been recently made upon it by Captain Hamilton, in a paper before the Royal Geographical Society. The author having expressed his belief that Baffin's Bay consists of an agglomeration of floes of ice kept apart by gales and tides, goes on to say that, reasoning from analogy, he infers that the Polar basin, which is of much larger extent than Baffin's Bay, must consist of similar floes always in motion where there is an outlet, and therefore he doubts the practicability of spring sledge-travelling from Spitzbergen towards the Pole, and advocates the Smith Sound route for sledge operations; he also believes the best prospect of a ship making progress is by keeping close to the weather shore. No arctic voyager takes the pack if he can avoid it. His observations lead him to the conclusion—1. That there is no practical proof of a warm undercurrent into the Polar basin, or ameliorated climate caused by its rising to the surface. 2. That the migration of birds is no proof of it. 3. The season at which the open seas of Penny and Morton were seen only show that local causes produce an earlier disruption of the ice there than elsewhere. 4. That the drifts of the Advance, Fox, and Resolute were quite unconnected with any movements of the ice in the Polar basin, and were owing entirely to local causes.

Dr. Tyndall's Theory of Comets.—Dr. Tyndall has given a full account of his views respecting comets. He supposes the atmosphere of a comet

to extend to an enormous distance on every side of the head, and that the interception of the solar heat-rays by the head leads to the prevalence of the actinic rays in the part screened by the head. Thus there results the formation of the same sort of cloud—an actinic cloud, he calls it—which is formed in Dr. Tyndall's well-known experiments. As the formation of this cloud-tail is not instantaneous, but may proceed with any degree of velocity (according to the structure of the cometic atmosphere), and as the destruction of the old cloud-tails when they come into the presence of the solar heat-rays may also proceed with any degree of velocity, the curved appearance of comets' tails is satisfactorily accounted for. Dr. Tyndall's theory is not without difficulties, however; and, as Mr. Huggins has remarked of Benedict Prevôt's somewhat similar theory, it is "obviously inconsistent with the observed appearances and forms of the tails, and especially with the rays which are frequently projected in a direction different from that of the tail, with the absence of tail immediately behind the head, and with the different degrees of brightness of the sides of the tail."

Photographs of the Approaching Transit of Venus.—We have already mentioned that De la Rue advocates the application of photography to the transits of 1874 and 1882. Major Tennant has made several important suggestions as to this mode of utilizing the transit. It would obviously be an immense advantage if the difficulties of ordinary observation of Venus in transit could be got over by photographic skill. It may be found that we are to look to photography for the best determination of the fundamental element of astronomy—the sun's distance. Many points of difficulty seem to be mastered in theory by the application of photography. We know that Halley's method of utilizing a transit substitutes a time-measurement of the chord traversed by Venus for the determination—not of the real length of that chord—but of the greatest approach of Venus to the sun's centre. And the reason for the change is obvious. If an observer were sent out to determine how near Venus approached the sun's centre, as seen from a northern or southern station, he would be subject to a number of difficulties. In fact, a very slight consideration of the subject shows that the micrometrical determination of the distance would be practically valueless. But the photographer can at once secure a picture of the sun with Venus on his disk at the moment of estimated nearest approach, besides several photographs taken (at short intervals) before and after that moment, and the examination of these photographs afterwards by an astronomer in his study, with the simple appliances of dividers and protractors, will tell everything that could be learned from trustworthy micrometrical measurements, were such measurements possible.

Mr. Hind's Elements of the Transit of Venus in 1874.—Some surprise was occasioned by the circumstance that M. Puiseux had deduced different results than Mr. Hind from Leverrier's tables of the sun and Venus. Mr. Hind, having little faith in the efficacy of a re-examination of his own calculations by himself, placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Plummer, the assistant at Mr. Bishop's

observatory, a very able and acute computer. The results of Mr. Plummer's calculations accord so closely with those already published by Mr. Hind as to leave no doubt that M. Puiseux has fallen into some error in the course of his calculations. Mr. Hind's elements for external and internal contact at ingress differ only 14 s. and 27 s. respectively from Mr. Plummer's values; while the elements for external and internal contact at egress differ only 3 s. and 1 s. respectively. As Mr. Hind remarks, "these differences for such a phenomenon are insignificant; the possible errors of any predictions of the times of contact must be very much larger." The result is fortunate for those astronomers who had taken Mr. Hind's elements as the foundation for inquiries into the circumstances of the approaching transits; though very little doubt was felt that the difference between Mr. Hind and M. Puiseux would be settled as it has been.

The November Meteors.—There is considerable doubt as to the nature of the display of November shooting-stars to be looked for this year. Last year, contrary to the expectation of astronomers, the shower was well seen in England. It was seen also in the United States and at Cape Town. Therefore, it is perfectly clear that the portion of the meteoric system passed through by the earth last year was very much wider than the parts traversed in 1866 and 1867. It seems likely that the part traversed this year will be even wider, and therefore if the weather is fine we can scarcely fail to have a shower. Whether, however, the shower will be a very brilliant one is much more open to question. The probability is that it will not be, as all former experience points to the conclusion that the real maximum of condensation was passed by the earth in 1866. However, it is certain that there is great irregularity in the structure of the meteor-system, and therefore it is not at all impossible that during the morning of November 14 there may occur at intervals several well-marked showers, each lasting but a short time. It will be useless to watch much before midnight (of November 13-14).

A New Anæsthetic.—A new anæsthetic has been lately discovered by Dr. Liebreich, to which he has given the name Chloralhydrat. It is highly spoken of by the faculty, and is said to be superior to chloroform, producing a more complete state of unconsciousness, while it neither induces feebleness nor leaves any bad effects behind. A medical gentleman has informed us that he has held rabbits from twelve to fourteen hours under the influence of chloralhydrat, during a part of which time he kept them suspended over the back of a chair, and as soon as they awakened up they displayed their usual activity and fed with unimpaired appetite. We have also learned that the newly discovered body has been most successfully applied as a sedative in the treatment of the insane. Chloralhydrat resembles chloroform in appearance, but it is not so heavy, and being much less volatile than that body, it has of course a feebler smell. On the tongue it has a sharp, but not an acid taste, and though it reminds one of chloroform, it gives the sensation neither of the warmth nor sweetness of the latter substance. Chloralhydrat is absorbed, and not inspired, and

in this respect it differs from all other anesthetics. When liquid ammonia is added to a solution of this body, chloroform is precipitated.

The Sun Spots.—The sun's surface has continued to be much disturbed during the past three months. It is as yet uncertain whether the maximum of disturbance has been attained. Several of the spots which have recently appeared have been of surprising dimensions, and it seems likely that for several months to come the telescopist will find the sun a most interesting object for observation.

Important Discovery in Photography.—The important problem of measuring distances and constructing plans and maps by means of photography has at length been solved. Since the art of photography has been sufficiently improved to permit the apparatus to be easily moved from place to place, and to produce pictures which are correct in a perspective point of view, the Berlin photographer, Mr. Maydenbauer, has paid great attention to the subject. At length he succeeded in convincing the Prussian Government of the correctness of his theories, and was commissioned to survey a fortification. The task was beset with innumerable difficulties, which for the most part sprang from the defective nature of the instruments. In six months, however, he had succeeded in obtaining 800 plates, and in doing so had gained invaluable experience, so that he met with no great difficulty in completing a photographic instrument of such simplicity that a workman quite unacquainted with the art was able to draw up a special plan of a fortress on the scale of 1 to 2,500 after a few short instructions. The photographic camera can therefore in future be employed for a number of important purposes.

Tobacco Smoking.—Tobacco-smokers must look to their eyes. Proofs are accumulating that blindness, due to slowly progressive atrophy of the optic nerves, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence. In one of the volumes of the "London Hospital Reports," Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has narrated several cases of amaurosis, the histories of which go far to establish the fact, that in each case the blindness was brought on by that rapidly increasing habit; and in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, Sept. 4, the same distinguished surgeon has described another striking case of "tobacco amaurosis, ending in absolute blindness, induced in eighteen months." The patient, aged fifty, a railway clerk, enjoyed good sight until January, 1867, and excellent general health, with the exception of a single attack of gout.—*Medical Mirror.*

A Wonderful Engineering Operation.—In the work of straightening and widening some of the very crooked streets of Boston, it became necessary to move a huge building known as the "Hotel Pelham." This building is of freestone, 96 feet high, and weighs 10,000 tons. It was moved 14 feet in three days, by means of rollers and screws, a portion of the sidewalk being also moved with it. So carefully and well was the work done, that not a crack was made in the building, and nothing in it was at all disturbed. Large crowds of people watched the process, and the fastest time accomplished was two inches in four minutes. A large bank building adjoining the hotel was used to brace the screws against. A great number of these screws, 21 inches long, were employed.

\$25,000 was paid the contractor for moving the hotel.

Some one has been going carefully over the expenses of royal families in Europe. It is found that in the aggregate the people of Europe pay about \$40,000,000 a year for the support of royalty. The most expensive of the monarchies is that of Russia, which costs \$8,500,000; followed by France, \$7,000,000; Turkey, \$6,600,000; Austria, \$4,000,000; Italy, \$3,200,000; Prussia, \$2,400,000; England, \$2,350,000; Bavaria, \$1,250,000; Portugal, \$665,000; Holland, \$500,000; Norway and Sweden, \$260,000; Denmark, \$240,000; Wurttemberg, \$220,000, and Rome, \$200,000. Spain and Greece do not appear in the list.

Geological Map of Central Europe.—It is asserted by Cosmos that a very greatly improved and enlarged geological map of Central Europe has been prepared and edited by the well-known geologist, *emeritus* Director-General of Mines for Prussia, Herr von Dechen. This new map is on a scale of 2,500,000ths, and embraces the whole of Germany, France, England, and adjacent countries. The same author has recently finished a large geological map, in 32 sheets, of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, which may be considered as one of the best ever executed of the kind, and one of the finest specimens of chromo-lithography ever published. The price of these works being very moderate, will insure them a largely extended sale.

Curious Fact in Physics.—We have all heard of artesian wells, but a wonderful novelty is now announced in Algeria in the shape of Artesian fisheries. A well lately sunk at Ain Sala to the depth of 44 metres threw up not only a large body of water, but, to the great surprise of the engineers, an innumerable quantity of small fish. These subterranean vertebræ are described as being on an average half an inch in length, and resembling white bait both in appearance and taste. The female is distinguished from the male by the presence of dark-colored stripes on the upper part of the body. From the fact of the sand extracted from these wells being identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile, it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between them and that river.

The Cod.—Mr. Crowe, her Majesty's Consul-General at Norway, reports that the fecundity of the cod is beyond conception. 'It is well known that they visit the Loffenden Islands in dense shoals, generally in two or three tiers, one above the other, for the purpose of spawning. During the brief period the fishing lasts between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 fish are caught. The roes of the fish are slightly salted and shipped off to France, there to serve as ground bait for sardines; between 30,000 and 40,000 barrels are annually shipped for this purpose.

Flint Implements in the Valley of the Thames.—At the Exeter meeting of the British Association, Colonel Lane Fox gave an account of some investigations lately carried out at Acton and at various places along the Thames valley. He had found a large number of flint implements in such a position as to leave no doubt that the river Thames had once occupied banks 100 ft. higher than the present, and for many miles in width.

ART.

Fagnani's Nine Muses.—If Mr. Fagnani's nine large paintings were not exhibited in so conspicuous a manner, it would be scarcely worth while to make them the subject of extended comment. They are not pictures to interest or claim attention from the general public, and certainly they are not pictures with which the art critics need have much concern. But here they are, in a large room by themselves, set forth in a row, their names discreetly marked on them and beneath them, to make sure of their identity; and the visitor is supplied on application with a descriptive catalogue of such sumptuousness and cost as befits the quality of the ladies and their visitors. We have always felt a liking for Mr. Fagnani; for although most of his painting has the air of being done in the presence of wealth and fashion, he now and then puts into his faces a touch of innocence, a natural sweet simplicity, that partially redeems the uniform thinness of coloring and pretentiousness of style. But it was not easy, standing before the nine Muses, to recall any of these gracious traits. In that room the atmosphere of wealth and fashion was too much for naturalness, sweetness, or simplicity. Neither of the Muses would seem to have been present in spirit when this work was in hand. What spirit was present it were needless to say.

The pictures challenge admiration from three classes of persons, and on three distinct grounds. The lovers of classic art are invited to feast their eyes once more on those divine forms that embodied the Greek conceptions of æsthetic beauty. Can we ever gaze enough on those heavenly figures? The lovers of feminine beauty are invited to the rare privilege of beholding, on canvas indeed, but not exquisitely modest canvas, the most distinguished beauties of New York fashionable society. And in addition to this, nine large circles of friends are bidden to admire the portraits of their darlings. Art, if there were such a thing here, would be thrown into the shadow by so much of incidental and meretricious attraction. But as it is, were these attractions away, the art would be quite unappreciable. It looks even as if the artist, relying on his worldly fascinations, had excused himself from drawing on his resources. The poor muses have surely fallen on evil days if they are satisfied with these counterfeit presentments. Their genius has gone from them. The soul has fled. The grace has departed. The divine calling is forgotten. The dignity and grace have fled. They hold their instruments as if they did not know what they were made for, and were tired of carrying them. Their thoughts, if they have any, are intent on other and less happy things. The comic Thalia is about bursting into tears. The amorous Erato is vacant, cold, and sadly incommoded by her heavy lyre. Urania finds a globe harder than a cushion to lean on. Calliope has lost in our degenerate times the glow of epic inspiration, and is conscious that she is playing a part. Euterpe brandishes a flute as if it were a fan; and Clio is in no haste to pursue her historical studies. The muse of the lofty hymn, Polyhymnia, is more in the mood of a love song; and Terpsichore's dance suggests a different movement from that of the choral procession. The

muse is clearly a borrowed muse. These are no goddesses of heavenly art and song. They are simply pretty women, tricked out in garments no human creature could wear, and affecting characters they do not comprehend and cannot imitate. Pretty women they are, very pretty; at least they would be if they were becomingly dressed, and placed quietly at home, instead of being transported into the uncongenial regions of classical mythology. The circumstances are particularly trying to loveliness, and they are not to blame if they appear awkwardly in postures they probably never assumed, except in the artist's studio, and in costumes it would be quite impossible for them to carry.

Of the merits of the pictures, considered as portraits, it is for those to judge who know the ladies personally. It would be pleasanter, on the whole, we should think, to believe that the likenesses were not good, for then they might pass for fancy pictures, and by and by be rolled up and laid away without offence to any private feeling. We should be sorry to see dear charming friends of ours playing a part in so unworthy an attempt to give the prestige of notoriety to very poor art.—*Tribune.*

Adolf Stahr, in his charming book *Ein Winter in Rom*, just published in Berlin, makes an amusing exposition of the signification of the *sopranomi* of the most celebrated Italian painters. Most of these names were originally given by boon companions, but stuck to the artists, and finally usurped, in the history of Italian art, the true name of the artist. Thus we all know of Guercino, which means "the little squirt," his true family name being Barbieri. Robusti was called Tintoretto, "the little dyer," by which name alone he is now known. So also Barborelli was, and is still, called "Giorgione" (fat George), Conradi as Ghirlandajo (the garland maker), Ribera as Spagnoletto (the little Spaniard), Andrea Vanucchi as Andrea del Sarto (Tailor's Andrea). There are also two well-known painters mentioned nowadays as Lucca della Robbia (Madder Luke), and Masaccio (Dirt Thomas), whose real names it would now be difficult to discover.

It will be recollected that the Reformers of our National Academy of Design obtained control of the institution at the elections last Spring, carrying all except the higher executive offices. It seems that these also will fall into their hands without the necessity for another struggle. Mr. Huntington, who has been President for so long, has put his resignation in the hands of the Managing Committee, and Mr. Page, a thoroughly liberal and progressive man, and one of our best artists, is spoken of as his successor. This may be said finally to terminate the conflict in favor of the Reformers. The Academy is now entirely under their control, and the public will hold them responsible for carrying into effect the original designs of the institution—namely, the fostering of national (not local) art, and the establishing of art schools, where students may obtain instruction in the routine of their art.

There is to be an Exhibition of Ecclesiastic Art in Rome during the session of the Œcumenical Council.

The poverty of Italy in artists has just been illustrated in a singular manner. The Committee having in charge the erection of a monument to Manin, in Venice, offered a prize for the best design. Forty-four models were sent, every one of which was rejected, on account of an utter lack of artistic merit. The most of them were imaginary figures, without the slightest resemblance to Manin.

The Giornale di Napoli announces that the picture of a battle, recently discovered at Pompeii, will be shortly placed in the Neapolitan Museum. The same journal adds that the excavations at Herculaneum, notwithstanding the zeal of the director, Commander Fiorelli, go on but slowly.

Jean Pierre Danton, a noted sculptor of the grotesque, has recently died in Paris, in his sixty-ninth year. His caricatures of famous men are numerous and said to be unequalled. His most serious works include a statue of Boieldieu, now in Rouen, one of Adelaide Kemble, one of Rose Chéri, with busts of Grisi, Cherubini, and Thalberg.

The Earl of Rosse, the distinguished astronomer, has been honored with a cenotaph in the church at Parsonstown, Ireland. The inscription (after the usual specifications) says: "He was renowned in the loftiest range of science, and he revealed to mankind, by the unrivalled creation of his genius, a wider vision of the glory of God."

The Ladies' Art Association, of this city, reorganized a few months since, numbers about thirty-five members, all artists. A very interesting collection of their paintings is on exhibition at the rooms of the Woman's Bureau, in Twenty-third Street, near Fourth Avenue. The Association has hired studios in Clinton Hall, for the purpose of assisting the younger artists by furnishing them easel-room at a moderate rate.

"*The Poet of our Woods*" is the title of an important picture upon which Hennessy is now engaged. It represents the poet William Cullen Bryant seated in his favorite woods, and in a characteristic attitude and mood of contemplation. Mr. Bryant has given Mr. Hennessy several sittings for the picture.

An interesting discovery has been made in the crypt of the church of St. Geryon, in Cologne. After removing fifty coats of whitewash from the vaulted ceilings, a series of superb fresco paintings, three or four centuries old, was revealed. The work of restoration is now going on.

Belgian Art has sustained a severe loss this year in the death of Baron Leys. He died in Antwerp, where he was born, on the 26th of last August, fifty-four years old.

Bayard Taylor says, in Putnam's Magazine, that if the present practice of giving the honor of a monument to every celebrity, major and minor, continues for two or three centuries, Europe will resemble an immense Central Park.

There are said to be not less than one hundred colored men in Rome studying for the priesthood, with a view to extending Roman Catholicism among the freedmen of the South.

Luigi Poletti, the most famous Italian architect, has just died in Milan, at the age of sixty-seven. His last work was to direct the reconstruction of the Church of St. Paul, at Rome.

George Jones, for a long time Keeper and Librarian of the London Royal Academy, has just died. He was one of the oldest members of the Academy, and a contemporary of Chantrey and Turner.

At last *Oliver Cromwell* is to have the honor of a statue in England. It will be the work of the sculptor Noble, and will be placed in the City Hall, Manchester.

The Egyptian Museum at Cairo, under the direction of Mariette Bey, has become one of the finest collections in the world.

A statue of the great composer Handel, by Neubel, has just been placed in the Church of St. Nichol, at Hamburg.

The Brooklyn Art Association will commence immediately the erection of their art building on lots adjoining the Academy of Music.

It will be in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. J. C. Cady, and is estimated to cost \$100,000, exclusive of the value of the lots.

It is stated that a discovery of forty-two pictures by the celebrated Spanish landscape painter, Goya, has been made at the palace of the Escorial, in Madrid.

A statue of George Peabody is to be erected in Rome by order of the Pope. Pio Nono is a warm admirer of the great American philanthropist.

A monument to the French composer, Chopin, is to be erected in Warsaw. Prince Orloff heads the subscription-list.

A fresh attempt is to be made to redecorate and beautify St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

Lamartine's photograph has been sold to the extent of five million copies in France.

VARIETIES.

Early Inventions of the Chinese.—Other nations have outstripped the Chinese in the career of material improvement, but to them belongs the honor of having led the way in many of the most remarkable inventions, and of anticipating us in the possession of some of those arts which constitute the boast of our modern civilization. We shall briefly notice a few of those discoveries by which they have established a claim to our respect and gratitude. Tea deserves to head the list, as a substantial contribution to human comfort, and the leading staple of an immense commerce that has resulted in drawing China out of her ancient seclusion. Discovered by the Chinese about A. D. 815,

